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On Page 32
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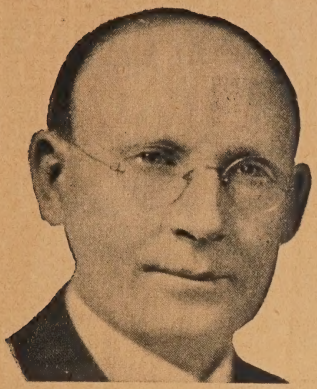

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SCREEN SECRETS

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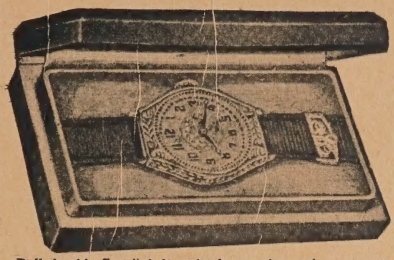

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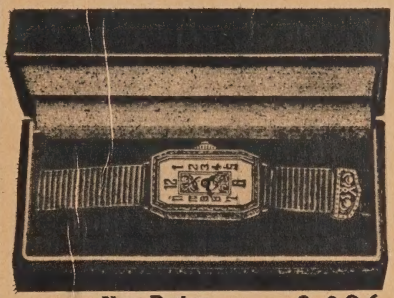

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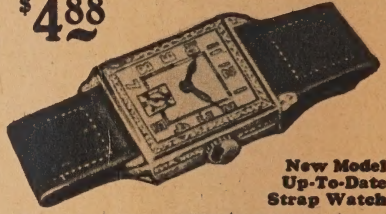

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A well known cartoonist's conception of my idea

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Last Minute News

Flashes about film folk and the latest news from all corners of the globe as we go to press.

Marion Davies' two friends of long standing, Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin, were among the first to welcome Marion home from a triumphant holiday in Europe. More than a hundred and fifty friends turned out to greet Marion at a party given in her honor at the Ambassador Hotel.

NEW YORK—Glenn Tyron, Universal player, drew so many people about him when he appeared in Times Square to be filmed for scenes of the screen production, *Broadway*, that director Paul Fejos could not get underway. Finally he gave it up as a bad job and returned to Hollywood where he will create his Broadway atmosphere in the studios.

HOLLYWOOD—It is believed that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are married despite the fact that they will not commit themselves. Rumor has it that they went to Mexico several months ago and had the marriage performed there under their Christian names, Lucille Le Seur and Douglas Ullman, Jr.

NEW YORK—Many of the scenes of Fox's screen production, *Speak Easy*, will have authentic locales by filming them here. The rest of the picture will be made in Hollywood.

NICE—Constance Talmadge is busy at work on her forthcoming picture, *Venus*, which is said to include dancing scenes on board a yacht, aquaplaning and other water sports. The British warship, *Queen Elizabeth* which is in the harbor of Villefranche, where part of the picture is being filmed, has unknowingly served as some of the background for the picture.

LOS ANGELES—The Wampas Club introduced some of the potential Wampas Baby Stars for next year at a dance several weeks ago. The candidates are: Doris Dawson, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Betty Boyd, Jean Arthur, Jane Laurel, Jeannette Loff, Carol Lincoln and Ethelyn Claire.

MOSCOW—Equipment to project motion pictures will be installed in 6,000 schools throughout Russia according to an announcement of the Soviet Government.

HOLLYWOOD-Dolores Del Rio, who has been spending the summer vacationing in Europe has returned here and is laying plans for her forthcoming picture, *Evangeline*.

BERLIN—Olive Borden, former Fox star who is now free lancing, is expected to arrive here with her mother within the next week. They are vacationing in Europe and will visit London and Paris after their stay in Germany.

HOLLYWOOD—Lionel Barrymore who attracted much attention for talking pictures by his portrayal in *The Lion and the Mouse* is about to become a director. M-G-M, for whom he is under contract as an actor, has assigned him to direct one of their first short sound subjects titled, *Confession*.

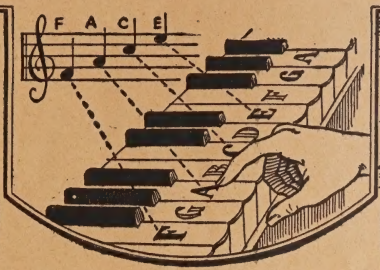
NEW YORK—Richard Dix who arrived here recently for his first vacation in many months is seen frequently about the night clubs of Broadway. He will sail shortly for Europe.

PARIS—Film fans, as well as patrons of the opera, are eagerly awaiting the appearance of Ramon Novarro as an opera singer. He will make his operatic debut with the Berlin Opera Company early in January singing Carvadorossi in *La Tosca*. Then he will appear here in recital before returning to the United States to continue his screen work with M-G-M.

LONDON—British film fans are curious to glimpse Eve Southern when she arrives here soon for scenes of her next picture, *Helen of London*.

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way



You, Too, Can Learn To Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher.

Easy as A-B-C

YES, half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—500,000—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of this half million didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy.* No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

What Instrument For You?

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
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It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes perfectly by *note.* You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned, plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players, never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

Don't miss any more good times! Learn how to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician's pleasure and profit! Start now!

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If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 361 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Name.....
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"Remember the Alamo!"

Not a man left the Alamo alive. The Mexicans won THAT battle. They outnumbered the Americans more than A HUNDRED TO ONE! It was a hopeless struggle. Do you know the story? Have you heard how Colonels Bowie and Bonham and a score of other famous frontiersmen were blown to bits by the cannons of Santa Anna's horde? How they used their rifles as clubs when their ammunition was gone? How the death of these men raised the battle-cry "Remember the Alamo" and freed Texas?

American Fights and Fighters

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

THE defense of the Alamo is only one instance of indomitable courage in our history—but it is typical. From the landing of Columbus, the story of America is alive with that spirit of unselfish bravery. The stories of these men who have made American history are the most thrilling, fascinating, inspiring stories ever told. Better still—they are every one TRUE.

Custer's last stand—John Paul Jones': "I have not yet begun to fight."—Lewis and Clark—Wolf and Montcalm—Old Ironsides—Gettysburg—these are not incidents from fiction! These are not stories from books! They are actual events in which men bled and died, preferring death to slavery or defeat!

Now Cyrus Townsend Brady has collected these stirring tales from original sources and put them into five beautiful books which *you* must read. **American Fights and Fighters** contains all of the good old stories you remember hazily from school days—and a great many more which thrill you as every red blooded American always thrills to a fight well fought.

The five volumes are handsomely bound in dark maroon silk, with titles and the American coat of arms in black and gold. Each volume is lavishly illustrated; original drawings by such artists as Remington, the Indian painter, Blumenschern and Crawford, together with reproductions of priceless historic prints. Large, clear type and fine paper.

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We will send you this special Patriot's Edition of American Fights and Fighters for a week's absolutely free reading and inspection. Mail us the coupon below. Send no money. Keep the books a week. Then decide if you want to keep them under the terms named in the coupon.

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The EDITOR'S OPINION

"Ring out, wild bells, across the snow
The year is going, let it go
Ring out the old, ring in the new."

THIS little New Year's jingle, friends, is especially apt as applied to SCREEN SECRETS. Joyfully we look back over a year of struggle that has brought SCREEN SECRETS to a new high place in the fan field, a year that has brought us a host of new friends and readers.

More joyfully still, we look forward to a new year of achievement, a year with the stage all set for the greatest progress in SCREEN SECRETS' history. It is scarcely more than two years ago that SCREEN SECRETS, the youngest of the fan magazines, came into existence. Since that time it has made amazing progress.

In many respects it is like the New Year itself, a lusty infant, full of great promise.

On the following page will be found a full announcement of contemplated improvements for the coming year.

Great Year For Movies

THE year which is being ushered in will also be the most eventful one in the history of motion pictures.

The most striking innovations since pictures first began to jerk and flicker across a screen are now on trial.

The year will prove whether or not the public wants talking pictures or sound pictures, and whether this new medium can be made mechanically successful.

Even greater innovations and inventions loom for the immediate future which stagger the imagination. The new enlarged screen being used for the opening of *Interference*, which fills the entire proscenium arch offers great possibilities. The enlarged screen, by the way, is one of

Captain Roscoe Fawcett

Doug Fairbanks' pet hobbies. He thinks it will accomplish wonders.

Color photography is reaching new peaks of perfection. Third dimension, which will give the illusion of depth as in the old parlor stereoscopes, is now no longer beyond the range of possibility. And radios are now being sold with a mechanism for television attachment.

Now, if the studios can keep pace with the mechanical improvements by bettering their stories, it will truly be a great year for pictures.

They Squeak

THE principal complaint against talking pictures seems to be not so much against the slowness of the action or the weakness of the stories, as against the mechanical reproduction of the voices. They simply do not sound like human beings talking. Irate fans who write in tell me that it is a terrible disillusionment to hear a beautiful star speaking in a catarrhal whisper that starts with a lisp and ends with a squeak. So far only pictures with sound effects seem to be definitely proven as to their worth, and this situation will doubtless continue until such time as the mechanical defects of the talkies can be corrected.

College As It Isn't

COLLEGE life seems to be something that producers just never will understand. In *Varsity*, Paramount had an opportunity to make a college picture that was different. They had in Buddy Rogers a star who was a college boy. At great expense they transported an entire company to Princeton University, to shoot the scenes against a real college background. And there is about as much real college atmosphere in *Varsity* as there is essence of Gordon in synthetic gin.

I can imagine the solemn deans of Princeton throwing up their hands in holy horror at the picture of Princeton life given to the world by this film.

College Boys Don't Click

BY A similar token, college boys don't seem able to make good in Hollywood. With a great fanfare of publicity, First National recently imported a selection of the cream of college boys from all over the country to launch them on motion picture careers in Hollywood.

The only one of these who is doing well in Hollywood is John Westwood. And he is an automobile salesman. The others have all dropped by the wayside; they have either gone home in disgust, or are hanging on as prop boys or third or fourth assistants to somebody.

Actors Like Gold

ACTORS are like gold—where you find them. Jack Gilbert was practically born on the stage, Johnny Mack Brown was a football player, George O'Brien was the son of San Francisco's Chief of Police, Bill Boyd did odd jobs in the oil fields, Ramon Novarro, Ricardo Cortez and Valentino were dancers. Film stars can no more be found altogether in universities than they can out of universities.

Proves It

THE first rush of entries for the SCREEN SECRETS' motion picture star identification contest, about which more information may be found on pages 32 and 33 of this issue, proves beyond a doubt that the fans know their stars by heart. But there is a wide variation in the brief essays on favorite stars. Some of these show careful preparation and thought. Others have apparently been dashed off as though they were of minor consideration. Here's an inside tip; it is largely on the basis of these essays that prizes will be awarded.

Roscoe Fawcett

Announcement

IT IS a pleasure to start the New Year with our dreams and hopes for a new and improved SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE fully realized.

With this issue we are able to offer our readers a magazine brimming with the best in stories, and art studies of the motion picture stars.

From now on all of the magazine will be printed by attractive rotogravure process. Beautiful color effects, not to be found in any other magazine, will henceforth be offered to you. We can assure you that at least *five different colors* of printing will be found in every issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

We have succeeded in building up a staff composed exclusively of the finest writers in Hollywood, every one an authority on the motion picture industry, and every one an intimate of the stars.

In order to give you an even more attractive-looking magazine, we have improved the quality of the printing and of the paper stock.

To keep pace with these improvements it has been necessary for us to change the price of SCREEN SECRETS to twenty-five cents effective with this issue.

For this price, the same as that which is asked by our competitors, you will receive more stories and better stories, the freshest, the most authentic news of the picture world, and the most alluring array of intimate photographs obtainable, many of them posed especially for this magazine.

You will receive much more for the same amount of money than can be found in any other magazine.

The friendship, the loyal enthusiasm of our readers have made possible this unequalled progress and we wish to express our appreciation of your support by pledging to continue to give the best magazine that it is in our power to produce.

Roscoe Fawcett

EDITOR.

PORTRAITS OF THE MONTH

ALICE WHITE looks hot even in the cool of the evening. Perhaps she is walking home from a New Year's Eve Party. Alice is getting a flying start on the New Year with her first starring picture, Show Girl, *which will be followed shortly by* Naughty Baby.

MARY NOLAN *is one of those rare blondes whose beauty registers well on the screen. Even her rags and tatters, which she wears in* West of Zanzibar, *cannot obscure her charm. She will play the lead with John Gilbert in his next picture,* Thirst.

—Ruth Harriet Louise

NILS ASTHER is being groomed to take the place of John Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and will appear shortly with Greta Garbo in her next picture. Nils and Greta are often seen lunching together outside of working hours.

—Ruth Harriet Louise

ESTELLE TAYLOR'S talents as a stage actress, which sent her to Broadway recently to play with her husband, Jack Dempsey, in The Big Fight, *are bringing her back to Hollywood to appear in talking pictures. Several important roles are awaiting her return.*

—Russell Ball

LORETTA YOUNG is keeping pace with her two charming sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane, in her rise to film fame. She is one of the popular young ingenues of the First National Studio and will be seen shortly with Richard Barthelmess in Scarlet Seas.

—Lansing Brown

THIS recent photograph of Douglas Fairbanks shows that he has retained his youthful vigor and enthusiasm to a remarkable degree. To the right, one of his acrobatic feats which have marked him as among the great athletes of all time.

Is *Doug* Through?

Will Doug Fairbanks be seen on the screen for the last time when he appears in *The Iron Mask*? Or will he make one more picture with Mary Pickford?

By HARRY CARR

I THINK we are about to see the last of Douglas Fairbanks as an actor.

As this is written, he is in the midst of making a swashbuckling picture called *The Iron Mask.* He believes it will be the greatest picture of his career. One of the greatest pictures of all time.

If this proves to be the fact, it will be his last one. I have this from people very close to him and to his career. I have often talked it over with Douglas himself.

He will produce other pictures; but he will bow off the stage forever as an actor.

Unless he and Mary Pickford should finally decide to end their careers by making one grand picture together.

There are many reasons why it is good business for Douglas to retire.

He is coming to an age where he will inevitably slow down in the ability to make the incredible leaps and gymnastic feats which have made him famous.

In every picture, he has produced some extraordinary new athletic stunt—broncho busting, Australian whip snapping, archery, etc, etc . . . He has about come to the end of all possible stunts.

The present trend of pictures indicates that it must be talkies or nothing. In other words, honors will inevitably pass to stage actors. And Doug is not a very good stage actor.

Most cogent reason of all, both Douglas and his wife, Mary Pickford, are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. There is no reason for them to go on—and he can quit now while he is on the crest of the wave—the acknowledged head of his profession.

For a long time, Fairbanks has been haunted by a hideous nightmare—a black and frowning specter called "topping the last one."

It is not the unsuccessful people, panting and striving and yearning in Hollywood, who are unhappy. The miserable ones are those who stand on the top of the precipice and grow dizzy through fear of falling. In other words, the most unhappy ones are those who dread sinking from first place to second—or third—or thirty-third.

D. W. Griffith, Cecil B. De Mille, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, live in a continual state of worry for fear their next picture may not "top" the last one.

None of the others have had the courage, nor the opportunity to stop; but should *The Iron Mask* prove to be the tremendous picture that Douglas thinks it will be, he will gallop away on his winged white horse, straight into the celestial heights of the movie Valhalla, his supremacy in

Doug Fairbanks appears once more as D'Artagnan, in "The Iron Mask," combining all the acrobatic feats of "The Three Musketeers" to which it is a sequel, with a more highly developed artistry.

As Don Q in "The Mark of Zorro," Doug Fairbanks displayed unequalled mastery of the Australian whip as well as his usual feats of agility.

In "Robin Hood" Doug made one of the most romantic characters of all time live again in flesh and blood. It is one of the few pictures that promise to be perennially popular. He is wooing Bessie Love.

the movies unchallenged and unequalled. It will give him a chance to go out in a blaze of glory.

DOUG'S has been the most interesting career of the screen. He was a Denver boy, born with a magnificent body, the fire of an Arab war horse and a slight strain of Jewish blood—enough to give him a vivid sense of drama and idealism. His real name was Uhlman.

He went on the stage and hammered around in stock companies for a long time, achieving considerable success and fame through his vital energy and vivacity—without really being a good actor.

The movies beckoned to him about fifteen years ago. It was during the old Tri-Angle days when D. W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, and Mack Sennett combined their producing forces.

Some one had the inspiration to raid the speaking stage for talent. Accordingly they signed up De Wolf Hopper, Sir Beerbohm Tree and Douglas Fairbanks. De Wolf Hopper was awful; Sir Beerbohm Tree made a picture that is said to have been the heaviest financial loser of any feature picture ever filmed; but Doug Fairbanks made good.

Doug didn't make his way to the top—as the little boys do in the Horatio Alger stories. He just gayly kicked his way to the top. He got his fingers on the edge of the sill and swung in through the window.

One of his first pictures was called *The Lamb,* about a tenderfoot out west; and it made him famous; it put something new on the screen. I was about to say it supplied a "new note" to the screen. But you couldn't call it a "note;" it was a whole brass band with nine bass drums and a tin can factory full of cymbals.

When Tri-Angle blew up, Douglas went to Paramount, where he made a string of pictures. Then he—with Griffith, Chaplin and Mary Pickford, organized the United Artists Corporation—supposedly a band of great stars, each making their own pictures responsible only to the starry sky.

THE pictures he has made for the United Artists will live as long as the movies live: *Robin Hood, The Mark of Zorro, Thief of Bagdad, Three Musketeers, Don Q., The Black Pirate.*

They were all distinguished by zest and verve—an eager swaggering appetite for life that made them different from

In "The Black Pirate," Doug, always a pioneer, set out to gain new effects with color photography and added another memorable picture to his record. He is shown in a scene from the picture with Billie Dove.

Who can forget the poetic beauty of Doug Fairbanks' fanciful creation, "The Thief of Bagdad."

all other pictures of the screen. They had a tremendous following among men who went to see Douglas leap over horses, swing up the sides of cliffs; dive off skyscraper draw bridges . . . .

Doug's were "he" pictures—and as such were also adored by girls.

I suppose there never has been a greater athlete in the world than Douglas. His prowess is incredible. Athletes tell me that he could have become the champion of the world in any one of a dozen lines of sport.

He is a marvelous fencer, both with broadsword and rapier; he could have become a great ring fighter, for he is like greased lightning in a boxing ring; he could get a job in any rodeo as a broncho buster.

When making *Robin Hood,* he employed two great archers as instructors—one an Englishman, trained in the traditions of the long bow; and the other a Jap. In a few weeks he was as good as either of them.

I remember one day he and I were standing on the porch of his dressing room. In the middle of the studio "lot" stood a target. Its face was so turned away that Douglas looked at it from the side—just a sliver.

He took a bow and a quiver of arrows that were leaning against the porch and shot five at the slender side view of the target. Four out of the five slashed straight into the heart of the bull's eye.

While making *Don Q,* Doug took up the art of the Australian cattle whip. In two or three weeks he could make a novice out of the vaudeville headliner who was his teacher. It was really marvelous. Across the width of a stage, Doug could whip a cigarette out of your mouth; or he could—with a most terrifying crack—wrap you around with the long lash of the whip without bruising your flesh; but holding you bound like a candidate for a Sioux Indian burning stake.

I think the only one he never thoroughly convinced was Mary Pickford. Mary and I were talking in her studio bungalow when she heard the crack of a whip outside.

(*Continued on page* 100)

So This

Richard Barthelmess, the chilly looking gentleman in the center, is talking things over with his director, John Francis Dillon, on his left, while cold ocean breezes are blowing during the making of his latest picture, "Scarlet Seas."

LOOKING hale and hearty, Edwin Carewe, director and producer of *Ramona, Revenge,* and other successes, returned to Hollywood several days in advance of Dolores Del Rio, star of his recent productions, whose name has been linked with his in romantic rumors. The two have just completed a personal appearance tour of Europe, with some time spent in Rumania shooting local color scenes for their current release, *Revenge.*

Carewe pointed with pride to the evidence that he and Dolores were not kidding when they declared that their European trip was not for matrimonial purposes, as the gossips had it, for they returned single.

The producer returned early in order to start work with Finis Fox, famous scenarist, on Dolores' next starring picture, which is to be a screen version of Longfellow's well-known poem, *Evangeline.*

Dolores remained in New York for a few days to shop and rest up from her strenuous European trip.

While in Gotham, Dolores' beautiful voice was heard by thousands in a radio speech which she made over Station WRNY under the auspices of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine.

The lovely star gave some sound advice to girls aspiring to a career before the camera, pointing out the change which talking pictures has brought about in Hollywood.

Announced at Last

LINA BASQUETTE, star of *The Godless Girl,* has announced her engagement to Peverly Marley, ace cameraman, of the De Mille Studio, whom she met while making that picture. The date for the wedding has been definitely set for January. Lina, who is the widow of the late Sam Warner, was a Follies dancer before coming to Hollywood. She was a Wampas baby star of 1928.

New Racket

A NEW racket to get into the movies has come to light. A young man in New Haven, Conn., wired Fred Datig, Paramount's casting director, asking if there was any chance for him to get extra work. If so, he would come right out. The answer of course was "no." The toll cost was $18 but that was cheaper than paying railroad fare to get his refusal "in person."

Home Girl

ANITA PAGE may be a much publicized starlet to others, but she is just Anita to her mother.

The other night, a studio representative called at her home in Culver City, to take her to a personal appearance. Her mother entertained him while Anita finished dressing. She explained that dinner was late and Anita had to hurry up and dry the dishes before she could go out.

Fire!

WHEN fire broke out recently in the kitchen of the M-G-M commissary, an alarm brought a half dozen fire engines to the studio.

Each fire company seemed to have different ideas as to how the flames should be extinguished and argued the subject on the roof of the building.

Dorothy Sebastian was watching them. "Hm," she said, "looks like another story conference."

Wisecrackers

MOVIE players sometimes are smartcrackers. Ben Lyon proved this at Sid Grauman's recent premiere of *Noah's Ark,* at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. When Ben walked in he was asked to say a few lines over the radio.

"Just another animal going into the ark," was his remark.

is Hollywood

By ANNE HOWE

June Collyer has almost a new dress a day just as she used to have in the days when she was a budding New York society debutante before entering the movies. But now the studio foots the bills. She appeared recently in a leading role in the underworld picture, "Me, Gangster."

Does Colleen Moore think much of her husband, John McCormick? Just look at this picture and judge for yourself. Perhaps she's about to take an affectionate bite out of his ear. It was snapped during a recent yachting expedition.

Soul of Wit

THE distinguished actor had lost heavily at poker while on location.

"Send me one thousand dollars immediately," he wired his manager.

The manager wired, tersely, "No."

The distinguished actor was without funds, but not wit. He wired, in return, collect, "Oh!"

Chevalier Discovers America

A STORY to be much repeated. With Gallic emphasis, and the divine gift of being able to sway his audience, Maurice Chevalier, the new Paramount star, tells of his knowledge of our national geography. This, at a luncheon-reception upon his arrival from Paris.

"About five years ago," he says in English, flecked deliciously with a French accent, "I come to New York and I get a telegram from Meestair Doouglas Fairbanks, whom I have known in Paris. It say 'Come to Hollywood. Glad you are here. Come and see us.' Off course, I am delight'. I sink, 'Is it not fine of him to sink of me? A beeg man like Fairbanks!'

"Today is Friday. I go see the Music Box Revue tonight. Tomorrow is Saturday," Chevalier counts them out on his fingers, eloquently, "Saturday, I go to—to ze Ziegfeld Follies. Sunday I take ze train and spend, say, Sunday with the Fairbanks and return on Monday.

"But . . . !" here Chevalier shrugs his shoulders, his eyebrows fly heavenward, his hands ascend, his audience sighs, "but the man say it takes five days to reach Holly-

Barbara Kent, Universal actress, has added to her other accomplishments the distinction of being the first motion picture star to be photographed with the President. This picture, with President and Mrs. Coolidge and Secretary of War Davis was taken at the Army Show in Washington recently.
—International News Reel.

Jack Mulhall and Anita Stewart have never played together in pictures, but why should they when they can play together on the sands at Santa Monica Beach?

wood. And five days to return! I sink I will not go!"

Madame Chevalier, a tiny Frenchwoman with crimson lips, crescent-shaped like Gloria Swanson's, and a powdered amber complexion, is here with Monsieur, where he will make a gelatin drama for Paramount.

Horse Sense

EDDIE SOWDERS had been assistant to Eric Von Stroheim for many years. He had learned that when Von Stroheim asked for something there could be no substitute. Often, as in the following instance, his requests were beyond human power.

"Now," said Von Stroheim, "We'll get busy. Everything must go like clock work. Get this! Number 1, the horse paws dirt with his right foot; Number 2, the horse paws dirt with his left foot; Number 3, the horse crosses his feet; Number 4, the horse pricks up his ears and Number 5, the horse lays down. Now, are you ready?"

"I am," said Eddie, "but have you spoken to the horse about it?"

No Backslider

BOBBIE VERNON is out of the hospital now after three weeks spent flat on his stomach while a mischievous vertebrae learned its proper place. Years of taking comic falls at Christie's had made it careless of its position in Bobbie's back.

"Yep," said Bobbie, looking wistful, "I told Al Christie the other day, that there'd be no more back sliding. I'll take all my falls on my tummy from now on."

Even Bobbie's swell yacht, earned by years of taking hard falls in countless comedies, could not compensate for a rickety, aching spine.

Influence of the motion picture on commercial Hollywood. A Vine Street bootblack's sign reads: "We are not stars, but we shine."

What, the Actor?

IN HIS latest picture, Ben Lyon was required to ride a horse into the roaring waters of the Snake River. The horse was very valuable and his owner was on hand. Bravely, Ben rode into the water. The man yelled, "Get him off—get him off!"

The director, thinking he was worried about Ben's safety, said, "Oh, he'll make it all right."

"I don't give a damn about your star," the man retorted, "but that horse is valuable."

Introduction For Buddy

BUDDY ROGERS has met June Collyer.

This may not mean much at a casual reading but if you only knew how Buddy has been longing to meet her!

It is strange in this city where everyone is working for the common cause of pictures, how difficult it sometimes is to get acquainted. If you do not just happen to play in a picture together you can sometimes go on for years without even an introduction.

Dorothy Mackaill, George Fitzmaurice, her director, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, and Milton Sills, her leading man, returning from a location trip to Honolulu where they made scenes for "His Captive Woman." Constant rainfall marred their trip and they were glad to be headed homeward.

Buddy met June at a party. No, Mary Brian was not invited. But then, no one knows whether the friendship between Buddy and Mary is serious enough for that to make any difference.

THE perennial ingenue was describing to a friend the watery glories of the flood as shown in *Noah's Ark*.

"It was wonderful—wonderful! Imagine . . . waters sweeping, swirling, crashing!"

Feminine voice, sweetly: "Was it as you recall it, dear?"

And a beautiful friendship came to an end.

Good Start

A HOLLYWOOD hostess was planning a luncheon to honor Greta Garbo.

"Now, just whom would you like, Greta?" she inquired.

"Oh, Nils Asther, and . . ."

We take it that Nils Asther is certainly making a good start in his attempt to replace John Gilbert.

Searching for men for the above mentioned luncheon who might interest *la Garbo*, the hostess suggested Ivan Lebedoff, the Russian actor and writer.

"I do not know him—but let me see. I-v-a-n Lebe-doff! It sounds very pretty. I know I would like him. I can always tell from a man's name whether I like him. Invite him."

The first indication we've had that Garbo is *psychic* as well as mysterious.

Mary's New Escort

AND now we learn that Mary Duncan is going places with Paul Berne, the Pathe supervisor. Paul is the little boy who advises all the Hollywood gals on their troubles. Remember, he helped Barbara La Marr out of her difficulties; Lucille Rickson, Joan Crawford, and countless others.

Now, we wonder, just what is troubling Mary!

Lilyan Fools 'Em

LILYAN TASHMAN has such a chic boyish bob; but she found it had its disadvantages, too. There was no hair to poke its way out from under her hat and soften her face. But trust Lilyan! She just went out and bought some curls and lined all her hats with them. Now, when she goes to a luncheon and removes her headgear, all the women gasp in their wonderment. Which doesn't annoy Lilyan in the least. In fact, the curls serve a double purpose. They not only add to her beauty but create attention. What more could a woman want from an investment?

Buddy's Innocence

BUDDY ROGERS *is* a nice boy. At a recent party he was offered a cocktail.

"What's this?" he asked, innocently.

That puts Buddy in the same class with the naive little girl who said, "Mother, what's beer?"

Eva Returns

EVA VON BERNE has been shipped back to her native country of Austria.

Just another little kid who peeped through the fairy gates only to have them close abruptly and cruelly upon her.

What an ovation the publicity department gave her when she entered this country! New clothes, flowers, press luncheons, interviews with famous writers and a drawing-room from New York City to Hollywood, with stop-overs at the larger cities to introduce her to the newspaper reporters.

Recently, when she left, she had a lower berth on a train with no extra fare attached to it! Every effort was made to keep the newspapers from knowing about it.

Poor youngster. They do say it was the size of her ankles that did it. Yet she started her career with such a bang—playing opposite John Gilbert for her first role in *Mask of the Devil*.

And all she's had to eat in this country is pineapple and lamb chops and spinach, the usual allotment for ambitious girls who are a bit overweight for the camera.

Mamma Puts Her Foot Down

IT IS whispered in Hollywood that Mrs. Kennedy, Merna Kennedy's mamma, won't let her daughter go around with James Hall anymore for fear that they might get married and thus spoil the promising career of the young lady who played the lead with Charlie Chaplin in *The Circus* not so long ago. Other Hollywood mammas have tried from time to time to guide their daughters' destinies without conspicuous success.

Call of the Hearth

THE back-to-home-and-fireside movement has taken Hollywood by storm. A few months ago all the stars were closing up their homes and moving into apartments. Now they are all closing up their apartments and moving into homes. Anything to keep life from becoming dull.

Mary Duncan, the stage star who recently joined the movies, seems to be planning to stay in Hollywood permanently, for she has just given up her apartment at the Beverly Wilshire and taken a beautiful new home among the spacious estates of the Bell-Air district out beyond Hollywood.

Lupe Velez has a new home in Laurel Canyon, a home as Mexican as her accent, with a large patio and an outdoor fireplace. There is even an electric moon shining through the pepper trees above it to give the place the last touch of romantic atmosphere. Lupe isn't the type of girl that wastes time crying for the moon. She just goes ahead and has one made to order. Not of course that she needs a moon. Lupe provides her own romantic atmosphere.

Doug's Convict Clip

DOUG FAIRBANKS isn't doffing the chapeau to his lady friends these days and for the best of reasons. He wants to spare them the shock.

Doug was forced to shave his cranium right to the scalp so that his wig would fit closely during the making of *The Iron Mask*.

Forthwith his three musketeers, Athos, Porthos and

Swing low sweet chariot! Who would suspect that this charming Louise Fazenda is the bespectacled old hag who froze the hearts of thousands in "The Terror"?

If you want a sample of Victor McLaglen's fistic prowess, which has helped to make him famous on the screen, just try scratching his new car. Victor thinks so much of it that he insists on washing it himself.

Aramis did the same. Just another close shave in which the four inseparable companions stood together.

During the hours when he is not in costume, Doug wears a navy blue sateen beret, cool, comfortable and natty. A convict slip, he has found, doesn't go any too well with sport togs.

Playful

WHICH brings to mind an incident indicative of Doug's playful spirits. One of his pet tricks is tickling people at unexpected moments. Recently he "goosed" Stanley J. Sandford, who is playing Porthos in *The Iron Mask*. The genial heavy, who tips the scales at a neat three hundred, suddenly sat down on a spindly legged Louis XIV chair used on one of the sets, a priceless antique. The chair splintered into a thousand bits.

"Another fifteen hundred bucks shot!" yelled the production manager.

"It was worth it just to see that baby elephant jump," roared Doug in reply.

Industrious Joan

JOAN CRAWFORD is an industrious little girl. While pictures are being made there is a certain amount of spare time. Instead of wasting it, Joan sat at her portable sewing machine on the M-G-M lot during the filming of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and finished two evening gowns, a dozen gingham house dresses and some lingerie. Now on a vacation between pictures she is supervising the decorating of her new home in Brentwood, near Hollywood.

Hot and Bothered

JOSEPHINE DUNN was all hot and bothered the other day, all because Director Alf Goulding ordered her off the set on which she was working with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. She certainly was all annoyed—and a little bit hurt, too—when she was escorted off the set, but when they told her Dane and Arthur were taking some shower bath scenes, she was glad.

Off Again

RENEE ADOREE has written her name into the divorce records of Los Angeles. She's becoming the "off again on again Finnegan" of the divorce mill. Recently she filed suit for divorce against William S. Gill, a fashionable Wilshire district tailor. The next day the complaint was dismissed with a statement from Renee that she "just couldn't go through with it.

Several days ago Renee packed up her belongings and hit for the South Seas with a company from M-G-M to make a picture, *The Pagan*.

A few hours after the train pulled out of Los Angeles, divorce papers were again filed by Renee against Gill, charging cruelty and desertion. Now Gill can't do anything until Renee comes back, which may be a long time.

Marceline Day seeks the sport and solitude of angling when not working in the M-G-M studios. She earned the above fishing trip by her strenuous part in Buster Keaton's "The Camera Man."

Mary Duncan had to hop out of her morning bath so many times to answer the telephone that she finally perfected this device to meet the situation.

Greta Goes

Greta Garbo returns in triumph to her home in Sweden which she left three years ago, forlorn and lonely, with one dress to her name.

BY THE time this article appears Greta Garbo will have started home for Sweden. She has been in Hollywood a little more than three years. It is her first return trip to her native country.

She was in her dressing room on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot when I went up to talk to her about it. One of Los Angeles' famous costume designers was just leaving. He had been taking orders for the clothes for this visit.

Greta has not taken a large number. Not a large number, according to the dictates of the usual actress. But a large number for Greta Garbo. She is not indifferent to clothes any more than she is really indifferent to publicity. She desires to be neat but not conspicuous just as she likes to look *neat* in print—not *conspicuous*.

She wishes she didn't have to wear any clothes, for that matter. She would like to find an island where she could go native. But since it is the custom to cover the body she does it with the least worry and expense possible. Not indifference but merely a refusal to spend unnecessary time on what is to her one of life's side issues.

She landed in this country, a lonely, forlorn, pathetic figure on the first of July, 1925. A slim figure in a rather dowdy, dark blue, plain tailored suit. It was her only street garment. I do not doubt that she would really be just as happy to glimpse her native land, *again*, in the same costume! Just as she would be equally pleased to have her mother and brother, the only ones to welcome her in Stockholm, as they were the only ones to bid her "God speed" when she departed.

But Sweden knows she is coming. She told me about the welcome that Stockholm gave Mary and Doug when they visited that country. People had never turned out in such masses to welcome *anyone* as they did America's sweetheart and her husband. Yet, as they stepped from the train there was not a ripple of sound, not one cheer to greet them. They passed

"If I were old and had led an amazing life I should tell everything," says Greta Garbo, "but I am only twenty-three; too young to tell my secrets." Perhaps that is why she is known as the most mysterious woman in Hollywood.

Home

By RUTH BIERY

Greta Garbo is looking forward eagerly to her return to her home in Sweden. "I am going to walk down the wintry streets with the snow falling on me and I shall adore it!" she says.

the length of the platform, two-thirds of the population of Stockholm silently watching. Unexpectedly, an old woman tottered forth from the mob and handed Mary a huge bouquet of roses. The crowd went into ecstacy, yelling, crying, cheering. They approved of the old lady's greeting.

GRETA GARBO admitted she was curious about her reception. For the first day she feels that she *may* enjoy any ovation which might be given. But after that first day she desires to be alone with her family. Her sister died while she was in this country. She has told me many times that it was the greatest sorrow of her American experience.

She is contemplating the idea of bringing her mother and brother back to America with her. But she has come to no decision.

"I never live for tomorrow. I live for today only. I cannot tell what I will do in Sweden. If I decide to bring them, they will come. There is nothing I can foretell about it.

"I am going back for Christmas. I only know that I am going to walk down the streets of Sweden with the snow high on all sides of me and the snow falling upon me. I will adore it, I will love it! I am terribly human but no cafe, no party, will ever mean as much to me."

It has been rumored in print and by tongue that Miss Garbo is going to Sweden as a means of breaking her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She emphatically denies this. She says that America is the only country in which to make pictures. She says this is true of both the climate and the producers. This rumor comes from the fact that Lars Hanson, her countryman, broke his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in this manner.

Greta Garbo discussed Lars Hanson's situation freely. Hanson, one of Europe's foremost actors, had been forced to play a second lead to Jackie Coogan. He was dissatisfied with his role and went back to Sweden to think it over. German producers bid highly for his services and he decided that his happiness lay across the ocean.

Miss Garbo, although not completely satisfied with the women she has portrayed on the American screen, has no such feeling of dissatisfaction. When it comes to a matter of her work she is perfectly willing to be quoted, so I use her own language:

"I am hoping when I return to get amazing stories; something absolutely different. I want them striking and daring. I want to do things which are not laid out every day. I should like to play Salome, Marie Antoinette, oh, how I should like to play that woman! And perhaps, more than all, I should like to play Jeanne D'Arc, only I fear the people would not be interested."

To understand Greta Garbo fully you must have known her when she first came to this country. A shy, wistful creature who expected to find the streets of New York padded with roses; the arms of the American people outstretched in a grand gesture of welcome.

Instead, she found a people who stared at her; a folk who concentrated in asking her personal questions; a mill-

Nils Asther, Greta Garbo's countryman, has been selected by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to succeed John Gilbert as Greta Garbo's screen lover. Will he be able to equal Gilbert's tempestuous wooing?

ing mass of humanity who poked fun at her misuse of the unknown, a foreign American language. We can all recall pages upon pages of quotations from the tongue of Garbo—wisecracks upon her use of our language. If we had gone to Sweden with no knowledge of their language, would we have enjoyed reading in the daily newspapers how we mishandled it?

I can recall a day when she was making her first picture, *The Torrent*. A stranger in a strange land, she was exerting every possible effort to be friendly. She approached Monta Bell, the director, and said, "I am important."

He looked at her a moment and laughed and said, "You are the least important."

Greta returned the look for a second—bewilderment, nay, even consternation — in her expression. She had meant to be jocular; she had succeeded in being merely funny.

"No!" she tried again. "I am like a can of sardines—important."

She meant *imported*. She intended a joke. She had noticed that the American people liked joking. And everyone within earshot merely laughed *at* her, not with her, in return for the effort. This is one incident which did not chance to find its place in the newspaper or magazine columns. But hundreds of similar remarks were repeated.

She is sensitive. Anyone who gives to the screen the delicacy of interpretations which she gives, *must be* sensitive by nature.

We have all read of her troubles with the studio after her first three pictures. It was the trouble of an unknown foreign girl who had no American friends to advise her. She could not *talk* about the misunderstandings because of her fear of misusing the language. Her silence gave vent to innumerable wild stories. She was temperamental; she would not work; she went home when she did not like a picture.

Greta Garbo is not temperamental.

Of course, no one will believe this statement except those who know her as she really is—in person. She is quiet, reserved, a bit introspective, but *not* temperamental. Any director who has swung a megaphone on her picture will substantiate this statement.

SHE has never refused to do anything in connection with a picture except to play a role which she felt would prove detrimental in the eyes of her public. And there

In such pictures as "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love," John Gilbert and Greta Garbo established themselves as perhaps the greatest pair of lovers in the history of the screen.

is no star in Hollywood who has not made such a rejection.

Greta Garbo was born a certain type of woman. It is true that she likes to be by herself—that she enjoys the companionship of Greta Garbo. But that is her nature. She sees no reason why—because she is a motion picture star—she should not be true to that nature.

"If I had had an amazing life and were old and everything was about to be ended, I would tell everything or I would write it. I think Isadora Duncan's life was amazing. I think it was wonderful of her to write it. But we do not walk on our graves while we are young. I am twenty-three, and too young to be blase; too young to tell the secrets which are in me."

Greta Garbo is not mysterious, she is honest. She is human enough to want only nice things said about her; frank enough to admit it; clever enough to live her own life irrespective of the people around her.

Greta's trip home marks the completion of an epoch in her career. In the few short years since she came from Sweden, a forlorn little girl, unknown to the world, she has definitely carved out her place in the hearts of the movie goers of the world.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert appear for the last time together in "A Woman of Affairs." Just how real their love scenes were will probably always remain a mystery.

Her return marks her professional separation from John Gilbert. His contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expired, Gilbert is going over to United Artists at the conclusion of his next picture, *Thirst,* which he is making with Mary Nolan as his leading lady.

When Greta comes back she will find herself teamed with Nils Asther, her countryman, who has made rapid strides in the hearts of fans during the past few years. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to take the place of Gilbert on the screen.

When she returns she will have broken completely with the past. She stands now in a position to rise to the very zenith as one of the most popular actresses of all time.

Are These Faces Familiar?

OF COURSE, they are. You have seen these stars often at your neighborhood movie theatre. Number (1) recently appeared in a picture where she nearly vamped Uncle Sam's entire fleet till a particular gob grabbed her for his own. (2) This star provided the pulchritude in a recent rib-tickling comedy which featured a famous comedian as a camera man. (3) This young lady added to her screen laurels by her performance in a recent reformatory picture.

Can YOU *Name*

SCREEN SECRETS

is giving away, in cash awards,

$1500.00

to movie fans who can identify the six stars on these two pages, and write the best fan letter telling why ONE of them is a favorite.

IT'S SIMPLE! All you have to do is name the six stars on these two pages and then write from fifty to one hundred words —not more than one hundred—telling which one is your favorite —and why.

Get going! Just glance at these six photographs and see how many stars you recognize in an instant.

No trick photographs have been used. We have selected the nearest likenesses to these stars we could find.

You know each and every one of the six! They have all been featured at your favorite movie theatre during the past year. You have read about them in SCREEN SECRETS ever since they hit Hollywood.

Name them! And when you have, get out your pencil and paper and tell in fifty to one hundred words—not more than one hundred—which is your favorite—and why.

Nothing to it, is there? . . Just a lot of fun! . . Join that vast army of film fans from all parts of the country, who this very moment are testing their memory and skill. Get in on the big cash prizes!

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

Grand First Prize, ...	$750.00
Second Prize, ...	300.00
Third Prize, ...	200.00
Fourth Prize, ...	50.00
Also Twenty Prizes of Ten Dollars ($10.00) Each	

THIS important contest is being promoted by SCREEN SECRETS Magazine to increase the interest in America's leading industry, the motion pictures. This magazine has come to the fore as one of the leading motion picture fan magazines, and with this issue offers the only magazine of its class printed all in rotogravure.

Let SCREEN SECRETS be your guide, not only in this contest, but in all matters pertaining to the motion picture world. Here in these pages you will find every month, the latest news of your favorite players, reviews of new films, exclusive and attractive photographs, stories by the writers of Hollywood most intimately connected with the studios, and innumerable features, as well as news letters from our correspondents in New York, London, Paris and Berlin.

These Movie *Stars?*

Enter this Contest Now!
Closes January 10, 1929

IN SUBMITTING your letter telling who is your favorite movie star and why, be brief. Originality and novelty will count heavily in deciding the winners, but brevity is essential. Write your answers clearly with a typewriter or in ink, on one side of the paper only. Print your name and address.

All answers must be sent to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn. Write or print the address clearly on the envelope so that there will be no danger of your contribution being lost.

No contributions will be returned. Watch for announcement of the winners in a future issue of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine.

Rules of the Contest:

1. Twenty-four cash prizes will be paid by SCREEN SECRETS Magazine for the nearest correct identification list of players pictured and the most interesting letter (not more than 100 words) telling which one of these players is your favorite—and why.

2. It is not necessary to buy any magazine or article to compete in this contest, but as reference, issue of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine may be consulted. Copies may be inspected at libraries. Contest is open to everyone except staff members of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine and their families.

Contest closes January 10, 1929, at midnight. Prizes will be awarded as soon after the contest closes as possible. You may send as many answers as you wish.

4. In case of ties, tying contributors will be awarded duplicate prizes. Send your lists and letters to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn., any time before closing date. The editorial department of SCREEN SECRETS will be sole and final judges.

Clues to Their Identity

JUST to get you off at a good start on this contest here are a few hints as to who these six stars are. Each star will be referred to by the number on his or her photograph.

(1) This young lady is a good friend of Lina Basquette and despite all the fame and fortune that has been showered upon her is still a big-hearted, unspoiled kid at heart.

(2) This star is fond of hiking when she is not working at the studios. Recently she walked up Mount Baldy. And that's not all, Richard Dix is very fond of her.

(3) For the sake of her art, this star bleached her hair and gained new screen laurels opposite Thomas Meighan and in a recent Cecil B. De Mille production.

(4) It is said that this star is soon going to marry a San Francisco attorney who has aeroplaned to Hollywood often of late. Her forthcoming picture, *Street Fair,* is said to show her at her best.

(5) This star spends much of her leisure time with her dress designer. She has new dresses fashioned especially for each of her pictures.

(6) This star won a baby contest and lives in $18.00 per week lodgings in Hollywood with the parents of a school chum.

What Are Their Names?

YOU know all six of them! For they have been featured in some of your favorite movies. Number (4) appeared recently in a film as a member of a famous circus troupe. Her accidental fall from a swinging trapee was the big thrill of the picture. This young star (5) is being seen now as the heroine of an underworld picture which deals with a gangster's life. (6) This star is being featured in a college picture in which he falls in love with a carnival girl.

Charlie Farrell's

The star of *Seventh Heaven* has built himself a bachelor retreat with no accommodations for a wife.

By JACK WOOLDRIDGE

THESE are the directions you follow to reach the Vagabond House:

You drive down Hollywood boulevard to Cahuenga avenue and turn north past the traffic cop whose voice sounds like a big bass fiddle. You take your place in line behind eleven gravel trucks and make dirty remarks as you crawl toward the mountain pass. Take the road to the right, turn left just before reaching First National Studios and drive out under the pepper trees to the shores of blue Toluca Lake. The Vagabond House is just beyond the estate of Eva Tanguay.

There you'll find a young fellow with a heavy mop of hair chopping wood and whistling tunes to a sad-eyed spaniel. He will have on a pair of overalls with a hole snagged in one knee, a sweater that once was white, and shoes all scratched and scarred. He will smile the sweetest smile imaginable when you arrive, and greet you with a Mayor Jimmy Walker welcome.

The young man will be Mr. Charlie Farrell, the bright light of *Seventh Heaven, Fazil,* and other screen productions which have caught the public fancy.

"Yes," he will say, "I've a Vagabond House, because I'm a vagabond at heart. Most men are. I wanted a place where the barbaric in me could come out. It's cost? Oh, I don't know; fifteen or twenty thousand dollars perhaps. The site is what took the money. The house doesn't amount to so much. I don't think anyone would ever really want it except young Farrell. It's a sort of dream home I've had in mind a long, long time. It isn't any place where a wife would live. For instance, there aren't any beds in the place; nothing but bunks built into the walls. There isn't any steam heat nor hot water radiators. But I've the most wonderful log fireplace in a big living room where I can sit in comfort and dream my dreams and see fantastic pictures in the leaping flames."

"Pictures of *her*?" I asked.

"Perhaps," he replied. "I wonder if I will? Do you know, I've never had a dream-girl—some fanciful, ethereal creature whom I believed some day I would meet and woo. I've never had time. After I left home in Cape Cod, Mass., and landed in Hollywood with about four dollars and a college cap, I was too busy trying to earn sufficient money to dunk doughnuts. I'll bet I dunked more doughnuts the first two years I was here than any 'extra' who ever wrapped his legs about a lunch-counter stool. They were daily *manna* to me. Then, when I finally broke through and began getting parts, I put my whole time into pictures. I didn't think about girls or a wife. I'm not thinking about them yet. If I were, I wouldn't be building a Vagabond House.

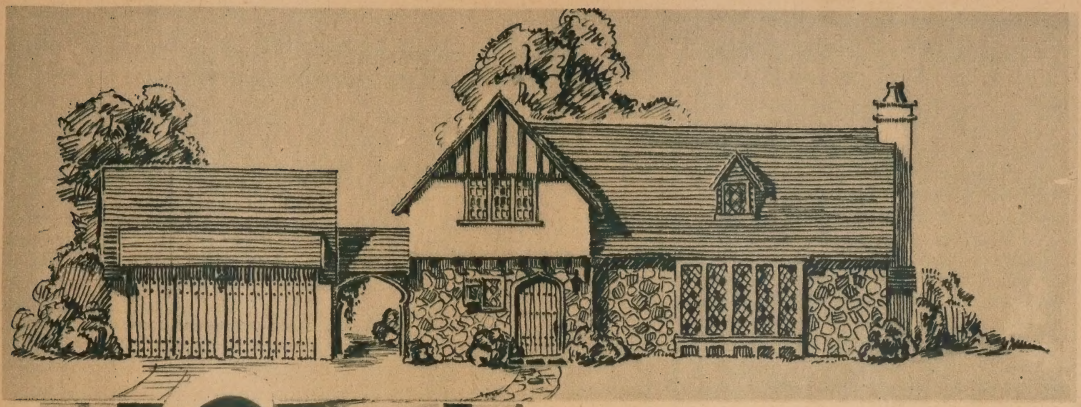
Charlie Farrell pondering over the blueprints of his Vagabond House made from rough sketches which he drew up himself.

"Some day I know I will meet *the* girl. Right then, this place will go on the market. I'll bid it good-bye and build a home to suit *her* in Brentwood. I've an acre there."

HE GAZED complacently at his vagabond creation, just then not completed. It isn't a hut by any means. It's a neat little residence of Normandie architecture, two stories high in one wing, a great living room in the other wing open to the roof, with exposed beams and topped by a skylight. Ship floors. Pegs instead of nails. A sun porch. A servant's quarters. A swimming pool. A place in which to store a canoe. A rack for the paddles. Sleeping bunks. And the great stone fireplace.

In front, Toluca Lake. Just around the shore-line, the

Vagabond House



This is the elevation of the Vagabond House which is soon to be completed on the shores of Toluca Lake. It is thoroughly masculine in every respect, both inside and out.

Here's Charlie at his beach bungalow where he held open house. Now he's built his Vagabond House so he can be alone.

Lakeside golf course. Nearby, two tennis courts. The studio scarcely ten minutes away through Cahuenga Pass. Stillness. Night birds and night noises. Daylight, with the smell of pine trees and willows and grasses. Small trout leaping in the Toluca. Seclusion.

But no place for a wife!

"I don't think I am selfish," he said. "I told you that if a 'Mrs. Farrell' came into my world I'd sell my Vagabond House and build *her* a home in Brentwood. But for the present, here is where I want to live. The fellows will come out sometimes, I suppose, but there won't be any such gang as blows into my shack at the beach. Did you ever see that place? I don't know who it belongs to, although the title is in my name. The gang lets me come in, oh, every now and then! They're a delightful, roistering crew and we've had some great times together. But my Vagabond House will be different. It's my dream place.

"There won't be any elaborate furnishings. I'll pick up some odd things here, a few antiques perhaps, there, but for the most part just dull-looking things, the kind a man likes to have about. There will be a great arm-chair before the fireplace, a broad window looking out upon the lake and built-in shelves for my books. There'll be a snug place for my dog to sleep, and ash trays and humidors scattered about. I'll have a big reading lamp with a shade to put by my side at night."

"And pictures?" I interrupted.

"Two," he replied. "There will be a picture of Janet Gaynor on my bedroom wall and another of Virginia Valli. They're my pals, you know. Janet and I have been wonderful friends ever since we worked together in *Seventh Heaven*. Gad, she's a marvelous girl! And Virginia Valli—well, she understands me and we have a lot of fun kicking around together. Just friends; nothing more. I run into her house at noon sometimes with an avocado and ask her to have the maid fix me a salad. Or, I get some nice berries and we eat them there. We chat a bit, then I churn along my way in the flivver."

BUT," I insisted, "what about the 'Mrs. Farrell' who, sometime, will arrive? Couldn't she enjoy the Vagabond House? Why deny it entirely to her? Why not go on keeping it as it is; she might like it?"

"No," said Charlie, "I don't think she would She

(*Continued on page* 85)

On a Talking

What They Think About Talkies

Clara Bow: Just another way of expressing "IT."
Bebe Daniels: A new and wonderful form of artistic expression.
Norma Shearer: It has given us a new ambition and new outlet for our abilities.
Buster Keaton: A new field of development for the comedy.
Esther Ralston: They thrill me almost to death.
Lon Chaney: Talking pictures will impair illusion.
Florence Vidor: They offer unlimited possibilities.
George Bancroft: A splendid medium for the dramatic artist.
Richard Dix: Brings back memories of my stage days.
Edmund Lowe: Now we have to know our lines like in the old stage days.
Adolphe Menjou: We can be even more sophisticated.
Ramon Novarro: The screen offers a greater opportunity than ever before.
Marion Davies: They've made us wake up.
John Gilbert: Every star has his greatest thrill to look forward to—the thrill of hearing his first picture in voice.
Ethelyne Clair: A new chance for all of us.
William Haines: My southern drawl will be more of an asset than a handicap.
Lew Cody: They're great.
Charles Rogers: Youth gets its chance.
Jean Arthur: No longer is silence golden.
Evelyn Brent: It means a new screen world.
Mary Brian: Thrilling.
Nancy Carroll: The opportunity stage artists have been looking for.
Ruth Chatterton: Like being on the stage—without an audience.
Doris Hill: I always knew that memory course would pay.
Leone Lane: Now we can actually hear opportunity knock.
Ruth Taylor: Gentlemen prefer 'em.
Fay Wray: Astounding.

The first inside revelation of just how a talking picture is made.

In order to give SCREEN SECRETS' *readers the first graphic glimpse into the making of talking pictures, a fascinating process which has hitherto been veiled in deepest mystery, the author of this article became an actor and worked in a number of scenes of "The Doctor's Secret, at the Paramount Studio, under the direction of William C. De Mille. He gives herewith an absorbing account of his experiences as well as a simplified explanation of the mechanical process of producing talking pictures.*—THE EDITOR.

SILENCE, everywhere. The muffled unearthly silence of a tomb. We are in an English drawingroom. It seems for the moment like a real drawingroom. There are big easy chairs and divans, a cheery fireplace.

Ruth Chatterton and H. B. Warner are walking back and forth. But their footsteps make no sound. There is a clock on the mantelpiece, but it doesn't tick. At last, William De Mille, the director, sitting

This is the way the set of "The Doctor's Secret," a talking picture, looks to William C. De Mille

Picture Set

By Speed Kendall

with his rangy length sprawled in a canvas chair speaks. But his voice has a dead, flat sound.

He is giving final directions. In two minutes we are to begin production on *The Doctor's Secret,* a talking picture.

SLOWLY it comes over me that it is uncanny, this working on a talking picture set. The quietness of it all, the sense that unseen, unheard, a great mechanism is about to go into action.

There is no cheerful hissing of the arcs. The lights are huge incandescents, glaring forth like great round eyes.

To the right, enclosed in a huge glass cage, a camera man is adjusting his film. I can see him but he makes no noise. The sound-proof cage encloses him in silence.

Far up in the rafters, high above the stage, a man sits in a little glass enclosed stage, peering down, making final preparations. He is the "mixer," the man who controls the sound, who can change a human voice from a whisper to a roar by the turning of a dial.

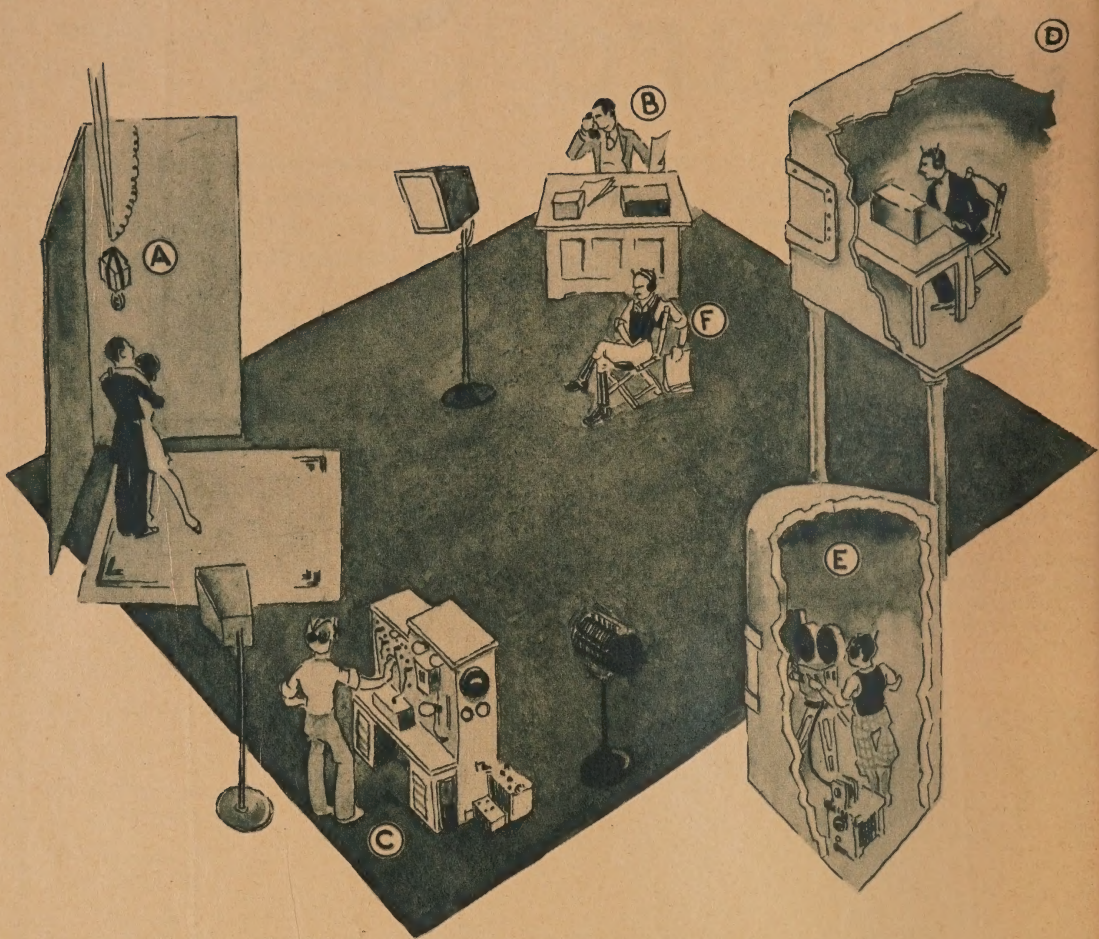
Once production is under way, he can never hear the real voices of those actors down below. They will come to him through a loud speaker. He will hear them just as you will hear them in the theatre some weeks later.

This much can be seen from the stage, but it is only a part of the intricate machinery of making sound pictures which is going on behind the scenes.

the mixer up in the rafters. Ruth Chatterton and John Loder are the actors. is the director.

Comments by Leading Lights of Hollywood

Richard Arlen: They prove we're not dumb.
William Austin: Oh, I say—
Clive Brook: Immense.
Lane Chandler: Great stuff.
Chester Conklin: The voice is more powerful than a subtitle.
Gary Cooper: More difficult to make—more wonderful to see.
James Hall: Just like facing the footlights again.
Jack Holt: It means new things to conquer.
Neil Hamilton: Now it can be told.
Fred Kohler: The villain can be more villainous.
Jack Luden: Bigger and better coughdrops.
John Loder: Bully!
Jack Oakie: They speak for themselves.
William Powell: I'm for them—100 per cent.
Wallace Berry: Louder and heavier heavies.
Conrad Nagel: It means the learning of dozens of little new tricks to be successful.
George Fawcett: The greatest boon ever given the former stage actor now in pictures.
Edward Connelly: A new art.
Merna Kennedy: I'm thrilled about them.
Ben Lyon: My former stage experience was not in vain.
Richard Barthelmess: Most fascinating invention in the history of pictures.
Colleen Moore: I am enthusiastic and believe there will be a tremendous development in the coming year.
Al Jolson: Mammy!
Milton Sills: A decided step forward.
Corinne Griffith: I'm tremendously enthusiastic.
Billie Dove: I can hardly wait my first one.
Alice White: I'm strong for the chinema.
Dorothy Mackaill: Wonderful.
Jack Mulhall: Me, too.
Dolores Costello: I think they're remarkable.



This is the way the mechanism of talking pictures works: The voices of the actors are caught by the microphone (A), carried to the monitor (B) who is the signal man, thence through the amplifier (C) which "steps up" the voices, and so to the mixer (D) who controls the volume of sound, keeping the voices even. Meanwhile the cameraman (E) is grinding away in a sound-proof booth, and the director (F) hears the voices through his ear phones after they have been through the amplifier. Then the sound waves are carried to another part of the building where they are reproduced as light waves on a strip of film.

Director De Mille is giving his final instructions to Miss Chatterton, who recently left the stage for talking pictures, and to H. B. Warner, who has been a favorite of both stage and screen for many years.

"Now on this cue you cross over right—"

HE GESTURES with a manuscript, Miss Chatterton nods.

Then he steps back into the shadows behind the lights, takes his seat in the chair with his name inscribed across the back, and adjusts a pair of head phones over the gray crush hat which is as indispensable a piece of wearing apparel to him, as the riding breeches and boots are to his famous brother, C. B. De Mille.

Henceforth, no sound will come to him direct. He will hear the voices as the man up mid the rafters hears them, reproduced through the amplifier, carried to his ears by a head phone.

All eyes are focused on him. He gives the signal. Miss Chatterton and Mr. Warner take their places in the center of the room just beneath a microphone that hangs suspended over their heads high enough to be out of the camera's range, and yet low enough to catch their voices. This microphone is extremely sensitive and picks up such sounds as the rattle of keys or the clinking of beads.

All is now in readiness. The great doors swing slowly shut, throttling the myriad noises of the Paramount lot, the noises of 1,500 workers engaged in the hubbub of picture production, to absolute silence.

A red light glows into brilliance over the stage door, a warning that no one is to leave or enter.

Behind us, a little to the right, a man is busy at a signal board, working with colored lights. He is the "monitor," the signal corps of this army of picture makers. He listens to the pulse beat of the great machine, flashing in-

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Children of Grief

By
HARRY
CARR

Gloria Swanson and Eric Von Stroheim have had tempestuous careers alone. Now all Hollywood is waiting for the earthquake as they prepare to make a picture together

Gloria Swanson in her garden. To the right, a restful pose. Who would think that this calm lady was a dynamo of energy?

SAID Her Highness, the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray to his Excellency Count Eric, Hans, Josef, Stephen, Maria Von Stroheim: "Say, are we going to let these Hollywood wise crackers make suckers of us?"

Said His Excellency, Count Eric, Hans, Josef, Stephen Maria Von Stroheim to Her Highness, the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray: "Not on your life, we're not."

And so it stands—Gloria Swanson and Von Stroheim gritting their teeth and determined to be harmonious if the effort kills them.

And Hollywood remains skeptical—listening for tornadoes, cyclones, earthquakes, and assorted disasters to take place when Von Stroheim and Gloria start making *The Swamp*.

If ever there were two children of grief it is Von Stroheim and Gloria Swanson. Every time they start to make a picture separately, the studio flags hang at half mast. When they get all this grief crammed into one picture . . . Oo!

I went over to see Gloria the day she came back from New York to get her clothes ready for her part—the part of a convent-bred girl who goes out into the world and finds herself keeping a dive.

I told her that I had come to say goodbye; that I would always hold her memory dear; and that I hoped she would remember that no lady with two titles of nobility ever permitted herself to scratch in the clinches.

Gloria grinned—a little wanly, I thought. "Sure; I suppose we will have a hundred fights," she said. "But anyhow we will make a great picture."

I asked her if they hadn't already had a great many fights—getting the picture ready. I knew they had been struggling from September 1, to November 3—trying to cut it down. Von's inevitable struggle.

"No," said Gloria, "I knew how to handle him. I told him that every one in Hollywood was waiting for the sound of the bricks flying; and it was up to us to fool them. It is just agony and torture for him to cut anything out of a story he has written; but I must say he was a good sport about it."

"What's the trouble with Von; why is he always in hot water?" I asked—as though, having worked with him for a year on *The Wedding March*, I didn't know better than she.

"Just genius," she said; but added, "But heaven knows

Said Count Eric Von Stroheim to the Marquise Falaise de la Coudray, otherwise Gloria Swanson: "Of course, we're not going to let these Hollywood wise-crackers make suckers out of us!"

that is enough! You always have trouble with every picture." She looked sadly down at her feet which were curled up under her as she sat in a big chair like a little girl.

"The first day it's always great. Everybody is laughing and talking on the sets and you are all convinced that you are starting the world's greatest picture. By the end of the second week, you know the whole thing is a wreck, that everybody else in the company is a stupid moron, and all you want is to get through it—any old way—the quickest way.

"The reason is that you all think alike the first day. But your imaginations start running in different directions until the horizon is too wide. Every picture ends in a kind of chaos; but sometimes the Lord is good to you and it comes out.

"The more genius a man has, the more impossible it is for him to see along another man's gun sight. That is what is the matter with Von."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

The Marquise de la Coudray elevated her plucked eyebrows, and if I hadn't known her so long, I think she would have said: "Well, really!"

AS IT was, a very sad and very bitter expression came into her eyes. "If I have had trouble," she said, "It has been because I have had to fight every inch of my way.

"Mary Pickford always has had Douglas to lean on; Norma Talmadge has always acted over a net—with Joe Schenck holding the net. I have just had myself—and with plenty of other things to drag me down.

"I don't know why I have always had to fight. In every other way except business, I have been protected. I have had the same butler and cook for years. My chauffeur has been with me a long time. I have two secretaries—one here and one in New York; and they are like companions to me. My little daughter and my adopted little boy have a governess who has been with me for years. They are all faithful and devoted.

"But my business affairs . . . " Gloria fairly groaned. "When they were not in the hands of crooks, it was something worse. For instance, I had a piece of property on Wilshire Boulevard that a young fellow took over to sell for me. Out of friendship, he wanted to save me the expense of an attorney. So he handled the details himself. He saved me $200; and what do you suppose he lost for me? One hundred thousand!"

She said that now she has turned over all her financial affairs to Joseph Kennedy, head of the Pathe Company, and he has a force of experts straightening it out.

"They just get one end of it straightened out," said Gloria. "Then they pick up something else; and its worse. They told me that they should think I would have committed suicide—trying to get it straightened out myself."

It came to me suddenly that Gloria felt sorry for herself—she, the most envied girl who breathes the breath of life.

"Why should you feel so bitter?" I protested.

"Bitter?" She looked up in genuine surprise.

"Sure — bitter — that's what I said. There's bitterness in your voice. When you talk, a little tense, hard diagonal line comes

Gloria Swanson has had all the blessings of life brought to not trade them

right across the lids of your eyes. Why should you be bitter; you have wealth, titles of nobility, love, children, fame . . . my God, Gloria, if Providence had come around with all the blessings of life on a tray like French pastry, you couldn't have had more!"

She considered the matter gravely.

"I don't mean to be bitter . . . but I think sometimes of what these things have cost me. I was so ill that I couldn't digest even a glass of water. I would go to a cafe and have to come home; the music would make me so nervous I couldn't stand it.

"A horrible sense of responsibility weighed over my life. It got to be a morbidity. I would wake up in the morning, so tired that I was like a rag; but I would almost frantically crawl out of bed. I was haunted always by the feeling that I must do something, somehow, somewhere, or everything would collapse. That everything depended upon me.

"The doctors told me I would die if I didn't stop; but the producers held me mercilessly to my contract. They drove me on without pity.

"The doctors finally sent me out into the country and told me to sit on the porch and not think about anything. After I had been there for about five seconds, a funny-looking woman came along with a bundle. I got to wondering who she was; then I got to wondering what was in that bundle . . . I decided that there must be something distinctly mysterious about that bundle. In the end, I had to follow the woman down the street to find out. Before I got off the porch that morning, I had manufactured a complete story about that woman. I worried more than working in a picture. Women like me can't rest. I have to keep going even if death is at the end of the passage."

"Well, Gloria," I said, "Here you are—a couple of marquises—with lovely children—a husband—a house full of big furniture—a fortune that worries you to madness—pictures that drive you to despair after the first day . . . does it all pay? Wouldn't you rather have been Mrs. Pickles of Chicago, and belonged to a bridge club?"

Gloria squashed the fire out of the end of her cigarette in a little gold and marble ash tray.

"What's the use of talking like that?" she said, severely.

"What's the use of being like that?" I countered.

"Ambition."

"What's ambition?"

"A chemical process." Gloria laughed. "Yes, it is, honestly," she said. "Ambition is purely a chemical process and success is when it 'jells'—so to speak. It's no use to ask a lot of silly questions—why I am not Mrs. Three-on-No-Trumps, of Chicago. I just couldn't help being what I am. Just like when I went to rest on the porch. Even if I knew that unhappiness would be the result, I would just have to climb up here and find out for myself."

"Yes; but you didn't answer my question: was it worth while?"

"W-e-l-l—yes. Anyhow I have tasted it all. I have tried everything once. That's what life is for—experience—I've had a lot."

"And found unhappiness?"

"Every creative mind finds unhappiness—but happiness, too. These placid cows—I don't believe they are happier on the whole. There must be times when the cud doesn't taste good. They don't get into the dumps; but they never see any high heights. Anyhow, that's how I am—all stirred up and seething inside; so.

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her on silver trays, and although they have not made her happy, she would for anything.

Said Gloria Swanson to Count Eric Von Stroheim: "Everyone in Hollywood is waiting for us to throw bricks at each other. It's up to us to fool them."

Raquel Torres

A Merry Christmas

to all SCREEN SECRETS Readers from

Phyllis Haver
Richard Arlen
Vilma Banky
Janet Gaynor
Esther Ralston
Lina Basquette
Charles Rogers
Corinne Griffith
Jack Dempsey
Lupe Velez
Billie Dove
Greta Garbo
Marion Davies
Ramon Novarro
Constance Talmadge
Claire Windsor
Norma Talmadge
Richard Barthelmess
Colleen Moore
Richard Dix
John Barrymore
Georgi Bancroft
John Gilbert
Mary McAvoy
Clara Bow
Brian May
Esther Jannings
Estelle Taylor

Pedestal of Pulchritude

JOSEPHINE DUNN, pretty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is wondering whether the admiration of fans will enable her to supplant this statue on a pedestal of pulchritude.

Here is Buddy Rogers with his best girl, his mother. "There is nothing spectacular about Buddy," she says. "But I am mighty proud of him and all the money and fame in the world wouldn't make him any dearer to me."

My Boy

By Mrs. B. H. Rogers

Mother of Buddy Rogers

Buddy Rogers' mother tells about his first birthday party, his first loves, and other touching incidents of the childhood of a normal American boy that fame has not changed.

OF COURSE, I am proud of Buddy. I am as normal a mother as he is a normal, everyday, American youngster. Yet, in all justice, I must admit that there is nothing spectacular about my boy. He has just been, from his babyhood days, unusually lucky.

There was nothing sensational about his arrival. He came, like thousands upon thousands of others, into a small-town, every-day American family. His father owned and ran (and still does) the newspaper in our little town of 3,500. His grandparents on both sides live within a few blocks of us. His uncle was assistant postmaster. He had one sister, Geraldine. He now has a younger brother.

You can picture the day! The grandparents fluttered and helpful. The neighbors bringing in fresh apple pies and crabapple jellies. The excitement of the whole village when they knew it was a boy. The cries of, "Oh, it's so nice to have a girl *and* a boy. They'll be such companions for one another."

From the very beginning, he was a lucky youngster. There was no particular reason for his winning the town baby-contest during his first season. We did not think him a particularly beautiful infant. But even at that age he was winsome. He had a cute way of cooing and looking straight at you and making you feel that you wanted to do something for him. That's the way he wheedled the judges into pronouncing him the best of that season's crop of babies!

As he grew, he continued to be just an average boy, normally good and normally naughty. I don't think I ever spanked Buddy. His father took care of that part of his education. He had his average share of boy-spankings.

A few days before he was four, a carnival came to town. They wished to use the vacant lot next to us. Mr. Rogers agreed, provided, they would loan the use of the merry-go-round for Buddy's birthday. They consented and Buddy had the first really big merry-go-round party to be given in our little city. To this day he talks about it. He was so proud—giving all his little friends rides for *nothing!*

This is the way Buddy Rogers looked when he was a year old. Why wouldn't he win a baby contest? He is shown in the picture with his mother, and his sister (now Mrs. John Bindford), who was his first leading lady in a high school play.

I wondered, then, if his merry-go-rounds throughout life would be provided so easily.

He wasn't particularly bright in school. Report card days were his bug-a-bears. He never missed a grade but he never led his class, either. I can remember so well, his coming home at the end of each month, a down-in-the-mouth, sheepish expression on his dirty little face. If he had an "F" he'd try to hide it from his father. Sometimes he'd say he'd forgotten his card. Again, that he hadn't received it. He'd carry it in his pocket for days rather than let his father see it. I thought that was a good sign—that he didn't want his father to know he

wasn't perfect. We only lived three or four blocks from the school. But Buddy didn't seem to be able to get up on time in the mornings. I'd call him—only to go in a few minutes later and find him still sleeping. He was often late! I can remember going to the kitchen door and calling, "Do stop and tie your shoe laces, Buddy!"

AS A VERY small youngster, he started to make money. His father gave him three dollars a week to sweep out the office when the broom was twice as high as the boy who swung it. Then he'd hand out posters, run errands, set type—act as a regular printer's devil for his father.

By the time he was eight he had a newspaper route with sixty-five customers. That brought him four or five dollars. All through his grammar school days he averaged ten dollars a week. And he saved his money. Buddy has always saved his money! As a family, we have had to save and perhaps he just naturally inherited this habit. Since he has been in pictures he has saved three-fourths of his money. He owns a twenty-five thousand dollar ranch, with his father, near Olathe. He has some beach lots in California.

People sometimes wonder why he lives so quietly on a side street in Los Angeles. He does it, primarily, of course, because he is with his college room-mate. We all look upon Mrs. Boggs as his California mother. Her home is like his own home, to Buddy. But his room and board only cost him eighteen dollars a week which gives him an opportunity to save most of his picture salary.

I suppose it was because Buddy was so busy making money that he didn't hang around the drug stores with other youngsters, or play in the streets after dark and that sort of thing. I don't mean by this he was a goody-goody. He wasn't. He played baseball in the vacant lots, got into scrapes, received his fair share of beatings, etc. But I cannot remember that he was ever in any way a "rowdy." They organized a boys' band. Buddy wanted a horn. We sent off thirty-nine dollars to get it for him. Thirty-nine dollars was a great deal of money in those days. He took lessons from the band master. This was the first time we learned that our boy was musical. A little later they organized a men's band. Buddy was the only one chosen from the boy's band for the men's organization. They paid him a dollar a week for sitting up there in the stand in his little short pants and playing with his elders! We were so proud of him. And he was more proud of that one dollar than the other nine added together.

The high school was only a half block from our house. This gave him time to get his shoes tied in the morning. About the only difference that high school made to Buddy.

Oh, yes, he did fall in love with one of his teachers. He took her around for two years. I'll never forget one of the dances. His father thought Buddy should be home studying instead of going to dances with a teacher. He forbade him to go. They slipped off and went anyway. His father caught him and gave him a good licking. But it didn't stop him from going to the next one. He often said this high school freshman experience trained him for

Buddy Rogers and his dad, B. H. Rogers, are not only pals but business partners as well. Together they own a $25,000 ranch near Buddy's home town of Olathe, Kansas.

Home life appeals to Buddy Rogers even in Hollywood. He lives at the home Seated from left to right are: Mrs. Boggs, who is a second mother to him,

going with older women. I only know of one other girl whom Buddy took places. And they had been pals from the cradle.

Geraldine, his sister, had had the leading part in the senior play. We were so afraid that Buddy wouldn't be leading man in his turn. We worried about it all during his senior year. And Buddy worried because he wanted to make us happy. When he got it—well, I don't need to describe how we felt about it!

It is hard for me to keep the tears from my eyes as I sit here and write about our little—boy, Buddy. There are times when I wish he were back here in Olathe running across the back lot to high school, tying his tie and waving his hand to me. There are times when I wish I could live over again those cold winter nights when I tramped half way across the state of Kansas to watch him play basketball for our little city. It was often hard—but, I never missed watching Buddy play a game. And now I am glad I didn't.

THE summer before he went to college he bought his drums. He learned to play them to the jazz records on our old family victrola. It never entered our heads that Buddy should go anywhere except to the University of Kansas. He would come home every week-end to us! He had been rushed for two years by the various fraternities. None of us influenced him in his choice. And when he took the Phi Psi we were happy because he was happy.

Buddy's drums put him through college. The second week he started sending home money for us to save for him. Here, I do think Buddy was a bit different from most boys. Instead of our sending him money, he sent it to *us* to put in the bank for him. But this meant that he had to play every Friday and Saturday night at a dance; that he couldn't come home to us Friday evenings. He bought a Ford for thirty dollars and would drive the thirty-six miles home after each Saturday evening's entertainment. That first year, he had just two dates with girls. And they were different young ladies. He was too busy to think about them. During his freshman year he saved two hundred dollars.

That summer a friend of his room-mate's offered the two boys a chance to go to Europe on a mule boat. "Nurse-maid to the donks" he called it. The boys were to feed and water and hay the animals, get their passage both ways and a dollar and a half a day for the nineteen days they were on the water.

We thought it a wonderful opportunity for him to see Europe. Naturally, we had no idea that in three or four years he would be making enough money in pictures to see it in another manner.

It was the first time he had been away from home. How we looked for his letters! He wrote often and told us all about his experiences. He had his two hundred dollars. We didn't give him a penny.

The boys had a glorious time. No matter how many times he goes, I don't think Buddy will ever get the same joy out of Europe as he did as a mule-tender.

They returned to New York via steerage. Buddy had picked up some extra money by playing in the cabarets of Spain, where they landed their donkeys. I remember he

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of a fraternity brother where he pays eighteen dollars a week for his board. Buddy, Deane Boggs, the fraternity brother, and his sister, Elva Boggs.

Buddy Rogers always writes home when he thinks Mary Brian shows signs of liking him. They are playing together in "Varsity" and "Someone to Love," and it is rumored that Buddy's attentions go farther than his screen roles.

Cupid's Bulletin BOARD

Subject to change without notice

Claire Windsor

Consolation

SINCE the friendship between Claire Windsor and Buddy Rogers was broken up by gossip, the lovely Claire has been consoling herself with the attentions of a young South American actor at the Fox Studios. Buddy, on the other hand, is very attentive to Mary Brian. But when the two meet by chance at parties they can usually be found having a tete-a-tete together in some quiet corner behind a rubber plant.

LUPE VELEZ is usually seen at the Mayfair dances on the arm of Tom Mix. And the other swains seldom ask for a dance because—well just look at Tom's right arm.

Phyllis Haver

Just Pals

PHYLLIS HAVER, according to the usual formula, declares that she and Bert Lytell, who was not so long ago, the husband of Claire Windsor, are "just good pals." However, romantic Hollywood refuses to accept this as an explanation for the large and shining diamond which she wears upon her significant finger whenever she and Bert are out together. One guess is as good as another in this instance.

Evelyn Brent

NOW that Ramon Novarro is to join Elsie Janis in a concert tour of Europe, breathes there one with soul so dead who would fail to point to the possibilities of a romance? Neither of them has ever married.

Evelyn's Married

EVELYN BRENT has recently added a wedding ring to the beautiful solitaire which she has been wearing, said to be one of the largest sparklers in Hollywood. She was married recently to Harry Edwards, of the Christie Comedy Studios, at a surprise ceremony held across the Mexican border.

Richard Dix

ETHELYN CLAIR feels that Richard Hanshaw may have been a good husband in some ways, but after all when a man refuses to star his wife in pictures, is that treating her right, she wants to know? She is seeking a divorce.

Captured

HAS Richard Dix, the elusive bachelor, fallen a victim to feminine lures at last? It almost seems so now. Just before his departure for Europe, on a vacation trip, Richard was very attentive to Marceline Day, which strengthened the rumors that an announcement of their engagement is likely to be forthcoming. Richard and Marceline have been going to parties together in Hollywood for some time.

Really Means It

MARIE PREVOST is really going to get her final divorce decree from Kenneth Harlan this time and she doesn't mean maybe. Just before the final decree was to become effective Marie and Kenneth decided they couldn't live without each other and took another whirl at married life. Now they are sure they can't live with each other, so all bets are off again. They were married in 1924, and separated in 1927.

Connie May Try Again

CONNIE TALMADGE may have another fling at married life, according to Hollywood gossip. The gentleman in question is Townsend Netcher, rich Chicago business

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SOCIETY IN *Cinemaland*

All Hollywood turned out for the surprise party at the Ambassador Hotel to welcome Marion Davies home. Among those in attendance were (1) Lorraine Eddy, (2) Matt Moore, (3) Aileen Pringle, (4) Louis B. Mayer, (5) Gloria Swanson, (6) Harry D'Arrast, (7) Marion Davies, (8) Louella Parsons, (9) Charlie Chaplin, (10) Ricardo Cortez, (11) Norma Shearer, (12) Irving Thalberg, (13) Harold Lloyd, (14) Robert Z. Leonard, (15) Harry Crocker and (16) William Haines.

Social season gets under way in Hollywood with brilliant Mayfair ball—celebrities go in disguise to the Carl Laemmles' circus frolic—Laura La Plante gives a "cat" party—Carmel Myers entertains at a buffet supper—and other social functions of the month in the film colony.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY, SCREEN SECRETS Society Editor

WITH five hundred or so of cinemaland's elite in attendance, brilliance was assured for the Mayfair dinner-dance given at the Biltmore. Magnificent gowns, lavish favors and unique decorations. One of the prettiest features was the "orange drop"—large cotton balls coated with orange dropping from the ceiling to be tossed about by the dancers.

Fred Niblo is president of the organization, to which no one is eligible without a year's experience in pictures to his credit. **Charles Christie** is vice-president. **Irving Thalberg**, secretary, and **Mike Levee**, treasurer.

The **Irving Thalbergs** (Norma Shearer) were guests of honor at a dinner for thirty-six given by **Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Hyman**—the occasion marking the first wedding anniversary of this popular young pair. After an amusing speech by **Mike Levee**, **Polly Moran** and **Karl Dane** came marching in, dressed as a comic bride and groom and put on a side-splitting vaudeville act.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel were noted among the guests of the **Antonio Morenos**; **Bessie Love** was hostess to ten in honor of **Texas Guinan**, while in **Lois Moran's** party were thirty friends. **Margaret Livingston** entertained eighteen, **Marceline Day** twelve, and **Tom Mix** a group of six with lovely **Billie Dove** as honoree. **Richard Barthelmess** and his wife sat in a secluded corner with a select group of friends. **Buster Collier** beaued **Louise Brooks** and sparkling **Bebe Daniels** came with handsome **Gary Cooper**.

The climax of the evening was a dance contest—**Enid Bennett Niblo, Texas Guinan** and **Luella Parsons** being selected as judges. As may well be imagined, Tex's comments kept her table in roars of laughter. Finally, all but four couples were eliminated—**Patsy Ruth Miller** with **Matty Kemp, Dorothy Sebastian** with **Gus Edwards** and **Clyde Cook** and **Lupino Lane** with their respective partners.

Pretty little **Sharon Lynn** who came with **Matty Kemp** sat in a ringside seat and rooted for him while **Patsy Ruth's** escort, **Walter Lohman,** did the same for her. It was a hard-fought affair but at length **Dorothy Sebastian** and **Gus Edwards** were declared winners and presented with a—(no, you'll never guess!)—a diamond-studded, black, hot water bottle!

A LIVELY affair was the outdoor circus given in the beautiful grounds of the Beverly Hills home of the **Laemmles. Senior** and **Junior Carl** with **Rosabelle** were hosts and hostess. Rosabelle dressed as a little pony so far as jaunty brown ears, brown tights and tail, not to mention a tiny harness, could make her resemble one. Carl, Jr., made a swashbuckling Captain Kidd, and his father was made up as the manager of the show in a checked suit, derby hat, horse-shoe scarf pin and huge watch chain.

The big top was erected near the swimming pool and was all brightly lighted with tiny flags flying. And, as **Glenn Tyron** explained, you didn't have to hold your nose as all the animals were stuffed. The inimitable Glenn was garbed as a circus hand and his wife wore a switch as the bearded lady. **Laura La Plante** had been working so she came very late wearing the 1890 costume of her *Show Boat* "Magnolia."

Mervyn LeRoy dressed as the ringmaster and **Arthur Lake** as a bareback rider, tarlatan skirts and all, put on the funniest of burlesque tangoes and there was a grand march of the beautiful young actresses riding the camels and elephants while others walked. **Carmel Myers** made a hit by seizing a life-size pasteboard man from his sentinel position at the tent flap and walking him along.

Among the merry-makers were the **George Lewises, Tullio Carminati, John Boles, Josephine Dunn, Barbara Kent, Edith Mayer, Walter Pidgeon** and **Patsy Ruth Miller.**

ANOTHER exquisite opening has added to the laurels of **Fred and Roy Millers'** Carthay Circle Theatre. Fox's *Mother Knows Best,* starring **Madge Bellamy,** was the attraction with many added Movietone novelties, not to forget **Carli Elinor** and his concert orchestra.

Miss Bellamy, charming in a white cloud of ruffled tulle, was given an ovation by the hundreds of fans packed fifty deep for a block in front of the edifice. Her screen mother, **Louise Dresser,** was a member of her party and looked regal in a silver turban and a coat of scarlet chiffon and velvet. Diminutive **Janet Gaynor** was lost in a group of friends, **Jason Robards** and his fiancee, **Agnes Lynch; Ona Brown,** flashing a huge diamond, with her young **Harvey Barnes,** and charming **Rosa Rudami,** with her husband, **John Fox, Jr.** Youthful **William Bakewell** and **Arthur Lake** with their mothers. **Barry Norton. Natalie Joyce.**

WITH the **Misses Irene and Edith Mayer** as guests of honor, hospitable **Carmel Myers** entertained with a delightful buffet supper at her beach home. After-

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Just to prove that men aren't essential Laura La Plante gave a little "cat" party recently during a day of leisure at the studio. Those at the party were (left to right): Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston, Peggy Hamilton and Anita Stewart.

Adopted by the Movies

A whole studio became a god-father to give Paul Guertzman, a waif of Paris, his chance at a career.

Paul Guertzman has already displayed amazing talents as a juvenile in his first screen role with Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou in "His Private Life." At the right, Paul in his garb as "prop" boy around the Paramount studio.

By DUNHAM THORPE

ADOPTED by the movies!—*and with all the legal trimmings.*

A couple of months ago this boy worked day and night washing prints in the dingy laboratories of a Parisian photographer. For three dollars a week.

Now one of the greatest powers in moviedom—*Paramount-Famous-Lasky*—stands morally committed to make a great star of him. Not only "a star"—but an outstanding one. Even if it must take years.

And though the boy spoke no English, he won all this from a movie baron who speaks nothing else!

Here's how it happened.

Jesse Lasky, Paramount executive, arrived in Paris—and of course the news broke in all the papers. A fifteen year old Russian refugee picked up one of the papers and read the news—and when he had read, he would not forget it.

For it had dropped into his mind like yeast into a prepared culture—and, similarly, it at once started to grow.

Paul Guertzman had always wanted to act. Once, it had been only one ambition among many. But for five years now, it had been the *only* one. Ever since he was ten. For a full third of his short life!

To act! . . . to act in the cinema . . . the *American* cinema . . . maybe some day to be the leading man for Clara Bow . . . to receive a kiss from Clara Bow!

But, no—that was to be an idiot! A fifteen-year-old boy, and small for his age—drudging for three dollars a week.

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Flying High

Wallace Beery hunts mudhens in his Travelair — Reginald Denny flies to the mountains for week-ends—Janet Gaynor uses a plane to visit her sweetheart. Thrilling experiences of the stars who have taken to flying just for fun.

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

Jacqueline Logan hated aviation until she had to learn to fly for her role in "The Sky Raider." Now she simply won't come down to earth and she soon hopes to have a pilot's license.

A BIG-BONED and square-shouldered man wearing a pair of grease-smeared overalls which once had been white, approached the conductor of a Southern Pacific freight train on a siding in northern California not long ago and asked for a ride.

"My airplane just broke down," he said.

"Yeah?" queried the trainman, dubiously.

"Yep! Broke down over there in a field."

The conductor looked closely to see if there was any strange light in the wayfarer's eyes.

"Smashed my landing gear," the asserted aviator added.

"You did?"

"Knocked the tar out of it. I want to go after some repairs. Got to have a new landing gear. They use 'em on all good planes."

The train boss didn't warm up perceptibly to the fellow's tale. He appeared as though he might have just crawled from beneath a "tin lizzie" which had sprung a leak in the oil line or which simply had grown too weary and decrepit to proceed further.

"I'm Wallace Beery," the man continued. "I'm on the way to Montana to hunt sage hens."

"Wallace Beery, eh? Do tell? Well, I'm Calvin Coolidge—on the way to Seattle exercising my engine. Glad to meet you!"

"No, honest," he protested, "I'm Wallace Beery. Look here!"

Ruth Elder, the aviatrix who almost crossed the Atlantic, has done much to make flying a popular sport in Hollywood. All the young men are up in the air over Ruth.

From somewhere around his belt he flashed an official pilot's badge. In a nearby field really was his big Travelair ship, its whirlwind motor silenced and its landing gear twisted into something like a marcel wave.

It was the first and only time Wallace ever had made a forced landing. But there he was with the peak of old Shasta in the distance and just beyond it the hills where sage hens were calling. And Wallace wanted to get to them. In fact, he wanted to get anywhere away from

in Hollywood

Jean Harlow, Hal Roach comedy beauty, points out that the lesser weight, the better, holds true when it comes to flying, and proves it by posing in a costume which she thinks suitable for the occasion.

Ramon Novarro became interested in flying during the filming of his forthcoming picture, "The Flying Ensign," and now is considered one of the most promising pilots of the film colony.

that grain field. He managed to talk, bulldoze or bribe the conductor to take him along to the next city and before long was back repairing his crippled ship and presently he zoomed away in the air.

The motion picture folk are taking to flying like bees to red clover. Aviation clubs are forming. Individual planes are being acquired. Pilot licenses and student credits are being sought. Actresses are "going bugs" over the new method of locomotion, they admit, and monoplanes, bi-planes, whirlwind motors and like topics share conversation with "talking pictures."

Wallace Beery was one of the first to be given a pilot's license and unless chained to work he flies to his mountain cabin, 375 miles north of Hollywood, or to some other out-of-the-way place where he may be gloriously uncivilized and aloof. Beery Field, sixty-five miles north of Bishop, Cal., 7,500 feet above sea level—the highest airplane landing spot in the world, is named in his honor.

There's Ken Maynard, flying about in a Waco plane with an OX-5 motor. True to his whoopee nature, his craft is painted red with silver wings. Back in the stable, Tarzan, his "hoss," looks on as Ken gives the propellor a twist, climbs into the cockpit and sails blithely away. When the film colony sees some flashing, crimson-and-white object gone loco away up yonder where the clouds begin, they say—"There's Ken Maynard at it again!"

Although he does loops, spirals, autumn-leaves and all the other fool stunt things, he hasn't been bucked off or out yet. Ken flew from Hollywood to Cheyenne, Wyo., when his picture *Cheyenne* recently was filmed. Tarzan trailed behind on a railroad train.

BEBE DANIELS rode as a passenger in a Los Angeles-New York plane a few weeks ago and on her return set about promoting a close corporation to buy, immediately, a six-passenger ship at a cost of something like $3,000.

"Only $500 apiece!" explained Bebe. "Here's my five hundred; who's next?"

Robert Castle, her new leading man "came in" with his ante and then Matty Kemp.

"Room for just three more!" urged the dark-eyed actress.

Even as Bebe talked, a trim plane high in the sky soared toward the mountains.

"There goes Jeanie Macpherson!" someone shouted.

Audrey Ferris believes in learning aviation from the ground up and therefore spends much time at the Hollywood airports. In the above picture she is examining a giant Wright Whirlwind motor prior to taking off.

Colleen Moore thinks twice about doing solo flying after witnessing the above plane do a nose dive. During the filming of the air sequences in her recent picture, "Lilac Time," Colleen became interested in aviation.

Jeanie is one of the few licensed women pilots in America. "Look at her hit the azure!"

Jeanie, celebrated scenarist for Cecil B. De Mille, began flying in 1921, with Eddie Rickenbacker, the war ace, and with Ernie Locklear, famous stunt aviator. Her first flight was in an old Curtis plane. She walked back one day—not the first time it ever was done by a young lady, but probably the first time as the result of an airplane ride.

Fog obscuring both mountains and sea forced a landing and she and her aviator hoofed it till they found a road and got a lift from a passing automobile.

I find that when the aviation bug bites, the victim is irretrievably sunk. Once the thrill of floating smoothly through the air is experienced, neither motor cars, yachts, ocean liners, nor saddle ponies, hold further interest. As well ride in a Japanese jinrikisha pulled by a coolie suffering from string-halt and the ague simultaneously. One never seems to get anywhere.

Take the the case of Jacqueline Logan: "Jackie" has a perfectly good automobile and a chauffeur who can spot speed cops a mile away. She got along very well with her brightly lacquered car until she went to New York to play in *The Sky Raider* and took a few flights at Roosevelt Field. Then it was all off between her and the motorcar—affections completely alienated.

Now the daring actress may be found at Rogers Field in Los Angeles, at every opportunity, taking flying lessons. She is accredited with six hours study under supervision of the government. When she has completed four more she will be eligible for examination and a pilot's license.

"And then," she exulted, "watch Jackie Logan get her own plane! I had the thrill of my life the other day when I made a nice landing at Rogers Field (only scraped the left wing a little), and my very prim and sedate instructor shouted 'atta girl, Jackie!' Prior to that he had always addressed me as 'Miss Logan.' That was real encouragement. I could have hugged him."

Sue Carol, 1928 baby star, is another who expects to own her own plane and join the gang in the air. Sue has the distinction (if such it be) of being the first screen girl to come down to earth in a crash. That was more than a year ago at Glendale, when *The Cohens and Kellys in Paris* was being filmed by Universal.

With Roy Wilson at the controls, something in the steering apparatus jammed as the ship was being brought to earth. The craft was well smashed up, but black-eyed Susan crawled from the cockpit only slightly bruised to begin kidding the pilot.

"You have the most peculiar way of playing leap-frog with your old houseboat," she declared. "Next time I go up with you I'll carry a pillow to sit upon as we descend. What do you think this is—a roller coaster?"

Patsy Ruth Miller also is among the actresses coveting and striving for a pilot's license. "Pat" has been a student for six months and has reached the point where she can take off without unroofing houses or tangling telephone wires. She can guide a craft correctly and bring it to a landing without plowing up a field. Which, to the beginner, is some accomplishment.

Down at San Diego, not long ago, while Johnny Mack Brown and Jeannette Loff with a supporting cast were making scenes for Annapolis, Barbara Hunter, one of the film editors at Pathe studio, climbed into the cockpit of an idling plane, suddenly opened the throttle and alone

Wallace Beery thinks nothing of hopping off to Montana in his big Travelair plane to spend a week-end hunting the elusive sage hen. He was one of the first members of the film colony to go pleasure seeking among the clouds and now owns two planes.

went roaring down the field at the naval base. The horrified spectators watched the ship bump and bounce along the terrain, the engine's exhaust growing in volume.

"No one with her!" wailed Director Christy Cabanne.

BUT before the end of the field was reached, the plane took the air. Miss Hunter drove it skyward, banked, came back over the amazed group of watchers and for fifteen minutes gave a splendid exhibition of flying. Then she brought the ship down in a perfect landing.

"Shucks!" she said when she alighted, "I've had a pilot's license ever since the government started issuing them."

The young film editor is the envy of Gladys McConnell, Pathe's serial queen, who also expects to undergo examination before long for license to operate a plane. Gladys has made numerous flights to San Francisco and San Diego with one "hop" to Chicago. During the filming of *The Tiger's Claw*, recently, in which a thrilling air flight was featured, Miss McConnell spent part of the time manipulating the controls of one plane.

While Ruth Elder, the aviatrix who almost flew across the Atlantic, was playing the leading feminine role opposite Richard Dix in *Moran of the Marines*, for Paramount, the sky above Hollywood some days appeared to be an actress-playground. One afternoon in particular, in the air were Miss Elder, Patsy Ruth Miller, Jacqueline Logan, Sue Carol, Jeanie MacPherson and Gladys McConnell, all with pilots except Miss Elder and Miss MacPherson. They were joined before long by Reginald Denny, who owns five planes, and by Victor Fleming, who owns two.

Presently Ben Lyon arrived in his new ship and later Reed Howes came along to do a few stunts. What a party it was with half the film colony enviously looking on! Down in the Lasky studio, "Wally" Beery listened and looked upward like a hunter does when he hears the first calls of wild geese headed south in the fall.

Three of Reginald Denny's ships are British scout planes purchased from the government last year. These he rents to the different studios. Then he owns two Travelairs in which he zooms around all over the country. The Universal star has a cabin in the San Bernardino mountains, a half-day's drive by automobile over tortuous roads but which is only one hour by plane.

"That fellow Ben Lyon," Reginald remarked the other day, "came up to the cabin with me for a week-end. He decided after a bit he must return to Hollywood for something. I loaned him my plane, saw him circle a bit over San Bernardino, then go down. Out of gas. He made one of the most beautiful pancakes out of my ship I've ever seen. He had several cuts and bruises and wasn't any better off for the experience."

"That's nothing," said Ben, recalling the incident, "you should have seen what I did to my Waco plane during the national air meet at Mines Field. Thought it would be nice to fill the ship with flowers and drop them on the Breakfast Club where some illustrious aviators and officials were being feted. Which I did. They hit the roof like bullets from machine guns. Roscoe Turner, national air pilot, was with me. And then, trying to do a little fancy flying, I—but oh, why go into that! We landed in the Los Angeles river-bed with Roscoe delivering a brilliant oration about my skill with the stick. We were jammed up a little bit but not badly hurt."

This flying is just a lot of sport to the motion picture

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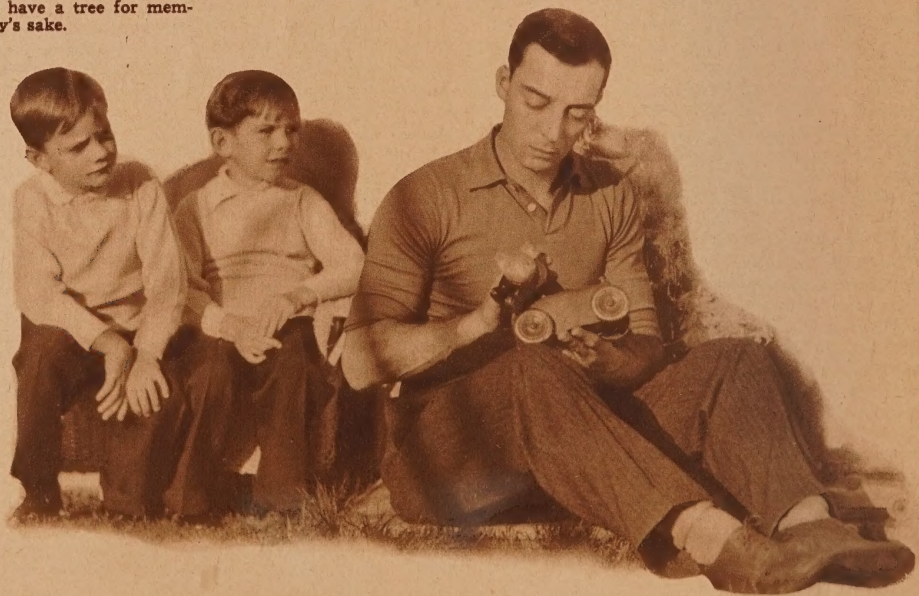
The Night *before*

Although Tom Mix's daughter, Thomasina, is far away in Paris with her mother, Tom is going to have a tree for memory's sake.

Mildred Gloria Lloyd is going to make sure that Santa Claus remembers Papa Harold Lloyd and Mamma Lloyd by hanging stockings for all three of them.



Buster Keaton's two young sons, Joseph (left) and Bob, are wishing Daddy would go out to play golf so they can have a chance to play with the toys he bought them for Christmas.

Christmas

Santa is leaving a heavy load at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gallery, (Zasu Pitts) for their daughter Zasu Ann and Sonny, the late Barbara La Marr's adopted child.

Mary Pickford, having no children of her own, makes Christmas a happy time for herself and others by filling thousands of stockings for youngsters who would have no other Christmas.

Mary Hay Barthelmess has been trying to get her daddy, Richard Barthelmess, to explain how Santa Claus got that elephant down the chimney on Christmas Eve and she hasn't found out yet.

Barbara Blue is in a predicament. Her father, Monte Blue has just given her two promising looking packages marked "Do not open until Christmas morning." And it's only Christmas Eve. What to do?

MASK *of the*

Women were playthings to Irwin Reiner. It made no difference to him when the object of his desires was the sweetheart of his best friend. But he hid his passion beneath the face of an angel. Now in his friend's absence would he tear away his devil's mask and reveal his true purpose? It isn't too late to start this throbbing serial story of John Gilbert's latest film *The Mask of the Devil*. Read the story and then see the picture.

The garden party which Irwin Reiner gave for Virginia was the gayest ever known the time ripe to

In the beginning:

IRWIN REINER knew neither law nor convention where women were concerned. Handsome, talented, possessor of a large fortune, he brooked no obstacle to his philandering, which was the talk of all Vienna.

Yet no trace of Baron Reiner's evil desires showed in his face. He concealed them all beneath an expression of rare purity and innocence, a veritable *Mask of the Devil*.

In the studio of Count Palester, where he was posing for a painting of the Archangel Michael, Irwin renewed his romance with Countess Helene Zurmuhlen.

The Countess yielded to his tempestuous wooing and learned from him the true meaning of love. But as her ardour grew, the enthusiasm of Reiner waned, until at length he was seeking new conquests.

It was in a mood of boredom one day that he encountered his old school chum Manfred Dalcroze in a jeweler's shop, whither he had gone to buy a necklace for the Countess.

Manfred was in a daze of love. He was about to be married to a young girl from the country. He insisted that Irwin meet her.

Although totally uninterested, Irwin could not refuse. He even offered to give the betrothal dinner.

The night of the dinner arrived. Irwin looked forward to it with dread as a most stupid affair.

Suddenly Manfred entered the room bearing on his arm the most beautiful girl Irwin had ever seen.

"Baron Reiner," said Manfred, "I want you to meet my betrothed, Virginia Gessner."

Irwin scarcely knew what he was doing as he bent over her hand. From that moment forth, but one thought filled Irwin Reiner's heart. He would never be happy until he had won the love of Virginia Gessner.

After much scheming he contrived to dismiss Dalcroze from the scene by sending him upon an expedition to the South Seas which he had greatly desired to undertake.

Then he set out to win the heart of Virginia in her sweetheart's absence.

In the guise of a comforting friend, he found many opportunities to be by her side. Only by main force of will did he restrain himself from embracing her.

But as yet, Virginia Gessner showed no signs of returning his love.

DEVIL

Adapted for SCREEN SECRETS by DOROTHY H. CARTWRIGHT

CAST

Baron Irwin Reiner ..... *John Gilbert*
Virginia Gessner ..... *Eva Von Berne*
Countess Helene ..... *Alma Rubens*
Count Zurmuhlen ..... *Frank Reicher*
Count Palester ..... *Theodore Roberts*
Manfred Dalcroze ..... *Ralph Forbes*
The Little Dancer ..... *Polly Ann Young*
Madame Gessner ..... *Ethel Wales*

in Vienna. Irwin thought rapidly as he watched her. Was speak of love?

THE weeks that followed strengthened Irwin Reiner's conviction that Virginia was the most desirable creature in the world. Indeed, since her advent into his libertine life, he no longer remembered that he had ever loved before. Unlimited wealth, fascinating and versatile mistresses, and the whole world for his playground, were suddenly as naught before the onslaught of this new passion.

He had long since ceased to feel twinges of remorse at the evil he was doing his best friend, Manfred Dalcroze, by gradually insinuating himself into the girl's companionship and trust. "All is fair in love"—he used to persuade himself; but now he no longer sought reassurance, for his conscience was numb with lust and flaming desire.

Irwin Reiner was accustomed to entertain lavishly; but the garden party given in honor of Virginia completely outdid anything ever known in Vienna. As if commanded by the imperious young Baron, the night itself was more beautiful than other nights—soft, cool, with the breath of a thousand roses in the air. The moon, like a great golden ball painted on dark velvet, shone softly through a lacy pattern of summer leaves, and gently touched ardent young couples who had stolen away to confess their unspoken love.

Musicians, picturesquely costumed, played haunting melodies until, their mood changing, they swung into the rollicking measures of a folk dance. Now gay young figures whirled and leapt to the familiar tune, while the crowd gathered about to watch. Little Fraulein Von Eltz, one of Reiner's discarded loves, led the dancers in graceful abandon, until she spun from the table into the waiting arms of a dashing young officer. Other women might pine away for Reiner's lost love—not she!

A great army of servants hurried through the throng with heavily laden trays of beer, champagne, cold roast fowls, pastries—every delicacy to tempt the palates of the most fastidious epicures.

Somewhat apart from the festive crowd, Frau Gessner, excessively animated and garishly overdressed, held the scowling Count Palester in her clutches. She was a happy woman now, for her dreams of a match between Irwin Reiner and her beautiful young daughter seemed to have materialized. Yet she wanted to make sure that it was not merely a hallucination born of her secret desires that gave her such confidence.

"Tell me," she probed with sly innocence—"why did Baron Reiner give this wonderful party in honor of Virginia?"

The Count turned on her savagely. "Because he is a damn fool, and he likes to throw away money like corn to pigs."

INDIGNANTLY the old frau snatched her hand from Palester's arm, and would have walked away had not another joined them. The newcomer was a busy little man with a very shiny head, thick-lensed glasses, and an incredulously long and cottony beard.

"Herr Haberblatz, the President of the Academy of Fine Arts," Count Palester said, presenting him to Frau Gessner, who immediately turned to him with exaggerated attention.

"Baron Reiner has so often spoken of you—" she gushed.

"How wonderful you are—your art—your—" she groped vaguely. Then, without further ado, she led the helpless man away, leaving Count Palester staring viciously after her.

"We must see the dancing!" she beamed on her new victim. And with a sentimental sigh she added, "Ah, Herr Haberblatz, when *I* was young—!"

"What a remarkable memory, Madame!" returned her escort with a stately bow.

Helene Zurmuhlen, too, was Reiner's guest. The weeks had wrought great changes in her formerly placid, cold expression. Now it held something infinitely tragic in its strange, restless palor. She passed through the crowd on the arm of her husband; but she walked like a woman alone. Her eyes searched desperately for a face—the face of the man who had taught her the meaning of love, only to abandon her to bitter memories.

Instinctively, as a man's arm brushed against hers in passing, Helene turned her head and looked straight into the eyes of Irwin Reiner. Count Zurmuhlen, unaware that she had paused, went on to join Palester.

"Irwin—oh, Irwin!" she cried passionately, clutching at his sleeve, and looking appealingly up at him. Recovering herself quickly, though obviously with great effort, she smiled and chided him lightly, "I haven't met Fraulein Gessner!"

Irwin read her intense suffering and unbalanced jealousy, and warned her with a look. He would hate Helene if by any false move she betrayed herself to Virginia.

The girl, unaware of the by-play, chattered happily to the Countess, who was quite the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. Helene controlled herself by sheer force of breaking will; but instinctively she recognized Virginia as the rival who had stolen Irvin Reiner from her—a mere child, too, unsophisticated in the moods of men, and entirely lacking in shrewdness.

Count Zurmuhlen, suddenly aware that his wife was no longer beside him, left Palester abruptly to join the little group. His greeting of Reiner was strangely formal in contrast to the unfeigned cordiality of their earlier meetings. Madly in love with Helene, he had been quick to suspect their liaison. Zurmuhlen would be a dangerous enemy, a man capable of tremendous, almost saturnine, force and passionate emotions. But as yet he had no definite grounds for defying the young baron.

Only Palester, still standing apart from the little group, realized how closely four persons stood on the brink of a great tragedy.

"Virginia!" he said, pleadingly, "Forgive me for what I have done!" was breaking. In a moment she would

THE passionate interlude with Irwin Reiner had left the little dancer fortunately without serious damage to her heart. Perhaps, as he, she loved lightly for the moment, and as quickly forgot . . . It was more mischief than malice, then, that caused her to maneuver the bustling Frau Gessner and her new victim toward Reiner and his friends.

"Here you are!" exclaimed the worthy frau coquettishly to her host as she came unexpectedly upon the constrained group. "May I present Herr Haberblatz, the President of the Academy of Fine Arts?"

The little man bowed energetically to the women before he clasped Reiner's hand and replied cordially, "It was kind of you to let Herr Snitzler bring me. I have long waited to meet you!"

It was an embarrassing moment for Irwin Reiner. Three pairs of feminine eyes reproached him for his lies. How often had he told each one that he was "in conference" with this same Herr Haberblatz! But the young scoundrel was not one to lose his poise for more than a fleeting second. Apparently unaware of his precarious position, he turned casually to Virginia. "We were on our way to watch the dancers," he remarked, holding out an arm, which she reluctantly took.

As they moved away, Helene took a betraying step forward. She must stop him—talk to him, make him explain! But as she started to follow her faithless lover, she felt her husband's powerful fingers grip her wrist cruelly.

"Be careful, Helene!" Zurmuhlen warned her, looking squarely into her eyes. Forcing her to take his arm, he led her away in the opposite direction from that taken by Reiner and Virginia.

Silently the young baron led the girl to a secluded arbor. The enchantment of the perfect night was upon them both. Some distance away the dancers leapt like winged things, and the musicians played muted melodies. Beyond was the moon, that great friend of young lovers and poets. Virginia's eyes filled with tears of wonder—it was all too beautiful. One of her soft, small hands crept to her bosom as if to still the ardent beating of her heart.

He could feel that her resistance be in tears.

Irwin Reiner watched her with eyes that caressed each exquisite curve of her young body—her lovely head, poised like a flower; the slim whiteness of her throat; the firm curve of her girlish breasts. He had burned to be alone with her; but now he could scarcely enjoy the golden moment for having constantly to fight to hold his emotions in leash. Sometimes he almost hated her for raising invisible barriers against his passion; again, he worshiped her with an ardor he had never known before.

With an effort he spoke. "You are unhappy because Manfred has forgotten you."

The spell was shattered. Virginia faced him defiantly. "I refuse to believe he has forgotten me! Oh, Irwin, I'm afraid he is ill—I fear that far away in that great lost world he needs me and is longing for me!"

REINER shook his head pityingly. "Poor child," he replied, "I'm sorry. Now you will have to turn to me for love—love that has become worship."

"You don't love me any more!" accused the Countess Helene, kissing him passionately. "Please, Helene," replied Irwin, "You are only making it harder for both of us. Let us have no tears, no grief or hysteria to mar our perfect memories."

Her eyes were suddenly very frightened. With a gesture almost pleading, she laid a hand upon his arm. "Please, Irwin, understand that at a time like this I need friends."

"And I *am* your friend, Virginia," he told her passionately. "I need friends, too—I am lonely. I can scarcely believe that you have given friendship to me—you who are so beautiful, so adorable—the loveliest creature I have ever known!"

"Please—!" she tried to protest. But the fervor of his passion held her in its spell. A secret fire within her began to kindle. She was gradually conscious of rapturous longings of which she had never dreamed before. Half pleading, half yielding, she searched his face with her questioning eyes.

In a mad moment Irwin Reiner seized her in his arms and crushed her to him in a passionate embrace. But before his eager lips could touch hers, Virginia, aroused by terror and fury, struggled free.

"You—you despicable cad! Oh, and to think that I believed you were Manfred's friend—and mine!"

IRWIN realized his great mistake. "Virginia, don't leave me before you have forgiven me!" he begged. "I don't know why I did that—I stand shamefaced before you. I despise myself for the blackguard that I am." His voice rang sincerely. Virginia paused, held by the very violence of his self-denunciation. "Yes, what a Judas I am!" he continued vehemently, quite satisfied with the effect he was creating. "Manfred's friend! *Your* friend, whom you trusted and believed."

Virginia involuntarily drew nearer to him, seeing him no longer as a scoundrel, but as a tragic and appealing figure. She made a gesture as if to stop his cruel denunciations.

"I have no right to see you again," he continued. "I dare not ask your forgiveness." Humble, he stood before her. He knew he was forgiven in the quiet, pitying look she turned on him now; for what woman does not forgive a man for loving her too much, even though he has not the right to confess it?

Chokingly he spoke again. "Go, Virginia. Leave me here—alone—with my bitter repentance."

Slowly, almost reluctantly, she left.

When she had gone, Irwin Reiner's melancholy pose dropped from him like a cloak. His eyes, but a moment before filled with infinite sadness, were now brimming with laughter and triumph.

"God, how amusing!" he muttered. "What an actor I would make! All the world would then acclaim my genius! Poor child—and she believed me . . . "

Carelessly he lighted a cigarette. He was conscious of a warm glow of contentment. Life was amusing and easy; love was the most delightful thing in the world.

He suddenly listened intently. Surely he was not mistaken; footsteps were rapidly approaching on the gravel walk—footsteps of a woman . . Virginia? . . He hoped so fervently as he quickly threw away his cigarette and com-

(*Continued on page* 95)

HARRY CARR

Harry Carr

There is no one writing about the movies today who has a better background than Harry Carr. He has been associated with the business of picture making in one capacity or another since the days when he was D. W. Griffith's right hand man at the old New York studio. He has written hundreds of magazine and newspaper articles about the movies and has received screen credit for such masterpieces as *Old Ironsides*, *The Wedding March* and *The Divine Lady*. His comments about the movies appear exclusively in SCREEN SECRETS among the fan publications.

THE reformed and remodeled Eric Von Stroheim doesn't seem to be so much different, when you get right down to it, from the fascinating old version.

When Von started to make a picture with Gloria Swanson, we were assured by the people at the F. B. O. studio that he was a changed man. He now kept just one half tick ahead of the clock; his formerly wild and unrestrained scenarios were just the right length and breadth. He and Gloria agreed like two turtle doves on every little tiny, minute and microscopic point, and they would start the picture at eleven minutes past nine o'clock on the morning of September 3.

Weeks afterward, as this is written, they kinda feel they might get started in six weeks from now—merely a few months after the original starting date—if they can get the story cut down.

Three great geniuses besides Von himself are trying to cut down the story—Paul Bern, William Le Barron and Benjamin Glazier. They are still reported to be in the midst of a heated discussion as to whether the story is now ten reels or twelve reels long.

The Leopard's Spots

VON will always be just the same. I think he is one of the greatest directors and greatest story writers the screen has ever known—or is ever likely to know; but time and distance just don't mean a darn thing in his life.

The Jinx

A CURIOUS jinx follows the actresses that appear in Von Stroheim pictures.

You would think that Miss Dupont, Maude George, Zasu Pitts would be made for life by the gorgeous screen work they have done in Von Stroheim pictures. As a matter of fact, it works out just the other way.

Miss Dupont was starved out of pictures altogether after *Blind Husbands*. Maude George all but starves literally between Von Stroheim pictures; Zasu Pitts has been without work for almost a year after *The Wedding March*. Nobody would give Harry Reinhardt a part after Von used him, and he was forced into the writing business.

Little Girl No Longer

MARY PICKFORD will never do any little girl parts again.

My Best Girl was one of the biggest box-office knockouts of her career; so she is going to go out on the crest of the wave.

But I doubt not that she feels more than a little wistful sorrow in bidding goodbye forever to this other self of hers—this little shadow person of the rags and tags.

Broke Mary's Heart

CURIOUSLY enough, it was Mary's little-boyish legs that enabled her to play these parts so long. She tells me that it was her legs that, in another mood, changed the course of her career.

One day we were looking at an old Biograph Picture made in the pioneer days of the movies. When the studio was on Fourteenth street, New York; and Griffith was just breaking in as a director.

Comments

Will Von Stroheim change his spots?—What they said about Mary Pickford's legs—A bed and a good cigar is all I need, declares Lubitsch.

In this picture, Mary was playing the part of a royal page—all dressed up in doublet and hose; she was as fat as a little quail. "That picture," said Mary, "broke my heart. We were acting on location. I thought I was eclipsing the genius of Sarah Bernhardt when there came to my ears the scornful voice of a boy who was looking on. 'Pipe the girl with the piano legs,' he said.' "

Cashing In

IF THEIR threats come true, several well-known figures of Hollywood fame are soon to cash in and walk out. Ernst Lubitsch, the German director, says that he will never sign another contract—after the expiration of this one.

"All that money is good for," says Ernst, "is to enable one to tell people to go to hell. Nobody needs much money to live on. A bed and a good cigar are all that I need. I have all the money I will ever need in this world. After I retire, I will probably make a picture once in a while; but I will make it my own way."

Greta's Curls

ALL Hollywood turned out to the October session of the grand opera; and the beauteous Jeritza hobnobbed with all the movie stars. My flapper friends came home in desolation from the rare experience of seeing Greta Garbo out in society; she who never is known to "mingle." They came home weeping. She had funny little cork screw curls; and she looked—so they said—as though she had slept in her dress.

Exit Van Dine

S. S. VAN DINE—author of the murder mystery stories being filmed in the Paramount Studio—is another child of fortune about to cash in and quit.

S. S. Van Dine is really Willard Huntington Wright. He used to be a half-starved art critic. In two years, his murder mystery novels have made him rich. Paramount paid him $55,000 for the movie rights of the Canary Murder; and one of the big magazines has paid him $75,000 for the rights of a new and fresh killing. He says that he will never write another murder thriller. When he cashes in the chips for this one, he is going to let S. S. Van Dine die and Willard Huntington Wright will take up the pen again; and tell some old painter who has been dead for two centuries how he got his colors mixed.

Aileen Pringle is going to play in those throbbing sex pictures with the Glynish touch to them once more. And they fit the real Pringle personality like a steam coil in an ice box, Harry Carr says.

Ramon Novarro

RAMON NOVARRO has signed the most extraordinary contract that has fallen to the lot of any movie star.

(*Continued on page* 102)

I Want to

Doris Kenyon has everything in the way of a happy home life her heart could desire. Yet she is returning to the screen, seeking a career of her own—under her own name. You'll want to know why. Here is the story of every modern woman's yearning.

Doris Kenyon is a sportswoman as well as a good sport. To the right she is getting one of those telephone calls that come in at any hour of the day or night when Milton is on location.

A HOME which is one of the exhibition places of Southern California.

Six acres of ground—a veritable fairyland of tropical horticulture.

Tennis courts, a recreation house, tea gardens.

A corps of nine servants.

A seventeen-month-old baby, healthy and happy.

A husband who is a learned scientist, philosopher, speaker *and* a star in motion pictures.

All of this—the fulfillment of the air-castle dreams of most women—belongs to one dainty, blonde lady.

Yet *Doris Kenyon* is not content. She is waging a battle as important to her as the bread and butter struggle is to the average, every-day woman.

She is fighting for individuality, success, a definite place in the scheme of existence which shall establish her *not* as *Mrs.* Milton Sills, but as *Miss* Doris Kenyon.

"I don't want to be an Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire!" Her eyes, blue as the first glimpse of a high-mountain lake, kindled sparks as she told us about it.

"I want to create my own little world-corner.

"It would be easy with all this—" her arm indicated with one nonchalant sweep the luxury about her—"to sit down and imagine I am happy.

"It would be convenient to become just a graceful background for my husband.

"It would be comfortable to become *just* a mother for our beautiful baby.

"I was glad, two months ago, when First National left-handedly fired me.

"My contract called for a raise of $750. They wouldn't pay it. I wasn't worth it.

"But they did suggest I come back for four pictures.

" 'Who with?' I inquired.

" 'At least two will be with your husband," they answered.

"I didn't even wish to talk about it I was through playing on the screen with my husband.

IN ONE year I had done *The Valley of The Giants, Burning Daylight* and *The Hawk's Nest* with Milton, and not one picture with anyone else. The days of *Mrs.* Milton Sills supporting *Mr.* Milton Sills were over.

"Free lancing did seem appalling at first glance. I had to secure an agent—a press agent. It did seem sort of foolish running around asking strange men to secure me positions when I didn't actually need them. One agent said, 'The producers may think they should give the work to someone who *has* to have it.'

" 'But if I can *act,* what does that matter?' I answered.

be Free! Doris Kenyon

RUTH BIERY

Kenyon Sills is a frequent visitor to the studios of Hollywood when his parents are working. Above, his mother is taking Kenyon to pay a visit to his daddy at the First National Studio.

And I wanted to add that money isn't the only gauge for women who actually need positions.

"The Talkies have been my salvation.

"Jack Warner prepared a list of the screen people with stage experience. He noted my five years on Broadway and sent for me to take a Vitaphone test.

"Have you ever been on a Vitaphone stage?

"I was scared to death! It's a sound-proof room so well padded that you can hear your heart ticking. The cameras are behind windows where you can't see them. Instead of thinking *camera* angles, you keep your mind on *microphone* angles.

"It's exactly like talking on the radio, only the microphones are hidden. Behind a picture, over the fireplace —anywhere but in front of your mouth where you'd think it was necessary to have them.

"High above you hangs a man in a glass cage. The prop boys and electricians call him 'God.'

"What he says *goes* even over the advice of the director. He's the keeper of the microphones.

"He looks like a mute hanging up there making silent signals. One gesture means 'Have Kenyon speak louder;' another 'Have her soften.'

"The greatest difficulty is not to speak or to answer another who has spoken, too quickly. The camera is slower than the microphone; the ear is quicker than the vision. The audience will *hear* you before they can *see* you.

"My test was a success! My voice chanced to register and has given me my real break at finding my own corner. It looks as though I would go from one picture directly to another. I finished *The Home Towners* for Warners on Sunday and started *Interference* with Evelyn Brent for Paramount on Monday. Isn't it wonderful that I've been so lucky?"

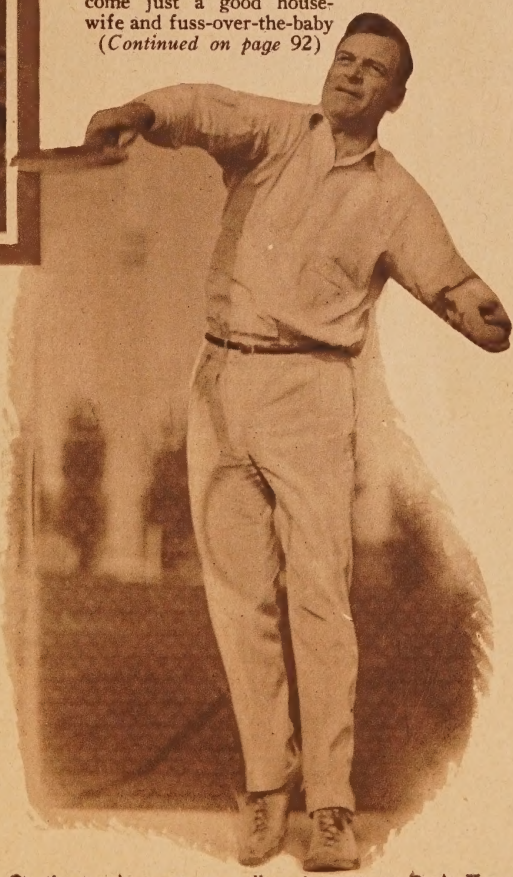
I COULD so adequately play the role of a sweet, lovely woman."

She paused, drew a deep breath from the innermost recesses of her nature.

"But I'll be *darned* if I'll become just a background for any man in existence.

"I'll *die before* I'll become just a good housewife and fuss-over-the-baby

(*Continued on page* 92)



On the tennis courts as well as in pictures, Doris Kenyon would rather have Milton Sills as a rival than as a partner. She says she wants to make her own way under her own name.

A Preview of The Iron Mask

ONE for all and all for one! The cry of the three musketeers rings out once more as Douglas Fairbanks returns to his favorite character, *D'Artagnan,* for what may be his last appearance on the screen.

All the acrobatic feats, all the sword play, all the swashbuckling, which made *The Three Musketeers* one of the most notable pictures ever screened, are to be found in this pretentious sequel, *The Iron Mask.*

The scheming Cardinal Richelieu secretly supplants King Louis XIII, on the throne of France with his twin brother, forcing the real king to wear an iron mask.

But D'Artagnan discovers the plot and with his three boon companions sets out to restore the rightful king to his throne, and their adventures begin.

The production is filmed on a lavish scale with every detail of the period faithfully reproduced by the world's greatest authority on Seventeenth Century France.

Marguerite de la Motte who played opposite Fairbanks in *The Three Musketeers,* again plays the lead in *The Iron Mask.* Many other members of the cast have also been retained for the sequel.

Although Doug is not so young as he once was, he has lost none of his youthful suppleness and athletic prowess.

Talking sequences will be employed in a novel and striking manner.—*United Artists.*

A Preview of King of the Mountain

THE superb acting of John Barrymore—the blonde beauty of the fair Camilla Horn—the masterful direction of Ernst Lubitsch and all the glory of the Alps as a scenic setting—how could such a combination fail to produce one of the notable pictures of the year?

Such is the array of talent assembled for *The King of the Mountains.* It is a dramatic story of thwarted love in a picturesque mountain village of Switzerland.

Barrymore plays the part of Martin, a harum-skarum mountaineer who is the hero of the region. He is in love with Ciglia, a beautiful villager, but has difficulty in domesticating his wild habits of life in accordance with her wishes. Their love is further complicated by the attentions of a wealthy burgher, Victor Varconi, who offers Ciglia a home and security, and by the passion of Pia, a mountain girl, who seeks Martin for her lover.

There is a whirlwind finish to the picture when the lovers, lost on the mountainside are caught in the path of a thundering avalanche.

The picture brings to the screen a new face in the person of Mona Rica, who plays the part of Pia. She is a Mexican beauty who was taken from the ranks of the extras to play her first important role.

It is doubtful if another picture of the year will have such an attractive scenic background. The unusual peasant costumes give the illusion of a world of romance. And always in the background, solemn and majestic, playing their silent roles, are the mountains.

The entire company was transported to the impressive peaks of the Canadian Rockies, to give the picture an authentic setting.—*United Artists.*

The best among the current pictures are reviewed below as a guide to readers in selecting their

Charles Murray learns that his officer's badge doesn't get the proper respect from some women folks.

BRASS BUTTONS

Charlie Murray becomes a hero when he hears the call, Do Your Duty.

SO Charlie Murray has become a star. This is his first starring picture and Charlie does well by it. He wears a star on his blue coat, too, for he is a sturdy upholder of the law.

But he still needs a partner in his connivings and the partner is Lucien Littlefield, who plays the part of a Scotch tailor.

The situation is reminiscent of *The Last Laugh*. After being on the force twenty years, Charlie is forced out of his job by the machinations of a crooked gang. He is unable to come back and face his family without the uniform, so with the aid of his Scotch tailor he cooks up a scheme to fool the folks with a rented suit.

All ends well when Charlie rounds up the crooks and wins the right to wear the uniform which he has been wearing anyway.

The picture is a combination of sad and comic drama, winding up with a fast finish of uproarious farce.

Murray is consistently entertaining and builds up good comedy scenes, especially at the point where he tries to spend a quiet evening at home in the bosom of one of the noisiest families in the world.—*First National.*

LOVE STARVED

This picture of the life and thwarted loves of a vaudeville star makes it seem doubtful whether Mother Knows Best.

AND here is another miracle of Hollywood. Madge Bellamy, who was headed for the discard a year ago, so everybody said, is making one of the best pictures of the year.

Madge has bobbed her hair and her temperament and is making everybody happy, especially the holders of the purse strings at the Fox Studios.

She plays the part of a very famous vaudeville star, who, it is whispered, is really none other than Elsie Janis.

This vaudeville star is in love with a song writer, the lyrical lad being Barry Norton. But like so many other girls, she has a mother. A watchful mother who believes a career on the stage is worth two in a penniless song writer's kitchen. Louise Dresser is the mother who comes between them. And she does it so well that you would really like to take her aside and have a heart to heart talk with her.

And Madge gives impersonations of the vaudeville star impersonating famous people. You might even think that was actually Harry Lauder if the knees were a little knobbier. Furthermore, she does some really accomplished singing.

It is a splendid picture except for the fact that there is this talkie craze. And the whole drama must stand still in the last reel while they do enough speaking so they can really call it a talking picture.—*Fox.*

Barry Norton makes violent love to Madge Bellamy.

THE WOMAN IN HIS PAST

A dark woman threatens to expose His Private Life.

ADOLPHE MENJOU is in love with his wife! Can you imagine that? What are pictures coming to, anyway? But she's only his wife off the screen, so that makes it all right.

The Satanic sophisticate returns to Paris, where he was married not so many months ago, for the locale of his latest picture. And Kathryn Carver did not take his name in vain, for she plays in the picture with him.

It is a story that couldn't happen anywhere else but Paris. The elegant Adolphe is up to no good as usual at the opening of the picture but at last, in Kathryn Carver he find the girl he wants to do right by.

But it is not so simple as they make it seem in the melodramas. His past comes up to haunt him in the person of a dark woman in his life, who keeps popping into the light. The dark woman is Margaret Livingston, who seems to be the only remaining vampire on the screen.

Complications follow thick and fast and there is much dashing in and out of bedrooms and hiding behind doors before Adolphe finally persuades the fair Kathryn that his intentions are honest.

The picture also marks the first appearance of Paul Guertzman, the waif who dogged Jesse Lasky's footsteps in Paris until he persuaded the Paramount executive to bring him to Hollywood. Guertzman shows great promise as a juvenile comedian.—*Paramount.*

Adolphe Menjou seeks to persuade Kathryn Carver of his innocence.

Edmund Lowe rescues Corinne Griffith from the streets.

GIRL OF THE STREETS

Corinne Griffith is The Outcast *who makes Edmund Lowe fall in love with her in spite of her striped shirtwaists.*

NO QUESTION about it, the movies are getting tough. A hero isn't worthy of the name unless he talks out of the corner of his mouth and shoots from the hip, and no heroine is a finished actress until she has donned a striped shirtwaist and shaken her hips in a honky-tonk.

And who has fallen a victim to the craze but the exquisite and impeccable Corinne Griffith, who has always been stately and dignified on the screen.

Corinne is a waif of the streets, whose skirts would be trailing in the dust if they were long enough. A waif with a yearning for higher things.

She falls in love with Edmund Lowe, a disillusioned gent of the upper crust, and they take turns uplifting each other from their fallen ways.

And just when everything seems to running smoothly, along comes Kathryn Carver in the role of a stony-hearted debutante who snatches Lowe away from Corinne. Which proves that virtue is its own reward or something like that.

But Corinne is beginning to do some real acting and with this picture following on the heels of *The Divine Lady*, one of her finest roles, the fair Corinne seems embarked at last on the career on which she should have been started long ago.—*First National.*

HERE COMES THE GROOM

You can hear the funeral march of love beneath the strains of The Wedding March.

THIS is what is left of Eric Von Stroheim's great screen classic that was to have run two nights in succession—some twelve reels of film carved out of thirty-odd.

Chances are you won't like it. There are too many scenes that are revolting in their realism—scenes in slaughter houses—unlovely orgies where beautiful damsels do not leap out of Easter eggs on banquet tables.

The hero is not nice. He spurns his true love to marry for money. What graver charges can be preferred against him? Nor is his mamma nice, with her lifted face and lofty ideas of money. Nor his dissolute pappa. In fact none of them are nice except Fay Wray, the peasant girl, and Zazu Pitts, the cripple, and both get a dirty deal.

And even as unhappy endings go, the ending is most unhappy. Especially for picture goers who like things decided definitely one way or the other. It doesn't get you anywhere, you'll say.

But if you like perfect acting for its own sake—if you like to see little bits of characterization well done—you'll find them here. If you like pageantry, pomp and ceremony in all its splendor enhanced by the sound of choral voices, you'll find it here. You'll even find scenes of romantic beauty.

Fay Wray will wring your heart. She proves herself capable of emotional acting of the highest quality. You'll even find yourself feeling sorry for Von Stroheim in spite of the things he does. And Maude George, George Fawcett, and Zazu Pitts are perfect.—*Paramount.*

Eric Von Stroheim greets his bride, Zazu Pitts, as the wedding march is over.

Estelle Taylor protects Gardner James from the bully, Ralph Ince.

ON THE HIGH SEAS

Things happen in a hurry when The Singapore Mutiny *breaks loose.*

ESTELLE TAYLOR made this picture just before she shook Hollywood from her heels to appear with her distinguished husband, Jack Dempsey, on Broadway, in *The Big Fight.*

It will probably be the last silent picture in which she will appear, for from now on, as soon as Estelle returns, the producers will be making use of her excellent stage voice for the talkies.

In this one, Estelle is a girl named Daisy, one of Broadway's broken blossoms, who goes out in search of bigger and better things on the good ship *Singapore.*

She finds them in the shape of Gardner James, a young stowaway with a hungry look in his eye that matches the hungry feeling under his belt.

Then, of course, there's the bully, none other than Ralph Ince, who also directs the picture when he isn't busy going around sticking out his jaw at people.

The bully takes a personal interest in Daisy, which is not returned and one thing leads to another until there is a terrific storm at sea, very neatly staged, which lands them all adrift on the briny.

Everybody knows what should happen in a situation like this. But it doesn't. The story takes a different twist to a dramatic finish.

Estelle's personality outshines everything else in this picture. But there's lots of good red-blooded drama, too. —*F. B. O.*

entertainment. Brief additional reviews will be found on page 91.

Renee Adoree tries to persuade Alan Hale, the spieler, into the ways of honesty.

IN THE NEXT TENT, FOLKS

Alan Hale is The Spieler *with a heart of gold beneath his checkered vest.*

NOW there's a rage for carnival pictures, all about the lives of street fair folk who run those Kewpie doll and Indian blanket games and other come-on rackets.

First there was *The Barker,* with Milton Sills doing the barking. Now there's *The Spieler,* with Alan Hale doing the spieling.

But this one is all about a girl who, believe it or not, tries to run a carnival on an honest basis. The girl is Renee Adoree, who grew up in the show business herself and knows how a carnival girl should act.

Alan Hale is the lad who stands outside the tent and lures the suckers to part with a dime, one thin dime, the tenth part of a dollar, to gaze on the wonders inside.

He has been a slicker all his life but he falls under the spell of his girl boss and for the first time decides to give the honesty racket a whirl.

And when the paths of righteousness happen to coincide with the alluring charms of the girl boss, how could any warm-hearted con man resist such an appeal to his better nature?

But there is the menace, in the shape of Fred Kohler, than whom there is no greater threat, standing in the way of these honest goings-on with his wily band of crooks.

Clyde Cook appears in a small part that makes you want to see more of him.

It's a good, rich, racy picture, with lots of color and life that has set people talking even though it isn't a talking picture.—*Pathe.*

AFRICAN HEEBY JEEBIES

Lon Chaney in a new disguise spreads terror West of Zanzibar.

LON CHANEY is at it again. He has been a plausible human being a little too long. He can't stand the strain, so he has started turning into things once more.

It all happens somewhere west of Zanzibar, which is a distant cousin of Africa. Now try and find it on the map. Lon is a magician. He would be. Life is rosy until his wife, who is also his assistant, runs away with a lover. As a parting shot, the lover throws him over a balcony and cripples him for life.

Then Lon sets out to have his revenge and the story begins. He gets mixed up with black men and blacker magic. Then he devises the scheme of using his wife's child for his revenge upon the lover.

The child is Mary Nolan who grows up as the picture goes on and all the mud of Africa or Zanzibar cannot obscure her blonde beauty.

Lionel Barrymore plays the lover in his most suave and blackguardly manner.

But it is none other than Warner Baxter who steps in at the last possible moment to rescue the beautiful Mary from a fate worse, oh, far worse, than death.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Mary Nolan embracing Warner Baxter, pleads with Lon Chaney in the wheel chair.

Resolved

Nancy Carroll is going to fight the temptation of over-sleeping during the coming year. And what a fight it will be in this downy nest of lace and satin.

Clara Bow is going to adhere to her gym workouts regularly for the next twelve months. She isn't taking any chances on becoming more than pleasingly plump.

A fellow may as well make a book full of resolutions, claims Buster Keaton. Then there will be a good chance of his not breaking some of them.

Is Madge Bellamy *another* Elsie Janis?

Elsie Janis, whose life is said to bear a resemblance to the film.

Madge Bellamy doing one of her impersonations in "Mother Knows Best."

Mother Knows Best Causes Comment—"Tex" is Back—Pearl White Still Gambling—Plays to the Cleaners—and other late news from Broadway.

By ARTHUR W. EDDY
SCREEN SECRETS New York Correspondent

WHEN *Mother Knows Best* opened recently on Broadway, it caused a buzz of comment, partly because of the sensational come-back of Madge Bellamy, but chiefly because it set picture-goers wondering whether the film, which deals with the life and loves of a vaudeville star, is in reality the life story of Elsie Janis.

It is said that Elsie Janis and her mother protested strenuously against the film because it showed such a remarkable parallel to their own lives and even threatened to get out an injunction to stop its production. However, the picture is running merrily on, piling up one of the big box office records of the year.

The story of the picture is that of an ambitious mother, who sacrifices everything for her daughter's stage career. When the daughter really falls in love, and wishes to drop her career for romance, the mother steps in without hesitation. Madge Bellamy gives a touching portrayal of the vaudeville star, while Louise Dresser does remarkable character work as the mother. It is said that Miss Dresser

(*Continued on page* 89)

ANITA'S naughty look is merely part of her instinct as an actress. She's a blonde in hair and temperament with not a brunette impulse in her lithesome body.

An *Eight* O'clock Gal

Anita Page proves that this rare species can and does exist in the land of the midnight industry.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

EIGHT months ago she was Anita Pomares, motion picture aspirant.

Today, she is Anita Page, making her fifth picture under the sign of Leo, growling lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She is a dazzling blonde. A radiant beauty of the kind that suspends all action when she enters a restaurant. The kind of violet, wide-eyed loveliness that halts forks in mid-air and makes ladies hastily remind gentlemen of their bald heads and paunches.

And she has only been to Montmartre Cafe, that gay gathering place for film celebrities, once, or was it twice?

"How many times was it, Mother? Once at noon, I know. But did I ever go in the evening?" a gentle frown creased a white brow.

"I'm not sure, dear. But surely you can remember."

"Maybe it was twice. Really, I'm not sure. But we've been to the Cocoanut Grove.

"And the Biltmore," mother hastily amended.

They barge about together. Mother Pomares, who helps Anita answer her fan mail; Poppa Pomares, an electrical engineer, a Rotarian, a member of the Chamber of Commerce at Queens, New York; and Marino, aged five, a brother.

Anita Page with Nils Asther and Dorothy Sebastian in the drunken scene from "Dancing Daughters" which stamped her as one of the most promising of the younger actresses.

NOT only that. They help Anita with her scenes. She brings home her script and sometimes Poppa Pomares plays the lover, or oft as not he is the slinking villain. And mother is anything from flapper sister to shrinking little old grandmother. Marino—well, Marino can be dapper man-about-town or ancient lodge-keeper, at will.

Marino, you will find, is really the star of the family.

"He complained to mother the other day that she wasn't buying him enough toys," said Anita, a picture no artist could taint, in red fox fur and peach woolen coat. "'I'm going out and make some money myself and buy lots and lots of toys,' he told her. Then we all asked him what he would do. 'I'm going in pictures, too!' And he showed us just how he would act." Anita's eyes twinkled across the table into her mother's, in fond memory.

"But tell what happened then—" prompted mother.

"He looked at us and said, 'Now, I'll give you my *sexy look!*'"

"We can't imagine where he learned that," they sighed in resigned accord.

Anita is a natural blonde in both hair and instincts. No distressing complexes. No "brunette soul in a blonde

body." Poppa and Momma Pomares have seen to that.

She's an'eight-o'clock girl in a midnight industry. That's the hour she retires when she is working in a picture.

"But don't you long to dance . . . to party?"

"Oh, I love to dance!" pausing over corn *saute*. She eats it every noon. That, and Brown Betty pudding. "But I always get sleepy at eleven-thirty, so I don't care much about late parties."

Mother nodded confirmation.

THIS is the blonde emotional tornado who battled Joan Crawford for acting honors in *Dancing Daughters*. It was her second picture. *Telling the World*, with Bill Haines was the first. Back in Flushing, Long Island, where Anita was born, Bill was her favorite motion picture actor. Her first role in a feature-length picture was opposite him. That's what you call the luck of the Spanish. A distant forebear on father's side used to click the castanets in dear old Andalusia.

In *Dancing Daughters* there are two scenes that bring spontaneous applause. The first is where Johnny Mack Brown is introduced as "Ben Blaine of Birmingham, the best halfback Alabama ever had." The football fans give Johnny Mack a hand for his pigskin prowess. It was his when Hollywood made its touchdown.

The second burst of applause is for Anita when she tumbles to her death after a superb drunken scene. One of the high lights of the picture.

"Mother was teaching me how to smoke last night," said Anita, snaring a wary raisin. She's now playing a show girl in *Broadway Melody*, her first talkie.

"She didn't know at all how to handle a cigarette," mother added.

In the drunken scene in *Dancing Daughters*, Anita plays an emotional scene that many experienced actresses would fear to attempt. Plays it with a surety born either of supreme experience or beautiful ignorance. And it is not the former. She is one of those rare gifts to the screen, a natural actress. Critics say she is one of the year's two acting sensations.

"Have you always wanted to be an actress, Anita?"

"Always. Even in school."

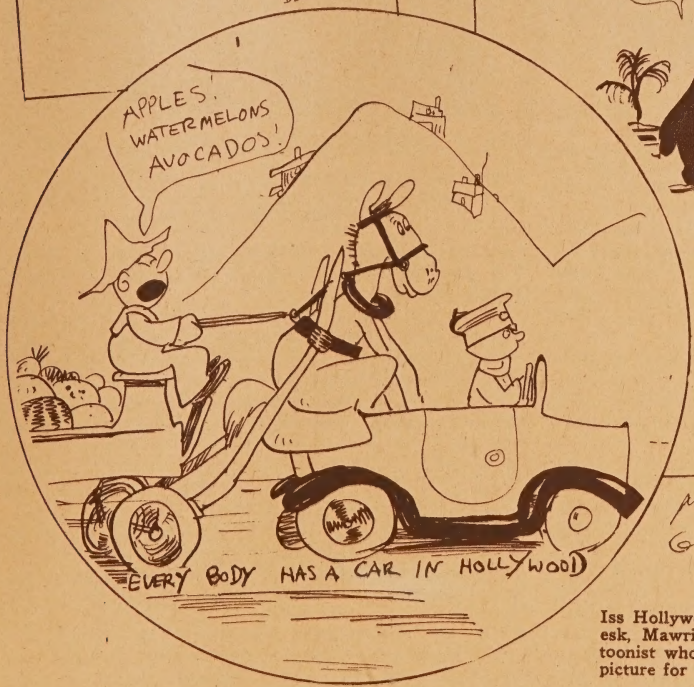
"But we didn't want her to, you know," said Anita's mamma, shaking her head, gently, in faint disapproval.

"Oh, but mother! *afterwards* you said you did!"

(*Continued on page* 87)

Anita rehearsing at home with her family. Her father is director, mother the supervisor, while brother Marino is the menace. Above, Anita is a picture in a picture hat.

NIZE BABY *in* Film-land



Iss Hollywoodt Grossly exaggerated yet? Hm-m, dun't esk, Mawriss, dun't ask. Milt Gross, the famous cartoonist who recently journeyed to the coast to make a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, gives his impressions of cinemaland for Screen Secrets.

Their First

Sue Carol was embarrassed to death—Estelle Taylor felt as though she were kissing a hair mattress—and other osculatory reminiscences of the stars.

By GRACE SIMPSON

Gloria Swanson is teaching what she has learned about screen kisses to John Boles, who is an eager pupil.

Charles Farrell and Dorothy Revier are setting a new long distance record for kissing without coming up for air in this scene from "The Red Dance."

ONE of the thousand reasons the feminine fans mention in their letters to the stars of the screen for envying them is their opportunity for being kissed by the handsome film Romeos. To play amorous scenes with Ronald Colman or Gilbert Roland or the magnificent Jack Gilbert!

"You really don't appreciate the gifts the gods have bestowed upon you," one ecstatic young lady down South once wrote to Patsy Ruth Miller, commenting upon Patsy's printed statement that she didn't get much of a thrill out of her silver-sheet kisses.

Well, the truth of the matter is that there are many others just lik Patsy. Those interesting little scenes of lip pressure—culminating in that joyous wiggling of feminine fingers behind the stalwart masculine back—are "just business" to them.

What many fans do not stop to consider is that the making of a picture is as different from seeing it as cooking a dinner is from eating it. When you sit in the dark showhouse, your senses lulled by soft music, and your imagination carried away by the tender story and the beautiful, ever-changing picture before you on the screen, you feel, quite naturally, the tenderness of the love scenes. The emotions which the players worked hard to portray actually sweep over you.

There is, of course, a great deal of pleasure in making pictures, otherwise the stars would soon retire after having earned a reasonable competence. But it is mostly the pleasure of achievement—and not the pleasure of kissing!

The first screen kiss of many of our young ladies of the films was quite a trying moment, as perhaps you can imagine.

PATSY RUTH MILLER, for instance, had a terrific time with her first kissing scene.

"They played a dirty trick on me when I had my first encounter," exclaimed Patsy, "It was my first part—in *Camille,* Nazimova's picture, and a young man by the name of Rex Cherryman and I were supposed to melt into each other's arms and have a nice, soulful kiss. I was terribly nervous—kissing a man I'd just met, with all these people standing around watching. My mother was near the set and kept calling to me, 'Go ahead, Pat, it's all right,

Screen Kiss

Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman put more rapture into their kisses than any other screen pair. Do they look like it was business to them?

Estelle Taylor didn't enjoy her first screen kiss but since then she has found others more to her liking as in this scene with William Powell.

you're supposed to be in love with Rex, it's perfectly respectable.' So I mustered up all my courage and committed the deed. It was one of those long, fade-out kisses —the kind that last for several minutes. 'Hold it!' yelled the director. And I held on for dear life. Finally we had to come up for air and found everybody laughing at us. The camera wasn't grinding—the fade-out had been completed, but they left me to my misery to see how long I would hang on. It was a dirty trick, it was!"

Virginia Valli's first kiss wasn't quite as bad as Patsy's, but it was bad enough, according to Virginia. The event took place at the old Essanay studios in Chicago, and Miss Valli, at the time, was a very young lady—barely fifteen, in fact.

"The scene was from an old *Skinner* picture," she exclaimed, "and Bryant Washburn was the leading man. I was just starting in pictures, and had a small bit in support of Mr. Washburn—a bit in which he was to carry on a flirtation with me, ending in a kiss.

"Since then, I've been kissed hundreds of times on the screen. It is a part of this business and has no personal meaning attached. But, at that time, the first kiss had a terribly emotional meaning. I could not bear the thought of having myself photographed in any man's arms."

Olive Borden's first screen kiss was administered to her in *Hollywood*, a film made by James Cruze in 1923.

"In the picture," said Olive, "I was one of those who participated in the weird dream that George K. Arthur had. I was a harem girl and, during the scenes, was taken into the arms of a tall, handsome sheik and kissed as no other extra girl, I'm sure, has ever before been kissed! I remember the scene for several reasons—it was my first picture, my first screen kiss, and the first time in my life I had been kissed by a man (you see, Olive was only fifteen years old at the time). It really scared me—in fact, I was embarrassed for the rest of the day, not realizing that no one thought anything of the entire proceeding, since kisses are part of the daily routine of the studios."

I came upon Estelle Taylor at the Montmartre. "Tell me about your first screen kiss!" I whispered in her ear.

"It was with William Farnum," whispered back Estelle. "I remember he wore whiskers and I felt just as if I were kissing a hair mattress!"

"But you don't feel that way with Jack!" I said sweetly.

"Nope, I don't!" she laughed—and that was that.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Richard Dix sending out just one batch of autographed photos to the members of his fan club. Which is one of the reasons why Richard's organization is among the most successful.

FAN CLUB BULLETIN BOARD

Are you a member of a fan club? Would you like to join one? Read all about these interesting groups and their activities in the only fan club department in existence. Fans wishing information about the clubs, or secretaries sending in news may write Grace Simpson, conductor, Box 1757, Minneapolis Minn.

(*Readers of* SCREEN SECRETS *and Fan Club members: Because the Yuletide will almost be here by the time this reaches you, I want to wish you one and all "A Merry Christmas"—the very merriest ever! From my open window I waft it out into the sparkling California air, where it separates into hundreds of little wishes, and off they go, to cities and towns throughout the country and finally on and on to the far places of the world, where some of you dwell. May "Peace on earth, good will toward man" mean more to you this year than ever before.—Grace Simpson.*)

Nils Asther Fans Organize

ATTENTION, Nils Asther fans! A club for your favorite has just been formed by a young lady named Ruth La Monde. She says, "Our club is as yet only a chee-ild, but watch the blame thing grow!" She plans on having something doing every minute, and yes, a club paper will be out as soon as possible. Dues are 25c a year now, but after the club paper is a thing of fact, it will be 35c. Bargain sale now going on! Step right up, boys and girls!

Clubs Offer Prizes

CELESTE WITHROW, in charge of the Conrad Nagel Fan Club plus the Gloria Swanson club, says dues to both clubs are 25c each, and each member is given a membership card, large autographed photo, list of members and a souvenir year book. A new contest is going to start soon and the clubs will offer subscriptions to SCREEN SECRETS as prizes! This is a splendid idea, we think, and no doubt many other clubs will soon follow suit.

Elinor Fair Club Has Paper

THE Elinor Fair Fan Club is publishing an interesting little club paper called *News and Nonsense*. The secretary of the club and Miss Bernice Bishop, the president, have worked hard to make this a success and will welcome any and all suggestions for improvements. Miss Bishop is now making up a club album, which will contain snapshots of the club's first 35 members. After it is completed, she is going to send it on to Miss Fair. Dues to this club are 25c a year. A "clipping exchange" is also maintained for the fans who save clippings of their favorites.

Club for Anita Page

MISS Ruth Martin has just started the Anita Page Fan Club with Anita's permission and assurance of her full interest. Miss Page made a great hit in her first picture, *Telling the World*, with William Haines and no doubt has admirers scattered everywhere. All these admirers are cordially invited to join her club.

Ronald Colman Club Going Big

THE Ronald Colman Fan Club, which was organized on January 1, 1926, by Mr. Harry Baumgartner, with Mr. Colman's permission, now has an active membership of about 500. Vilma Banky, Pauline Starke, Ben Lyon, Laura La Plante, Mary Philbin, Ben Bard, William Haines, Mary Pickford, Richard Barthelmess, Lois Moran, Olive Borden, Buddy Rogers, and Paddy O'Flynn are only a few of the many honorary members of this club. Dues are $1.00 per year, which entitles one to everything from the free photo of Ronald to the attractive little club booklets.

Magazine Honors Valentino

MR. CHAW MANK, JR., secretary of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club, says that the next one hundred who join the club will receive a little magazine in honor of Rudolph Valentino. Chaw also has some old club news-sheets that were dedicated to Rudy which he will send out as long as the supply lasts. Olive Borden, one of the honorary members, recently sent Mr. Mank two handsome strands of beads to be given out as prizes in the next club contest. Chaw, by the way, is now gathering up material and data of all kinds concerning the late Rudy Valentino, and shortly he is going to have it all published in book form. Everyone is requested by him to send in something about Rudy and he will try to use it and give due credit.

Stars Join Colleen Moore Club

LATEST honor members to join the Colleen Moore Fan Club are Lloyd Hughes, Gwen Lee, Jack Mulhall, Malcolm McGregor, Donald Reed and Helen Hamilton (Miss Moore's secretary). Miss Dorothy Thompson is the club president and the yearly dues are 50c.

British Star Has Club

THE Betty Balfour Club would like to make known its existence. The subscription is 60c yearly, each member receiving a large signed photo of Betty, who is the most popular film star in Great Britain, also list of members and club magazine. The club already has a large number of members in America, but would like more. Headquarters are in London. Miss Balfour recently played with Syd Chaplin in *Skirts*, so should be fairly well known over here.

Betty Bronson Club Announced

A NEW Betty Bronson Fan Club wishes to be announced. Miss Lucy Chamberlain is the founder and headquarters are in Michigan. Miss Chamberlain would appreciate hearing from anyone interested in Betty.

F. B. O. Club Started

THE F. B. O. Picture Club has been started by Ralph A. Savy, and will have a monthly club paper with latest news about all F. B. O. pictures and stars. Dues to the club will be $1.00 a year which will include club paper, membership card, club button for the coat and a photo of every F. B. O. star, including Olive Borden, Tom Mix, Tom Tyler, Lois Wilson, Martha Sleeper and Buzz Barton. Mr. Savy also conducts the George O'Brien athletic club, which is for girls as well as boys. Dues are 50c, which entitles one to two large 8x10 personally autographed photos of George.

Tom Mix Club Formed

A TOM MIX and Western Players Fan Club has been started by John J. Mahany. Dues are 50c for the year and this will go towards a small machine to print a by-weekly paper devoted to bring star, producer and fan closer together. A membership drive will soon be launched and some popular Western star will contribute the prizes—it is not known just what they will be as yet, but it is hinted that a handsome cowboy hat will be among them. Five main prizes will be given and ten minor prizes consisting of autographed balls, caps, etc. All boys and girls over ten years of age are invited to become members of this club.

Club For Harrison Ford

MISS Lillian Doria, president of the Harrison Ford Club, recently met her honorary president, and now, more than ever, wants to make his club a "howling" success. Dues, by the way, are 25c per year and everyone who brings in five or more new members gets an attractive prize.

Free Membership

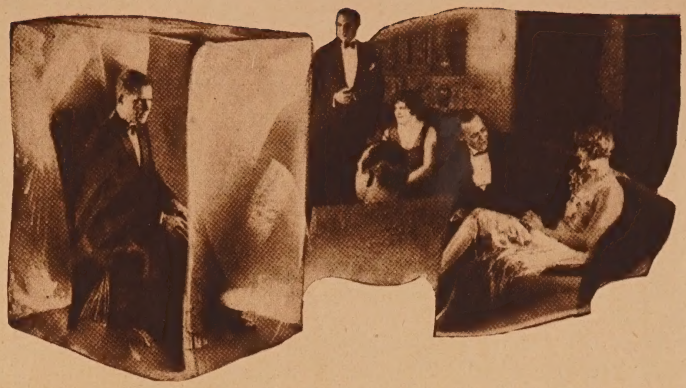
LEONARD EURY, secretary of the George O'Brien Fan Club, announces that there are no charges for membership in his club, but he does insist that only interested fans—particularly those who admire George—can join. The club numbers nearly 400 and is rapidly growing. An interesting club news-sheet is issued from time to time.

Another Asther Club

ANOTHER fan club for that young heart-breaker, Nils Asther! This one is headed by Miss Desha Snyder, and dues are 25c yearly (either stamps or coin).

New Club Paper

THE Theatrical Fan Club, of which Miss Catheryn Taylor is President, is now boosting Gilbert Roland, Lupe Velez, Sharon Lynn, Barry Norton, Martha Sleeper, June Collyer and Nancy Drexel. This club prints a little paper free to all members—called *Backstage*. It is very interesting.



I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

—But Now I Can Sway An Audience of Thousands!

I HAD always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of "what people will say," of ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public—to be active in politics — but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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How to make a political speech
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
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How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to become master of any situation

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And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate—I who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation!

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Postal Pouch

What do you want to know about your screen favorites? Send your questions in to the Postal Pouch Editor, Box 1757, Minneapolis, Minn. They will be answered in these pages. Or if you wish a personal reply, enclose a 2c stamp.

Joan Marquis and Agnes Allison, Paramount-Christie Comedy bathing girls, have their favorites just like other movie fans. They are reading all about them in the Postal Pouch.

LEE B.: I can't understand why your letter addressed to Martha Sleeper at F. B. O., Hollywood, was returned. She is still working there. You might try her again, and put "Please Forward" on the envelope. She was born in Lake Bluff, Ill., June 24, 1910. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten, has dark hair and blue eyes, and is single. Johnny Walker is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty, has black hair and brown eyes. This is your second visit to the Postal Pouch, isn't it? We always remember our old friends, and welcome them as often as they like to come.

ANNABELL LEE: Oh, I know you! You're the girl who started all the popular songs—"Tum teedle-dum, Miss Annabell Lee—!" Try Ralph Graves at the Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred and seventy, has light brown hair, and blue eyes. He has not only acted in, but has directed several productions. Smart boy, our Ralphie!

RENA G. C.: Yes, you've hit the right place to have your questions answered. Why, little girl, I'm the wisest, best informed, most intelligent—oh, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I'll tell you all about myself, cheerfully! Anyhow, Leila Hyams was born in New York. Dick Sutherland was born in Paducah, Kentucky, and has been married twenty-three years—to the same woman! Johnny Mack Brown was born in Dothan, Alabama, and is still single. Nick Stuart was born in Abrud, Rumania. Joyce Compton is single. There! That ought to fill a few gaps in your new movie album—and if you have any more, come right back to papa!

NANCY L.: I think it's lots of fun to belong to fan clubs. I have no record of a Nils Asther club—so you might start one! To join the Don Alvarado Club, write to the secretary, Robert Allen, West Carver Apartments, Waynesburg, Pa. Ralph Forbes' club is in charge of Evelyn Grimes, 221 First Street, Elkins, West Virginia. Write to Don Alvarado at the United Artists Studios.

VIOLA E.: Ben Bard parks his hat on the Fox lot; Dolores Del Rio is under contract to United Artists; and Wm. Collier, Jr., can be reached at Warner Brothers Studios.

IRENE S.: Lots of folks named "S" this time. You don't happen to be first cousins of the Smith Brothers, do you? Joan Crawford, William Haines, John Gilbert, and Greta Garbo are at M-G-M. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, and Clara Bow are at Paramount. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque at De Mille and Mary Astor at First National.

NINA B.: You seem to be goin' West, young lady! Buzz Barton is under contract to F. B. O. No, Bob Steel isn't married, but Hoot Gibson is. His wife was formerly a vaudeville actress. Hoot was born in 1892. Yes, Leo Maloney was a sure 'nuff cowboy before he kicked up dust in the films.

R. J. W., TULSA: You bet you are welcome in the Postal Pouch. We answer every letter in order of its arrival, and nobody is ever slighted here! Claire Windsor was born on April 14, 1897. Colleen Moore gets her mail at the First National Studios, Burbank, and Clara Bow at Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Hollywood. Don't worry about your height, weight, age, or number of teeth—come as often as you like, for we get 'em all sizes here!

SALLY B.: Write to Bob Custer at the Chadwick Studios, Hollywood. Billie Dove is twenty-four years old, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. Both she and Ken Maynard are under contract to First National, Burbank. Ken was born in 1895, and is married. William Boyd is married to Elinor Fair. John Gilbert is thirty-three years old, and single—now.

M. J. R.: From all I've heard, Irwin Willat knows he's a lucky hombre. He and Billie seem to be blissfully happy, and everybody likes him. He has a mustache, and is a director; but that's all I know about him. Alvarado is pronounced Al-vah-*rah*-do. Belle Bennett is one of the most beloved actresses on the screen. I don't blame you for being so fond of her. She was born near Dublin, Ireland, thirty-seven years ago. Much of her girlhood was spent as a bareback rider in her father's circus. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five, has gray eyes, and dark hair. In private life she is Mrs. Fred Windermere. She had one son, who died, and an adopted son who recently married. Why not drop her a nice little fan letter? Try her at the Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. I know she'd appreciate your thought.

PEGGY F.: Ralph Forbes ought to frame the letter you wrote me about him! Gee, why don't some of you good-looking girls say those things about me? He was born September 30, 1901, in London, and was educated in Denstone College, England. He has been in pictures since 1921—and you're not the only fan who's "infatuated by him." *The Enemy, Rose Marie* and *The Actress* are his most recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. He's six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-eight, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Oh, yes, and he's separated from Ruth Chatterton, the stage actress. If this isn't "everything about him," write me again and maybe I'll tell you more!

ALICE R. O.: Buzz Barton, the smart young Western starlet, is ropin' the fence posts over at F. B. O., Hollywood. Just write to him there. He's four feet, six inches tall, weighs ninety-five pounds, and is thirteen years old. Bob Steele is also at F. B. O. Mary Astor, Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, and Donald Reed can be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank; Gilda Gray, care of the Samuel Goldwyn Unit, De Mille Studios, Culver City; Vilma Banky at De Mille's; Constance Howard and Renee Adoree at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City; Richard Dix and Edna May at Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Hollywood; Mary Philbin and Don Alvarado at United Artists, Hollywood. Oh, yes, and Lina Basquette is making another picture for First National, so write to her at that studio. Glad to meet you—come again!

HOPEFUL: Better change that to Hopeless, for to save my long white beard I can't think of any very short leading man in "Classical Drama." They're all built on comedy lines. Charlie Chaplin is the greatest (and smallest), being five feet four inches tall. George K. Arthur is five feet, six inches. Raymond Hatton, George Sidney, and Chester Conklin are all five feet, five inches. You'd not have any chance whatever as a "dramatic" actor—for the rule with them seems to be the bigger the better. But you could play target to a custard pie—and more power to you!

M. A. A.: Am I a Sir or Madam? Well, my hair is short. And how do I ever learn "all these addresses, etc.?" Brains, M. A. A.—that's all—just brains! No, really, Ramon Novarro isn't going into a monastery. If he goes anywhere when he quits going on location for the movies, it is very apt to be into Grand Opera—he's a marvelous singer, you know! Bow is pronounced like what you wear on your head, so don't bark about it. Write Clara and James Hall at Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Hollywood; Molly O'Day at First National, Burbank, and Marion Davies at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City. You bet I will look for your letter in the *Cheers and Jeers* column—and write to me again some time!

reeling-staggering-wrestling —they fought with wolf-like fury

Round and round the room they went, man and maid, reeling, staggering, wrestling for the deadly hunting knife he had wrenched from her hand.

Then, as he felt her maddened strength give way, as her body became limp in his arms, his mind strove to solve this strange puzzle.

CHERRY MAID! Slim, fierce temptress of the forest, what secret errand had brought her HERE of all places? And why did she strive to kill HIM, of all people? What should he do with her?

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TEN YEARS AGO

When Madge Bellamy's mamma screamed—Moses was smoking a cigar—Hollywood's first cinema palace was a laundry—and other anecdotes of the early days of the movies.

Villainous

HERE'S a story that harkens back to the days when Madge Bellamy emoted in *Lorna Doone,* her first role of any great importance. Her mother was, as always, an adhesive fixture on the set, generous with advice and vociferous in her complaints. One of the scenes showed Madge in bed. The director —Maurice Tournier, if my memory does not fail me—sat on the edge and instructed her in a bit of business. At the most crucial moment of his demonstration all the lights suddenly went off, leaving the place in very black darkness. Madge's mamma shreiked lustily. It is doubtful if to this day she believes it was not a dastardly plot to wrong her darling chee-ild!

Leading Man

TWENTY years ago this winter, Robert Z. Leonard, one-time husband of Mae Murray, now one of M-G-M's star directors, left a Los Angeles stock company to join the Frank Boggs' Studios at Edendale, as leading man. His first role required exactly the same wardrobe he wore on the street—a nifty brown derby, a smart four-button blue serge coat, effective light brown trousers, and modish tan button shoes.

Rod La Rocque might have become Ben Turpin's closest rival if he had continued his early comedy days in the movies. Above, with Claire McDowell in one of those rollicking Essenay pictures, "The Film's Best Family."

Did You Know That:

THE "S." in William Hart's name stands for Shakespeare? . . . That Director James Cruze, now married to Betty Compson, was formerly the husband of the once-popular Marguerite Snow, and that the couple had a child, Julie? . . . . That Mabel Normand got Sennett to give Charles Chaplin his first job?—She was the only one who was convinced that Charlie was actually funny when he solemnly hit himself with a custard pie and took a fall over his own feet . . . That Lois Weber, the first woman director, was an actress back in the Universal days? . . . William Boyd was playing extras about eight years ago? He appeared with Victor Varconi, Leatrice Joy, and Rod La Rocque in "Triumph," an early De Mille picture . . . That Leatrice Joy was once a Mack Sennett cutie?

No Smoking

CECIL B. DE MILLE was making *The Ten Commandments.* A spirit of appalling reverence hung over the studio. Disciples and people of Jerusalem, when not appearing before the camera, hunched around in corners gravely meditating. To C. B.'s great wrath he discovered Moses, none other than Theodore Roberts, smoking his famous black cigar between "shots." Just what speech was held on the subject is not definitely known; but Moses smoked no more cigars thenceforth!

First Movie Theatre

THE first motion picture theatre was opened in Los Angeles by a group of enterprising Easterners in 1909. It was a nickelodeon—a kaleidoscopic plant—formerly occupied by Sing Lee's Chinese laundry. Little did they dream that in less than twenty years, Los Angeles and Hollywood would boast of half a dozen million and two-million-dollar motion picture houses, each one a work of art.

Charlie Farrell basking in the sun on the golf course at Toluca Lake which is only a stone's throw from his Vagabond House. Here he will meet Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen, Charley Chase, Huntley Gordon, Belle Bennett and other movie stars who live not far away.

Charlie Farrell's Vagabond House

(*Continued from page* 35)

could not understand. Women don't. Did you ever see a fellow come back from a fishing trip with a two-weeks' growth of grizzled wire on his chin and his clothing looking like it had been picked up back of the barn? And did you see the look that came upon the face of the wife, a sort of turned-up nose expression as she informed him that as soon as he had taken a bath, donned some clean linens, cut the chaparral from his jowls and become civilized again, he might sit down in the living-room? While he, tired but joyously unclean mumbled, "All right, muh dear!"

"Oh, I know! And when a duck hunter comes back with a load of teals and mallards and canvasbacks, the good wife says, 'Well, clean 'em and I'll give 'em away to my friends. Don't track mud into the house, and, incidentally, change your wearing apparel in the garage...'"

Strange words to come from a Charlie Farrell. Immaculate in his dress, always well groomed, he nevertheless loves the rustic for hours of relaxation and comfort. Probably eighty per cent of the men of America envy him such a Vagabond House—men both married and single. What is it about them which causes them to yearn for a bit of wallowing on earth? For soiled clothing, grizzled beards, and barbarism! Women, as young Farrell says, don't seem to understand this side of their nature. Men themselves cannot explain it. But it lies more or less dormant in all.

Feminine Hygiene is Now Convenient Anywhere

THE modern American woman is envied by the women of all other countries in the world today because of her independence. She knows how to take care of herself. And she has learned that the secret of a woman's charm depends upon personal hygiene.

She knows that neglect of this matter means broken homes and blasted romances.

Heretofore feminine hygiene has been maintained at great discomfort. Seldom convenient, under some conditions it was impossible.

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These tablets have for a long time been prescribed by the medical profession. They are called Pariogen tablets — pronounced Par-i-ogen, with the accent on the eye. Pariogen is not a poison and contains no carbolic acid, cresol or bichloride of mercury, yet it destroys the most pernicious germs in a few moments.

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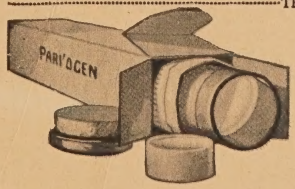

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Charlie Farrell, although scarcely more than a boy, finds it profitable to spend hours sometimes, by himself. He knows how to be good company alone. He thinks. He plans. He studies. He finds a reason for everything he does. He is methodical. He talked to me for two hours one night about his new home—told me how he had drawn the rough plans himself, then gone over them in detail until he decided they were perfect, or, rather, to his complete satisfaction. Then he promptly called in the architects.

And, according to his estimate, "It's a man's house." There will be a servant or two—not Filipino boys, but mature, quiet persons who will not disturb him in his reveries, yet who will look after his every need.

Charlie won't be lonesome. About the lake are the homes of Belle Bennett, Lupino Lane, Warner Oland, Wallace MacDonald, Charlie Chase, Huntley Gordon, Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston, to whom he may look for company when desired and whom he will meet on the golf course and tennis courts.

THE books on his shelves will be those of *his* liking. The rugs and skins which will cover the floor will be those of *his* choice. The cigarette boxes will be heathenish things and the toy gods and idols he has been collecting will be out of all harmony with the dainty decorations a young woman likes in a house. He may even have some of the "props" from *Seventh Heaven* built in at places throughout the home. (His shack at the beach he calls *Seventh Heaven* now. A few doors away is the cottage of Clara Bow with "IT" worked into the iron gate at the entrance.)

The Vagabond House will have five rooms, be built of flagstones and shingles, have two bedrooms and be on a plot of ground 75x175 feet, fronting on the lake. It will be heated on chill nights by air-tight stoves, and the young Mr. Farrell expects to get exercise swinging the axe to provide fuel. Then when darkness comes he will be before that great fireplace in comfort, reading, smoking imported tobaccos and content to "let the rest of the world go by."

But will he be content? Men have said before that they are happiest when alone—said it many times. Then, from out of nowhere pops some little pug-nosed, bobbed-hair wisp of a girl to twist each around her finger and make him take orders like a waiter. It's a grand and glorious sight to see some hulk of a male trailing along in the wake of a little 110-pound girl and being told what to do next. And isn't it just a bit more than likely that this is what will happen to Charlie Farrell?

Anyway, he has a whale of a dream! In his Vagabond House.

Don't fail to read Alice White's Secret Diary in the February issue of SCREEN SECRETS. On sale January 10.

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FOR SKIN AND COMPLEXION

Anita Page

(*Continued from page 76*)

"Yes, dear, of course. But Mr. Pomares and I wanted Anita to be something else. An artist, perhaps. She does fine work. Sketches from life."

On promise, Anita finished high school before trying theatrics. A friend secured her a bit in a motion picture studio on Long Island. No keeping her at the easel now. Any pencilling went on her eyebrows. Paint was prefaced by "grease."

Soon Anita signed with a newly organized company to appear in a series of pictures. When the first feature was done Poppa and Momma and Anita, and even Marino, discovered that the company was financed by Harry Thaw, slightly erratic patron of arts.

"You can imagine how we felt about it," said Mrs. Pomares. And one can.

But Anita had a contract and soon the eccentric Mr. Thaw decided to take her, and another beautiful protege, to Hollywood. With Anita went mother and Marino. Mr. Thaw, meeting with profound discouragement, folded his tents like the well-known Arab gentlemen and sped away. Anita and mother and Marino stayed. The other girl departed, too.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Anita, almost immediately. It was unbelievably fortunate, as Hollywood can tell you. Inexperienced newcomers don't get contracts.

Pink fingers, rosy nails, black lashes, inch-long lashes, flirtatious, seductive lashes. They make feathery flounces on her round cheeks. Only eighteen with a glamorous past pleasantly awaiting to be made. Only eighteen, and with dramatic possibilities. Only eighteen. . . . Only eighteen. . . Isn't just being that enough?

"And now that you have been eight months an actress, have you any advice to give to would-be stars?"

"Oh, yes, a lot of advice. Hard work, and rest—"

"Plenty of rest," mother seconded. "We see that she gets her share of that."

"—and never be high-hat or snobbish."

They live in Palms, a small suburb of Culver City, where peace and quiet are twin virtues. And Culver City, itself, is a goodly half hour's drive from Hollywood.

"We really didn't think Anita would develop into an actress," said Mrs. Pomares.

"But mother, I thought you said you hoped I would."

"That was later, dear."

Proving that mother always knows best.

—o—

Secrets of Hollywood revealed in Alice White's Secret Diary. Begins in the February *Screen Secrets*.

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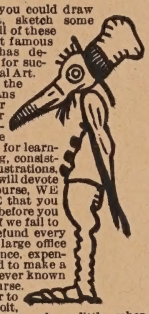

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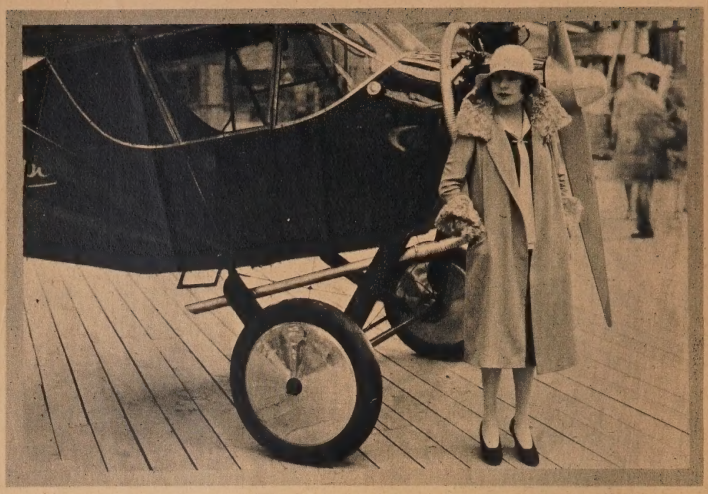


Renee Adoree's monocoupe is the latest thing in aerial transportation. It is a tiny plane which she used to fly up into the mountains on her vacation a short time ago.

Flying High in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

clan and narrow escapes from injury become humorous incidents when recounted. Lieut. Earl H. Robinson, flying director for the making of *Wings* and *The Legion of the Condemned* was about 4,000 feet over the ocean with Reed Howes lying on one wing of the plane for a scene in *The Cloud Patrol.*

"Suddenly," explains Lieut. Robinson, "I saw Reed waving frantically to me. I couldn't figure out what was the matter, but he appeared to be in distress. So I circled back to shore and landed. I yanked off my helmet and turned to his aid.

"'What's the matter, Reed?' I asked, anxiously.

"'Listen,' he confided. 'I had six $1 bills in my pocket and the wind was draggin' 'em out, one by one. Didn't you see my money floatin' by?'

"'Get me an axe!' I said to one of the helpers. 'I'll put him out of his misery right now!'"

HOWES not only owns his own plane, but has an interest in a flying school near Glendale, Calif., where he and his associates teach each other stunts on the wings of their ships. Reed is a member of the Reserve Flying Corps and Lieut. Robinson is a licensed pilot in the National Guard. They make many cross-country trips together.

The Old Master of flying in California, of course, is Cecil De Mille, one of the organizers of the Mercury Co., which started commercial aviation on the coast in 1917. The Mercury Co., operated planes from Los Angeles to San Diego and eventually extended its service to the City of Mexico. The field at the Mexican capital in which Colonel Lindbergh landed on his South American flight, was part of the company's equipment.

De Mille piloted a plane himself from 1917 to 1919, then the insurance companies turned thumbs down and he was forced to abandon the controls. Then the Mexican insurgents began taking a liking to the planes of the Mercury Co., and service south of the border was abandoned. The company disbanded in 1922.

Directors Clarence Brown and George Hill are buying planes. Director Howard Hawkes has been operating one for months. Planes are owned by Howard Hughes, head of the Caddo Productions; Lloyd Bacon, Jerry Miley, Merian C. Cooper and Paul Hurst. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a flying laboratory in which film taken "on location" is developed en route to the studio. Mrs. Jack Maddox, whose husband is head of the Maddox Airplane Co., served luncheon to a party in the clouds and a game of bridge was played in a cabin plane by actresses some weeks ago.

Janet Gaynor flies back and forth between Hollywood and San Francisco in a "courting plane" owned by a young Lochinvar who lives at the Golden Gate. Mary Pickford an Douglas Fairbanks planned using planes for travel between their Hollywood studio and the hacienda they're building down the coast. But the insurance companies and officials of their own companies objected.

Richard Barthelmess, slightly injured on his yacht off Catalina Island recently came flying in on a chartered plane to obtain medical attention.

They've simply got the flying fever and don't want to be cured. They'd rather let it rage. And, pshaw! a few little crack-ups and some walking back doesn't hurt.

Is Madge Bellamy Another Elsie Janis?

(*Continued from page 73*)

was so moved by the picture that she burst into tears at the opening performance.

But if there is a similarity between the picture and the lives of Elsie Janis and her mother, it is not carried through to a conclusion. The picture ends with Madge Bellamy about to be happily married at last to Barry Norton, the promising young South American, who plays the part of a song writer. Elsie Janis is still single, although there have been rumors of a budding romance between the vaudeville star and Ramon Novarro, with whom she has been seen frequently on the coast.

Pearl White Comes To Life

BROADWAY friends of Pearl White, queen of the serial thrillers of fifteen years ago, declare that she has popped up again in Paris.

They say that she is now gambling with francs as she once gambled with love and death on the screen.

Pearl has acquired the fashionable chateau of the Empress Eugenie, according to reports, and has transformed it into a fashionable gambling salon, officiating in person as hostess.

Pearl is best remembered for her thrilling escapes in *The Perils of Pauline.*

Broadway To the Cleaners

BROADWAY is in the throes of one of its periodical clean-ups, largely brought on by Mae West, with her productions *The Drag* and *Pleasure Man,* which were barred from Broadway. *Chee-Chee,* the musical extravaganza, and *Machinal,* have both gone through the laundering process. *Jarnegan,* the play of a Hollywood director's life, adapted from the SCREEN SECRETS serial by Jim Tully, is one of the few that have come through without a change.

Haines Wisecracks

WHO should we run into on Forty-fourth the other day but Bill Haines, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, doing Broadway in forty minutes flat, in tow of his manager, William Voight.

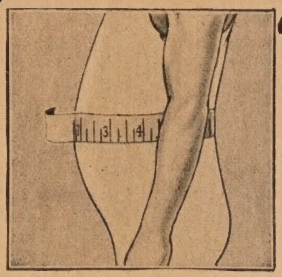
"Yes," he said, "I'm going back to my old home state of Virginia for a short vacation. Virginia, you know," he added, "is where the hams come from."

"Tex" Is Back

HOLLYWOOD is plenty bunk!" Thus Tex Guinan summed up her visit to the film city where she went a few short weeks ago to make a talking picture for Warner Bros., upon her return to Broadway.

Texas' opinion of the flicker capital was possibly influenced by her chilly reception on the coast and even chillier exit. A big reception which had been planned for her fell through. The mayor and city officials refused to welcome her

Goodbye Fat!



This new-self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat. No straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening and harming your system with foolish diets and drugs.

THE *only* safe method of reducing—the only scientific method is *massage.* This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to literally melt away the surplus fat. Massage is highly effective, but the services of a skilled masseur are expensive. The popular Weil Reducing Belt, made of a special reducing rubber, takes the place of a skilled masseur and produces exactly the same results, only *quicker* and *cheaper.*

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Try the Weil Reducing Belt for 10 days at our expense. Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-day Trial. Note the difference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our guarantee you must be satisfied or you pay nothing.

Send no money. Mail the coupon below and you will receive our 10-day Trial Offer and a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance write now. The Weil Company, 1001 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

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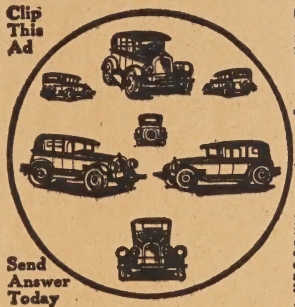
Win a Nash Sedan

Or $2,750.00 in Cash



Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-Passenger, Advanced Six Nash Sedan, or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). We are also giving away a Dodge Sedan, a Brunswick Phonograph and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

Solve this Puzzle

There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

$750.00 Extra for Promptness

In addition to the many valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also giving a Special Prize of $750.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive $2,750.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and $750.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle right away and send me your answer together with your name and address plainly written. $4,500.00 in prizes—EVERYBODY REWARDED.

John T. Adams, Mgr., Dept. 3439, 323 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

How do you SPELL YOUR NAME?

In the window, top, body, wheel, or under the fender of the Buick Sedan pictured here are certain lucky letters cleverly worked into the picture by the artist. Can you find even one of these letters which appears in your last name?

TELL ME the letter you have found in the car. Remember, this letter must appear somewhere in your last name. Send it to me with your name and address. I am giving away four autos and many other prizes. You may be the one who will write me

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No. 897—Elgin "Legionaire"—reliable Elgin with white or green gold-filled case and raised figured dial. $25.00—$2.50 Down and $2.50 a Month.

No. 624—The "Elite" solid 18-k white gold . $7.50 Set with 3 Diamonds, $22.50; 5 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50. All platinum, $25. With 3 Diamonds, $50; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; circled by Diamonds, $200.

No. 898—Modern watch. Paris style. 15-jewel movement, chromium finish case, $17.50. $1.75 Down and $1.75 a Month.

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to Los Angeles. Her reception committee was composed largely of her own staff of highly trained greeters.

And Texas left with the process servers on her trail. Marie Prevost rented Texas her home for her stay in Hollywood, and Texas left, so Marie declares, owing her $800. In lieu of the $800, Marie says that Texas sent her four dead ducks, which Marie didn't consider adequate payment, so she still wants the $800 and has filed suit for it in Superior Court.

Meanwhile Texas has troubles of her own confronting her. She is appearing before the Federal Court to answer charges of attempting to violate the Volstead Act.

The young lad who is said to have gotten the evidence on Texas is James Longcope, former "under-cover" prohibition agent, since arrested on a charge of extorting money from a Greenwich Village restaurant proprietor.

"I got Texas by telling her what a wonderful doll she was, and that there was nobody like her. It cost $7,000 but I got her."

Seeing Celebrities

GLENN TRYON, who is playing the hoofer in Universal's screen idea of *Broadway*, hoofing it along the Main Stem, with Mrs. Tryon at his side. A young man with his sense of humor ought to go far in the picture business. . . . Personable Mary Lawlor, who reminds you of the old sweetheart back home you didn't marry, coming out of the stage door of the Knickerbocker Theater where she delights in *Cross My Heart*. She's bound for Rye, not the beverage, the city. . . . Owen Davis, who probably holds the world's long distance play-writing record, talking with Herman Shumlin, producer, on West 45th Street. . . . George Gershwin, the composer of *The Rhapsody in Blue*, inspecting neckties in a Broadway shop window. He's going to Hollywood soon. Not so numerous years ago, he was pounding a piano in a Tin Pan Alley music emporium. . . Nat Rothstein, who sells theater proprietors the idea of buying Universal pictures through his clever advertising copy, landing after a European trip. . . . Marjorie Daw, who once signed legal documents as Mrs. Eddie Sutherland but who is now matrimonially free-lancing, chatting with Bill Tilden at Broadway and 44th Street. Bill plays a pretty good game of tennis, it seems, and acts on the stage in-between-times. . . . Ethel Barrymore gazing at the theater on West 47th Street which Lee Shubert has built for her. Her baptismal show there is *The Kingdom of God*. . . . Don Dillaway, who got pinched when he played the main role in *The Virgin Man*, entering the Lambs Club. He's just recovering from a period of *Fast Life*, which expired after a brief run.

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Classified Picture Guide

DRAMA

Battle of the Sexes—Phyllis Haver gets in some of her prowess as a vamp with the result that she nearly breaks up a home.—*United Artists.*

Diamond Handcuffs—Much to do about a diamond with Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel and Lena Malena, mostly concerned.—*M-G-M.*

The Godless Girl—Cecil B. De Mille preaches against reform schools with Lina Basquette, Noah Beery, Marie Prevost and George Duryea as his principal interpreters.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

The Patriot—Emil Jannings still holds his own as one of filmdom's greatest actors in Ernst Lubitsch's mighty drama of eighteenth century Russia.—*Paramount.*

The Singing Fool—Al Jolson goes one better than *The Jazz Singer* in this story of father-love in which he will be remembered principally for his singing of *Sonny Boy.—Warner Brothers.*

The Night Bird—Reginald Denny, who will always be remembered for his H. C. Witwer story, *The Leather Pushers* has again returned to the prize ring.—*Universal.*

Revenge—Director Edwin Carewe has again succeeded in showing-off Dolores Del Rio to her best advantage in this colorful tale of gypsy life.—*United Artists.*

The Docks of New York—Betty Compson carries the weight of a slow-moving picture with a truly marvelous characterization as a disillusioned wayfarer of the waterfronts, with George Bancroft doing well as a stoker.—*Paramount.*

Four Walls—John Gilbert in an unconvincing picture about prison life to satisfy the current craze for gangsters. Joan Crawford plays the supporting role and she's done better in other things.—*M-G-M.*

ROMANCE

Varsity—Charles Buddy Rogers portrays a naughty collegian who is rescued from the life of a drunkard by his father who was one.—*Paramount.*

The Fleet's In—"Look hot and keep cool"—that's the rule Clara Bow, the dance hall queen, follows when the sailors are in port. And it works until James Hall comes along.—*Paramount.*

The Woman Disputed—Norma Talmadge surrenders her honor to a Russian officer for the sake of her beloved Austria, while hero Gilbert Roland struggles to maintain his love for her.—*United Artists.*

The Good-bye Kiss—The young hero turns yellow when he gets a taste of fighting at the front and suddenly becomes a be-medaled doughboy through inspiration of the heroine.—*First National.*

Four Devils—An almost believable story of circus life save for the accidental fall of Janet Gaynor from a flying trapeze to embrace the hero who came near being caught by a vamp.—*Fox.*

Fazil—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen emote amid the burning sands of a synthetic Arabia till you're convinced it's a hot picture.—*Fox.*

Our Dancing Daughters—Joan Crawford starts her career as a star with a rush in this fast-moving picture of the jazz age as a modern girl whose code is frankness and honesty. Anita Page does well in an unsympathetic role.—*M-G-M.*

COMEDY

Show People—Marion Davies and William Haines poke fun at movie-making and are aided by many of Hollywood's celebrities who act as background.—*M-G-M.*

The Cameraman—Buster Keaton is again the somber faced buffoon as a grinder of film for a news weekly. He is capably supported by Marceline Day. —*M-G-M.*

Dry Martini—A naughty farce of American imbibers who get their fill at the Ritz bar of Paris.—*Fox.*

Alias Jimmy Valentine—William Haines cannot revive the crafty old safe blower simply because he isn't the type.—*M-G-M.*

Heart Trouble—Harry Langdon continues to be funny despite the fact that his pictures continue to be exactly opposite.—*First National.*

The Air Circus—A youthful opus of aviation and heart-trouble with Arthur Lake and David Rollins doing the flying and Sue Carol causing the palpitation.—*Fox.*

Water Front—Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill are together again in an amusing comedy drama in which he gets his face dirty and she dons a sailor suit. —*First National.*

WESTERN

Guardians of the Wild—Rex, the wonder-horse, romps through the open spaces of the northwest timber country without causing much excitement.—*Universal.*

Painted Post—Tom Mix continues to satisfy his many fans in this fast-moving thriller which completes his picture-making under the Fox banner.—*Fox.*

Falling Hair Dandruff Itching Scalp

are Signs of Approaching

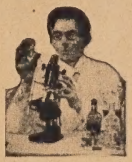
BALDNESS

The Result of Neglect

NATURE HAS WAYS of warning us when certain parts of our body are sick or under-nourished. In the case of our hair the **danger signals** are itching scalp—dandruff—and falling hair. If neglected, these conditions will result in thin, lifeless hair—and eventual baldness.

Curable *through* HOME TREATMENT

PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, the internationally renowned specialist on ailments of hair and scalp, who has heretofore treated patients only at his Clinic, now offers a course of Home Treatment to any sufferer who is unable to come to his Clinic. Professor Scholder's Home Treatment System is based on the principle of individual analysis, diagnosis and prescription. In other words, each case is individually treated and analyzed. This diagnosis and prescription, together with his secret formulas and individual treatment, account for his uniform success in stopping loss of hair, and actually growing strong, new hair, in cases where less gifted and less experienced practitioners have failed completely.



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The newspapers in this country and abroad have proclaimed Professor Scholder as the marvel of his profession. Now, in his advancing years, Professor Scholder is not content to call a halt to the accomplishments of a long and honorable career. He is retiring gradually from treating patients at his Clinic and is devoting three days a week to treating patients by his Home Treatment System. His successful cures are numbered in the thousands and among his grateful patients are men and women of highest prominence.

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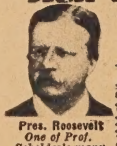

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PROFESSOR SCHOLDER will accept no case that is incurable. To enable him to determine the condition of your hair, send a few of your hairs (*ordinary combings will do*) in an envelope with this coupon. You may also add any details which you think will help Professor Scholder with your case. He will then subject your hair to his laboratory tests and send you a report as soon as the analysis is completed. There is no charge made for this analysis and report.

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Professor Scholder:
I am enclosing a few specimens of my hair for your analysis with the understanding that you will tell me what to do to save my hair and renew its growth. This places me under no obligation whatever.

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Educator Press 19 Park Row New York, Dept. H-4

Don't fail to read Alice White's secret diary beginning in the February issue of SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine—on sale January 10.*

Doris Kenyon has launched her career in talking pictures with a notable achievement in the Paramount picture, "Interference," with Clive Brook. Her musical voice is a pleasure to hear.

I Want To Be Free

(*Continued from page* 65)

mother. I'll give up if I have to become just a Mrs. So and So among other Mrs. So and So women.

"In any marriage one person has the more dominating, the more powerful personality. In any union there is *one* who must struggle not to become merely the complement of the other.

"My husband is not only a genius of brains and a composite of talents, but he is a splendid provider.

"I'd never have to do a thing if I didn't wish. For the least service required, he'd say, 'Get someone to do it.' "

"Our friends include brilliant scientists, famous musicians, university professors—as well as the motion picture people. How easy for me to become just a perfect hostess among these friends of my husband.

"But now that I've produced a son, really an accomplishment enough for any woman, I'm going to create my own little corner by own individual effort."

We would like to have gasped, but we didn't. We would liked to have sighed with wonder—but she was so deeply in earnest, so unaffectedly sincere, that we scarcely breathed for fear of interrupting.

"Neither will I be, on the screen, just Milton Sills' leading lady!" Her hand banged on the luncheon table to emphasize the importance of this decision.

She had talked for forty minutes. Luncheon—the kind with caviar and artichokes and whipped-cream strawberries, was finished. We went for a walk around those dreamland gardens.

Milton Sills came home from the studio and joined us. Mrs. Sills repeated the story she had been telling about Doris Kenyon.

"Certainly!" His eyes twinkled. "It's best for both of us for her to be her own leading lady. By the way, I need some buttons sewed on, honey."

"Oh, I'll do them this afternoon!" Her voice was contrite with wifely solicitation.

"Oh, hire somebody to do them!"

"See?" Miss Kenyon shrugged as we passed on, ahead, to the tennis courts. "He wouldn't let me do anything that he could have done for me.

"You understand, don't you, that I've got to do something which will make me a *better* mother rather than *just* a mother, a better wife, rather than just a wife; an individual actress, not just his leading lady.

"Oh, I wouldn't give up any of this. I love it. But the question is not a home *or* a career—it's how to amalgamate a home *with* a career—"

"Sure!" A voice from the rear interrupted. "But come up again and I'll give you an interview on wanting *my* independence."

We left them together, arm in arm, laughing with and at one another. The woman who refuses, despite wealth, prestige and love for her family, to become her husband's wife; the man who is shrewd enough to encourage what will make her the most happy.

"A lesson there," we murmured, as we turned our wheels through the massive gates toward the routine humdrum of the city.

"A lesson for any number of plain, every-day married people!"

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 50)

wards, dancing was enjoyed in the patio to the strains of an Hawaiian orchestra hidden in the garden.

Among the guests I noted **Harold and Mildred Lloyd** (Harold with his arm in a cast—he had fractured a bone playing handball), the **Ben Schulbergs** and **Darryl Zanucks, Misses Rosabelle Laemmle, Lupe Velez, Patsy Ruth Miller** and **Lois Moran** and the **Messrs. Carl Laemmle, Jr., Paul Bern, Edmund Goulding** and **Bennie Zeidman.**

AS EVER alert to the unusual, **Peggy Hamilton** was hostess at the first matinee and flower shower ever given in the air. The affair was aranged in honor of **Colonel Charles Lindbergh** with **Art Goebel, Al Wilson** and **Ruth Elder** as special guests. About eighteen planes, carrying from four to twelve passengers each, transported Miss Hamilton and her party to Mines Field where the air races were being held—the planes circling the grandstand while the passengers dropped a shower of roses upon the spectators.

Belle Bennett flew from Catalina in time to join the party and among those who flew with Peggy were **Priscilla Dean, Natalie Kingston, Kathryn McGuire, June Marlows, Julia Faye, Sally Eilers, Sharon Lynn, Marian Nixon, Kathleen Clifford, Vera Lewis** and **Claire MacDowell.**

LOIS WILSON'S Sunday night buffet supper of recent date was a pleasant occasion. More than seventy-five friends enjoyed her hospitality most of them arriving early and staying late, all but **Edward Everett Horton** and members of his Vine Street company who had to leave in time for their show.

THEN there was the little "cat party" with **Laura La Plante** as hostess. Finding herself with a free day for the first time in months—*Show Boat* has been just that sort of a picture to make! —Laura 'phoned all the girls she knew to meet her at the Mary Helen Tea Room for lunch and gossip. Alas, most of them were either engaged or working but **Margaret Livingston, Peggy Hamilton** and **Anita Stewart** all accepted and tried to look as much like a large crowd as possible.

The "cat" part of the party was strictly confidential . . . .

A FORMAL Sunday evening dinner given by **Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo** at their Beverly Hills home, "Misty Mountain," was enjoyed by the **Irving Thalbergs** (Norma Shearer), **Walter Moroscos** (Corinne Griffith), **Roland West, Ruth Chatterton** and her mother, **Katherine Bennett, Florence Vidor, Ronald Colman, William Powell** and **Alec Bennett.**

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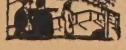

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Their First Screen Kiss

(*Continued from page 79*)

Marian Nixon's first kiss was enacted in a picture entitled *Big Dan.* Buck Jones was the man.

"It was my first leading role," said Marian. "I was just seventeen and had a most difficult task in appearing grown-up enough to be interesting as a kissable girl! The scene required that I, secretly in love with Buck, sew a button on his shirt. As I sewed the button, we were to look into each other's eyes. Then, before either of us became aware of what had happened, we were to kiss. The still taken of this kiss was the first for which I ever posed. It now adorns a special spot on the wall of my home—no, not for any personal reason, but because it was the first motion picture still I ever had taken."

DOUG MacLEAN delivered, fairly and squarely on her soft red lips, the first screen kiss Sue Carol ever experienced.

"I didn't know how to act," laughed Sue, "whether to be embarrassed but stand it, or whether to run away and hide! Not that I hadn't been kissed before—what young, romantic girl hasn't? But there is a difference after all, between a kiss delivered in the moonlight and alone except for the 'boy friend' and a kiss enacted in a studio with about fifty people looking on approvingly or otherwise.

"The picture was *Soft Cushions,*" went on Sue, "and perhaps, had the osculatory moment taken place in some other picture—a picture in which I wore a few more clothes, it might not have been so embarrassing. But in *Soft Cushions* I wore a harem dress—or rather costume. Aside from a few beads, there wasn't much else to it!"

Poor Sue! No wonder the kiss was embarrassing!

Blanche Mehaffey's first screen kiss was an embarrassing moment, too—she had just been eating onions!

"I don't remember the name of the picture," said Blanche, "but I remember the man—it was Glenn Tryon. I had just been eating onions, not dreaming that I would be called upon to enact a kissing scene! But, well, I was—and poor Glenn, although he didn't say anything, I really pitied him!"

IVAN PETROVITCH gave Vilma Banky her first kiss way over in a little studio in Budapest.

"Ivan was a very famous player over there at the time," said Miss Banky, "and I was just beginning. The scenes called for much love-making and kissing. I don't remember being very embarrassed—just thrilled and interested."

So you see, fan friends, that their first screen kiss was usually an appalling affair. You will notice, however, that happily they all managed to get over that early trepidation very nicely!

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As the dying man gasped up at Irwin Reiner, an expression of overpowering horror came into his dimming eyes. "The devil! The devil himself!" he shouted hoarsely. Then he fell back, dead.

Mask of the Devil

(*Continued from page* 61)

posed himself once more into a figure of compelling pathos.

But the intruder was only Helene Zurmuhlen.

"Oh, Irwin—here you are!" she cried, with a pitiful gesture toward him. "I have been searching for you. Thank God I have found you alone!"

"I was just leaving after a quiet cigarette," he told her pointedly; but she would not let him escape.

"Irwin, I love you—I'm mad about you! You can't turn away from me now. You've accepted my love once, given me yours. Now you have no right to deny me!"

HE EXCLAIMED angrily in the darkness, and would have left her standing there had she not restrained him.

"Tonight my heart died a little," she went on hysterically, clinging to him. "I was jealous of you—jealous of that young girl. I know it was very foolish; but I was afraid you no longer loved me."

This offered a loop-hole! Of course there was no need to hurt her any more than was necessary—he always preferred to let a woman down as gracefully as possible. "Ours was a beautiful love, Helene," he said gently, sincerely. "But an unholy love can never last."

"Oh!" she cried in anguish, her eyes fastened on him in strange horror. "You say 'unholy'—you who once swore that our love transcended all earthly codes. You told me—oh, but I realize now that you no longer love me!"

"Please, Helene, you are only making it harder for both of us," he spoke reasonably, as to a refractory child. "Let there be no tears, no hysteria, nothing to mar our perfect memories."

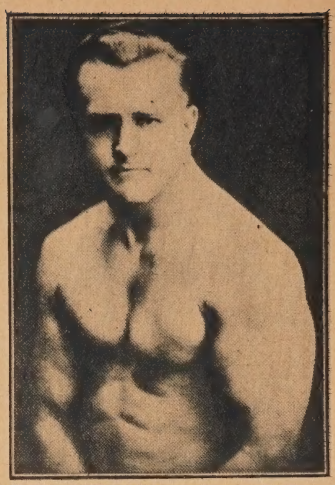
"I cannot live without you! Irwin, I swear I will kill myself!"

He turned on her savagely. "For God's sake, don't be an utter fool, Helene! Remember, you're a woman, not a lovesick girl. You surely must have known this could not last. No, I will not listen any longer—our little comedy is finished—forever!"

As he walked briskly toward the merrymakers, he hesitated for a brief moment of troubled reflection. Suppose she really meant what she said? Perhaps a woman as tense and passionate as Helene actually might commit suicide. Quickly he returned to the arbor; but she had gone. Oh, well! *Ca bien!* Besides, down there in the garden was Virginia, of whom he caught a tantalizing glimpse now and then as she passed among the crowds. He would join her. That would be more enjoyable than debating the actions of a neurotic woman!

Now that she was away from Irwin Reiner, Virginia ceased to feel so poignantly his strange, hypnotic spell. No longer did his words deceive her with their soft persuasiveness. Now he was again the man who was insiduously trying to come between her and her beloved Manfred.

Suddenly it seemed to Virginia that the pearls he had given her were invisible hands about her throat. With a stifled cry she tore at them with



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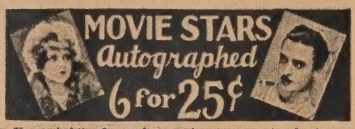

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trembling fingers. The slender chain snapped, and the jewels clattered to the stone flagging like a shower of hail. Frau Gessner, who approached in time to witness this mad gesture, ran forward with a shriek.

"You would throw away pearls—you who are too good for a handsome young baron!" she shrilled hysterically. "Perhaps it is a king you want, my fine lady!" She had fallen to her hands and knees, and was plucking greedily at the pearls.

"It is Manfred I love—Manfred I want—not a king—and especially not Baron Reiner!" Virginia cried passionately.

"Manfred—bah! A poverty stricken cub gallivanting to strange, wild countries while your hair grows gray, your eyes become glazed with age, and your young skin shrunken, waiting for him to come back and claim you as his bride! A fine husband *that* one will make!" she retorted bitterly.

BUT Virginia was gone, leaving Frau Gessner to her task of frenziedly rescuing the pearls. She felt a sudden need for solitude. But as she half ran up the path, she found herself face to face with Count Palester.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, halting unwillingly.

The man placed his hands gently on her shoulders and looked seriously into her troubled eyes.

"Little Virginia," he told her slowly, "you are falling in love with Irwin Reiner!"

She shrank from him as from an unexpected blow. "No—no! It's not true! I—I *hate* him! He is false—he has betrayed the trust of his dearest friend! A traitor—a coward—a cad! Oh, how I loathe him! I don't want ever to see him again!" Suddenly she burst into tears.

"Child, child, don't distress yourself so," Palester soothed her, searching for his handkerchief with which to dry her eyes. "Of course, I understand." But with an unerring insight he had read her heart: she *did* love Irwin Reiner, even though she might not yet know her own feeling for him.

The young baron had looked all over the grounds for Virginia without finding her. Now he came inadvertently upon Frau Gessner, still combing the grass for pearls and muttering angrily. Even a very stupid man would have been able quite easily to reconstruct the little scene that had preceded this tableau; but as Irwin Reiner asked the furious old frump where Virginia was to be found, he seemed unconscious of what had taken place, nor did he linger for an explanation.

He found Virginia alone, hidden from the dancers, the diners, the merrymakers, crying as if her heart would break. She did not hear his approaching steps.

"Virginia!" he whispered appealingly, shyly touching her arm.

Quickly she looked up at him.

"Virginia!" he cried tenderly again. "Forgive me!"

He watched her closely. Too well he knew that tears were the outward sign of a woman's fast breaking resistance. He would dominate her yet!

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I—forgive—you."

Perhaps he would have knelt before her dramatically in gratitude (women adore such pretty scenes!) And then she might have bent to kiss his forehead, gently like a mother forgiving an erring son . . . Or, yielding to a mad impulse, he might have crushed her in his arms again . . . . . She might—oh heavenly thought!—have yielded her warm, young lips to his . . .

But it was not Irwin Reiner's fate to choose; for at that golden moment Palester ran up, breathless with exertion, and stuttering in his excitement.

"Madame Zurmuhlen—badly hurt—in the house!"

With an exclamation of annoyance and apprehension, the young baron left them abruptly and started for the house on a run.

Helene had fulfilled the threat she made to her faithless lover. Filled with bitter agony by his indifference, she had stumbled blindly from the arbor where he had left her alone; and running through the garden, passed people busy with their wine and jests, she had come to the road on which cars drove swiftly by into the heart of Vienna. She had no plan, only an overwhelming urge to do something desperate—something to make Reiner care for her again, or to put her forever out of her misery. Now as her eyes, burning with strange madness, fell on the swift-passing cars, a horrible idea took possession of her half-crazed mind.

A CAR approached rapidly in the night . . . A woman paused but a moment, then rushed across its relentless path . . . A grinding of brakes . . . Shrieks from those who had witnessed this terrible attempt at suicide . . Low moans of torture from the mangled body . . .Then somebody lifted Helene from the ground where she had been hurled. Gently she was carried to Irwin Reiner's bedroom, this woman he had loved and cast aside.

Somebody ran to look for her husband, who came at last mad with despair and love for her. In vain he tried to calm Helene, to persuade her to lie quietly until the surgeons arrived; but she fought him off.

"Irwin!" she cried hysterically, lifting her arms to some half conscious vision of him—"Irwin! Don't send me away! For God's sake, don't cast me aside now! I love you—love—" She sank back, exhausted.

Count Zurmuhlen's face was strangely white as he left the room and went in search of Irwin Reiner. The library was dark save for the two candles burning on the desk, and the coals glowing on the hearth. Shadows cast sinister reflections on the wall, and an uncanny silence filled the room. He crossed to

the cabinet holding Reiner's duelling pistols. In a frenzy of madness, he crashed the glass with his fist, and took out one of the revolvers. He examined it closely—he must not fail now! Yes, it was loaded! He was ready to meet his enemy, Irwin Reiner!

Minutes passed. Zurmuhlen stood like a graven image, his eyes blazing with hatred. He did not move when he heard voices outside the library door—Reiner asking where Helene had been carried, and the valet telling him that the count wished to see him at once in the library. He did not move when the young baron entered the room with head held high in dauntless courage.

Irwin Reiner stopped short at the sight of Zurmuhlen facing him with a leveled pistol.

"I am going to kill you!" the count spoke, slowly, deliberately. There was no doubt that he would fulfill his threat with relish and accuracy.

Instinctively Irwin Reiner sprang at the weapon. There was a brief struggle, then a muffled shot; and Zurmuhlen staggered backward to the floor, mortally wounded.

The pistol fell from Reiner's fingers as he bent over his victim. Across the face of the dying man came an expression of terrified fascination. Suddenly he let out a horrified shriek, and pointing into the very eyes of Irwin Reiner he cried: "The devil! The devil himself!" He sank back, lifeless.

The baron staggered to his feet, completely unnerved by the unfeigned horror in the dead man's staring eyes. Moving backward in an instinctive urge to retreat, he struck the wall. As he turned, he looked into the dim shadows of a mirror.

In one shocking moment he caught a glimpse of his twisted soul. His was a sinister face—brutal, leering, triumphant in its own vivaciousness—reflecting unearthly evil—the *Mask of the Devil*. . . .

IRWIN REINER was exonerated from the death of Count Hugo Zurmuhlen, thanks to his wealth, his honorable name, and his convincing personal magnetism. It was a close shave, for the count himself was a man of wide influence, but narrow margins of escape only gave spice to Irwin Reiner's life.

He had not heard from Virginia Gessner since the death of Zurmuhlen at his garden party several weks ago, a situation which filled him with vague uneasiness.

The servant brought in a note. It was with a quickening of the pulse that Irwin Reiner recognized her unmistakable delicate, round writing on the envelope. He opened it slowly, almost afraid of what she might say to him.

"Dear Irwin," it read. "In spite of all this ugly gossip, I do believe in your innocence, and want to see you again—"

Glowing with self-satisfaction, the young baron called that night on Virginia and her mother.

Irwin found her reclining in a long, low chair before the fire, which lighted the soft waves of her beautiful hair and cast a rosy glow over her face and arms. Her soft chiffon gown, quite perfect in its simplicity, revealed the girlish curve of her slender white throat and breasts. Throughout the evening she gazed reflectively, almost sadly, into the leaping flames, speaking seldom, seeming not even to listen. Irwin Reiner, conscious of her strange mood, exerted himself to be charming.

The young baron was strangely nervous. This emotion—this unnatural uneasiness—could it be love? He had never felt this way before. . . .

Virginia, too, seemed lost in a new sense of oppression. When her eyes inadvertently rested on Reiner's tense face, and read therein his warring moods, she stirred self-consciously and looked quickly away. Was she falling in love with Irwin Reiner—Manfred's dearest, trusted friend?

Unable to sit still any longer, Irwin left his fireside chair and paced the floor from end to end, nervously rolling a cigarette in his fingers. Now he suddenly paused guiltily before a framed photograph of Manfred. Thoughtfully he took it in his hands; but it was not his friend's face he saw. By some strange trick of the light, his own face was reflected in the glass—a face hideously distorted, leering, horrible—the Mask of the Devil. The picture clattered to the floor. Virginia turned toward him, startled by the sudden noise.

"Sorry—clumsy of me—don't know how it happened," he muttered, picking up the photograph and placing it face downward on the table. He had no desire to surprise that terrifying face again. . . . No, nor the reproachful eyes of Manfred that, he remembered, had always watched him with adoring trust.

Perhaps Virginia sensed the turmoil within Irwin; for quietly she went to his side. "You have been a real friend to us—to me," she said gently, reassuringly. "I used to fear you—to mistrust you. But now I have learned how fine you are—how worthy. Now I—I am proud to be your—friend."

Irwin Reiner's eyes burned upon her. Suddenly, without quite realizing what he was doing, he crushed her in his arms. "It's not your friendship I want, Virginia—it's your love! Can't you see? Haven't you always known? We belong to each other! I'm mad about you. Virginia, it's your love I want now!"

(To Be Concluded)

Will Virginia yield to Irwin Reiner's tempestuous wooing? Will awakening love arouse the baron's better instincts to do battle with his evil passion? Read the amazing conclusion of this stirring story in the February issue of *Screen Secrets* on sale January 10.

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Adopted by the Movies

(*Continued from page* 51)

He could not even speak the language of Hollywood! And his father was dead, his mother very poor, and his elder brother earned even less than he. Impossible! Three thousand miles, and then three thousand more—on three dollars a week?... Impossible!

So he had thought for some time...

Then Adolphe Menjou came to Paris—even to the photographic salon of G. L. Manuel, the very shop in which Paul worked! Paul saw him!—but only once. Though he wandered back and forth before the hotel of the famous one, Menjou left before he got a second glimpse.

If only the dream-scenes in which he had pictured himself could become real in a like manner...!

Jesse Lasky came to Paris. Now another name could metamorphose itself into an individual. The "big boss" himself could become an actual flesh and blood man just as the actor had. And if M. Lasky did not come to M. Manuel's, he could go to the hotel and see him.

M. LASKY had not yet arrived. The papers had been a trifle early in their announcement. But Paul decided to wait anyway. So he went upstairs—by the back way, when they would not let him in the front.

Finally the great man appeared, followed by a large and obsequious retinue. He glanced at the small, shabby, but intensely earnest, boy in passing and then quickly disappeared into the suite that had been prepared for him. Paul stood looking at the blank door that had shut opportunity from him. He had not spoken. To put a long-dreamed-of thought suddenly into action is difficult. He was not the first who has hesitated on a springboard!

But he could still try again. So he waited. When, some time later, Lasky re-appeared, he could not help a slight surge of surprised interest at seeing the same earnest boy in the same place. But he had other thoughts in his mind as well—so he passed on.

Again Paul had wobbled on the springboard! Yet—M. Lasky *had* shown a slight glimmer of wakening interest. Perhaps, after all, it was just as well not to speak? Perhaps he was used to being asked for jobs, but not to seeing people standing silent?

So next day, too, Paul said nothing. But now Lasky's curiosity had been aroused. This time he did not pass by!—instead, he slackened his pace and then stopped abruptly. Turning to an attendant, he told him to learn what the lad wanted. Paul was voluble, speaking of all the dreams and hopes that had been growing in him for years. But Lasky did not understand French, and was forced to wait for the attendant to interpret. The latter did not want to bore the great man, so he was curt in his summing up: "He wants to act in pictures."

Lasky smiled, but only faintly. "Lord! the same old thing—even here!" Then he shook his head. "Tell him to go away. I can do nothing for him."

Paul smiled cheerfully—but did not go. Instead, he remained rooted in his position for the rest of the day. And he came also on the next!

He was becoming a nuisance. Every time Lasky so much as poked his head out of the door there was that same, altogether too damn patient, kid in the same place! His Movie Mightiness became annoyed. Very coldly, he instructed the interpreter: "Tell him many thanks and *good-bye*. Tell him that it is impossible to employ him. We make no pictures in Europe. Hollywood is overrun with movie-struck boys and girls."

The interpreter did as he was told. But Paul was not dismayed; instead, he gave the man an answer to take back with him: "Tell M. Lasky that I shall be happy to wait until he is in a better humor, then I will talk with him."

When he heard this, Lasky roared. And as he was thus in a good humor at the moment, he figured that he might as well talk to the kid now as ever. So he told a servant to show him in.

And now we will let Mr. Lasky himself report what happened then.

"'If you go to Hollywood,' I asked the lad, 'what would you do?'"

"The boy immediately began putting on an act in the most graphic and original pantomime, an act that made me open my eyes. I did not understand his language, and he could not speak mine. He had never been to a dramatic school nor appeared on the stage, but he had worked up a pantomimic entertainment which was a most wonderful demonstration of his skill. Also, he started talking to me in pantomime, and by his actions alone expressed the widest variety of thoughts. It was a regular conversation!"

Though Lasky is several times fifteen years old, and usually quite well aware of the fact, the impelling force of the boy's personality made him act as though, he, too, were of the latter's age. Without pausing for the slightest second thought, he gave way completely to the urge of the moment. Without even stopping to realize the elemental fact that, as the boy was obviously poor, his wardrobe must be scanty, he told him to go home and get ready to sail.

All on the spur of the moment—just precisely as Paul himself had acted!

And that is, so far as I can learn, the *exact* truth, without any enlargement whatever for the sake of a good story. When Paul arrived in Hollywood, the very first thing the studio was forced to do was to buy him shoes and socks—he had worn his only pair of each completely through, and his feet were a mass of blisters!

But now all that is over, and the road to stardom well started on. Yet this is not to be a road of roses, nor is he to travel it in a limousine—not quite. He

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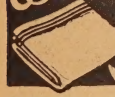

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Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. C-4

What did John Barrymore Say to Alice White When They First Met?

Read Alice White's Secret Diary in the February issue of SCREEN SECRETS and you'll find out.

Now that Marie Prevost's latest reconciliation with her husband, Kenneth Harlan, has proven a failure, she has started divorce proceedings. Marie says she has tried for the last time to make a go of their marriage.

is only fifteen; and though they intend to make an actor of him in time, they are going to do it slowly—and thoroughly.

First, it is necessary that he know English, so three hours a day are devoted to that; and he has been boarded with a respectable Belgian family, well known to the studio, who can explain whatever he does not understand. Next, it will be helpful for him to know all the workings of a studio, rather than only acting; so they are starting him at the bottom, as an office boy who will be shifted from one department to another.

As his mother remained in Paris with her other son, they have had to furnish him with a legal guardian. The State Board of Education and Child Welfare saw to that! If Lasky had not been delayed in coming over he would probably have adopted Paul himself; but as he was not there and the Board would not wait, Mr. Kates, the head of the foreign department, was chosen because of his knowledge of French.

His first screen role was in Adolphe Menjou's recent picture, *His Private Life* in which he played the part of a dumb boy. His work was so satisfactory that Paul was immediately cast for an office boy part in *The Wolf of Wall Street*.

And, *now*—one thing still remains to be told. Rachel Smith, the school teacher in whose charge he has been placed, knew of his passion for the divine Clara. Learning one day that *IT* was on the lot, she looked for Paul so that they might be introduced.

But our little pantomimist is a fast worker. He had already met the lady, *and been photographed with her!*

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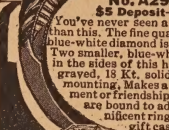

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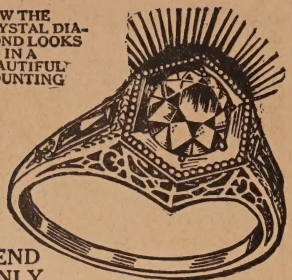

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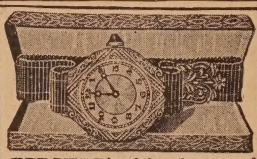

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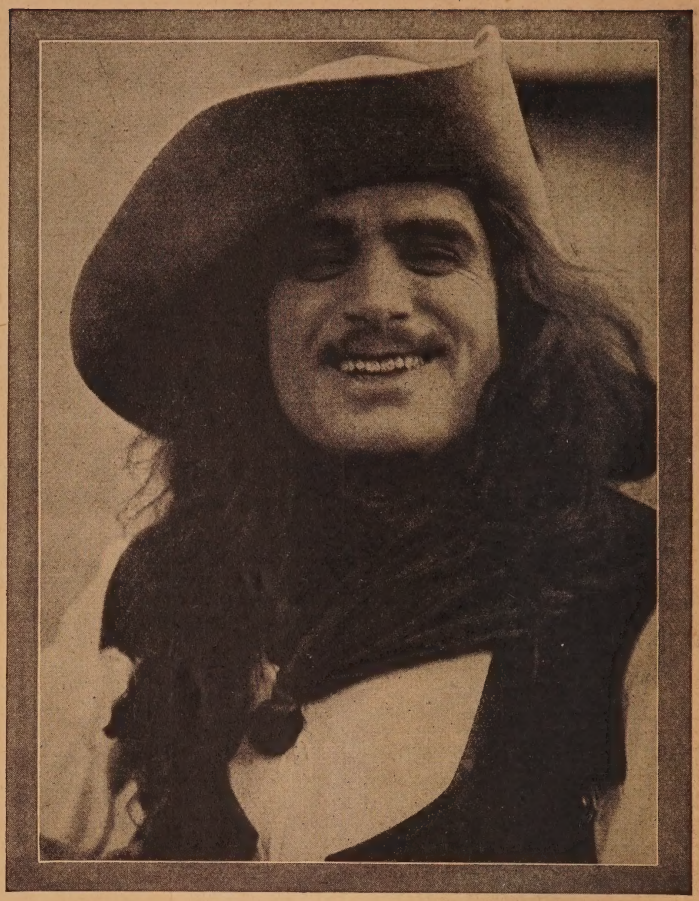

Doug in his famous role of D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers."

Is Doug Through?

(*Continued from page* 21)

With one bound she flew to the window and shouted: "Douglas Fairbanks, don't you dare crack that around my dog!" So Douglas, with the grieved air of an unappreciated artist, had to lay off the dog.

His best athletic feats, however, were as a gymnast. He told me one time that he could swing himself up anywhere that he could place the first two joints of two fingers.

Douglas never quite grew up. One day, after he had become a world-famous actor, I saw him playing some kind of crazy game with old auto tires on his stage. "I'll tell you," said Douglas, Jr., who was at that time a little boy, "why don't you fellows stand on your heads on that rolling platform; and I will throw you off into that rose hedge." "Yeh; that's great," said Doug, Sr.; so they stood on their heads and were hurled into a rose hedge full of thorns by running the platform into an obstruction.

LITTLE Mary Pickford never knows what is going to happen to her. One day she was telling me about a theater in Paris when she suddenly felt herself hoisted into mid-air by two arms that closed about her in a big bear hug—and left her little legs kicking the atmosphere.

"Isn't love grand?" I said, with a grin. "Yes," she gasped, "if your ribs can stand it."

IN THE years they have been making pictures, both Doug and Mary have become famous citizens of the world.

Prince George of England came straight to Doug and Mary with the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon upon the occasion of his recent visit.

He has been received as an intimate friend by the King of Spain, and the Queen of Sweden has taken Mary around the corner of a shrub at a royal garden party to ask what Dick Barthelmess is like off the screen.

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Whenever they go abroad, the police of foreign cities have to guard the streets to keep them from being crushed to death by their admirers.

At home, in Los Angeles, they are recognized as the leaders of the town. Mary sits in on big financial conferences; is consulted about traffic plans and city parks. Douglas lays more cornerstones and opens more fairs and games than the Prince of Wales.

They have already made preparations for the days of their retirement—when they are simply Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. Douglas has purchased a beautiful 1,200-acre ranch at the head of the San Dieguito Valley, about half-way to San Diego. Here he proposes to revive the old traditions of California—traditions of the days when the Gringo came. When the ranch is remodeled to their liking, no one will be permitted inside the gates with an automobile; you will leave your car in a garage attached to the hacienda and an old-fashioned rumbling stage coach with four horses will meet you and escort you to the casa.

IN THIS actor business, plans change overnight. But if Doug goes through with his present idea, he will forsake the business of acting and become a producer. I do not doubt that it is there he will find his greatest career.

In my opinion, he has the greatest motion picture mind that ever has touched the screen. The trouble with the average director is that he does not tell his drama in pictures at all; he puts on a spoken drama in front of a camera—leaving the audience to imagine the words. Douglas deals with a picture as an entirely independent medium. He uses pictures to appeal to that part of our imagination that uses images—not words.

He and Mary have plenty of money whereby to finance any pictures that they may choose to make without outside capital. They are both very rich.

Mary is said to have $2,000,000 in bonds; and their real estate holdings are enormous.

I think it very probable that Mary will also close her career as an actress before very long. She has avowedly forsaken the little-girl parts forever.

Like Douglas, I know that Mary's ultimate dream is to become a producer; and I predict that she will produce pictures with her childhood chum, Lillian Gish, as star.

As I have said, there is a possibility that Douglas and Mary will make a picture together before they finally make their exit.

Douglas has told me several times what this picture is to be; but it would be unfair to tell. It would be like publishing the combination of some one's safe.

But I can decently tell this much: that it is an extraordinary idea whereby Mary would play just the kind of parts for which she has been famous: Douglas his kind and the two to be blended in a story with a big epic sweep of thought and action.

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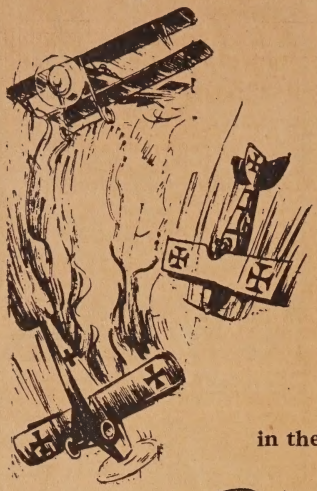

LIKE a pack of hungry wolves closing in for the kill, a flight of eager Fokkers swarmed around a lone American pilot. And in the bitter dogfight that followed, this gallant Yankee ace played a daring trick—and won! Read about it in

Lyons of the Cloud Patrol

By Raoul Whitfield

in the JANUARY

Battle Stories

The popular magazine of thrilling war tales of the Army, Navy, and Marines

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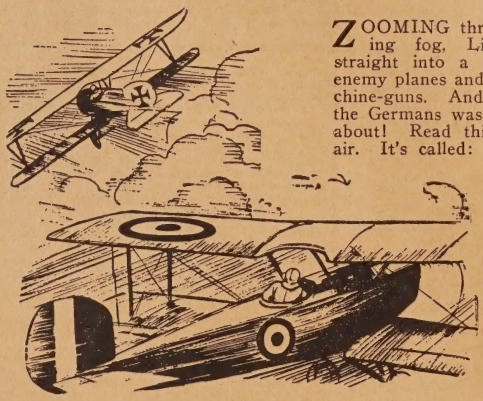

ZOOMING through a clinging, blinding fog, Lieutenant Adams flew straight into a death trap of flashing enemy planes and flaming, stuttering machine-guns. And what he didn't do to the Germans wasn't worth writing home about! Read this thrilling epic of the air. It's called:

Rivals in the Clouds

By Raoul Whitfield

JANUARY ISSUE STILL ON SALE. FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE JAN. 1ST

in the JANUARY

AIR - WESTERN - WAR Triple-X Magazine

Send $1 (bill or stamps) and Triple-X will be mailed to you for the next 5 months. Address: TRIPLE-X Magazine, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Janet Gaynor considers herself the happiest girl in Hollywood. And no wonder! She is about to marry Lydell Peck Young, San Francisco attorney, who frequently visits her via airplane.

Harry Carr Comments

(*Continued from page* 63)

By the terms of it, he is to be a movie star for six months every year; for the rest of the time he can do anything in the money earning line that he chooses—provided it is not motion pictures.

At the conclusion of his next picture *The Pagan*, he will go to New York to make some phonograph records; after which he will go to Berlin for voice study. Music is Ramon's first love. He has always been frank in saying that movies mean nothing but money to him. His real goal is grand opera. He expects to have a concert tour of Europe, singing Spanish and Mexican songs much in the manner of Raquel Meller; then he will try for grand opera.

I have never known any other person who could sing Mexican folk music so charmingly. Some of Ramon's songs are so old that they are shrouded in folk lore and tradition—songs of the cow boys, sung from time immemorial to the herds.

Tush! Tush, Aileen

AILEEN PRINGLE is going to revive the pictures in which sex just throbs and throbs. "Three Weeks" stuff.

There is some possibility that Mrs. Elinor Glyn may again produce them, nobody else having succeeded in supplying quite the same intensity of heat.

The funny part is that, Miss Pringle is about as far, in real life, from these simple-minded Glyn parts as could be imagined. She is cold, sophisticated and intellectual.

Children of Grief

(*Continued from page* 41)

why ask how I would like to be something else?"

Gloria got up from her seat by the simple process of her kicking out her little-girl legs and sliding out of the big chair to the floor. "Come on out," said she. "I will show you the only chow dog in the world that isn't snobbish and I will show you my children; then you'll know how old I am."

And so the little girl that is Gloria went out to another little girl who is also Gloria and we were upstaged by the chow dog who was not in a democratic mood.

Von Stroheim, in his way, was quite as contrite and disillusioned as Gloria. He says all his troubles have come from a combination of meddlesome producers and a personal soul made in a Teutonic mould.

"It's the damn Teutonic thoroughness," said Von. "Everything has got to be just so—or I can't stand it."

That's why every picture of his has been a tumultuous struggle between Von and the "front office." The producers have balked at his desire to have everything "just so"—at the price.

As for instance, when he made *Foolish Wives,* he insisted upon having the reverse side of a hotel set completely filled up with an electric bell system connected with mythical rooms. He said he just had to feel that it was a real hotel—even if it didn't show on the screen.

Just so, in *The Merry Widow* he had a heraldic college design, a complete set of medals of honor and distinctions for a mythical kingdom at a cost of $11,000—when even the Austrian critics thought they were just ordinary Austrian army medals. Just so, in the same picture, he had the royal arms embroidered on the undies of all the movie soldiers; he said he couldn't feel they were real soldiers otherwise—even if the embroidery never would be seen. Just so, he held up the production of *Greed* for days of expense because a scared actor wouldn't allow a bowie knife to be thrown past his nose . . . to go quivering into the wall beyond. The actor contended, with trembling lips, that it wasn't necessary. Von admitted that but said he couldn't get the feel of the scene without the blade of that knife sizzling past the actor's jugular vein. To show the actor how safe it was, he had a professional knife thrower hurl the blade at an ace of spades. He missed it a mile—but that is another story.

Well, there you have Von; and there you have Gloria—two vivid, striking personalities—sure to have trouble and sure to make a great picture.

—o—

Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 48)

man. Connie's latest husband, Captain Alastair McIntosh remarried recently.

Young Romance

ANN CHRISTY, Wampas Baby Star of 1928, who played leads with Harold Lloyd and other stars, is shortly to be married to John Darrow, the handsome juvenile who played the part of the young reporter in *The Racket.*

Waiting

ALL Hollywood is waiting breathlessly to see whether a romance will develop between Charlie Chaplin and Virginia Cherrill of Chicago, whom he has selected as leading lady for his new picture. Charlie takes his screen work so seriously that he has often fallen in love with his leading ladies in earnest.

NOW Ian Keith, stage and screen star, and Ethel Clayton, who was at the height of her fame not so long ago, have separated, according to reports.

Camilla's Secret

CAMILLA HORN, the fair German star who has been playing leads opposite John Barrymore has mystified Hollywood because she has escaped all romance. But now the secret is out. Camilla announced recently that she was married just before she came to Hollywood. She expects her husband, Claude Geerz, a wealthy importer, to join her in this country soon.

LEATRICE JOY'S brother, Billy Joy, is soon planning to add more Joy to his life. He is soon to marry Joy Auburn, beautiful titian-haired leading lady, it is said.

THE divorce surprise of this month in Hollywood was provided by Doris May and Wallace McDonald.

LUCY DORAINE, Hungarian beauty under contract to Paramount, who was once the wife of Michael Curtiz, famous director, is about to be married to Dr. Richard Reithmuller, wealthy surgeon and author.

PRINCE SERGE M'DIVANI, husband of Pola Negri, who recently returned to Hollywood on a business trip, leaving Pola in Paris, laughed loudly when asked if reports of a separation between them were true.

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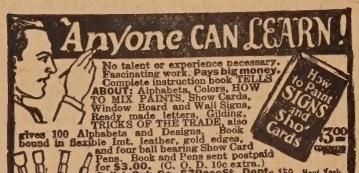

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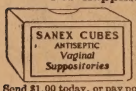

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THE SANEX CO., 71 Traffic Sta. Minneapolis, Minn.

Fay Wray is being shown the sound picture film by one of Paramount's engineers.

On a Talking Picture Set

(*Continued from page 38*)

structions by means of his buttons and colored lights from the "mixer" to the cameramen, from the director to the man in charge of the amplifying devices which "step up" the human voices. The "mixer" working quietly up above, touches an electric button. From outside comes the deep musical cry of a three-toned horn. It is a warning to the carpenters on adjoining stages to be quiet. The least reverberation will be registered on the microphone.

From the recording engineer, over the telephone comes the starting signal. It is a single word.

"Interlock!"

This, Director De Mille explains to me in a low whisper, indicates that camera and recording device are both working together in perfect harmony and ready to register voices and action at the identical moment. The voice of the operator calls out,

"Quiet, please!"

The stillness becomes a hush. A red light flashes on the monitor table. De Mille learns through his head phones that the operators are ready to begin. He waves a hand to the actors.

There is an air of terrific tenseness now. There can be no mistakes, no false moves, no mistaken lines. The director cannot encourage or correct, shout or swear, until the scene is over.

Miss Chatterton and Mr. Warner are ready to begin. But they cannot allow themselves even a preparatory clearing of the throat. Cameras and microphones are both alive and sensitive to every sound.

Thus the scene begins.

Inside the great glass cages the cameras are grinding away in silence recording every move. The incandescents burst into a blaze of light.

Out beyond the circle of light the sound of the voice is hurried in the twinkling of an eye through the microphone over the wires to the recording apparatus where a tiny photo electric cell changes the sound waves into light rays and records them in thin lines of black and white on a strip of film. Then when the film is reproduced in the theater, a similar cell will transform these light waves back into sound waves again.

As the actors go on with the scene De Mille explains to me how many more

things they must remember in talking pictures than in the silent drama.

In addition to keeping in mind the camera angles in registering the proper actions and expressions, they must also keep in mind the microphone angle and make sure that their voices always register on the little disc suspended in the air above them.

As the scene goes on a terrific argument arises beween the actors who play the part of man and wife. They must gesticulate and yet remember that every word registers clearly.

After several minutes of verbal abuse, Warner suddenly turns away, moodily goes over to the divan and sits down. Now he is out of range of both the first microphone and the first camera and one would think that the scene would be lost.

But another camera has been concentrated on him, and follows his every movement as he turns away, while another microphone is suspended directly over the spot where he is sitting. A moment later Miss Chatterton follows him over, and this scene is played from an entirely new angle.

All this time there has been no sound except the flat muffled voices and the barely perceptible rustle of Miss Chatterton's gown as she slowly walks across the stage.

Meanwhile up in the little mixing room against the roof, the engineer with the volume control has been raising or lowering the amplification of the voices, so that as they move nearer to or farther from the microphone, raise their voices or lower them, an even volume of sound is maintained.

But these are not all his worries. For example, when Mr. Warner moves across the room to the divan, he has to "cut in" the new microphone, so that there are two "mikes" in operation with the pair talk back and forth across the room. Then when Miss Chatterton walks across the room to join Mr. Warner, the engineer has to "cut out" the first microphone the minute she comes within range of the second.

At length this scene is completed. As the last line is spoken, De Mille waves his hand in signal to the man at the monitor table. The huge lights on the sets dim to a glow and the heat lessens. The three-toned horn sounds without as a signal to the carpenters to resume work. The giant doors swing open admitting sounds from the outer world. Everyone suddenly relaxes. The tenseness is gone.

Instantly the tomb-like quality of the stage disappears and it once again becomes a part of the studio and its noises. The cameramen emerge from their booths like deep-sea divers coming up for air. Conversations are resumed; the atmosphere of tenseness that infested the stage during the scene vanishes completely.

"Play-back!"

The words come from the man at the monitor table. Red and green lights flash on the signal panel. Again the workers stop their conversation and the doors are swung shut. The stillness returns like magic; an instantaneous transformation.

Now a peculiar sound is faintly heard at one end of the stage. A moment later voices are heard. We are hearing the audible reproduction of the scene our eyes and ears witnessed when the scene started. Every word uttered by Miss Chatterton and Mr. Warner comes back with lifelike fidelity. All these sounds have an eerie quality about them as they fill the huge room. They are like echoes of the voices we first heard ten minutes before.

During the running of the "play-back" record, De Mille and his staff of engineers are carefully checking the dialogue lines, the tonal qualities of the voices and the reproduction of the sounds.

The "play-back" record system in use at the Paramount studio is solely for purposes of checking against errors. The actual recording is made upon a separate reel of standard motion picture film. This film has many advantages over the record system, its chief ones being its permanency and clarity of tone.

That evening, we move outside for a street scene. Working in the out-of-doors entails even more painstaking effort than is involved in the sound stage, for cables carrying the microphones and other apparatus must be strung from the recording machines on the stage over to the "set," which may be a block or a half mile away. In *The Doctor's Secret* John Loder, in the role of the young English lover of Miss Chatterton, is the victim of an automobile accident. The filming of this scene was done at night, as called for in the Barrie play, and a special street "set" has been constructed at the Paramount studio. Microphones are strung about in many places, in order to record the sound of passing automobiles, the cries of newsboys and the murmur of many voices.

A man is crossing the street. He is Mr. Loder. He becomes confused in the traffic. A huge omnibus bears down on him with brakes screeching and horn snorting frantically.

Too late! In a moment we are surrounding the prostrate figure in the street. A crowd collects. The excited voices, the shrill whistle of the bobby, the bell of an ambulance, all register in the microphone and go back to that silent room where they are imperishably recorded on celluloid.

The next evening I am shown the "rushes" of the scenes we did the previous night. I see the crowds passing along the London street and the traffic crawling through. The self-same sounds I heard the night before come back with amazing realism on the little screen of the studio projection room.

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It was written to his employer by the International Correspondence Schools. It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He rose from his desk and grasped Bob by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job, but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a still better job for you around here."

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

My Boy

(*Continued from page 47*)

wrote that no matter how badly he played, the Spaniards thought it was wonderful because it was real American jazz played by real American boys. This extra money enabled them to see five countries.

When they arrived in New York they found two other boys hunting for a way to get back to Kansas City. The four scraped together eighty dollars and bought a Ford. They didn't have enough money for food or beds so they stopped at the Phi Psi houses along the way, Cornell, Michigan, Northwestern, Chicago and Columbia, Missouri. When Buddy arrived in Kansas City, he borrowed enough money to take the interurban to Olathe.

I shall never forget that home coming. We were so excited. When he stepped off the car, we scarcely knew him. He was so brown and sort of hardened looking. He didn't look like my baby. For the first time I realized that Buddy was no longer my baby. He'd had his first trip into the big world. I sat down and cried. He cried with me.

We all sat around in the front room that night and listened to his experiences until the early hours of the morning. His tales were wonderful! And he'd brought us all home a present. A shawl for me—a Spanish mantilla. And cuff links, from Spain, for his father. A Spanish comb for Jerry, his sister, and a pair of real Spanish shoes for his little brother. He hadn't had enough money to eat on the way home but he'd had enough to remember everybody.

His second year in college was the same as the first only he made more money. As a Freshman he had averaged between thirty and forty dollars a week; as a Sophomore he made over fifty. He had his own orchestra. During the summer he took them out on chautauqua which gave him a chance to see something of his own country.

ABOUT this time we began to worry about Buddy's future. What was he going to do in life? The natural thought of all parents.

During his third year in college I had a letter from S. C. Andrews, a theatre man in Kansas City. He said Paramount was looking for young men and suggested Buddy come down and see him. I sat up that night after my work was done and wrote Buddy a long letter about it. I sent the pictures Buddy had taken a year ago that last Christmas for me. I like to think I had something to do with his getting into pictures.

Then it all happened so quickly. The first thing I knew my boy was way off in New York learning to be an actor and getting sixty-five dollars a week for it.

I went to New York for the Paramount School graduation. We were together a month. It was—oh, I often wish that Buddy and I could re-live that month together. We stayed in a small, inexpensive hotel and we used to get pleasure out of walking up and down Fifth Avenue arm in arm, talking about what Buddy would do when he made lots of money. Nobody knew him. No one knew he was going to be a motion picture actor. He was just "My Boy" like he'd always been, showing me the sights of New York City from the streets and busses.

When we went back for the opening of *Abie's Irish Rose* we had a suite at The Ambassador. It was not the same. Oh, Buddy was just the same. But everybody had a claim on him. Not just his mother. It made me proud, but it brought a lump into my throat, too, when I remembered that other month in New York City.

Buddy has been just as lucky in pictures as he was in school and in college. They have made him a star so quickly. He has never had to play extra. He never seems to have any real difficulty. Sometimes, I get a little frightened.

And he has been so wonderful to us—his family. Last year he gave his younger brother, who is a Senior in High School, a roadster for Christmas. He has me to go to California three or four times a year. I was on location for *Wings* with him. He wants me to come out and live with him. He wants to build a California home for us. But his father has had the newspaper for twenty years. He wouldn't know what to do without it. Jerry's married. But there's still the baby. Buddy insists upon sending him through college. However, my boy says that by next year he is going to have me in California with him. And my boy usually gets what he's wanting.

After all, even though he did get twenty-three thousand fan letters last month, he's just the same to us. He's just as happy about a new tie or a new suit as he was when he played his drums for it. He'll run in and say, "Oh, mother, how do you like this one? I paid forty dollars for it!" just as he always did. Or he'll wire us that somebody wants to write a story about him. Or that he thinks Mary Brian likes him a little. It isn't that he brags, it's just he's still a small boy who gets excited about everything which happens.

And no matter how famous he gets, how much money he makes, he'll always be just the same, just "My Boy" to his mother.

What Does Alice White Think of Richard Barthelmess?

Read these amazing revelations of Hollywood personalities in Alice White's Secret Diary Beginning in the February issue of SCREEN SECRETS

On Sale January 10.

MOVIES

Teach You ELECTRICITY *for a Bigger Paying Job*

HERE is a ***new, amazingly simple and practical way*** of learning to do electrical work—so sure of results that we agree to give you the training and employment service that will get you a better job and more money or you need not pay a cent!

Think of it! You take no chance. You are assured of thorough preparation for the many opportunities in this great industry which is constantly calling for more trained men. We not only train you, we help you get the job. How can we do it? ***By a wonderful new method of teaching which makes everything about electricity easy to understand.***

Learn at Home, Easily, Quickly, Thoroughly

We furnish you with the projector, so simple anyone can operate it, and thousands of feet of film. You see all types of electrical machinery in operation, animated diagrams which make the facts about electricity as plain, easy to grasp and as enjoyable as looking at a movie in your favorite theatre.

You are personally guided in this live, fascinating instruction by practical engineer-educators, including: Bruce Rogers, M. S., Western Electric Co.; J. A. Shimek, M. E., DeVry Corporation; A. P. Hollis, former Director Visual Education, University of North Dakota; W. N. Littlewood, formerly instructor in University of Wisconsin, and others.

What a Practicing Engineer Says:

Here's what a practical electrical engineer says: "I am amazed at how simply you explain the facts about electricity. The points are so much easier to grasp than by the usual methods of instruction that the student must make quicker, surer progress. I only wish I had had the advantage of your instruction methods. It would have made things so much easier!" Charles E. Fitz, M. E., E. E., formerly associated with Steinmetz.

Employers Want Film-Way Trained Men

Our employment service helps you locate a big pay job in the branch of electricity which interests you most: Aviation Electricity, Radio, Switchboard Work, Sub-Station and Power Plant Operation, Automotive Electricity, Wiring, Contracting, Merchandising, etc. Here is an extract from a letter written by an employer:

"We will gladly co-operate with you, not only in employing any of your students when vacancies occur in our organizations, but also by recommending that our employees take your course."

ELECTRIC MATERIAL CO., South Bend, Ind.

FREE Three Lessons and Our New Book, "The Film Way to Bigger Pay in Electricity"

If you act now, by mailing the coupon, we will send you absolutely free and without obligation, three actual lessons showing how we use real motion pictures to make the facts about electricity easy to grasp. Our new book describes the wonderful opportunities for a better job in electricity and gives complete details of this fascinating way to learn.

Start now to move into the bigger pay class. Sending coupon is the first step. Do it now, learn how you can get the things you want in life.

You Use This Real DeVry Projector

Anyone can operate this standard school model DeVry projector (value $75) which is furnished every student for use during course ***at no extra cost.*** Uses ordinary light connection, farm lighting equipment or auto battery. Gives clear, brilliant, flickerless motion pictures in your home.

Drafting Set Given

Course includes instruction in drafting and complete set of professional instruments as shown, with drawing board, T-square, scales, rules, paper, etc., all given at no extra cost. You get everything necessary for this complete course in electricity with drafting.

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Without obligation to me please send three free lessons and your book, "THE FILM WAY TO BIGGER PAY IN ELECTRICITY"

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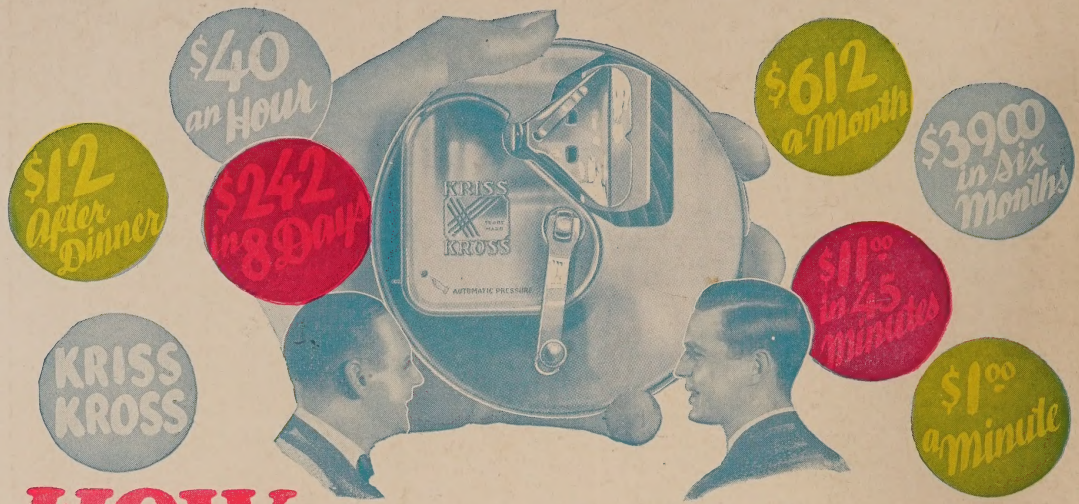
St. or R.F.D.....
City.....
State.....
County.....

TAKE THE FILM WAY TO *Bigger Pay*



HOW I Discovered the Secret of Making $7500 a Year and More!

Here Are Some Amazing Inside Facts About Success As Discovered by a Man Who Has TRIPLED His Former Earnings in 3 Short Months! Read This Interesting Message Without Fail!

By N. C. Paige—Star Salesman After 3 Months' Experience

$104 in 3 days. $80 an hour! $7,500 to $10,000 a year!

Those are figures I was only dreaming about a few months ago. Then they seemed as far out of reach as the moon! But today they are chalked up in black and white on my sales record, and what is *more* important, in my bank book! And yet, to be frank, only a small part of the credit is due me. I just figured out a few things about this business of making big money and applied them religiously. Anybody with average ability can do exactly the same—*if they keep their eyes open!*

That's the biggest thing of all—keeping your *mind* and your *eyes* open! I know it sounds like a very simple thing, but you would be surprised how many men just hammer along in the same old rut, wishing and striving for better things that are *right under their noses* all the time if they would only *see* them! The *only* reason some men are richer than others is that they have been able to *see* and recognize opportunity when it stared them in the face!

Where the Big Money Is

Take my own case for example. Before I "came to," I tried nine different ways of earning money. They all sounded good, solid, substantial and difficult. The harder they looked, the bigger I thought the possibilities must be. None of my propositions panned out and I hardly made enough to keep going. Then I discovered KRISS-KROSS. The day I read about this amazing shaving device in Liberty Magazine was certainly a red letter day for me! Here's what I saw:

I'll Guarantee to Keep You in Keen Razor Blades for Life

"Think of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

"This amazing invention marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

"KRISS-KROSS strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

"And now for my smashing offer! To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you an amazing new kind of razor free. Really 3 razors in one. Can be made straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Comes with 5 special blades."

Naturally, I was vitally interested because cool, slick painless shaves are what every man tries to get and usually can't! And then at the bottom of the ad, I saw a little square:

"Agents: Make big money as a KRISS-KROSS representative—$75 to $225 a week. H. King made $66 one day. J. C. Kellogg made $200 in 7 days."

First Step to Success

At first I was skeptical about the money-making part of it! It looked **too** easy. But the stropper sounded so extraordinary that I sent for it. When it came, I saw it was even more astonishing than I had imagined. Really it was uncanny what it did to a blade in exactly 11 seconds. I took it over to show a friend and in less than 5 minutes he asked me to get him one. While we were talking, two more friends dropped in and made the same request that I get them each a KRISS-KROSS outfit! When I left I had nearly $5 cash profit in my pocket —money **I had not made one single effort to get!**

That opened my eyes all right. I saw my chance and grabbed it! The KRISS-KROSS people gave me exclusive territory, a wonderful lot of sales helps and a big, illustrated salesmanship course book that contained selling secrets worth $100 cold cash to me! My first week I made $180. The next 3 days I made $104. Just think of it! It didn't seem to take any effort. I didn't have to "sell" at all. Every man was just naturally interested the minute he laid eyes on the stropper. Lots of them had read about it in the big magazines and were waiting for a chance to see it. The orders rolled in like water over a waterfall! It was real success at last!

Up the Ladder Fast!

Right now, I figure my yearly earnings with KRISS-KROSS will be somewhere between $7,500 and $10,000! and it all comes from getting started with the right kind of a proposition. I'm not a bit smarter or different than I was when I was trying to sell suits, brushes, and ordinary kinds of things. My only "smartness" was in choosing an article that is so astonishing that *it sells itself!*

Mr. Paige's experience is typical of that of hundreds of KRISS-KROSS representatives. Practically every man who takes up this astonishing proposition in *full time* or as a *side-line* writes us that he is making money faster and easier than he ever dreamed possible. Right now, more KRISS-KROSS representatives and agents are wanted—to earn $30 a day and up. The same opportunity that started Mr. Paige on the road to $7,500 a year is open to you. Find out about it today! Clip the coupon and mail it at once! You'll never regret it. Paige didn't! So act at once!

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Makers of KRISS-KROSS
Dept. A-3353 1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

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Please send me full details of your amazing KRISS-KROSS Stropper with list of generous commissions, and tell me how I can make big profits with it in my full or spare time.

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City..... State.....

Screen Secrets

Feb.
25¢

CLARA BOW
She Does As
She Pleases
IN THIS ISSUE

Clara Bow Portrait
by A. Wilson

Alice White's Secret Diary

"Every 3,000 Miles This Amazing Little Device Buys Me a New Tire... FREE"

THE money I save on gasoline more than keeps me in new tires. Figure it out . . . I was using gas at a rate that cost me $46 to drive 3,000 miles. Now I'm getting better than 26 miles per gallon. It saves $23 to $25 every 3,000 miles—more than the price of a new tire."

No matter what make of car you drive, the Stransky Vaporizer is unconditionally guaranteed to give you more miles per gallon or it costs you nothing. As a matter of fact, it is not uncommon for the Stransky Vaporizer to greatly increase gasoline mileage!

Note These Records

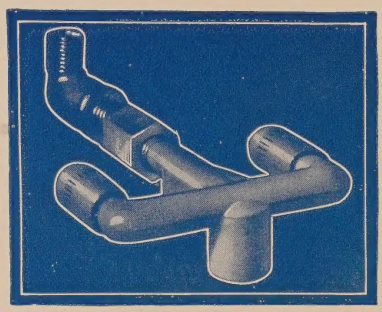
Forty-three miles per gallon from a Chevrolet, reported by F. S. Carroll. He also reports 40 miles a gallon in a Ford. Forty miles per gallon in a Dodge from Brownsville, Tex., to Tampico, Mex., reported by T. L. Brown.

Three Million Owners

Records like these are reported in every mail for every make and model car . . . from 72 different countries . . . the world over. More than three million Stransky Vaporizers have been installed.

43.8 Miles per Gallon

Mr. M. E. Miller, Kansas City, writes: "I have subjected the Vaporizer to a severe and thorough test. After installing one on a Chevrolet, I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon. The actual test surpasses your claim."



FITS ANY CAR IN 5 MINUTES

Any one can install this device in 5 minutes. Simply loosen one connection to the intake manifold with a wrench. You can do the rest with your fingers.

Easily Installed

No bigger than a dollar coin—no more expensive than a good wrench—no more trouble to attach than a fan belt! Attaches to the intake manifold of any car in five minutes. Any one can do it.

Less Gasoline—More Power

The Vaporizer mixes air with your gasoline after it leaves the carburetor. Vaporizes the gasoline more thoroughly. Under this ideal condition you get more compression out of less gasoline and a more complete explosion. Both power, pickup and speed are noticeably increased. Starting is not interfered with as the Vaporizer automatically shuts itself off when the motor is idle.

Make This Test

Test the Stransky Vaporizer on your car—and expect results that will amaze you! Increase your mileage—forget carbon trouble, sluggish motor and fouled spark plugs from over-rich mixture—and save enough on your gasoline to more than keep you in tires. These results are guaranteed or the test costs you nothing.

Mail the coupon below for full details, guarantee, and amazing trial offer, which is even more remarkable than we can tell you here. There is no obligation whatever.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
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J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., B-360, Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. Dakota.

Without obligation send me full details of your free trial offer.

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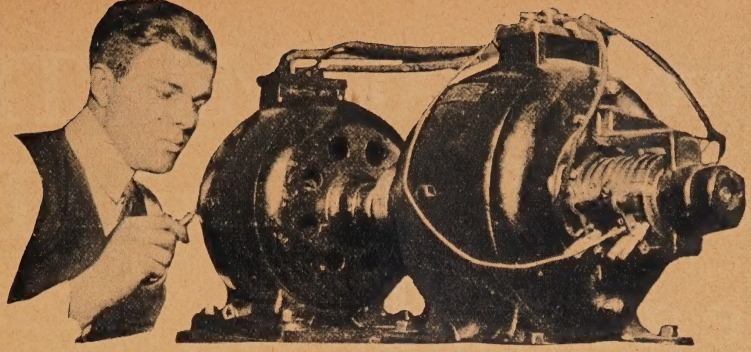
( ) Check here for Distributor's Sample Offer and the selling plan.



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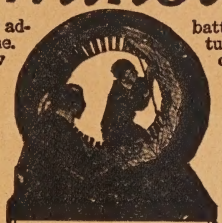
Learn Without Books in 90 DAYS

Lack of experience—age, or advanced education bars no one. I don't care if you don't know an armature from an air brake—I don't expect you to! I don't care if you're 16 years old or 48—it makes no difference! Don't let lack of money stop you. Most of the men at Coyne have no more money than you have. That's why I have worked out my astonishing offers.



Prepare for Jobs Like These

Here are a few of hundreds of positions open to Coyne-trained men. Our free employment bureau gives you lifetime employment service.

Armature Expert, $100 a Week
Substation Operator, $65 a wk.
Auto Electrician, $110 a Week
Inventor . . . . . Unlimited
Maintenance Engineer, $150 a wk.
Service Station Owner, ... $200 a Week
Radio Expert . . $100 a Week
Aviation Electricity, $75 a wk. up

EARN WHILE LEARNING

If you should need part-time work, I'll assist you to it. Then, in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained . . . on the greatest outlay of electrical apparatus ever assembled . . . costing hundreds of thousands of dollars . . . real dynamos, engines, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations . . . everything from doorbells to farm power and lighting . . . full-sized . . . in full operation every day!

No Books - No Classes

No books, no baffling charts, no classes—you get individual training . . . all real, actual work . . . building real batteries . . . winding real armatures, operating real motors, dynamos and generators, wiring houses, etc., etc. That's a glimpse of how we make you a master electrician in 90 days, teaching you far more than the average ordinary electrician ever knows and fitting you to step into jobs leading to big pay immediately after graduation. Here, in this world-famous *Parent school*—and nowhere else in the world—can you get such training!

Job - Pay - Future

Don't worry about a job, Coyne training settles the job question for life. Demand for Coyne men often exceeds the supply. Our employment bureau gives you lifetime service. Two weeks after graduation, Clyde F. Hart got a position as an electrician with the Great Western Railroad at over $100 a week. That's not unusual. We can point to Coyne men making up to $600 a month. $60 a week is only the beginning of your opportunity. You can go into radio, battery, automotive, or general electrical business for yourself and make up to $15,000 a year.

GET THE FACTS

Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 30 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt—endorsed by many large electrical concerns. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book of 150 photographs . . . facts . . . jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. Tells you how many earn expenses while training and how we assist our graduates in the field. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

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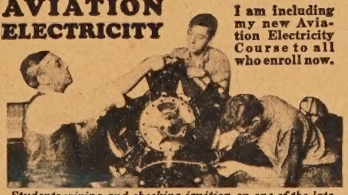
I am including my new Aviation Electricity Course to all who enroll now.



Students wiring and checking ignition on one of the late type Radial Aircraft Engines in our aviation department.

Get This FREE Book

H. C. LEWIS, President
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500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Without obligation send me your big free catalog and all details of Free Employment Service, Aviation Electricity, Radio and Automotive Courses, and how I can "earn while learning." I understand I will not be bothered by any salesman.

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COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

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500 S. Paulina Street Established 1899 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SCREEN SECRETS

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SHE WAS NOT AFRAID TO LIVE!

Born in the shadow of a Mexican revolution, Lupe Velez, at nineteen, looks back on a life that rivals the wildest romances of fiction. As a child she saw men killed, as a girl she knew infatuation, as a maid of sixteen she was the toast of Mexico.

SENORITA CYCLONE

The amazing story of her tempestuous life, a true story of the most colorful character on the screen today, told in her own ingenuous style begins in the March issue of

SCREEN SECRETS
On Sale February 10

Alice White has more startling revelations to make in the second installment of her secret diary—the March issue will contain beautiful art studies of the stars in color and more information about the stars than any other magazine—don't miss it!

SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE entered as second class matter, May 6, 1926, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Broadway at Eleventh, Louisville, Ky. Editorial office, Robbinsdale, Minn. W. H. Fawcett, Publisher; Roscoe Fawcett, Managing Editor; Jack Smalley, Ass't Man'g Editor. Copyright 1929. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Liberal payment for accepted manuscripts. PAYMENT ALWAYS BEING MADE IMMEDIATELY ON ACCEPTANCE. Unless otherwise stated, all names used in fiction stories are assumed. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by return postage. Terms: $2.50 a year; 25 cents a number. Advertising forms close 25th of the third month preceding date of issue. Advertising Manager, Ray Ryan. Offices. New York, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., Chicago, 35 E. Wacker Drive, and Robbinsdale, Minn. Printed in U. S. A. Address manuscripts to SCREEN SECRETS, Robbinsdale, Minn.

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60 Handy Volumes—$2.98 Payment in Full

BECAUSE this set of 60 Educational Volumes, embodying the essentials of a High School Course, has made such a tremendous impression, showing that there are millions of people anxious to have this useful and important series of lessons—we have decided to issue the material soon in two large clothbound volumes, to sell for $10.00 per set. These two large volumes, at $5 each, will contain everything that the 60 smaller volumes now contain—not a word will be omitted!

However, we are giving the public a final chance to secure this material in these 60 pocket-sized books for only $2.98, postage prepaid. This offer is good as long as 10,000 sets last; we have placed 10,000 of these 60-volume sets aside to meet this demand. After these 10,000 sets are gone, the 2-volume more sumptuous edition will be the only one available—at $10 per set. Therefore, by using the blank below immediately, you can get all of this material for only $2.98, full payment, thereby saving $7 over what the cost of this course soon will be!

Don't let this opportunity slip away. Sit down and mail the convenient order blank. Read the list of books you get—surely they are worth $2.98! There are 825,000 words of splendid text; 3,488 pages on good book paper. The size of each volume is 3½x5 inches—it fits the pocket! The books are bound in substantial covers. The type is clear and easy to read. The books run to 64 pages each.

Grab This Chance to Get These Books for $2.98!

GRAB this chance now! Get this set of books so you can fill in the embarrassing gaps in your knowledge. Here, in 60 handy volumes, you can get the essentials of a High School education for only $2.98. This is **positively all you pay**—if you use the special blank below.

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When these 10,000 sets are gone at $2.98, this course, in larger, more expensive binding, will cost $10 per set!

A "high school education" means a thorough grounding in those fundamentals of modern knowledge which enable a person to be the most efficient in the everyday activities of his work and of his contact with others. When it is required that a person be equipped with a High School education, it is meant that such a person have a substantial background of English, History, General Literature, some Languages, Commercial Subjects, Mathematics, Science, and the Arts. This course gives you these.

Read the list of titles included in this set (at right) carefully. Remember that $2.98 is the full payment for all of these books. When you pay $2.98 the books become yours—there are no strings whatever attached to this astounding offer. All you have to do is use the blank, to assure you of getting one of the 10,000 60-volume sets that are to be sold at this astonishingly low price.

This price of $2.98 is possible because of mass production. These books are filling a widespread need felt among people everywhere, and the price is within the reach of all. Many people get the books merely to have them handy for reference. For purposes of home study, or handy reference, the books cannot be surpassed at this price. One volume alone often proves to be worth the price of the entire set; and every volume is of interest and value to everyone, no matter what his present state of education may be.

Test Yourself!

Can you answer these questions?

1. Who said "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
2. What is meant by "squaring the circle"?
3. What have the following names in common: Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce?
4. What are the four forms of English composition?
5. What is psychology?
6. Who were Donatello, Cellini, Bologna, Rodin?
7. What is the Milky Way?
8. Who was Delilah?
9. What famous speech begins: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"?
10. What do the following mean: (a) "Sprechen sie deutsch"; (b) "Parlez-vous francais"; (c) "Habla Usted Espanol"?
11. How far does a falling body drop in the first second after starting from rest?
12. What does "ibid." mean?
13. Who was the Roman god of war?
14. What are the three orders of Greek architecture?
15. What chiefly caused the Civil War?

All of these questions and hundreds of others are understandably answered in this 60-volume EDUCATIONAL COURSE, which you can get for only $2.98, payment in full.

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TEXTBOOKS are often dry reading, but these 60 books have been written so that they are easy to understand. Moreover, they are interesting from beginning to end. With these books you can **be your own teacher** (no instructor other than yourself is necessary), learning as you read. With application and diligence you will find these books a source of delight and definite benefit. For $2.98, payment in full, you certainly will be amazed at the worth of this set.

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WHEN first advertised, this set contained only 50 volumes for $2.98. We have now added 10 extra volumes — included in the list at the right—at no extra cost. For $2.98 you now get 60 different books, postage fully prepaid, to your address, no matter where you live. All 10,000 of the sets to be sold at $2.98 include these extra 10 volumes. Order yours today!

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(825,000 Words—3,488 Pages)

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1. Common Faults in English.
2. Spelling Self Taught.
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6. How to Improve Your Conversation.
7. How to Improve Your Vocabulary.
8. How to Write Letters.
9. How to Prepare Manuscripts.
10. How to Argue Logically.

HISTORY:
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16. Facts About the Classics.
17. 100 Best Books to Read.
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22. Dictionary Musical Terms.
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25. French Self Taught.
26. Spanish Self Taught.
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28. Outline of Economics (Wealth).
29. How Wall Street Works.
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31. Handbook of Commercial Law.
32. How to Write Business Letters.
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35. Chemistry Self Taught.
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49. Shakespeare's Famous Lines.
50. Dictionary Classical Mythology.
51. Dictionary Biblical Allusions.
52. Dictionary Foreign Words.
53. Dictionary of Authors.
54. Dictionary Geographical Names.

GENERAL HELPS:
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56. Secret of Self-Development.
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60. 400 Questions and Answers.

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Dept. H-200 Girard, Kansas

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Send me at once the 60-volume EDUCATIONAL COURSE. Unless my check is enclosed herewith, I agree to pay the postman $2.98 (plus 7c C. O. D. fee, which goes to the postoffice), on delivery. It is understood that I am to make no further payments whatever, and that you are to pay the postage to my address.

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Note: No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must remit in advance by international postal money order or draft on any U. S. bank.

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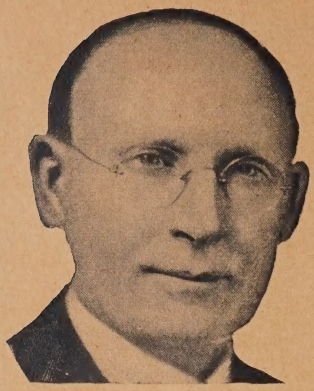

...and give you a steady income for the rest of your life

if you will take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work, can be handled in spare or full time.

No Investment Needed

I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. I will make you my partner in my fast growing, established business—but I don't ask you to invest a single penny. Everything is furnished to you FREE—just look after the established business in your locality and we will split all the money 50-50!

Partner may be either man or woman. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

Your Groceries at Wholesale

As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale—I do everything to see that my partners get all the advantages of Big Business. Big FREE supply contains over 32 full size packages of highest quality products. Choose all your groceries, at wholesale, from my big list of over 300 home necessities. Quality backed by $25,000.00 bond.

Iron-Clad Guarantee to YOU of $15 a Day Steady Income

Look!

$117.50 FIRST 5 DAYS
"Made $117.50 first five days. Your products are marvelous. Anyone can easily make money with Health-O."—A. Pelletier, Massachusetts.

ALWAYS SURE OF $10 A DAY
Mrs. Bower, a W. Va. housewife, writes: "I am always sure of $10 a day profit with Health-O products."

$31.65 FIRST DAY
"Just received sample case. Started among acquaintances and first day made $31.65."—B. L. Simmons, S. Carolina.

$101.25 FIRST WEEK
Ruth Hoffman never sold a thing before in her life. She proved that experience was not necessary—she writes: "Made $101.25 first week!"

$24.85 IN TWO EVENINGS
T. J. Osborne two days after receiving sample case, enthusiastically writes: "I have been out only two evenings and have taken orders for $24.85."

Easy for you to make big money. I look out for welfare of my partners.

I don't want you to take any chances. I GUARANTEE your income. This is the most amazing guarantee ever made for a steady year 'round income. I can make this guarantee because I know you can do as well as my other partners whose letters are shown on this page.

I'll Furnish You With New Chrysler Coach

This is part of my FREE outfit to you. I want my partners to be prosperous and look prosperous to gain respect from everyone in your locality. That's why I will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE this brand new Chrysler Coach to use in your business. This is no contest! It is yours to keep just as soon as you show me you are in earnest. Send coupon today.

This wonderful, new, easy way to make big money and have a growing business of your own is sweeping America. Thousands of men have found my proposition a way to double and triple their incomes—hundreds of busy housewives have started as my partners in a few spare hours a day and are earning from $25 to $50 a week *just in spare time.* One housewife writes, "I earn, in my spare hours, more money than my husband."

I Do Everything to Help My Partners

Besides going 50-50 with my partners on profits I WILL FURNISH YOUR HOME with hundreds of wonderful premiums, including pianos, living room sets, etc., that I give as premiums. Send coupon at once for my signed guarantee of $100.00 a week for full time or $3.00 per hour for spare-time work.

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Send at once application for territory, details of partnership, free food products offer.

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Address.....
City.....State.....

YOU STEP UP TO A BIG JOB WHEN YOU MAIL THIS COUPON

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Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

PFU—2-29

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the ited States send International Money Order with coupon.

Last Minute News

Final Flashes on Flicker Folk as We Go to Press.

Sir Thomas Lipton, famous English sportsman, has invited Lois Moran for tea for two during a visit to Hollywood.

BACLANOVA, the Russian actress, becomes a star in her own right, according to her new contract just signed with Paramount. Esther Ralston and Florence Vidor, signing new contracts with the same organization have not been so fortunate. They are being dropped from the ranks of stars to featured players.

GRETA GARBO has just signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, assuring her appearance on the screen for some time to come. Her first picture under the new contract, on which she starts work immediately following her return from Sweden, is to be an original story by John Colton, famous dramatist, the scene of which is laid in Java. A huge palace is under construction for the picture.

KARL DANE, huge comedian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who made such a hit as "Slim" in *The Big Parade,* is being sued for $75,000 for breach of promise by Thais Valdemar, actress. She charges that Dane became absent-minded after promising to marry her.

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart have been one of the most romantic young couples in Hollywood off the screen. Now they are going to be co-starred for the first time by Fox in a picture entitled *The Girl Who Couldn't Stop.*

NAOMI CHILDERS, one of the most popular screen actresses of a few years ago, who is now playing in Columbia pictures, has just been awarded a divorce from her husband, Luther Reed, the director, on grounds of desertion.

RUTH CHATTERTON, stage actress, recently come into the movies via the talkies, denies that there is any chance of a reconciliation with her husband, Ralph Forbes, screen actor.

LOUISE DRESSER won a starring contract from Fox recently because of her excellent performance in *Mother Knows Best.* She was to go to Italy at once to start work on her first starring picture, but now her trip has been postponed until March.

TWO deaths have cast a shadow over the film colony. Theodore Roberts, beloved character actor, known as the "grand old man of the movies," died at his Hollywood home after a brief illness. Jaime Del Rio, divorced husband of Dolores Del Rio, died of blood poisoning in Berlin after an illness of only a few hours. Dolores was prostrated with grief when she learned of his death.

AL JOLSON, upon his return from a vacation in Honolulu, will make another picture for Warner Brothers, to be known as *Mammy.* There are reports that his wife, Ruby Keeler, may play the lead opposite him, although Flo Ziegfeld, to whom she is still under contract, may have a word or two to say about the matter.

DUANE THOMPSON, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress, was married recently to Buddy Wattles, musical comedy star, culminating a romance of eighteen months.

SYLVIA BEECHER, Paramount player, is to have the leading role opposite Maurice Chevalier, foreign musical comedy star, known as "the Al Jolson of France," in his first starring picture in this country. Dita Parlo, a recent importation, was scheduled to have the leading feminine role in this picture, but was recently withdrawn. She will be given another role.

RAMON NOVARRO, now in the South Seas making scenes for *The Pagan,* is the first Hollywood actor to become enchanted with the South Seas. He is expected home in a few weeks.

New!

Patented

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap and Brings Agents $5 to $12 in an Hour

Here is a truly revolutionary invention! It is something that every woman has been waiting and hoping for. Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine. Now, no man whose present income is less than $60 a week can afford to ignore the amazing new opportunity for real money that this novel invention has created. Read the GENEROUS FREE TEST offer below. Then act at once.

AGENTS!

Full Time

$265 in A Week

"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 13, 60 Speedos; June 20, 84 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects."—M. Ornoff, Va.

SPARE TIME—$9 First Half Day

"The first afternoon I received my Speedo outfit I made $9."
Mrs. R. Spain, Kans.

PART TIME—$20 in 3 Hours

"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This is certainly a money-maker."
O. C. Gregg, Wyo.

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 an hour either spare time or full time.

READ!

One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—W. L. GODSHALK, Pa.

Generous Free Trial Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about $75 to $150 a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

New Kind of Sharpener

Another amazing, knock-'em-dead, household specialty. Every housewife needs it. Puts a razor edge on anything that cuts—knives, tools, etc. The queerest thing you ever saw! A real money maker! The coupon brings full details.

SPEEDO
PATENTED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. B-2192, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

TEST OFFER

Central States Mfg. Co.,
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. B-2192, St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE TEST OFFER.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if interested only in one for your own home.

The EDITOR'S OPINION

Capt. Roscoe Fawcett

LETTERS which have come pouring in from delighted readers indicate that they feel they are receiving their money's worth and more—in the new, enlarged and improved SCREEN SECRETS which went into effect last month. The many beautiful pictures and art studies in varied and attractive colors of rotogravure have come in for particular comment. The increased number of intimate features about the stars has also aroused tremendous enthusiasm among the stars. We are especially proud of these colored rotogravure art studies for they represent the fruits of long labor and study to make them available to our readers.

Real Progress

WE HAVE been reticent about giving full endorsement to the talkies since it is our policy to take into consideration the likes and dislikes of our readers. While they are still far from perfect, nevertheless we feel that the last few talkies to be released, such successes as *The Singing Fool, Interference,* and *The Ghost Talks,* have demonstrated that at last this new form of entertainment has reached a stage where it is worthy of acceptance by the public.

Inside of a year such amazing progress is promised for talking pictures that we will scarcely be able to recognize them as a distant cousin of the "talkies," which have been offered to us heretofore.

From now on every phase and angle of this fascinating new development in the industry will be fully covered in SCREEN SECRETS.

We are inaugurating a new department devoted entirely to the talkies. In addition, authentic articles on this subject will appear from time to time.

It is our intention to give our readers not simply the cut and dried scientific facts, but all the human incidents and little known developments which will be of interest to our readers.

Up to the Public

THERE is another angle to be considered in this talkie business, the angle of the scientists and engineers who are still toiling silently hidden away in little laboratories as they have been for years to perfect this new mode of entertainment for the public. J. A. Du Bray, secretary of the American Society of Cinematographers, who has made the development of talkies his life work for the past thirty years, said:

"It is entirely up to the public whether or not talking pictures are brought to a stage of greater perfection. If the public will realize that we are doing the best we can to perfect the talkies and will continue to patronize them in spite of their imperfections, they will make further progress possible because it will be commercially successful.

"If people had laughed at the radio when it was in its early stages and refused to buy any crystal sets would the improved electric radios of today have been possible? Decidedly not.

"It is the same with talking pictures. Make them commercially successful and the improvements will come."

A Treat in Store

BEGINNING next month we are happy to be able to offer you the life story of Lupe Velez, which in my opinion is perhaps the most astounding true life story that has ever come out of Hollywood. At nineteen Lupe Velez, the tempestuous little Mexican, has run the gamut of existence—she has tasted romance and adventure, disappointment and success, fame and hunger. She has faced death, angry lovers, and sudden fame with equal composure.

Although Latin to the core, Lupe's outlook on life is that of the modern American girl. You'll be delighted with the naive, natural way in which she tells her story, with her spontaneous outbursts of humor and drama.

The Talented Newcomer

LUPE VELEZ promises to be one of the sensational hits of all time. The fact that she has the natural emotional reactions of a child is one of her geratest assets as an actress.

In *Masquerade,* which she recently completed with William Boyd, Lupe suffered by being too clever a comedian. In the first scenes she was so uproariously funny that preview audiences refused to accept her as the tragic heartbroken little dancer in the heavy emotional scenes toward the end of the play.

However her magnificent performance leaves no doubt as to her promise. Perhaps in *The Wolf Song,* a romance of old California which she is now making with Gary Cooper, she will score even a greater hit.

Worried

W. J. LOCKE, the British novelist, who was imported at the expense of $50,000 to write a screen story for Norma Talmadge, is showing uncomfortable signs of activity.

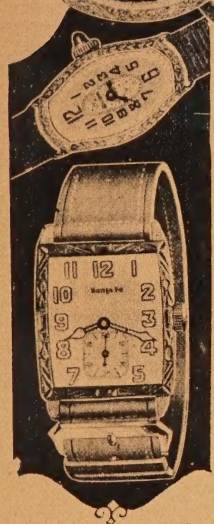
He came over here to write a story. He wants to get busy and write it.

Such a thing is absolutely unheard of. Many highbrow authors have—ere this—been brought to Hollywood to write for the screen. The wise ones merely picked out a good golfing country club and visited the studios on pay days as long as their contracts lasted. Mike Arlen didn't even wait that long. He gave a dinner to the newspaper profesh and took the next train out. While Mr. Locke was on his way to Hollywood, Norma was on her way to the South of France to visit her sister Constance.

Roscoe Fawcett

I Want to send you a Santa Fe Special Watch for your Examination and Approval

21 Jewels



Watch Sent on 30 Days Free Trial

Send No Money

In addition to our New Low Price, I will send for your approval one of these Standard Watches, guaranteed for a lifetime of satisfactory service, not only by the Santa Fe Watch Company, but by the Great Illinois Watch Factory. They are found in the pockets of men in the service on every railroad in this country. Senators, Congressmen and Governors keep their official appointments by "Santa Fe Special" time. Army Officers and Privates carried them all through the Greatest War in history—thousands of these splendid watches are in use all over the World. If you want one on my liberal new LOW PRICE PLAN, you had better write for my Free Watch Book today and make your selection without delay. I will send the Watch for you to see WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN—I will even allow you to wear the Watch 30 days FREE—then sell it to you on a binding money-back guarantee.

Why Not Own A Good Watch?

You will never miss the few cents a day that will make you own one of these watches—SEND FOR WATCH BOOK—illustrating in beautiful colors hundreds of designs and combinations in cases in the POCKET WATCH, MEN'S STRAP WATCH and LADIES' WRIST WATCH. You can have your name or monogram and any emblem you may desire engraved in the Case to suit your own ideas.

New Case Designs

I want you to see all the newest designs in the new thin model Santa Fe Special in both white and green gold—the handsome sturdy case models designed for our famous Santa Fe Mogul Watch—the very newest creations in Men's Strap Watches, sturdy in design and beautifully engraved in both white and green gold and the artistic little Santa Fe Princess, Ladies' Bracelet Watch, in many shapes and designs in white gold, some with diamond and sapphire settings. No matter what your choice of a watch may be, there is a Santa Fe Watch that will please you. Send today for our Beautiful Watch Book and select the watch you would like to see.

Our New Diamond Book Just Off the Press

Send for this beautiful book and read the latest news about Diamond Rings. The style in rings changes just as quickly as wearing apparel—why not be posted on the latest designs, learn about the new Betrothal Set—Wedding and Engagement ring to match. Every ring a marvel of beauty and style in the new artistic white gold mountings with perfectly cut blue white diamonds. Diamonds and Jewelry sold on same easy payment plan as Watches. Ask for Diamond Book.

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Please send prepaid and without obligation your Watch Book Free, explaining your "No Money Down" Offer on Santa Fe Watches.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Colleen Moore as she appears in Synthetic Sin, *a picture that marks her return to the flapper roles she formerly played. The ranks of screen flappers needed this ever-pert Irish addition badly, and it's to be hoped she'll stay put.*

Mary Brian, who played opposite Buddy Rogers in Varsity, *continued the partnership in* Someone To Love. *If this partnership continues in real life, as so many expect, it will again demonstrate the very special rewards to be had in the movies.*

—*Gene Robert Richee.*

Lili Damita and Ronald Colman in the screen version of Joseph Conrad's The Rescue, *showing that this beautiful French importation is all anybody needs when faced with a bad situation. With her stimulation, it looks like a tough break for the situation.*
—*Kenneth Alexander.*

Dorothy Dwan, wife of the late Larry Semon, looks quite alluring even in the rags and tatters she will wear as the leading lady for Tom Mix in forthcoming Westerns they will make for FBO. It seems as if we're all set for a bigger and wilder West.

Betty Compson is following her remarkable portrayal in **Docks of New York** *with other successes—this portrait of the brilliant actress in a quiet, informal moment is not to be taken as indicating that she is resting on her laurels.*

—*Lansing Brown.*

June Collyer is following her performance in Me, Gangster *by playing opposite Conrad Nagel in* Red Wine, *in which she is an alluring young wife. Her wistful beauty leads one to wonder what is so rare as a day with June.*

—*Lansing Brown.*

Alice White indicating that Hollywood life is an open book to her. Here she is with the famous diary in which she has kept an intimate record of her life among the movie stars.

Alice White's *Secret* Diary

Hollywood life from the inside—impressions and experiences in the city of gayety and grief recorded with amazing frankness in the famous "Little Red Diary," by the playgirl of pictures.

By Alice White

HERE is, we believe, the most astounding document that has ever come out of Hollywood, a daily record of the life of a motion picture star, of her adventures with other picture stars written with all the keen observation and witty comments which have made Alice White popular among picture people as well as on the screen.

Ever since the beginning of her career, Alice White has kept a pretty finger on the hectic pulse of Hollywood. She has recorded faithfully her encounters with all the stars as they flashed across her path while they were fresh in her mind; dinners with Gilbert Roland—parties at Betty Compson's—chance meetings with John Barrymore, Jack Gilbert, Colleen Moore, and many others.

Small wonder that the "Little Red Diary," as it is known in Hollywood, the book which is often talked of, but never seen, has had a hectic career. Several times unaccountably lost, once barely rescued from the flames, and once purloined by a desperate sweetheart who wanted to keep its pages from prying eyes, it was each time recovered by its author.

We are happy to give to the world for the first time this new slant on Hollywood life from the inside, this startling chronicle of a movie star's real life, written by a star who is herself a typically modern girl in accordance with our policy of giving the world facts about the fascinating film city instead of fluffy inanities.—THE EDITOR.

Aug. 30, 1926. Signed First National contract. This is the beginning. Here goes for a motion picture career. Much argument with Famous-Players. Hardly knew what to do. Decided have done best thing. Hope so. Many 'phone calls from mysterious person urging Paramount contract.

Sept. 3. Went over to see Mr. S., at Famous-Players.

Alice, with her chow dog, in the early days of her career before she dyed for her art.

Advised him I had signed with First National and he was quite annoyed, as he wanted me to play Clara Bow's twin sister in *It*. He predicted a great personal success. I told him there was no room on the screen for two people who were alike. I want to create my own personality.

Sept. 10. Went to a dog show. My darling Ching-a-ling won first prize in the puppy class. He is six months old Friday, the most adorable Chow in the whole world. Arthur was very sweet and chauffeured me around.

Sept. 14. Met Richard Barthelmess today. He is cute. John McCormick and Mike Levee introduced me. He sure gave me the once-over. Felt like a dog in a pet show. Hope he likes me well enough to give me the lead in *The Patent Leather Kid.*

Sept. 17. Went to the Cocoanut Grove with Gilbert Roland. Felt very lovely in a long black velvet dress and a Spanish shawl. He looked very handsome and we had a grand time. Mickey Neilan was there.

Sept. 19. Went swimming at the Gables with Ivan Kahn, my manager, and Gilbert. Gilbert is a peculiar boy. But aren't all men peculiar boys? He admired a ring I had and so I gave it to him. Wonder if he will wear it?

Sept. 26. Out with Ivan and Gilbert again. Went to the Plantation. Gilbert was very moody. He hurt my feelings, so I called a taxi, left them flat and went home. Drat men! We say that, but how many women mean it?

Sept. 28. Took my poor darling Ching to the doctors.

Sept. 29. My dog is recovering.

Sept. 30. Ching is better and I'm happier now.

Oct. 3. Went to church for a change.

Oct. 7. Put on make-up for banker's skit today. Went to Bowl for personal appearance. Was very panicky. Presented with a box of candy. Many stars made appearances. Monte Blue accused me of looking like Clara Bow, darn it! Wonder when they'll just recognize me for a change?

Oct. 8. Met Ray Rockett today. He talked to me of part with Dick Barthelmess. Oh, how excited I am over it. He told me I would have to dye my hair so it would go dark. Women have dyed for less. I pray that I will pass this test and will get this glorious chance. Oh, I do want to do this part more than anything.

Oct. 12. I'm now a red-head. Had my hair dyed henna for test. It looks quite pretty. Here's hoping.

Oct. 13. Took make-up test and a wig test. Hope they turn out O. K. Haven't been stepping much. Devoting myself to my art, as it were. Well, I may get my reward in electrics.

Oct. 14. Saw my tests. Fairly good. Wig looked like a million dollars. Have my fingers crossed. Hope I get this part.

Oct. 18. All excited. Bought my first automobile—Hup Straight 8. It's rather expensive. It's a darling car but I feel I will pay for it in time.

Oct. 21. Went over to United Artists studio to meet John Barrymore. He has always been my favorite movie crush. Wanted to tell him that but was rather tongue-tied. All I could say was "I—I am so glad to know you." Some day I hope I'll have enough nerve to tell him that I used to cut out all his pictures and paste them in my corner of the wall in boarding school.

Oct. 25. Met Jimmie Hall for the first time. He was very lovely. Joan Crawford and he are madly in love. Wish they weren't. I think I might like him, too. Saw John Barrymore again today. He came over and greeted me. Wish I could get to know him better. He is exceedingly fascinating.

Oct. 27. Bought a gorgeous white coat today. Everyone liked it a lot. Cost plenty. It's pretty, so who cares?

Oct. 28. Forgot what I did today.

Oct. 30. Dinner with Arthur tonight.

Oct. 31. To the theatre with Q. Why did I ever think he was clever? I'm afraid I'm getting tired of him, although he's an awfully nice person. I get sick of the same man all the time. Men are interesting for a time but after a while they get annoying.

Nov. 3. Out to a movie with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Nov. 5. To tea with B. He has a lot of s. a. He made violent love to me. These men . . . ! Q. was waiting when I got home. Was furious because I had been with B. Threatened to go over and knock him out. Does he think he owns me? Told him that. He grew absolutely white with fury. Said he was going out and kill himself. He'd make a good dramatist. Went for a drive in his car with him. Up one street and down another, arguing. Then down to the sea. Threatened to drive over the cliff. I wrenched wheel from his hands.

Alice in her first "hottish" love scene with Mutton Sills in The Sea Tiger, *which caused her much embarrassment because they had hardly been introduced.*

Wise and wide-eyed! That's Alice White, whose typically modern combination of innocence and sophistication is brought out in this recent photo.

What a different Alice White is this in her first starring role in "Show Girl." She has finally convinced producers that she has plenty to show.

Talked with him. Told him no man could dictate to me. Q. is too frightfully jealous. He cried. We had argued into the wee hours of the morning. Q. was shame-faced, penitent. Asked me to forgive him. I did. But I could never love him. Forgiveness with Q. is a nice passive emotion. Loving Q. is far too hectic.

Nov. 7. Tea dance at the Grove. Lots of fun.

Nov. 15. Cotton Club with an old beau. Thought I was going to be terribly thrilled. It was really very boring.

Nov. 22. Started my first picture, *The Sea Tiger,* with Milton Sills. Was very, very frightened. Billie Dove, Lew Stone and Millard Webb came on set and watched me with attitudes of: "Well, I've heard a lot about you, let's see what you're going to produce." Was petrified, but decided that my chance had arrived and I certainly was not going to flop. Had a very difficult love scene to do. Had to kiss Sills very hottish. Was rather bashful, as I had never said more than "How do you do?" to him. Anyway, I did the scene. Had a funny costume on, mostly undress. That made me more self-conscious. Colleen Moore is a peach. Caught her standing in the wings, applauding me. It encouraged me and gave me confidence to go through with it.

Nov. 23. Met Johnnie Hines. He's a lot of laughs.

Nov. 24. At the studio today, made up, but didn't work. Costume all wrong, or something. Made my first personal appearance tonight at the Cinderella Roof. Supposed to dance, but too panicky. I bandaged my ankle and told them that I had hurt myself working that day. Said I'd slipped getting out of a boat or something. I did. But that isn't where I landed.

Nov. 25. Dinner at home with my family for a change, this being one day I always like to celebrate at home. It's a rather thankful Thanksgiving this year. I feel it's the beginning of a lot of interesting things.

Nov. 27. Had to make more violent love to Milton Sills. Sure felt strange. Mr. Dillon, my director, was very nice to me. Hope my scenes are O. K. Dinner at Montmartre. Met Blanche Sweet, Mickey Neilan, Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. Mickey told me I had a great future on the screen.

Nov. 28. My hair dyed again. And on a Sunday!

Nov. 29. My fourth day's work. Things felt much better to me. John McCormick and Carey Wilson came over to talk to me. They were very pleased with the rushes. It is nice to have people encourage you now and then. Sort of spurs one on to greater efforts. Party at the gaiety girl's house that night. Had a lot of fun. All of her beaux were there and I had fun chiseling, which seemed to annoy her. She put on a grand crying scene. I hope I get to be that good an actress some day.

Nov. 30. Saw my first rushes. Like some of them, but most of them were terrible. Oh, I do want to be a success.

Note: "Rushes" are the first showing of the film shot during the day at the studio.

Dec. 1. Worked today and then saw more rushes. Was very thrilled tonight. People are saying nice things about my work. Here's hoping!

Dec. 3. Worked today and was beaten up by Mary Astor. That girl swings a mean right arm.

(*Continued on page* 112)

When a string of famous British journalists recently touched Hollywood during a good-will tour of America, film Lili Damita, Ralph D. Blumenfeld, Joseph M. Schenck, Camilla Horn, Ronald Colman, Lady Peake, John Barrymore,

So This Is

INFLUENZA has raised havoc in Hollywood this winter. Although there were no casualties, there was scarcely a star in the business who did not have it. Dick Arlen was seriously ill and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, a picture girl with true domestic inclinations, insisted upon nursing him. Jobyna nearly passed away with her attack of it.

Wallace McDonald was in bed for two weeks with the disease. His recently divorced wife, Doris, rushed to take care of him. She spent three weeks in the hospital recuperating. But this double dose brought about rumors of reconciliation.

Evelyn Brent recuperated just in time to get married; Gary Cooper took down just in time to have the new gal-friend, Lupe Velez, nurse him.

Richard Dix was hard hit, but no one seems to know who ran to his bedside to console him. Perhaps it was the nurse who cared for him during his recent appendicitis operation. He has been seen taking her places.

Clara Bow is a football enthusiast. She went to San Francisco to attend the Stanford-California game. But after the game the influenza got her and when her train arrived in Los Angeles, an ambulance was there to greet it to take Clara to her home. She recovered okeh.

Baclanova was laid up and the minute she was out again it was rumored that she and her fiance, Nickolas Soussanain, were secretly married.

Even influenza may have its advantages.

The White Diamond

THE eyes of Hollywood are on Alice White's left little finger. On it is a sapphire, in which a perfect star gleams. It's Alice's favorite gem, in case you want to know, which gives her something in common with Napoleon. Poor Nappy, he wanted to conquer the world. But Alice, without half trying, has already conquered the movie world.

The ring is set in a plain band of platinum and is flanked by two large triangular-cut diamonds. Rumor has it that a wealthy young London chap slipped it on her finger.

Fire and Warmer

WHICH reminds us of another about Alice. A fire broke out at First National Studios. From the set where we were working it appeared that the projection room was on fire. There was much excitement. "Now, what caused that?" someone cried.

Director Santell looked up calmly and said, "Probably running some of our rushes." He had been directing Alice White.

Honeymoon—Sometime

ON THE same day that Dolores Costello was married to John Barrymore, a wedding also took place between Betsy Lee, formerly known as Bubbles Steiffel and Reginald Denny. The ceremony was held at the Hollywood Athletic Club in the presence of a group of friends.

The couple are forced to postpone their honeymoon on account of their picture work. They plan a trip to Honolulu when they can get away. After the wedding they managed to escape long enough to spend a week-end in Denny's mountain cabin.

IT SEEMS that Mary Philbin's romance with Paul Kohner has struck a snag. There are rumors in Hollywood that their marriage, which was scheduled for January, will not take place after all, even though their engagement was officially announced a few weeks ago just before Kohner sailed for Europe.

Hot and Bothered Loud

THEY were making talkies at the Fox Studio. Farrell and Mary Duncan were putting on a sizzling love scene.

"Breathe harder, honey," Farrell said, "This is a movietone."

celebrities extended a rousing welcome to warm up the hands across the sea. Left to right, are shown: Henry C. Owen, Vilma Banky, Samuel Goldwyn, William J. Locke, Sir Charles Igglesden, Charles Chaplin and W. J. T. Collins.

Hollywood

Too Busy For Cupid

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is so busy running from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to Quickie studios, working nights in one place and days in another, that she can't find time for her marriage to director Clarence Brown. It's no put up job, this constant discussion of the hardships that the motion picture gals have in saving time for the boy friends or their husbands.

Putting It On

LEW CODY was sitting peacefully having dinner in a Hollywood cafe when a young man approached and held out his hand in greeting.

"Hello, Lew," the young man said enthusiastically. "How's Mabel? That's fine. Say, meet a friend of mine, Lew, Mr. Blank, of Kansas City. Good scout. Drop in and see me sometime."

Lew was amazed by it all. He had never seen the man before in his life. As the stranger left the cafe he slipped over to Lew's table and whispered in that astonished gentleman's ear.

"You really don't know me at all. My friend thinks I'm a big shot out here in Hollywood and I just wanted to put it on. Thanks for playing the part."

And he walked out.

More For the Mailman

BILLIE DOVE'S fan mail has steadily been creeping up on that of Clara Bow. This last month the First National figures show that Billie's was a few thousand *more* than Clara's.

What does this mean? Are the sweet *I'm-not-that-kind-of-a-girl* actresses going to replace the hoydenish *come-hither* flappers?

Clara doesn't seem worried. Neither are we excited about it. It's good acting that keeps Clara where she is —not just being a flapper!

Billie has taken up painting as a side issue to the art of acting. Her first canvas work was a bowl of pansies, which she presented to her husband, Irving Willat, in commemoration of their wedding anniversary.

Her Public

DIRECTOR George Fitzmaurice is very nervous, almost temperamental. He was directing Colleen Moore. A great many visitors were on the set and they annoyed Mr. Fitzmaurice. "Get these people off the set!" he told his assistant.

Colleen spoke up, "Better leave 'em on. They're probably the only ones that will see the picture."

It Fell For Her

THE explosion of the powder plant at First National which killed two men, nearly did away with Corinne Griffith. She was entering the studio in her car and was only a few feet from the powder building when the accident happened. A huge rock fell within three feet of the front fender. Forrest Halsey, the scenario writer, who has adapted *Saturday's Children* stood a few feet from the other fender. Even with death groping for him he could not forget that his duty lay in complimenting his employer.

"Oh," he exclaimed with loud nonchalance, as fragments continued to fall about him, "even a stone must fall at the feet of Corinne Griffith!"

He deserved the reward of writing her next picture! And he got it!

Here and There

CLARA BOW'S father is spending most of his time somewhere between Hollywood and Vancouver. His steakhouse on Beverly Boulevard, which Clara recently gave to him, no more demands his attention when he gets a wire that his bride, Tui Lorraine, also thinks she needs him. You see, Tui is in Vancouver because she is a

William Haines waxing enthusiastic about Norma Shearer's new Rolls-Royce, which looks even better when Norma is in it.

citizen of New Zealand and a British subject. She had been married three days when the United States Government found her time in this country had expired. She is trying to get re-entrance papers from Canada.

Achilles Was a Heel

THE playwright Arthur Caesar has been signed by Fox Studios to arrange his plays for the talkies. He was explaining scenes in *Napoelon's Barber* to Sol Wurtzel.

"This is where Achilles comes in—"

"Cut him out!" said Wurtzel. "Too much footage."

The Sun Dodges

A PRODUCER, new in the business and not wishing to be found out, charged up all errors to his little assistant.

They were taking a death scene out of doors. It was the high spot in the picture. The heroine had waited all day for the sun to shine that she might die. It was a long scene, she was to die hard.

Finally the sun came out and the scene was started. Before the heroine breathed her last the sun ducked behind a cloud, "There," yelled the producer, to his assistant. "You've lost the sun for me."

The dying heroine laughed right out loud and spoiled the entire shot.

Dorothy Gulliver and her adopted baby, Sheba, a Shetland pony just two weeks old. This seems to make it a horse on Dorothy.

Vamping Uncle Sam

LUPE VELEZ received a notice from the government to report for an income tax conference on the 15th of November. She remembered it on the 16th. Her friends were seriously worried about the oversight—but not Lupe!

"I'll just go down and smile at them and they won't do anything about it!" she insisted. We'll grant that Lupe

Virginia Cherill leading lady in Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "City Lights." Virginia should be able to outshine the rest of them.

Richard Arlen, in a shady nook of his secluded home—a home whose back door opens on bathing and boating, and opens often.

is the best vamp in Hollywood but if her powers extend to vamping the Government we're going to present her with a bronze trophy.

Rare Bird

RAMON NOVARRO has his own ideas about the tropics. For instance, when he left for Tahati, to film his tropic romance, *The Pagan*, he promised his friends at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, that he would bring back a "South Seas Whifflebat."

"The whifflebat," he explained, "is a tropic bird with a mournful cry. You can catch him only by going into the forest and shaking dice. When you shake the dice, the spot looks to the bird like a splick-bug, one of which whifflebats are inordinately fond. He comes down for it—and you clap the dice box over him. Dice boxes are in great demand among the natives—to trap the birds."

Don't say Ramon doesn't know his natural history.

Lucky Number

PERHAPS you wondered about Joe Murphy, the living embodiment of the chinless Mr. Andy Gump of the comics. And then perhaps you didn't. Anyway, you can't stop us now. Mr. Murphy drives a dashing green sedan on which, in golden characters, are emblazoned the words "Joe Murphy." This on the front door of the car.

The touching thing about the whole matter is that his license number is 348, the same as that of the celebrated Andy. And if you remember your comic history you will recall that dear sainted Old Doc Yak bequeathed the famous combination of numbers to Andy Gump when his

Phyllis Haver enjoying a moment of leisure between scenes on shipboard during the making of "Singapore Sal." On her left is Alan Hale.

Bessie Love is reported engaged to Eddie Foy, Jr., son of the late comedian. Bessie is returning to the screen after a considerable absence.

creator, Sid Smith, decided to dispense with Yak and devote his life to the adventures of Mr. Gump.

Needs His Humor

JOHNNY HINES *was* a Smith man. He campaigned for Smith and was a good loser. As the votes began to come in avalanche manner for Hoover, he smiled. A Republican bystander admired his spirit and said, "Well, at least you have a sense of humor."

Johnny smiled, too. "All Democrats have. We have to have to stand all you Republicans."

Inside Looking Out

DAVID BUTLER, who took Nick Stuart abroad to film *Chasing Through Europe,* spent about as much time in jails as he did making pictures. It seems there is a law abroad which prevents the taking of films in European countries by companies from America. They posed as newsreel men but the police in Spain, England, France and one other country got wise and jailed Butler. He had a nice time getting out. But he managed to and came home with a picture.

Good Deed

SOME visitors were on a set where John Gilbert was making scenes for his next picture. He was in a costume similar to tropical uniforms worn by the British soldiers, and was somewhat embarrassed by the nudity of his legs.

"Oh, a Boy Scout picture," exclaimed a nice old lady. Gilbert did one good deed that day. He didn't curse.

Wrong Man

ALL through the sorrows of Al Jolson and "Sonny Boy" in *The Singing Fool,* Paul Bern refused to weep, although Mary Duncan, whom he had squired to the performance, had shed myriads. Blinded by tears as she walked the aisle, she turned to see the man at her right flourishing a large hanky.

"At last, you old reprobate!" she whispered, none too softly, sure that the man was Bern.

But the face that appeared, astonished, from behind the very large hanky was that of a total stranger.

Mary walked hurriedly on.

In Love With Love

A NEW romance is being talked about in Hollywood. The principals are Bessie Love and Eddie Foy, Jr. Eddie had to leave Hollywood to go east on a vaudeville tour, but Bessie is soon to join him according to reports.

(*Continued on page* 105)

Mrs. Al Jolson

Ruby Keeler, as she appeared in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee"—a new unpublished pose of the little Broadway stepper who stepped into Al Jolson's heart.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN in this portrait is showing what the well-dressed Japanese lady will wear. Even a silk worm can do a snappy piece of work with Dorothy for inspiration. —*Ruth Harriet Louise.*

Corinne Griffith enjoying a moment of relaxation in a luxurious setting suited to "the aristocrat of the screen."

A Wicked Lady

Corinne Griffith tells why she enjoys the sin in cinema, and announces her intention of leaving the screen.

By HARRY CARR

WICKED ladies seem to have shown Corinne Griffith the road to happiness.

At intervals during the years, I have had long heart-to-heart talks—like little oases of mutual understanding—with her. Each time it seemed to me that I saw a new Corinne Griffith.

Well—and we have just had another one. And I have left another Corinne, different from all the others.

Hers was a curious position when she reached Hollywood. A Southern girl of gentle breeding and accustomed to be regarded as of "the quality," she made her first success in pictures because of the pure marble beauty of her figure. She was in all physical essentials a Greek statue which moved.

I remember writing of her at the time; that she wasn't quite of this world; that I was convinced she did not go to bed at night; but that, when the lights went out, a fairy ship with silver sails came for her and she sailed off on perfumed seas propelled by winds that played Viennese waltzes.

She wrote me a grave letter of reply in which she said that I was laboring under a misapprehension; that she went to sleep every night in a regular bed; and that she had been known—when she had a sore throat—to wear a red flannel band soaked with camphor.

Corinne indulges in a very pretty pout in a scene from "Outcast."

TO MY dying day, I shall absolutely refuse to believe this. After all, one must cling to some of our beautiful illusions. Not, if they put me on a rack or made me listen to radio sopranos, would I ever consent to the idea that the lovely Corinne ever wore a red flannel choker soaked with camphor.

The next time she and I had one of our talks, I found her sitting all alone on a set where—as I remember it—she was making *Black Oxen*. She didn't see me when I first came up. Waiting there, I thought I had never seen so beautiful a girl or one so sad. Her face was so petulant, so discontented and so tragically sad.

She was, at the moment, helplessly sinking beneath the waves of the black waters of a bitter domestic tragedy. Her marriage was going on the rocks that seem to threaten most Hollywood marriages. She looked as though she were sitting there waiting for the keel to bump.

I saw her briefly now and then during the years. She was very much the same—a self-contained, reserved Southern young lady who might encounter tragedy; commit murder; die for a "Cause;" or be burned at the stake; but who, never in any conceivable circumstances, would use the wrong fork at dinner.

That was a good deal

In Corinne's snappy modernistic studio bungalow on the First National lot, special mirrors enable her to see herself as others do.

Corinne Griffith as she appeared in a scene from "Outcast," surrounded by gaiety in general and Ed Lowe in particular.

the matter with her pictures. They were always lady-like, always beautiful, but didn't tell you much. She had the unique experience of rising to the height of one of the richest and most famous stars of the screen without ever making a good picture. You always came away from her pictures thinking: "Well, it was pretty tame tea; but Corinne was lovely. I must see her again when she makes another picture."

I saw her again the other day. She was just starting in on the making of a new picture—Maxwell Anderson's play, *Saturday's Children*.

She had on a queer shabby little dress, very much out at the elbows; and her eyes looked a little wan and feverish, for she had just gotten up from a siege of the flu. But she had a look that I had never seen before. It was the look of one who has arrived. The look of one who has just finished a good dinner. The look of attainment. And, if I may be so risky and so rude, the look of the cat which has just swallowed the canary.

And this is likely to be the last time we shall see her; there is not likely to be a new kind of Corinne Griffith, for she is near the end of her screen journey. She tells me that she intends to make four more pictures in order to fill out a contract. Then she will probably retire from the business of play-acting It seems to be in the air; so many stars are intending to do the same thing.

It is symptomatic of a condition—of an era. The pictures, as we have known them, are coming to an end. Talking pictures have brought about another Year One. With the passing of the silent pictures, the stars do not care to risk their fame by starting the battle over again. The cards are being shuffled all over again; and there will be new face cards.

AS THIS is the last time we may ever have a heart-to-heart talk with Corinne, we may as well look her over — politely. As it were, out of the corner of our eyes.

She is about thirty years old, I should judge. She is very beautiful. It is not the vivacious, sparkling beauty of Clara Bow. She is languid, rather distant, well-bred and always the aristocrat. She always makes me think of a thoroughbred race horse—the same clean, slim limbs, the proud carriage and the game fighting heart that nothing can down—whether of adversity, sorrow or hard luck.

She has been married twice—once very romantically and unhappily to a motion picture director named Campbell. At present to Walter Morosco, the son of an old-time theatrical family dating back to the days of forty-nine in San Francisco when the theaters were in halls. He is very charming and amiable and very attentive to Corinne. He had a good start as a director of pictures,

In spite of the wicked parts she's been playing, anybody can see that Corinne really prefers the home stretch.

out gave up his own career to manage hers. He does so with success. He fights all her studio battles—which is one reason for the new light of relief and happiness you see in her eyes. Rather non-committal, cool, inquiring eyes that see much and tell little.

According to all reliable reports, Corinne is very rich. She has made a pile of money out of her pictures—despite the fact that few of them were very good ones—and more out of Beverly Hills real estate.

She had a lovely home in Beverly, next door to Tom Mix. She sold it a year or so ago, at the top of the selling market, and went to live in a very fashionable apartment house in Beverly. Now she has bought another home in Beverly, forsaking the apartment house in high indignation because they wouldn't let her keep three dogs in the rooms.

Like most Southern girls of her social class, she has to have a raft of horses and dogs around to make her happy. In spite of her exquisite and delicate beauty which suggests shaded lights and drawing rooms, she is an out-of-door girl. She loves to work with a trowel and a spade in her rose garden.

She takes a greater part in the social life of the film colony than you would expect. There are circles within circles in Hollywood. There is a group of screen stars who, more or less, rotate around Corinne. Girls like Florence Vidor.

Out of my real regard for her, I would like to say that she is an angel on the sets and the pride and joy of each and every director with whom she works. But she isn't. She is very hard to handle and is very exacting and very determined to have her own way. The saving grace is that she has a clear, logical mind and thinks—as they say—like a man.

She left United Artists in a towering rage because she didn't like the way they made her last picture there—*The Garden of Eden.* At First National, the executives shudder when they know she is going to demand something. She is a lady who gets her way—never losing her poise or her dignity; but never losing her predominance of the situation, either.

I asked her whether—looking back over the battle—it had been worth while. I know what most stars would have replied. Most of them hate Hollywood; hate pictures and feel only bitterness for the path they have trod.

"Indeed, it has been worth while," she said. "I haven't one word to say against pictures. I have had many a hard scuffle; but so has everyone in every line of business. I am only grateful and glad of every experience I have had. I will always look back with a feeling of pleasure and thankfulness."

"Look back?"

"Yes; I have four more pictures to make. I imagine that will be the end."

(*Continued on page* 110)

Extra Money—

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

our staff correspondent, describes her day's work as an extra in the hectic whirlpool of a Hollywood set.

M. Leloir, expert on seventeenth century customs, teaching the ladies-"The Iron

DOT SPINSLY," the voucher read. "Amount—ten dollars."

"Here ya are, Dorothy," said the stranger behind the cashier's wicket. "Take it over there and get it signed and then come back."

"This way, Dorothy," said a red-whiskered individual.

Well, here I am an actress. Me with my knock-knees and that vaccination mark. I am one of those with histrionic talent. Now I'll have to get me a hobby. And endorse cigarettes.

Here I am an actress in one of Mister Douglas Fairbanks' super-productions. I've got a dress weighing twenty pounds, and aspirations. I wanna be a Pola. Give me that laurel wreath. Who said it didn't fit?

I want a pink Rolls-Royce with lavender louvers. I want a permanent pass to fame, with stop-over privileges. I want a . . . I want a . . .

This is the way it started.

"Why don't you," said Mr. Fairbanks, stirring his tea in brisk fashion, "why don't you be a lady-in-waiting in my next picture, *The Iron Mask*? We are going to have Countess Bambii (or was it Zambesi? Or is there a Countess Zambesi? I never was much for geography. I always excelled in recess)."

"And," continued Mr. Fairbanks, "we are going to have—ah—er—Carlotta Monti, the Spanish dancer, in the court room scene."

So there you are. What could I do? I had always wanted to meet a real Countess. The town is full of synthetic Countesses, since that last bear raid. And I had just missed seeing Countess Peggy Hopkins Joyce Morner on her last trip to the coast. It happened there was a band concert at Griffith Park that day, and you couldn't expect me to miss that, could you?

Doug buzzed a button and up popped two assistants. One was "Lucky" Humberstone, and the other was Vinton Vernon, and we soon decided it was a situation that needed a woman's gentle aid. There are moments like that. "Come over tomorrow at eleven and get a costume," said "Lucky," making a quick getaway.

"These costumes weren't made for you modern girls," sighed May Hallett, the next morning. "The seventeenth century women lived on pastries and chatter. They were all curves. You girls have shoulders like coat hangers. Perfectly square," pulling in a handfull of cloth to give that voluptuous, cake-eating look. The effect was more like a pretzel, from nature's deficiencies, not Miss Hallett's.

All around were beautiful girls waiting to be fitted into brocades. Violet-eyed girls with soft, crimson, pouting lips. Blondes and brunettes, gazing with dewy, wide-eyed, blue-lidded innocence. That is, they were gazing.

They are ladies-in-waiting, too. Waiting on one foot and then the other. Waiting to try their costumes on. Waiting to go onto the set. Waiting for the camera to start grinding. Waiting for some director to discover them. Waiting to be starred. Waiting for the "breaks."

Hollywood is full of ladies-in-waiting. Only some do it more gracefully than others.

I am a lady-in-waiting. What am I waiting for? Well, just now I'm waiting for Fred Ryle to tell me what to do with this brown paste that looks like shoe polish. Already my face is smeared with sunflower-colored greasepaint. My brows are anointed. My lashes mascaraed. My lids painted. Grand Canyon at sundown has nothing on me.

They *Earn* It!

in-waiting how to curtsy while waiting in Doug Fairbanks' Mask."

" . . . and you should have your eyebrows plucked," continues Fred. But I think an actress should retain her individuality.

The brown shoe polish goes on my lips. They're using panchromatic film.

"Now you'd better get your wig. Up one flight of stairs and to the right."

The wigroom is full of blonde, brunette and auburn scalps.

Nina Roberts picks one up. It's ash blonde, with corkscrew curls to the fore of each ear. Around my head goes the wig band, a four-inch wide gauze on which is anchored the wig. The wig is crammed down. The curls adjusted, and so are the beau-catchers that rim the forehead. Pearls are linked about the puff at the top of the head. I look like grandmother's maiden sister. But you have to make some sacrifices to Art.

"There you are!" chuckles Nina Roberts.

And here I am, an actress. All I have to do is to take off my make-up and report for work at eight o'clock, sharp, in the morning.

Well, this wasn't too hard for Pola. Gloria had to do the same thing. And Colleen Moore. And Estelle Taylor. But did they have to wear wig bands and brown lipstick?

Came the dawn, at the usual hour. And eight o'clock on its heels. There should be no eight o'clock.

Dorothy Spensley, who put in the tough day described in this article, makes one more bow to her readers while she's still able.

Get your time slip. Get your costume. Run upstairs and get your wig. The dressing room is a long stall with lockers, presided over by an aged watchman, with a jangling ring of keys. A returned Casanova, perhaps, making his way through an earthly paradise of luscious forms. Lovely bodies scramble into satins and laces, curls flying, powder clouding.

"Locker man! Locker man! Will you lock this?" a haughty beauty of the court of Louis, a moment ago a bobbed-skirted flapper, commands.

Girls with sponges and bottles of pink liquid rush after sunburned shoulders, revealed by decolletage. Wig adjusters fly here and there applying hairpins, combing out curls—"wasps" were the style, the research department

Doug and Marguerite De La Motte, in a face-to-face encounter, showing how the famous Fairbanks always gets a grip on the situation.

Douglas Fairbanks and Dorothy Spensley deciding that the career of an actress is a punk prospect—for Dorothy.

has just discovered. Wispy strands of hair.

My wig band is gone. Where, oh where, is my wig band? What will happen? Is this the end of my career? Did George Washington wear a wig band? Well, certainly he must have lost it at one time or another. What did he do, then, with his peruke? What did the Father of Our Country do when he lost his wig band? That's something to ask Rupert Hughes. What did he do . . . he do?

The clock is nearly at nine. Assistant directors are dashing in to tell the ladies-in-waiting of the court of good Louis the Thirteenth to rush to the bedchamber of their Queen, an heir is about to be born. What's an heir, when your wig band is lost?

Put the wig on without a wig band, then, and lose it in the middle of a big dramatic scene.

There is much whispering among the ladies of the court. Someone has just brought word that unless a great portion of feminine anatomy above the tight bodice is shown, the ladies of the court will lose their appointments, not alone their ten dollars.

"Not for ten dollars a day will I show an inch more," a lady of the grande dame type declares.

In some quarters stockings are hastily snatched from slim legs and crammed into brocaded bodices.

Last call. It's nine o'clock. Down on the set, everyone. Allan Dwan, the director, is waiting for you. We are going to start with the grand processional.

There are seventy-five, maybe a hundred, of us—dames and gallants. You can tell the men because they have their necks covered. One of the three pages in pink is a girl, French and Spanish. A beauty. I know she's a girl because she dressed in our dressing room.

We have to learn to bow, the royal curtsy. None of your synthetic dips. "Stand firmly on your right foot, point your left in front of it. Cut a wide circle with your left and bring it far to the back, bending, with right leg extended, toe pointed. Bend as far as you can to the floor." Ouch! Etiquette was never before like this.

The dames of the court are lined up and as M. Leloir, of France, original illustrator of the Dumas books, expert on seventeenth century customs, passes each one, she curtsies.

"Tres bien!" he says, but of course when a girl has natural grace it comes easily. Ouch! that old left leg.

Now we are on the set. Overhead the Kleigs are sputtering and casting blue lights. Assistants are darting about. Wardrobe women are making last minute repairs. Fans and long gloves are being passed out.

My partner is a nice Englishman with a beard.

"Now listen," said Harry Weil, one of the assistants, "when I shout 'two' you walk out that door with this guy. Remember, now, 'two'."

The camera is through that door, and there is the grand promenade and the stairs, just below the camera. Isn't this simple? He shouts "two" and my partner and I walk into the foreground. The camera grinds. And yet they say acting is hard. Why, it is to chortle. Ha ha! And they are paid thousands a week to do this. It's like bumping off a log or something.

All right. Here we go. People are all arranged. The lights sizzle.

"Ready, folks! You're talking. Act interested, lively."

Allan Dwan (seated, with megaphone) and assistants prepare to follow Doug with the camera when he enters the courtroom in a scene from The Iron Mask—*"What the extras need," says Miss Spensley, "are iron legs."*

My partner turns to me, "And-so-and-so-and-so-and-so-and-so-and-so-and-so-and-so-and-so-and-so." He sounds like a cracked phonograph record. I am amazed. Is the man daft?

He smiles, "and-so-and-so-and-so . . . Now you talk to me. Say something, just so your mouth moves. That's what we always do."

People are swishing about, majestically. This is the court of a Louis. Whoopee, Louis!

"Two!" someone bellows, and we start forward. "And-so-and-so-and-so-and-so," I coyly insist, waving my feather fan, nervously. My overskirt, trailing behind, feels like a freight train, overdue.

Some people are walking up the grand stairs. Nice party, this. Here come some pages, tooting on trumpets. Hurrah! we've made the door. Here comes a pompous boy in satins. Wonder if we can make it before the traffic signals change? Come on! try and cut across in front of him.

"Down! Down! Down!" Probably some fool extra they're yelling at. We go sublimely on. Almost knocked down the big boy in satins. All about are people sinking toward the floor. Gallants and dandies scrape their heels.

"Down!" yells one voice. Oh, it's Mister Fairbanks right there by the camera. See, it's Mister Fairbanks. He waves his arms up and down, like morning exercises. "Down!"

Oh. He means me.

It seems that the big boy in satins is the King and you are never supposed to cross a King. You're to drop everything and rush into a curtsy when he arrives.

Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Dwan had a conference, then and there, and decided to title the scene immediately. They called it N. G.

Maybe it was just as well that Harry Weil gave No. Two to some other couple, because it really was rather tiring to walk across the floor that way, and, anyway, I'd rather wait awhile and learn all I can about the business, rather than to be prematurely featured.

Well, that's over. It only took a couple of hours to shoot that shot. And, really, I rather enjoyed standing in the background, it gives one a chance to think, you know. And how seldom one finds time to do that these days, what with the radio and reducing exercises and all that.

Now they are going to change the camera angle. The King is about to enter our reception room. It leads into the Queen's bedchamber, where the heir will soon be apparent.

"Remember, you make a pathway when the King approaches, and bow, keeping your eyes on him. Eyes on the King all the time! He stops to talk to Richelieu, but you stay bowed."

The King comes, he pauses, he stops. We bow. Will that old left leg bear up? It shakes. It quivers. What if my wig should decide to slip, too? The King still talks. He's smirking. The King is smirking. Isn't that funny? But what would he do if the leg of one of the ladies of his court gave way? Would he smirk if she sat, suddenly? Goody, he's leaving Richelieu, and well he should. Oh, what I know about Richelieu! Hurry, King. Hurry, hurry. The old leg can't stand this much longer.

(*Continued on page* 104)

Happy Ending

Dolores Costello and John Barrymore bring to a happy culmination in marriage the romance which started when John chose Dolores for his leading lady in "The Sea Beast."

By JANICE DAILEY

AN UNOSTENTATIOUS white altar—

Two figures kneeling before it. One in simple white satin; the other in conventional male afternoon attire.

Just three attendants. Helene Costello standing back and a little to the side of her sister, Dolores; Lionel Barrymore in the same relative position to his brother, John; Mrs. Mae Costello hovering about with the usual tears of a mother losing her first daughter in marriage.

The guests had been invited for three-thirty. They thought they were arriving for the wedding. But Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore greeted them hand in hand; the wedding ceremony had been performed at three o'clock in the privacy of the family.

John's eyes were still wet with tears. "It was the biggest thrill of my life," he told each of his intimate friends as they congratulated him. And those friends declare that for once John Barrymore was not acting. His emotions, his tears which overflowed at each new word of encouragement, were genuine.

Mary and Doug, Ernst Lubitsch, Commodore Blackton, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, Bess Meredith, Louis Wolheim, Michal Curtiz and a score of others—only the most intimate friends of the couple; witnessed these emotional feelings—and they were the only ones to enjoy the huge cake with its candied bride and groom tethered with a ball and chain, the one touch of humor in the solemn occasion.

LATE though they were for the ceremony, they pressed around to offer congratulations to the couple, to Dolores radiant and lovely, to John, still powerfully affected by it all.

Dolores was wearing a gown of cream chantilly lace over a slip of bisque satin of the utmost simplicity, her only ornament a marquis diamond pin holding a cluster of lilies of the valley in the hollow of her shoulder. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms in her hair. Barrymore was garbed in formal afternoon dress.

And even these friends were denied the use of their rice which they had, according to custom, brought with them! Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore slipped away through the garage and disappeared to the groom's Beverly Hills home while their friends waited in the front lawn wondering why they did not come out to the car, too obviously waiting.

The fulfillment of a three year romance—this wedding.

A notable union joining two of the outstanding families of the world of mimicry, Dolores, daughter of Maurice Costello, adored idol of movie goers a generation ago, sister of Helene; and John, brother of Ethel Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore, son of John Barrymore the elder and nephew of the late John Drew.

Are they happy? Just look at this picture of Dolores and John taken immediately after the wedding and judge for yourselves.

BUT LET us go back three years—a little more than three years.

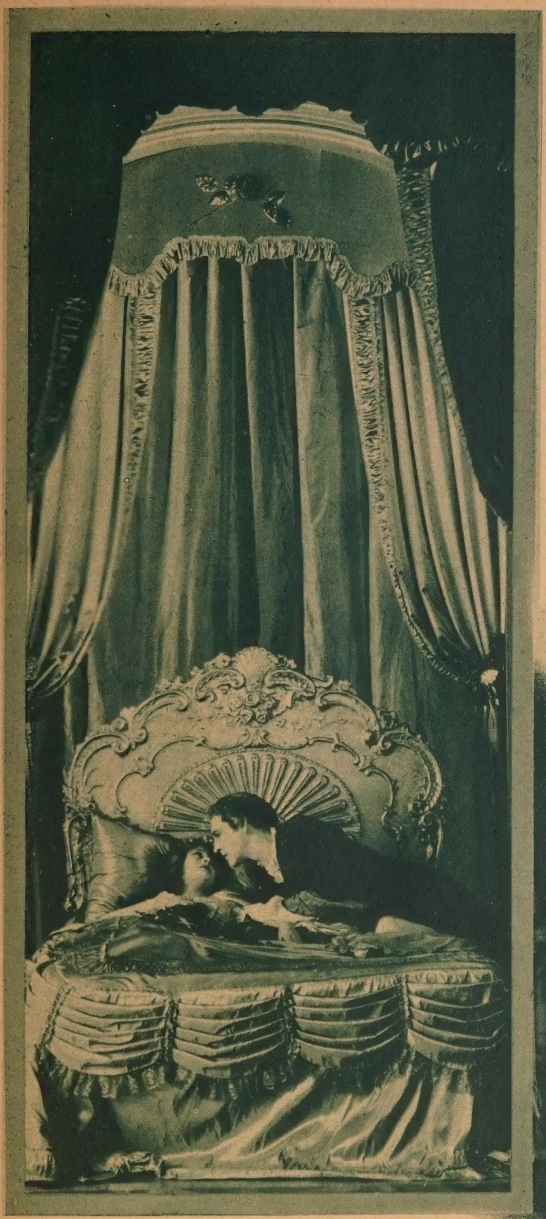
Among the flickering luminaries of George White's Scandals were two specialty dancers, girls in their teens, gay, with eyes full of laughter. Their names were Dolores and Helen—but they were billed as the daughters of Maurice Costello.

They were playing in Chicago.

Jack Warner, executive of Warner Bros., stopped off en route from New York to Hollywood. The same Jack Warner that Maurice Costello had known, a wide-eyed, penniless boy about the New York theaters, now become a powerful producer.

He saw the two girls and he saw Dolores' wistful smile. He brought them to Hollywood.

John Barrymore was working at Warner Bros., then



John was an ardent wooer in one of these scenes from When a Man Loves.

He had a typical Barrymore contract which stated that all the people connected with his picture must meet with his personal approval.

They were casting for *The Sea Beast.* But the leading lady whom Warners had chosen for him did not meet with the Barrymore approval. Practically every leading lady in this city was brought before him. Again and again he smiled that quizzical Barrymore smile and shook his head.

Things were at a standstill. The star lolled in his dressing room while casting directors combed the ranks of the battalion of beauty and talent in a vain effort to please his fancy. Barrymore sat and smoked and shook his head.

Meanwhile the Costello sisters had come to Hollywood. But there seemed to be no place for them. They were lost in the ranks of the extras.

One morning, Barrymore, idling on the long balcony which runs across the front of the administration building at the studio, found his attention suddenly arrested by a fleeting vision of a blonde beauty in a group of extras below.

"Who is she?" he demanded.

He would not rest until Jack Warner had sought her out for him.

He questioned her, he studied her. Then at last one day he called Dolores to him and broke the news. He told her that he wanted her for his leading woman in *The Sea Beast.*

Dolores could not believe at first that this had really happened to her, an undistinguished extra, so lately a dancer in the *Scandals,* scarcely known except as the daughter of a once popular idol of the screen.

But at length Barrymore succeeded in persuading her that he had actually brought this miracle to pass. There followed long days of preparation for the part, days in which they existed only in the romantic past of the picture, while Barrymore imbued her with his conception of the lovely heroine, so that Dolores, appearing before the camera for the first time in an important role, seemed to be living the part instead of acting it.

Dolores in a regal pose.

IN THOSE days of preparation sympathy and understanding were born between them that formed the foundation of the love that was to come.

Barrymore was attracted by Dolores' humor, wit and charm, as well as by her ravishing beauty. He has often said that he considers her the greatest leading woman he has ever had on stage or screen. Dolores, on her part, felt the attraction of his dynamic personality.

That first picture assured her a place of prominence on the screen. She was an immediate sensation.

They made another picture together, entitled, significantly, perhaps, *When a Man Loves.*

Barrymore was not yet free. He was still married to the former Blanche Oelrichs, New York society woman, who has made a reputation for herself as a playwright under the pen name of Michael Strange, although he had been separated from her ever since he came to Hollywood several years before.

Very quietly they set about getting a divorce, so quietly in fact that when Mrs. Barrymore received her final decree, no one knew of the fact.

This very quietness lead to complications on the eve of the wedding.

Hollywood was startled when Dolores Costello and John Barrymore appeared before the license clerk and filed declaration of intent to wed, as required by the California law. It was thought that Barrymore would not marry again., He gave his age as forty-one. Dolores gave hers as twenty-two.

Then the storm broke. An anonymous phone call informed the license clerk that Barrymore was not free to marry. Reporters besieged him for three days until the very date of the wedding, but could learn nothing more. Hollywood was agog with excitement. Such marital tangles had happened before.

There was Barbara La Marr who found an unsuspected legal bar to romance; Jacqueline Logan who sought a second husband to find she was still legally tied to a first.

In the face of all the sudden furore aroused by the rumors that he was still married, Barrymore maintained a characteristically detached and sophisticated position.

He was bombarded with telephone calls. Newspapers came out openly and demanded an explanation. Barrymore refused to make a statement. He let the hue and cry rage about him. He went quietly ahead with the wedding without a word to any one.

Dolores, too, was not without her difficulties. The day before the wedding some obscure young gentleman who apparently imagined himself a rejected suitor appeared on the lawn of her home and held forth at length regarding the impending ceremony. He was removed by the police.

At the eleventh hour there came a dispatch from Michael Strange in France, saying that the final decree had been granted several months ago.

The wedding day was the first period of serenity after days of turmoil. Love had leaped the hurdles, triumphing over obstacles in true story book fashion to reach a happy ending.

A joyful tale this, of love supreme finding its fulfillment.

But like many happy tales it has its shadow.

The shadow is the story of a broken, disappointed man, a gentleman and an actor of the old school who sought to remain the master of his own home—and failed.

He is Maurice Costello, once the glory of Broadway and the old Vitagraph Studios, and the father of two talented daughters, Dolores and Helene.

It goes back some time to the day when Costello came on from New York to join the family. He arrived to find John Barrymore the idol of his household. He was relegated to a secondary place.

COSTELLO did not approve of John Barrymore dancing attendance upon his daughter. At that time Barrymore was still married. He was considerably older than Dolores. Furthermore he was an idol of the screen, just the sort of an idol that Costello himself had been in his day.

He knew well the tempestuous life required of a screen and stage star. It had not brought him peace and happiness. How could Dolores find happiness, then, with a screen idol for a husband?

He felt that his position as head of the house, should make his advice heeded. He had been the sole bread winner for the family and had given the girls the best education possible. He had watched over them and cared for them.

But now things had changed. Dolores was the star instead of Maurice, and she was of age. Both of the girls were financially independent.

"Things came to a crisis one night," Costello declared afterwards, "I said to the family, 'I am going to step out of my character as the bystander and say something. I want Dolores to stop going with John Barrymore.'

"Dolores pointed out that she was of age and entitled to do as she pleased. There was nothing else to be said, so I left the house."

Maurice Costello never returned to live with his family. They would come to see him sometimes, but he did not go back.

Dolores spending a leisure hour in the yard of her magnificent Hollywood home with her Scotch terrier.

Dolores Costello as she appeared in the first scenes of The Sea Beast, *with all her wistful beauty displayed to advantage.*

Dolores and John in a scene from The Sea Beast, *which ripened their love and brought Dolores to stardom.*

Several months later he was awarded a divorce from Mrs. Mae Costello on grounds of mental cruelty.

On the evening of the day that Dolores Costello and John Barrymore announced their intention to wed, Maurice Costello was dining out with a friend. As he got up from the dinner table and went into the living room to get a cigarette, he heard these words coming over the radio—in the digest of the day's news—"John Barrymore applies for license to wed Dolores Costello." Was he dreaming?

He could not believe his ears. He could not realize that it was true—that this thing that he had tried so hard to prevent was happening.

Costello rushed to the telephone to call the papers. It was out of order. He ran out onto the street seeking a copy of the paper. It was only six-thirty. The early evening edition of the morning paper does not hit the street until seven-thirty. The next hour was perhaps the longest in the former movie hero's life. He lived over again every detail of the turmoil that had gone before in his life.

At seven-thirty the newspapers confirmed the radio announcement.

Maurice Costello went home to a nondescript bungalow on a typical Hollywood street of their nondescript bungalows. All night long he paced the worn carpet in the bare living room.

Now and then he looked out the window and up the street. Far above him on a hilltop he could see lights twinkling in a magnificent hacienda. Behind those walls which gleamed faintly white in the moonlight through the pepper trees, hasty and happy preparations were being made for the wedding.

There were pictures on the bare walls—pictures of Dolores and Helene—quaint old-fashioned pictures taken when they were little girls playing minor roles with their distinguished father.

"Helene, my baby, if only you would come to see your poor old daddy!" he murmured brokenly.

All night long he struggled with himself. At last as day was breaking he decided to do the generous thing for his daughter.

He sat down and wrote a long letter concluding with the following lines:

"I have given my forgiveness and I give my blessing for a long and happy wedlock. Lovingly, Dad."

He did not go to the wedding to give the bride away.

While John Barrymore was crying tears of surpassing joy at the vistas of happiness opening up before him after the storms he had weathered, alone in the solitude of his little bungalow, Maurice Costello, whose name was once magic on thousands of lips, cried, too, with no one to press his hand. Who knows what his emotions or his thoughs were?

Will this wedding, uniting two of the greatest acting families of America, which promises such happiness, bring peace with it as well?

Talkie Talk

A new department devoted to development and personalities in the sound picture movment—a feature in SCREEN SECRETS every month from now on.

WITH the importance of sound pictures looming greater every day and unfolding new possibilities constantly, no real fan can afford to miss the developments as they happen—especially now in the early thrilling days of this stupendous innovation. For this reason we are happy to place before our readers TALKIE TALKS, *a department in which last-minute news and inside stories from the sound studios of Hollywood and New York will appear each month.*—THE EDITOR.

Louise Fazenda and John Miljan are listening to the "playback" record of their voices in the first scenes of The Desert Song.

Quiet, Please!

MOST every day some amazing or puzzling experience with the "talkies" is encountered. Roy Pomeroy, in charge of their production at Paramount, has found, for instance, that a beaded dress creates a loud commotion; that the jingling of bracelets and the almost imperceptible creaking of strands of pearl beads also record. Which, strange as it may seem, is necessitating the acquisition of rubber jewelry.

The delicacy of these recording instruments was exemplified during the filming of *Interference* at the Paramount studio recently. Clive Brook was speaking lines before the microphone and becoming nervous, as many do, got his words tangled. In exasperation, because the scene had to be done over again, he slapped his hand against his leg. The slight concussion blew out every tube in the recording machine which had been attuned only to voices.

Norma Shearer, said to have one of the finest reproducing voices in Hollywood taking a test.

Five Songs In This One

IN *LUCKY BOY,* the forthcoming talkie starring George Jessel, this well-known singer-actor will sing five songs. One of them will be the theme song called *My Mother's Eyes.*

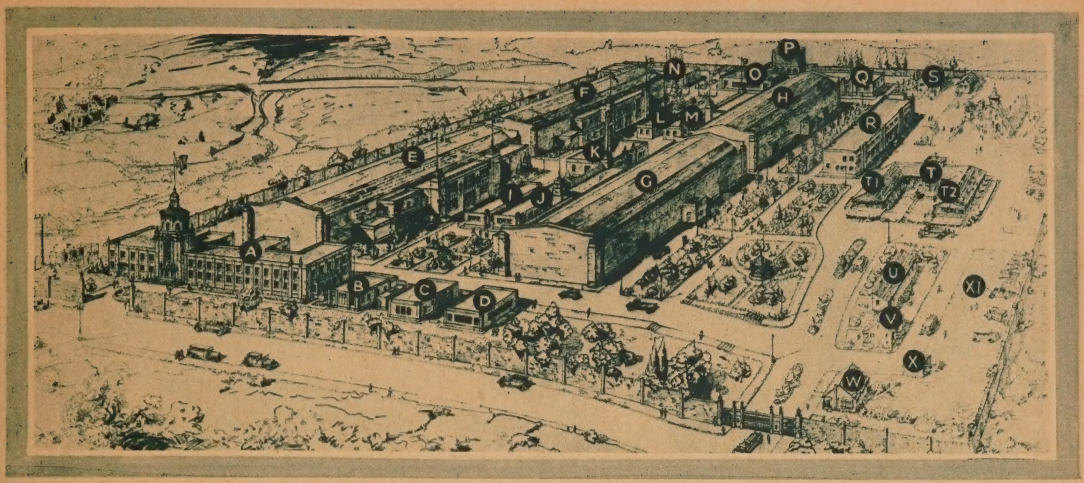
What Are the Sound Waves Saying?

PAUL LENI was filming *The Last Warning* for Universal with Laura La Plante. The day's "rushes" were run in the projecting room. The star's words seemed at times to be ejected through her teeth. There was a little "cheet cheet" at the end of some lines and occasionally a sort of suppressed whistle. Again, when she was saying nothing at all, there came a "sui-sui" from her lips.

"Say, Laura!" interposed Leni, "what's the idea of all the whistling? That isn't in the script. English, 'aren't spoke' that way, you know. I never noticed that you try to whistle and talk at the same time."

"I don't!" replied the blonde star indignantly. "That whistling isn't mine."

The same thing occurred during the showing of



Here is the vast new Fox Studio plant, recently erected, devoted exclusively to the production of sound and talking pictures. The buildings are as follows: (a) administration building, (b) projection room, (c) recital hall, (d) cutting room and test laboratory, (e, f, g, h) sound-proof stages, (i, j) air conditioning building, (k, l, m) engineers' buildings, (n) transportation building, (o) generator building, (p) cooling tower, (q) electric building, (r) drafting room building, (s) foundry, (t) paint shop and prop department, (u, v, w) directors' offices, (x) garage, parking grounds.

the next day's rushes. Only, the entire company seemed to have gotten the "cheeping" habit. They cheeped at everything. Which started an investigation immediately by studio officials.

An electrician discovered that sparrows in the studio eaves were doing their bit for the microphone. The singing of the birds was barely audible and yet the sensitive instrument picked up their notes and reproduced them. Naturally, some of the scenes had to be re-taken. Universal now has its sound-proof stages. Shortly all studios will be thus equipped.

Making It Harder

THE long-established list of preferred extras, kept by all studios, is coming in for drastic revision. As a result of the talkies, the lists must now be prepared with special emphasis on the vocal qualifications of the extra, and tests of the most promising extras are now being conducted. Heretofore it's been a matter of personality, type, and wardrobe, but now the casting director decides after hearing what the extra has to say for himself.

IN AN effort to determine whether or not the public likes talkies, SCREEN SECRETS *will offer Five Dollars each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies.*

Thumbs Down

A VIGOROUS protest against the talkies comes from that unfortunate group, the deaf mutes, who contend that the action of pictures is now much slower and that without explanatory subtitles they are difficult to follow. And that if it's a question of lip reading, they'd prefer stage performances for the color and closer proximity of the actors.

Voices in Arcadia

DOLORES DEL RIO has recently been going over the sound stages at the United Artists studio, having them explained to her in preparation for the forthcoming picture, *Evangeline,* in which she will star. At present she is expected to sing a song or two in this picture, she being equipped with an excellent and well-trained voice. Having heard Mary Pickford's voice tests, Dolores reported enthusiastically that America's Sweetheart has a voice of arresting beauty and tone.

A New Film Roster?

ANOTHER outstanding talkie voice is that of Norma Shearer, and this despite the fact that she has had no stage experience whatever. But hers is the exceptional case; drastic changes seem certain to occur in the roll call of stars as we know it now. Judged by successes thus far, these seem scheduled for permanent top positions: Al Jolson, Lionel Barrymore, Gladys Brockwell, Edward Everett Horton, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Vondell Darr, Johnny Arthur, Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, Bert Lytell and Doris Kenyon.

What, No Girls?

AS IF the novelty of sound were not enough, the Movietone feature *Friendship* will have no girls in the picture. Edward Earle, back in Hollywood after a year in New York, will play the leading role, and others in the cast include Robert Edeson, Donald Gallagher, Carl Miller and Joseph Striker. The absence of feminine appeal proves once more that anything's possible in Hollywood.

Not So Young

TALKING pictures are not as new as the public imagines. The principal on which it depends, the photographing of sound waves, was known fifty years ago.

In 1909, Charles Pathe, president of Pathe Films, sat in a projection room in his Paris office while a picture that talked was run off before him. It was a breathless

(*Continued on page* 108)

RAMON NOVARRO has found an excellent foil for his swarthy comeliness in the blonde beauty of Anita Page. They played together in The Flying Fleet.

Ramon's Dreams *Come* True

A musical career on which he is about to embark has been the rainbow in Ramon Novarro's sky.

By HARRY CARR

Ramon is a dreamer, as can be seen from this picture, but he has the happy faculty of making his dreams come true.

RAMON NOVARRO'S dreams always come true.

I have never—in all my experience—known another case like his. As a dreamer, he calls his shots like a pool player.

His whole life has been one long series of little goals—little hills to be climbed. And I suppose that this is the real story of any man's life: what his heart called for, and what he got or didn't get. What we know of the average man's life is just the stuff he keeps in the show window.

I happen to know this other life of Ramon's.

It is a valuable story for any one to know and to hear because Ramon says that any one—holding to the right thoughts—could do what he has done. He ascribes all his success to his philosophy. His looks, his talent, his charm—they were just the tools he used; his philosophy was the motive power.

AND so I am going to tell you the story of this little Mexican boy who started with everything against him and every obstacle to climb; who took one bunker after another until at last he has achieved the one great golden dream that—back of all his other dreams—has been the rainbow in his sky. This was his ambition to be a grand opera singer. He has just signed a contract that will make this dream come true. Under the terms of it he will be on the screen half the year; the other half he will give to music. Nobody ever before tackled grand opera under such favorable circumstances—the ambitious singer starving on $5,000 per week.

Ramon drank in mysticism and philosophy with his mother's milk. He was born in Durango, Mexico; and in his veins ran the blood of an ancient and forgotten race. The one great pride of Ramon's heart is that he can trace his descent back through the Aztecs to the Mayans who once inhabited the lower part of Mexico and Central America.

They were a very remarkable people . . . as we know from the ruins of their empire. What is to be especially stressed in this story of Ramon Novarro, however, is that they had great knowledge of such arts and sciences as astronomy, numerology and so on. They knew certain properties of higher mathematics fully 1,000 years before European scientists had figured them out. To this day, no calendar has ever been produced which recorded time as accurately and perfectly as the ancient Mayan calendar found in their jungle-grown ruins.

These were the people to whom Ramon's heart reaches back. I once wrote a story in which I suggested that Ramon had been one of the beautiful boys who—every year—were sacrificed on the high altars of the Mayan temples—their hearts cut out of their living bodies and the bleeding body then thrown into the dark depths of the sacred lake of Chichen Itza. And Ramon more than half believes it.

Born, as I say, near the one town where the Aztec language is still spoken—or twittered, for it sounds like the twittering of birds—Ramon was sent as a child to a Jesuit College to be prepared for the priesthood. There—although he did not remain to take his holy orders—he learned many mysterious things not given to the knowledge of many men.

WHEN he came to California to try to break into the movies, Ramon's first thought was to set all his mental conditions right.

His family name was Samaniegos. He found, upon experiment, that it did not work out right in numerology. So he persuaded the family to lop off the final "S."

When he touched the fringes of Hollywood, however,

All the time that Ramon has been working in pictures he has kept up his study of music on the side. Besides his vocal accomplishments, he is also a master of the violin.

he found that it wasn't a name worth a hang for the screen so he changed it to Novarro. Of course the right way to spell this old Spanish name is with an "A"—Navarro. But this didn't work out correctly in numerology. So he made the A into an O.

Having got his bearing right for the voyage, he fixed up his colors. He is always careful in this regard for he is a firm believer in the power of colors on the mind.

For instance, he once visited a little country place where I live most of the year in a mountain valley near Los Angeles. We were standing on the top of a little hill when Ramon turned to me curiously.

"Did you say this place was very soothing to you?"

"Yes—very."

"Do you know why?"

"Sure; nobody to bother me."

Ramon smiled. "That hasn't a thing in the world to do with it. What color do you see when you look around you?"

I looked across the little valley to the mouth of the Big Tujunga Canyon; then west to the San Fernando Mission and east to the snowy heights of Mount San Antonio. Everywhere I saw a soft violet mist—filtered down into the little valleys like old wine. And so I told him.

"Violet," he repeated. "That, my dear Harry, is why the place is soothing to you. It's the color."

HAVING arranged all these details, Ramon started to batter the gates of fame and fortune. His first goal was dancing. It came naturally to his slender feet; but the experiences he had trying to get a chance would have turned back a boy with less of a feeling of destiny.

Ramon tells me that he never had a qualm during all these days as to his final success. He says that every time he was turned down, he always said to himself: "I didn't get that particular thing because Providence had something better for me to wait for."

During his toughest times, he was always fortified by a little story they told him in the Jesuit College—or perhaps it was his mother who told him. Anyhow, this was the story:

A man burdened with a woe too great for him to carry prayed for light and for help. In a dream Christ came to his bedside and asked him what was the matter. He said that his cross was too great for him to bear; he could stagger no longer under it.

"Come," said the Christ in compassion. He led the afflicted man to the edge of a great pit. The pit was filled with crosses. Christ said that the man might pick out his own cross inasmuch as the old one was too heavy.

In a corner of the pit, the man saw among the crosses a little tiny, tiny, tiny cross. He almost hesitated to ask for it; but at last mustered up his courage and said he would take that one.

"That," said Christ, "Is the one you are already carrying."

I have told this little story because the lives of men are fortified and made strong by various thoughts; each one different. This was Ramon's strength.

In this early day one of his cruelest disappointments came at the hands of Mary Garden. She was singing in Los Angeles. He couldn't get a chance to see her; so he waited in front of the theater until she came out after the show. He rushed up to her as she came down the steps—almost flinging himself at her feet.

"Oh, Miss Garden," he cried, "Please give me a trial. I can dance, sing and act."

"What a very remarkable young man," said Miss Garden, coolly, as she swept on past him.

I saw him get another cruel blow in the Griffith studio. He had been waiting for a long time for a try-out and at last it came.

Ramon had made up a little play in which he played

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Now It Can Be Told!

Clara Bow—*She was easy to recognize, wasn't she? Clara is still the big-hearted kid she was before she acquired movie fame.*

Marceline Day—*A trifle difficult for some fans to name. She first played in bathing girl comedies and is reported engaged to Richard Dix.*

Marie Prevost—*Most fans knew her. Too bad Marie's married life with Kenneth Harlan couldn't last. She is now getting a divorce.*

Janet Gaynor—*Those who saw "Seventh Heaven" identified Janet. She's going to marry soon. And the man's a young San Francisco attorney named Lydell Peck.*

June Collyer—*This is the girl who was difficult to name. And strange, too, as she is very popular. She is the young lady who gets specially designed dresses for each picture.*

Buddy Rogers—*Everybody knew Buddy, the boy who, in spite of his stardom, lives on $18.00 per week lodgings at the Hollywood home of a fraternity brother.*

SCREEN SECRETS Magazine's $1500 "Guess Who" Contest, has closed with the entries still uncounted. Did you guess the names of the six stars correctly? Here their identities are revealed—with news of this big contest.

THE stampede is on! Hundreds upon hundreds of letters from film fans the country over—and many from foreign ports, too—have literally swamped this office with answers to SCREEN SECRETS Guess Who Contest which started in the December issue.

And hundreds upon hundreds more are coming! Each hour of the working day finds more of the heavy canvas bags packed to the full with answers—the winning ones included, but who knows where—added to the truck loads that already have been unloaded.

Never in the history of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine has there been such a humdinger contest. Though perfectly simple—any movie fan in the world would have had a good chance of winning a prize — the Guess Who Contest has struck the popular appeal, thus following the tradition of SCREEN SECRETS.

The letters from the fans, telling who their favorite stars are and why, were particularly interesting. You will remember that it was largely on the basis of these letters that the prizes were to be awarded—after the correct identification of the stars had been made, of course. The letters ranged widely both as to choice of star and reasons for approving that star above all others; some were mere expressions of personal liking, while others were serious critiques of the actor's art. Certainly many stars will be surprised at the impressions they have created in the minds of some fans—impressions gathered from the far corners of the earth and from people whose opinions are rarely expressed in print. Some of these letters will appear in the March issue—don't miss them.

Film fans from everywhere have participated in it. From the smallest hamlet and village of the country to sunny California and metropolitan New York contributions have arrived. Even movie fans of Canada, England, Hawaii, France, Belgium and other foreign parts have tried their memory and skill for the big prize money.

A special staff of clerks has been added to the Contest Editor's department in order to assist the judges in finding the twenty-four winning answers and letters.

The Contest Judges are tabulating the answers now, weeding the wheat from the chaff, and facing a colossal job to segregate the entries into the eligible lists. It is hoped that their announcment of the prize winners will be ready for the March issue. Watch for the next numbers of SCREEN SECRETS—will your name be among the winners?

Winners of this Contest Announced in Coming Issue

Will your name appear in the next issue as winner of one of these big cash awards? Here are the prizes that will be given to the winning contestants—

GRAND FIRST PRIZE	$750.00
SECOND PRIZE	300.00
THIRD PRIZE	200.00
FOURTH PRIZE	50.00
ALSO TWENTY PRIZES OF TEN DOLLARS EACH	200.00

The House that

Here is the architect's drawing of Harold Lloyd's new home which overlooks the estates of other movie stars in beautiful Beverly Hills.

CASTLES in Spain are of flimsy stuff and usually fail to materialize. The exception proves the rule. Harold Lloyd is erecting *his* house of dreams upon a hilltop overlooking Beverly Hills. And the mansion that Harold is building is far more beautiful than most dream palaces.

Half-hidden among the trees that adorn the summit, you do not glimpse the magnificence of the palace until you enter the rock-walled garden and its full glory bursts upon you suddenly. At the extreme end of the garden stands a mosque-like observatory. At its base are rare potted plants and citrus fruits in fine old urns. A lily pond mirrors the California sky and looking over the balustrade you see Beverly Hills spread out like a map before you, with the soft purple outlines of Catalina Islands showing in the dimming distance.

Coming up the walk you pass the decorative rock cascade down which the water falls with a delightful murmur. In the center of the forecourt is an immense bird bath. The entrance court on the left is graveled and decorated with brilliantly flowered plants and palms, with a large sculptured fountain in the center. An iron stairway leads up into the reception hall which staggers you with its immensity and grandeur. The walls within are of hand-carved walnut and all hardware is gold-plated.

ON THE extreme right is the French drawing-room. Immediately opposite is a decorative spiral stairway leading to the master bedroom suite directly above. Turning the corner you enter the library, whose massive beam ceilings and walls are heavily carved in early Tyrolean. There is a long bench around the room beneath the arched windows where story conferences will be held. Behind the carved panelling at the entrance of the room is a dumb-waiter. Each room boasts a massive fireplace with mantels of imported Italian marble.

Thoughtfulness of others and a desire to share the pleasures of his abode with his family, friends and servants have been woven into the warp and woof of Harold's building plan. This is apparent the moment you set foot

Even the old oaken bucket is brought up to date at Harold's house.

Laughs Built

Harold Lloyd will soon occupy his new estate, the most magnificent in Hollywood, built from the laughs of the world at the antics of a freckle-faced boy.

By MARY SHARON

This artificial waterfall was constructed to enhance the beauty of the grounds.

Mildred Gloria Lloyd with Mamma Mildred Lloyd, in a quiet corner of the estate.

inside the palace. The living room illustrates the keynote of the entire scheme of the estate. It is spacious, with walls of solid walnut, hand-carved and inlaid. The ceiling is ornate and decorated in gold leaf. A huge fireplace makes for friendliness and warmth. The room is done in early Tyrolean, elegantly decorated. At one end, stands a large pipe organ. At the other is a hidden projection room where film features may be shown. A private underground passage has been made for the servants so that they may enter at the rear and see the films without disturbing the guests. There is an underground passage for the convenience of the operator also, who can pass to the projection room without intruding in the living room.

To the right of the living room is the orangerie or sun-parlor. The floors are of marble and the dome shaped ceiling and walls are being decorated by an internationally famous Italian artist. The breakfast room and dining room are of gumwood and are decorated along the same scheme as the orangerie, the color scheme being palest green with floral decorations in warm pinks and flame.

THE kitchen has every modern electrical help, including dishwasher, Frigidaire, and electric range. The drain boards are of solid mahogany.

The servants' quarters are on the western extremity and comprise a suite of seven rooms with six baths.

The house is of early Italian, built around an elaborate inner court which has an ornate marble fountain in the center surounded by potted plants and palms and a brick and stone courtyard. Enormous arched glass doors and

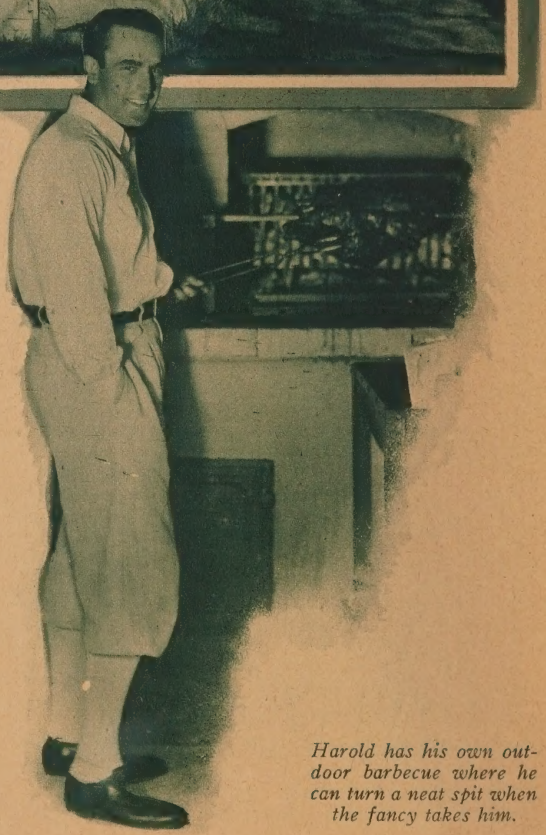
Here is Mildred Lloyd's little playhouse built in the same old English style as her papa's mansion.

windows open into the courtyard from every room and the outer walls are decorated with brilliantly colored mosaics. Each bedroom has a pastel-colored tile bathroom with built-in scales and marble bath and shower. There is also a full suite of closets and drawers for each bedroom. These are of gumwood lined with cedar.

There is a mahogany check room where guests may check their wraps at formal dinners and banquets. There is a glassed-in sleeping porch for each bedroom suite. There is a diet room with solid mahogany drain boards and tier upon tiers of drawers and shelves. There is a steam room of tile where the family and guests may avail themselves of steam baths.

The master bedroom is of hand-carved walnut as is the adjoining dressing room. Mrs. Lloyd's French boudoir is on the left of the master bedroom with an adjoining dressing room which boasts a smaller room entirely lined with mirrors.

LITTLE Gloria's suite of rooms faces the west. The nursery is a dream of beauty with its tiny toy cupboards, bookcases and shelves and dainty mantel. Her bedroom and sleeping porch are decorated in pastel colors and follow the same scheme as the others. Her bathroom is ravishingly beautiful and fit for a small princess with its pastel colored bath and marble decorations. Directly over the bath is a life-size inlaid replica of little Gloria herself, chasing butterflies in a flower garden. Glass encased scales are built into the walls for her convenience, similar



Harold has his own outdoor barbecue where he can turn a neat spit when the fancy takes him.

Who couldn't enjoy the morning paper in such a breakfast nook as Harold Lloyd has here?

to the built-in scales that are in the other bathrooms.

Care and discrimination have made for permanence in this house that laughs built. The material that is going into its making will be as good or better one hundred years from now than it is today.

A subterranean passageway, reminiscent of a mediaeval castle, leads underground to the game room, which is sound-proof. Here in the large stone-walled room, guests may disport themselves in whatever sport or pastime they desire; secure in the knowledge that they cannot disturb others or be disturbed themselves.

One matchless corner of the estate has been set aside for little Mildred Gloria. Here stands a thatched roof bungalow, completely furnished with every toy that might delight the heart of a child. There is nothing left to be wished for. The four poster bed in the spacious little rose-curtained bedroom is large enough for a child to sleep in. There is a small walnut vanity and chest to complete the suite. Dolls without number of all kinds and sizes inhabit the tiny house. There is a grand piano and electric range—everything.

On the lawn stands a tiny couch hammock. There is a stone slide, from the top of which the man in the moon looks out to tell the time of day. There are sand tables, swings, bars and trapezes, and a real little oaken bucket hangs in a real little well, where Mildred Gloria may draw her own water when she grows thirsty. The outside entrance is walled in European fashion. On the garden gate are the words "Come in and play."

The thing that impresses the casual visitor is the class of cars in which the skilled artisans and laborers come to work. There are no flivvers in the large number parked around the entrance. Only the most skilled workers have been employed to execute this dream in marble and stone. The mural artist who is decorating the orangerie, breakfast room and banquet room is being paid seventy-five dollars a day and he is in no great hurry to complete his work. Other workers are paid commensurately for their labor.

Fifteen gardeners are employed on the estate which comprises sixteen acres. Five years have passed since work was begun on it. It is now nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in April.

Beyond little Gloria's bungalow is the tennis court with its matchless green stone floor. On the left is an open air pavilion decorated with variegated stone and colorful mosaics. Here lunches may be served or amateur theatricals indulged in. On the summit of the hill above the tennis courts is a rest room similar in design to the observatory in the fore court.

ON THE right of the mansion a series of winding stone steps lead down to the plunge. There is a wading pool for little Gloria and the entire pool is made of green-blue stone which gives the water a deep aquamarine blue color. The plunge is lighted electrically under water so that midnight swimming parties may be safe as well as enjoyable. It is easily the most beautiful pool in California. The bath house is constructed of rose-colored

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Cupid's Bulletin

What—Again?

GRETA GARBO and John Gilbert, just after the wise ones had decided their romance was a thing of the past, have fooled everyone again. When Greta decided to pay a visit to her native Sweden, many thought that her romance with her former director, Maurice Stiller, would be revived. But Stiller died in Stockholm, and the screen's flaming pair are almost constantly together again. Tricky fella, this guy Cupid.

Another Crash

GARDINER JAMES and Marion Blackton, daughter of producer Stuart Blackton, have agreed to divorce. This comes as a surprise to Hollywood as the pair had been considered the film colony's "married sweethearts." Married in 1926, after James made a dramatic entry into Hollywood penniless, two years finds them ready to call it awful.

Next!

JACK DOUGHERTY, actor and former husband of both Barbara La Marr and Virginia Browne Faire, is apparently considering a third venture. The object of his attentions this time is Lottie Pickford, sister to Mary. The fact that they were recently held up by thugs while together, has not diminished his ardor.

Feathering New Love Nests

FAY WRAY and John Monk Saunders, the author, who were recently married, have purchased the beautiful home of Florence Vidor and will arrange it for their permanent residence in Hollywood. Miss Vidor has bought a new house which will be in readiness when her husband, Jascha Heifetz, returns from a concert tour of Europe.

Posed by Olive Borden and George O'Brien

Hall's Well!

ON THE screen Clara Bow may have thoroughly vamped James Hall in *The Fleet's In*, but in real life it's Merna Kennedy, former leading lady of Charlie Chaplin, who gets Jimmie's attention these days.

Speaking of Opposites

ONE of the most interesting of Hollywood's many romances is that of Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper—can you imagine a greater contrast than the volcanic Lupe versus languid, stoical, westerner Cooper?

Rough Going

DURING the course of their recent European tour Dolores Del Rio and her director, Edwin Carewe, experienced temperamental differences that resulted in Dolores and her mother returning to this country alone, after Carewe. Although frequently rumored that Carewe was in love with his protege, Dolores has always denied reports of their marriage. Since the Mexican star is to appear in *Evangeline*, under Carewe's direction, they'll have to be careful that no noise of battle gets into the sound-recording devices.

More Wedding Bells

CUPID had his day in the film colony recently when John Barrymore and Dolores Costello received the nuptial vows at the Costello home, while over at the Hollywood Athletic Club, Reginald Denny and Betsy Lee were joined in wedlock. Both couples have had to postpone their honeymoon trips on account of work.

For Better or Worse

LINA BASQUETTE, wife of the late Sam Warner, executive of the Warner Brothers studios, was married the other day to Peveril Marley, Cecil B. De Mille's cameraman. It was De Mille who introduced

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Bebe Daniels entertains in her bungalow dressing room. Those present are (1) Robert Castle, (2) Doris Hill, (3) Hilda Bebe's maid, (4) Lane Chandler, (5) Bebe Daniels, (6) Clara Bow, (7) Jean Arthur, (8) James Hall.

Society in *Cinemaland*

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS SOCIETY EDITOR

NOAH'S ARK, Warner Brothers' stupendous creation, sailed magnificently into the harbor of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre. At four o'clock in the afternoon, crowds began to gather, armed with folding chairs and boxes; by night, gorgeous rainbow lights—cunningly contrived by **Frank Murphy,** lighting expert—flooded Hollywood boulevard from high points in the surrounding hills.

Wonder of wonders, there was no traffic congestion! With each set of gold-colored tickets came a police pass for the car, and from eight o'clock on, all cars without this magic sesame were rerouted off the boulevard within a certain radius. **Louise Fazenda** twinkingly observed that this forethought spoiled many grand entrances, as stars who had counted on traffic holdups, arrived on time to their secret chagrin.

Many dinner parties were given before and after the premiere. At the Montmartre, every table was reserved. Among the hosts of large groups were **Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove), Miss Dolores Costello, Miss Sue Carol** and **George O'Brien. Joseph Schenck** entertained at the Roosevelt, his guests including the **Samuel Goldwyns, Alexander Kordas (Marie Corda), Captain Alistair McIntosh** (you remember the captain was **Constance Talmadge's** former husband), **Lili Damita** and **Camilla Horn. Bess Meredith's** party after the show with **Michael Curtiz** as honoree was a brilliant affair. Mr. Curtiz directed *Noah's Ark* and was a proud and happy man that night.

In the theatre itself, one's eyes became blinded counting the stars. Towering **Monte Blue** was easily discerned, and **Noah Beery,** who registered an instantaneous hit in

Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez, greet fans during intermission of the dazzling premiere showing of the sound production extraordinary, Interference, *at the Carthay Circle Theatre. Freeman Long is the radio announcer.*

the picture, was there with his husky young son; the two newlyweds, **Fay Wray** and **John Monk Saunders**; the lovey-doveys, **Joan Crawford** and **Doug Fairbanks, Jr.**; and the perennial sweethearts-tho-married, **Vilma Banky** and **Rod La Rocque.** Noted in **George O'Brien's** party were **Olive Borden** and **Larry Kent**; in **Dolores Costello's**, her mother and sister and **John Barrymore. Buster Collier** with red-haired **Audrey Ferris. Lina Basquette** and **Peverell Marley.**

Paul McAllister (Noah, in the production) received a special little ovation of his own when **Conrad Nagel**, as master of ceremonies, explained why Mr. McAllister could not join the other players on the stage for presentation but would rise and bow from his seat. Paul was the victim of an automobile accident a few hours before the opening; two girls were racing their cars and collided with him at an intersection, leaving the actor with a broken nose and dislocated shoulder. Despite these painful injuries, he bravely attended the premiere.

WITH twelve hosts, the welcome-home-from-Europe for **Miss Marion Davies** was bound to be a success. A dinner-dance at the Ambassador was given and since Miss Davies had received a famous decoration in France, the Parisian cafe idea prevailed as the decorative motif in the French ballroom where the fete was held.

The dozen hosts were **Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mrs. Louella Parsons, Miss Bebe Daniels, Charlie Chaplin, Harry D'Arrast, Joseph Schenck, George K. Arthur, Matt Moore** and **Harry Crocker.**

One hundred and fifty guests were invited and among the more noted were **Messrs. and Mesdames Harold Lloyd, Richard Barthelmess, Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Antonio Moreno, Adolphe Menjou,** and **Irvin Willat (Billie Dove); Countess De La Falaise (Gloria Swanson**—the marquis is still in France)—**Lili Damita, Aileen Pringle, Josephine Dunn, Loretta Young, Marie Dressler, Lila Lee, Betty Bronson, Sue Carol, Dorothy Mackaill** and **Claire Windsor; Count Andres de Segurola, Nils Asther, Charles Farrell, Ralph Forbes, Robert Castle, Jack Gilbert, William Haines, Charles Rogers, D. W. Griffith** and **Eddie Sutherland.**

THE William Fox Movietone City was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on a certain Sunday this month. Over 65,000 people gathered within the beautiful walled city to watch lovely **Mary Duncan** unveil a bronze placque and listen to brief, interesting speeches by the **Rev. Neal Dodd, Dr. Isadore Isaacson, Rev. Father Joseph Sullivan, Oscar Lawler** and **George L. Eastman.**

Later, hilarity reigned as a most amusing radio announcer introduced scores of stars. Judging from the applause, **Louise Dresser** and **Louise Fazenda** were the two most popular actresses, with little **Janet Gaynor** a close second. **J. Farrell MacDonald** made a hit with his "bit of chat." He said that his elocution teacher had told him there were three essentials in public speaking—"Stand up! Speak up! Shut up!" Sparkling **Sue Carol, Lois Moran, Sylvia Fields, Helen Twelvetrees, Nancy Drexel, Sally Phipps, Eddie Lowe** and **Lilyan Tashman, George O'Brien, Victor McLaglen** and **Bodil Rosing,** all responded graciously to the summons. **Marjorie Beebe** obligingly made a few of her funny faces and **Sammy Cohen** earnestly hoped that his "mamma and papa were listening in."

DESPITE a pea soup imitation of a London fog, Paramount's premiere of their first talkie—*Interference*—at the Carthay Circle Theatre, was a gala affair, attended by hundreds of celebrities. The four stars—**Evelyn Brent, Doris Kenyon, Clive Brook** and **William Powell**—received a tremendous ovation when they appeared on the stage at the close of the performance. Clive Brook stepped forward and, speaking for himself and fellow players, declared that tribute should be paid **Roy Pomeroy** for his marvelous direction, and forthwith dragged him out on the stage.

Seen during the intermission . . . **Gary Cooper** smilingly autographing programs for an excited crowd of pretty girls . . . **Lupe Velez,** whom Gary had escorted, entirely surrounded by males . . . **Milton Sills** proudly basking in his wife's glory (Doris Kenyon is Mrs. Sills) . . . **Ronald Colman** and **Richard Barthelmess** beaming on their pal, **Bill Powell**—these three are known as the Three Musketeers, so close is their friendship . . .fans

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She *Does* as She Pleases

Clara Bow's first rule is to have none—in matters of dress, social activities and pastimes—she follows her own whims.

By
HELEN STARR HENEFIN

IS IT possible for a star to do as she pleases? Dress as she likes, go only where she likes, entertain as she likes—in brief, be herself? Clara Bow is the answer—an emphatic "Yes."

For many years it has been taken for granted that the answer is "No," equally emphatic. The demands on a star have been considered law, as regards dress, social activity, and many other matters of personal inclination.

Especially has this been true of fashionable dress since Hollywood developed ambitions of surpassing Paris as a style center. Informality or the slightest variation from what is accepted as correct has been unthinkable—and most of the stars have observed the rules.

Socially, custom has dictated that a star be seen at certain functions regardless of her personal preferences. At the important openings, for example, and at many of the elaborate parties given by the movie colony's socially elite. Certain places are smart for luncheon, certain others for various weekly dinner dances, and so on through a list of activities considered essential by the great majority. Some stars really like them, of course—Billie Dove attends every Hollywood party, large or small—but the individual's desire to attend has usually been a matter of secondary importance. The chief thing is to be there.

Not so with Clara Bow, the star who does as she pleases—and in so doing manages to please almost everybody else. Her costume for the day is decided by that day's whim, not by custom or other outside influence. She is as apt to appear for a party dressed in some simple sports costume as not. That is, when she goes at all, but she is rarely to be found at the parties so glittering with celebrities, and her own parties are as informal as they are enjoyable.

Clara serves buffet. Has her German cook put the cold meats and the salads on the dining table and turns her guests loose to appease their hunger as best suits them. Everyone has a good time at Clara's house for nobody has to suffer with a hostess who is in anguish over the danger of being a personal flop.

After seeing Clara out adventuring on the screen, you wouldn't picture her as a star who makes a bee line for

Clara Bow, as she appeared in Three Week-Ends, *although from the looks of this picture it shouldn't have taken that long for captivating Clara to do her vamping.*

Clara Bow (second from the left), showing that she can step with the best of them. At home, her hobby is practicing some of the tough ones.

home after studio hours. But she does just that—is quite eager to be at home. Either in her modest five-room bungalow in Beverly Hills or, more often, in her beach house at Malibu—an ocean front bandbox that is so overflowing with friends on a Sunday afternoon that most of them cheerfully take to the sand and waves for elbow space.

THIS domestic spirit works a great hardship on those of the public who gather at various smart eating places to scan at close range the faces of the stars being filled. There is Madame Helene's, for example, a sort of Hollywood institution. Madame Helene very capably manages the smart and amply expensive tea room located on the Paramount lot. She used to be an actress on professional boards and she knows how to stage her stuff for the tourists.

"Anna," she calls to the head waitress in her best gallery-reaching voice, "reserve a table for six for Richard Dix. And, Anna, Esther Ralston, Wallace Beery and Clive Brook are coming. Their tables, please, at once!"

Colleen Moore very rarely ate her luncheon in Madame Helene's tea room when her company, several years ago, was busy on this same lot. But another girl so closely resembled this Iris star that the gaping tourists could not distinguish the difference. And Madame Helene, realizing this, capitalized on the resemblance by singing out orders to draw up chairs for the Shamrock queen.

But there isn't the slightest opportunity for tourists to watch Clara Bow eating her noonday snack. She not only munches her tid-bits in the seclusion of her own dressing room but Clara has no double to withstand the stares of the populace in her stead. Nor does she dance at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove on Tuesday evenings or care how many affluent tourists lose their dignity by tearing down the door ropes at Montmartre on Wednesday noons. Clara is simply not on exhibition.

She admits a somewhat paradoxical desire: she wants always to be in the public eye professionally, but she wants to avoid close-up mob applause. She doesn't even go to opening nights when it's the accepted thing for thousands of sideline youngsters to cheer themselves hoarse at Bebe Daniels or Gloria Swanson stepping from their carriages swathed in ermines. Clara would get no kick out of a paragraph in a newspaper social column to the effect that "Miss Bow wore a crystal-beaded gown and a fox-trimmed canary yellow evening wrap." Studio officials even have to plan a campaign of battle to get her to make a personal appearance. She'd a lot rather climb into a sleeveless sport dress at home and bury her head in a phonograph to hear some new records.

"Sour grapes," say some of the cinema kitties. "Perhaps Clara isn't being asked out so much."

But if you think you ever heard incessant and persistent telephone bells, you ought to hear Clara's. Aside from the usual number of calls from small town youths

Clara, as a sweet little country miss in straw hat and overalls, ought to make the potatoes open their eyes.

Clara Bow waves a greeting from the running board of her new limousine—no wonder the motor purrs contentedly when she is an occupant.

who have somehow discovered her private telephone number, and those from ambitious young actors who hope to get along, she has a constant stream of invitations from other stars to attend their exclusive dinners—and from people prominent in the social world. Going out socially doesn't please Clara, so she doesn't go.

The beautiful gowns she so often wears in her pictures are the products of studio designers, not from her own wardrobe—and she is so little intrigued that she doesn't even have the things copied. And as it pleases her whim, she arrives at the studio each day in a different outfit; one day a sports dress and tight felt headgear, another day a sweater and skirt or perhaps trousers and boots if the mood suits her. One time when Clarence Badger, the director, and his wife invited Clara to spend a week-end at their country home in the mountains, they were not a little surprised to see her arriving in an aviator's outfit—leather trousers, sheep's wool-lined coat, football helmet and all!

WITH all her whims, it cannot be said that Clara is extravagant. She has bought her home in Beverly and her house at the beach, and while there is a small gymnasium in each, there is nary a swimming pool or tennis court. She has established her father, Robert Bow, in business as the proprietor of a cozy chicken dinner cafe on Beverly Boulevard at the edge of Beverly Hills. At home she has no butler or footman, and her chauffeur has a snap—half the time she drives herself, red hair streaming back from a frank, white forehead. A bank handles a trust fund for the star that protects her generous earnings, and she has an investment manager whose burden is made light by the rare entries he must make for her purchases of jewels and ermines, oil wells and phony stocks—Clara just doesn't nibble.

As an example of the kick she gets out of a new hobby, witness Clara these days with a pistol. Starting with practice at the Clarence Badgers' mountain house, the craze continued when she returned to the studio and deftly punctured available tin cans until somebody persuaded her to call it off when she requested a gun of larger calibre.

It is said around Hollywood that Clara Bow can make new guests feel at home in less time than any other star in town—a wonderful trait for social conquest. If she should ever feel like going to a party, she gets one up and selects her own crowd. And many are those who respond to her frequent invitation to "come down Sunday afternoon." The house is overflowing at this time, the parties are informal, and mixed as well. Among the guests may be a meek little studio employe whom she likes, rubbing elbows with a highbrow New York magazine editor like Donald Freeman, who recently met Clara with skepticism and remained to be fascinated by her ready wit and excellent common sense.

Harry Carr

Harry Carr

Harry Carr is one of the busiest of the men writing for and about pictures today. In addition to his monthly column of comment which appears exclusively in SCREEN SECRETS, he is also the most famous daily newspaper columnist on the Pacific Coast and yet finds time to write titles and scenarios for some of the outstanding masterpieces of the screen. He has been intimately associated with the industry since the early days when he was D. W. Griffith's right hand man at the old Mamaroneck Studio.

WELL, I guess you gotta treat them rough.

Anyhow, it looks to be that way in the case of Fay Wray.

In the making of *The Wedding March,* Von Stroheim had Miss Wray in hysterics most of the time. That was her normal condition. She cried enough tears in her dressing room to float the furniture away.

The shocked and chivalrous directors who guided the young lady's artistic footsteps in the pictures that followed treated her As A Perfect Lady Should Be.

The sad footnote I have to add is that she has never been so good in any of these pictures as in the one where she was constantly miserable.

Hair Trigger Emotions

THE truth about Fay Wray is that she is not of the actress temperament. Girls like Clara Bow, Rene Adoree and Joan Crawford wear their emotions on their sleeves with a hair trigger attachment. They have no inhibitions; no self-consciousness; no restrictions. They are just impetuous children.

Had she been Juliet, she would have said to herself: "Well, it's tough luck; but there are other Romeos."

I shouldn't be surprised if, in the end, she turned out to be a writer rather than an actress.

Bessie's Little Pal

THERE'S another movie girl who is likely to turn out the same way: Carmel Myers.

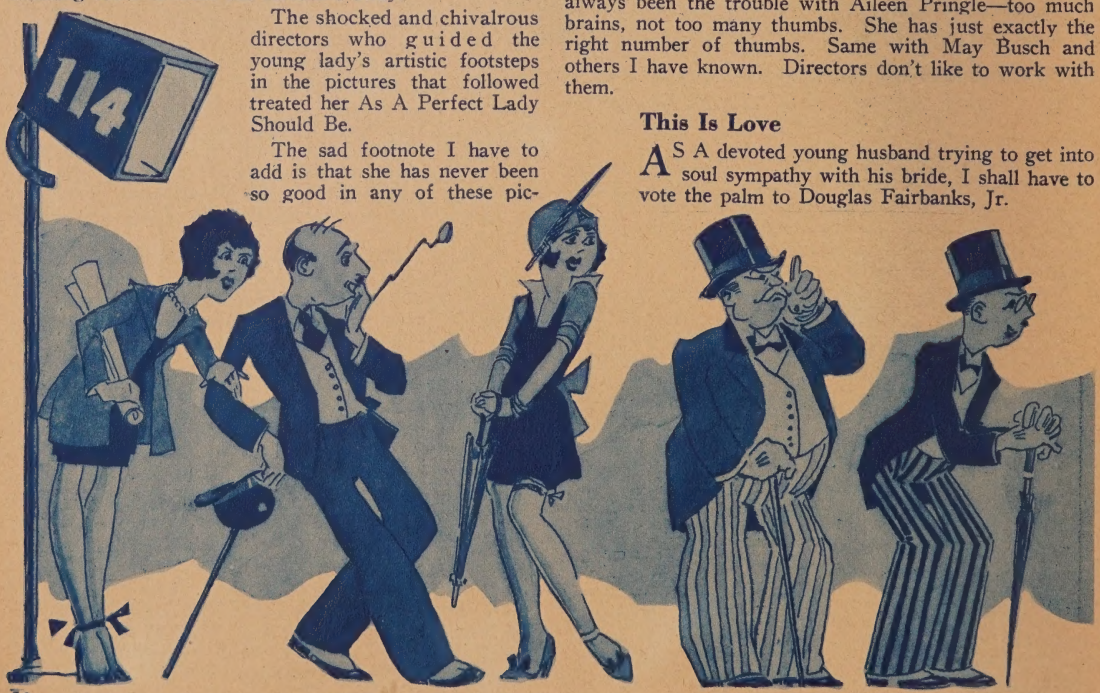
A professor of English in the school where Carmel and Bessie Love went to school together told me that Carmel had the most brilliant mind of any pupil he had contacted in a teaching experience of more than thirty years.

An Overdose

IT GRIEVES me to say that I think the sizzling condition of Carmel's gray matter has been a handicap to her. An overdose of brains is to a Hollywood actress about like having two extra thumbs. That's what has always been the trouble with Aileen Pringle—too much brains, not too many thumbs. She has just exactly the right number of thumbs. Same with May Busch and others I have known. Directors don't like to work with them.

This Is Love

AS A devoted young husband trying to get into soul sympathy with his bride, I shall have to vote the palm to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Comments—

In her chorus girl days, Joan Crawford had a good many hard and bitter experiences trying to bust into Broadway. Hunger and tears.

So Douglas, in order to bring his soul into complete sympathy with all her sorrows, tells me that he went out and slept in a park. When the cop came along and whacked him over his distinguished Trilbys, why, Doug felt that he and Joan were one at last in all essential things.

Gosh, but Love's great!

Marriage—and Careers

THE loving and catty friends of the young couple helped along the romance by telling them that marriage will surely ruin them both.

I happened to be the first house guest at their home. Joan had to climb up into Doug's lap before they dared ask the frightened question.

In a quavering voice, Doug asked me: "Do you honestly think our marriage is going to ruin our careers . . . so very much?"

To which I replied: "Oh, rats!" It's the truth. If the public takes a fancy to an actor, he could commit a murder every morning before breakfast and it wouldn't hurt — until the public unaccountably grew tired of him.

If You Have IT

AS I once heard D. W. Griffith say: "If you've got *IT*, it does not matter what you do in front of the camera. If you haven't got *IT* . . . . it doesn't matter what you do in front of the camera.

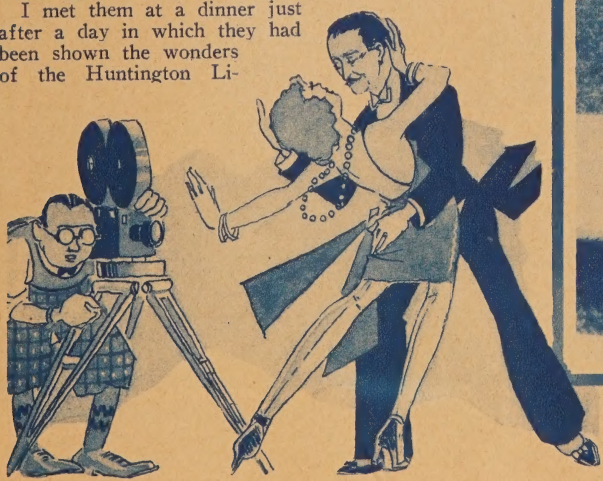
A Thrill

THE British journalists who have been touring America at the expense of the Carnegie Foundation got a thrill out of Hollywood visiting the studios, and especially watching the acting on the sets.

I met them at a dinner just after a day in which they had been shown the wonders of the Huntington Library, the oil fields and incidentally a peek into the movie world at Hollywood.

"My word, old chap," said one of the Britishers, excitedly, "we saw Adolphe Menjou kissing a gel. Right in front of the camera." They were so agitated at this remarkable sight that they not only forgot the Huntington Library and the telescopes of Mt. Wilson—but even forgot to ask the name of the favored gel.

(*Continued on page* 90)



Carmel Myers has been handicapped by having too many brains, Harry Carr says. She is embarking on a promising career in talking pictures with a brilliant performance in The Ghost Talks.

Cowboys Take to the Air

Tom Mix is still faithful to his pal Tony, insisting that a plane is a horse of another color.

Buck Jones was one of the first cowboys to desert his horse for a plane; he is seen here, going over his air cart to make sure it will all be there when he needs it.

Ken Maynard is torn between admiration for his new plane, in which he will make sky thrillers instead of westerns, and affection for his horse "Tarzan."

"Dick's Me Pal"

Dick Barthelmess is a "regular egg" to Shorty English, his pal in pranks and perils for ten years.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

Dick Barthelmess is shooting a few pictures of his own on location with Shorty English, his pal, who styles himself, "a weddin' present to the missis."

ONE evening last April, Richard Barthelmess, leaving the First National Studio at Brubank, looked from his car window and spied a little, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, rolling-gaited chap emerging from the extras' gate.

"Ahoy, there, Shorty!" cried Dick.

Shorty stopped, waved and grinned a merry little grin. He had been working in a "very dirty picture," and grime and grease decorated his weather-beaten face.

"Hop in!" invited the star, flinging the car door wide.

"But I'm filthy. Been jumpin' about in the mud the blessed day," objected Shorty. But, just the same, he hopped in. He and Dick had been pals for ten years.

"We drove out to the Beverly 'ills 'otel," related the little man, later. "Never been in the damn place in me life, but 'e says, 'Come on,' and I come. In through the lobby we went, people starin' at me as if I was a wild beast, but Dick just marched on up to a 'all and rang a bell. And inside of the apartment was a lady—she was Mrs. Sargent then—a-entertainin' a lot of folks. And Dick gives me a shove and 'e says:

"'Hi say, look wot I brought you! Surprise!' 'e says. And she laughs, and says, right back at 'im: 'It's Shorty!'

"And then Dick 'ad me sing, *So 'Elp Me Cauliflower* and *While London Sleeps* and do me dance. Soon after the two of 'em got married and I says I'm a weddin' present from Dick to the missis. And so I belong to them bofe and I always will.

"I've known Dick ten years and we've been through quite a bit together; I've never 'ad a better pal in me life, though I'm old enough to be 'is dad."

It was in 1918, when the soldier of fortune known as "Shorty English" was working as property man for D. W. Griffith, that Richard Barthelmess came to the coast. His first picture was *The Oak Chest,* and he was noticed by the future "wedding present" as a good-looking kid with jolly ways. After watching scenes in *Broken Blossoms,* this estimate was amended. Dick's hard-working sincerity in the Chinese role earned the comment: "One dead sure bet for pictures," and Shorty began to take a personal interest in the boy's success.

To those of us who see the star as a self-contained, reserved, courteous but aloof young man, the side of him that Shorty sees is a revelation.

Dick is a gay youth, fond of "prankishness" . . . .

When the Griffith company were making *The Love Flower* down in Nassau on a tropical river, the schooner used for love scenes drifted a bit too close to shore.

"Hop overboard, Shorty, and shove us off the sand bar," directed D. W.

Shorty jumped into the water, but he was too short to touch bottom, so started to climb back up the rope flung out for the purpose, when Dick put his head over the rail and motioned him to stop.

"Duck—they're shooting a scene!" he warned.

They weren't, but he kept the little man hanging on

by his imagination for three-quarters of an hour before he owned up that he was "just kidding."

DICK'S favorite joke through the years that Shorty was with him was to dress the pint-sized property man up in borrowed plumage and present him at gorgeous social gatherings as "Sir Frederick Francis Summers, an eccentric nobleman from London." Shorty's real name is Frederick Francis Summers.

While they were making *The Bond Boy* in Homestead, Virginia, Mary Johnston, the famous novelist, entertained at tea—a function made interesting by the presence of the eccentric nobleman, who piled up six of the dainty sandwiches and took them all at a single bite, explaining to his fluttering debutante partners that he was rough and ready and did as he pleased.

The assistant director was robbed of a tuxedo suit for the grand ball at Homestead Hotel. Eight reefs had to be taken in the trousers, but Shorty felt very "'andsome" when he made his entrance with the star. Too many reefs, alas! Some of them disintegrated during the evening, and the eccentric nobleman fell over the waste length while he was dancing with a society matron. . . . .

Location in Havana, Cuba, for *The Bright Shawl* is looked back to now by both Dick and Shorty as the zenith of gaiety. From the first night out on the steamer—when Dick and Bill Powell kept Dorothy Gish awake until dawn by singing *Sweet Adeline* under her cabin window for five hours straight—till the New York sky line once again was sighted, the trip was one to wear out such commonplace adjectives as "merry" and "hilarious."

Bill Powell and Dick had not met until the steamer sailed; for no good reason, each was prejudiced against the other and had bewailed the fate that exiled them together. They began by walking about the decks, not speaking, but elaborately ignoring one another. A storm came up and a particularly violent sea swell sent Dick staggering into Bill and both collapsed on the deck. They sat up, sorted arms and legs and laughed, and there began one of the finest friendships in moviedom.

Their rooms were next door on the sixth floor of a Havana hotel, each window embellished by a sort of toy balcony, the railings of which were six feet apart. One day, after Bill had played some trick on Dick and Shorty, they all returned to the hotel to find invitations to attend a "plush dinner."

"Poor Bill!" Dick sighed to his English pal. "How hungry he's going to be!" But as he sighed he grinned and displayed the key to Bill's room. Bill was locked in. "And no telephone in his room, poor lad!"

However, Bill chalked up one on Dick by appearing at the dinner only a little late. He had leaped the six feet from his own balcony to Dick's. "And why 'e wasn't killed, I ask yer?" comments Shorty, "doin' a stunt man's job six stories up!"

It was in this picture that Shorty proved his value to the company in another line. John Robertson, the director, had a crowd of natives working in scenes in the interior of the island, one among them being a negro from New York who was passing himself off as a Cuban. Mr. Robertson wanted some simple maneuver executed by the natives, but, in spite of patient explanation through an interpreter, they seemed unable to grasp the idea. The director relieved his own feelings by putting into very warm language what he thought of their stupidity, incidentally calling the New York negro several uncomplimentary names.

"Hey, you-all call me dat, man? Last thing you ever do!" shrieked the negro,

Dick's love making is as fiery as ever in this scene with Loretta Young, from his latest dramatic spectacle, Scarlet Seas.

Dick, at the extreme right, with Betty Compson

and forthwith fomented a riot. Long knives appeared as if by magic and the extras advanced menacingly.

THEN stepped out Shorty English, five feet high and game to the backbone. He had handled wild men in wilder places than this and he handled these men now with a twinkle in his eye and a joke on his lips without a drop of bloodshed.

Shorty taught Dick to box and in the intervals between pictures they had boxing bouts on the roof of the star's New York apartment. One day, shortly after their return from Cuba, Dick had the little man out to his home in New Rochelle to meet Hank Welsh, a champion, six feet tall who weighed two hundred pounds.

Dick thought it amusing to watch the two and everyone enjoyed it until Hank made a sudden lunge, knocked Shorty out and won. He broke two ribs, but Shorty didn't know it until he reached home, when he collapsed in agony.

"Tell Mr. Barthelmess!" he moaned to his landlady.

Dick could hardly get there quick enough. He brought the doctor, demanded that his pal be made comfortable and announced that he'd "pay the freight," which he did, most generously.

The greatest danger Dick faced in Shorty's company was during the making of *Way Down East*. They had been in Florida for *The Idol Dancer* and in the Bahamas for *The Love Flower*, battling tropic heat and tropic bugs, and had come directly from that to the worst winter New York ever experienced.

"That picture was all narrow escapes," says Shorty.

There was the time that Dick, coming down the river on a cake of ice, crashed into an ice jam. The ice that he had been riding on made a sudden dive and disappeared beneath the churning blocks ahead. Only a wild acrobatic leap saved the hero of the picture from certain death under the floe.

And there was the time that Dick was carrying Lillian Gish in his arms from ice cake to ice cake on the frozen river. He slipped between two blocks of wavering ice, fell into the water, and would have been drowned if Lillian had not caught on the farther chunk of ice and held on until they were rescued. Then, of course, they dried Dick off and let him do the scene over again!

Lillian, lying on a piece of oilcloth laid on the ice by the sympathetic Shorty, her little hand trailing in the icy river, passed out completely and had to be rushed to the hotel before she could be revived.

They worked in driving snowstorms, day and night; they had to cut roads to the studio through drifts four feet deep; they were all afflicted with frostbitten feet and noses.

But the hardest thing that happened to Dick had nothing to do with his scenes in the picture.

Sheep were used in the farm sequence made at Mamaroneck Studio, and one morning six or eight of the animals were found dead. They had all died from wounds and loss of blood but no one could solve the mystery of the tragedy until Shorty arrived. He had farmed in Australia and he took one look at the dead sheep.

"Let me see the dogs," he said at once.

There were two of them, one a pet of Dick's named "Friendless" who had attached himself to the Griffith company back in Hollywood. Both had telltale wool on their jaws.

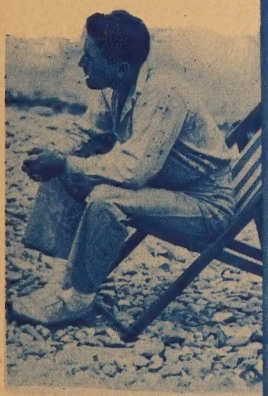
"There's no stoppin' a dog as 'ad tasted blood," said Shorty, and advised shooting as the only cure.

Dick was heartbroken. Couldn't "Friendless" be sent to a farm? Couldn't he buy the dog and send it to his mother? But Shorty declared it wouldn't be safe. The condemned dogs were taken away to death.

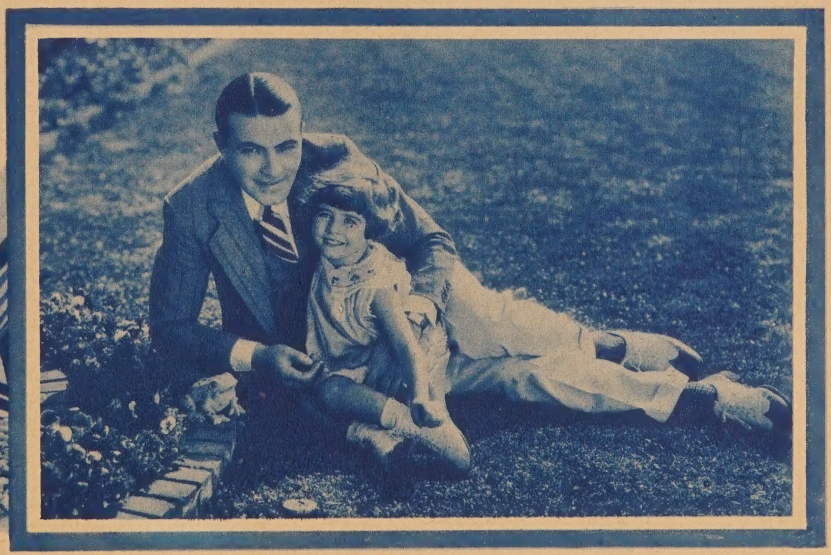
"Poor Dick, I thought he'd never get over it!" sighs Shorty.

There was another dog in Dick's life. While they were making *Fury* aboard an old German square rigger, the star acquired a Great Dane, which he christened "Fury,"

(*Continued on page* 106)



and others on location.



Dick's greatest joy in life is his little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, with whom he spends much of his time away from his work. She is also a great favorite with "Shorty" English.

That *Little* Tease

"Dorothy Mackaill will bite my ear in our next close-up if I'm not careful what I say, but here goes."

By Jack Mulhall

Dorothy Mackaill may be English but she has a sense of humor, says Jack Mulhall, her leading man in nine pictures.

WHAT do I think of Dorothy Mackaill? Come, come. This is putting a man at a terrible disadvantage. What would any sane man, with two observing eyes, say?

Could I say that she is homely, has a wretched temper, probably attributable to dyspepsia? And if I did, just to get a rise out of her, what do you suppose she would do to me in our next picture? There's no telling. Bite my ear, maybe, or tickle me in the ribs in one of those more tender close-ups.

Dorothy and I have made nine pictures together. Think of it. Nine. And never once has there been hint of a divorce. We are soon to start upon our tenth. As one of the screen's most blissfully teamed couples we can look back, fondly, upon *Johanna,* our first film; *Subway Sadie; Just Another Blonde; Smile, Brother, Smile; The Crystal Cup; Man Crazy; Lady Be Good; Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath,* and *Water Front.*

I like to work with Dorothy because she is responsive. There is always a thrill in going into a scene with her. We haven't grown stale. After working in picture after picture that is apt to happen. There is this, however, about constant teaming, we become subconsciously familiar with the other's physical reactions. Without being actually aware of it, I know just how Dorothy will react to certain situations. This knowledge has acted as a stimulant, rather than a detriment, as one might think, to the spontaneity of our performance.

It's a great incentive to have a co-worker like her, instead of what she might be. When I think of all the things a co-star might be that work hardships on the partner, I realize my luck. Little things that make all the difference in the world in one's attitude and thus in one's whole performance. None of the petty irritations from her.

There is this, too, about Dorothy. She is such a clean, wholesome girl. She doesn't reek of cheap scent and bad perfume. And while we are barging into informalities, I like that "fresh-from-the-tub" look that she has. And the pink and white of her English complexion, a pink unaided by cosmetics.

I like the simplicity of her dress. Her lack of glittering adornment. Dorothy's sole adornment, usually, is a strand of small pearls about her throat, and often she wears no jewelry. I like her ability to wear sports clothes without looking mannish and losing femininity.

Of course, she is not without her faults. She has a

(*Continued on page* 64)

That *Crazy* Irishman

"Jack Mulhall may be all right around the house, but here's what I think of him on the set."

By *Dorothy Mackaill*

JACK MULHALL is an Irishman. I'm from Yorkshire, in merrie old England. And did you ever hear of an Irishman and an Englishman who agreed on anything? If they aren't arguing about freedom, they are arguing about equality or the price of tobacco. Anything, just for the sake of argument.

They are as temperamentally unsuited as a Kilkenny cat and a pug dog.

But for three years we have been teamed together in pictures and neither Jack nor I have had a fight. A real, rousing display of pyrotechnics, I mean. We've had squabbles, of course, like the best of friends, like the most devoted couples. Little differences like Jack telling me I had on too much lipstick and other inconsequential things like that.

There have been times, too, when we have had spats, tiny spats, just to exercise our English-Irish ire, and I'd say to him: "Who do you think is carrying this team, anyway?" and he would answer, "Well, I suppose you think you are." And then our humor, instead of anger, would mount and we would both see how darned silly we were. And laugh it off.

I want to say right here and now, that of all the men on the screen, Jack Mulhall is the only one I would want to be teamed with.

There are lots of reasons for that—reasons why I have dozens of occasions to thank my stars it's not somebody else I'm dealing with. A player's co-star can make or break the picture, you know, and there are as many ways to manage this as there are motives for it on a Hollywood set. The more I hear of the tricks played by some stars who are suffering from an imagined grievance, the more I feel grateful to Jack for his unfailing consideration and unselfishness.

He is a dear, generous boy. Jack is generous to a fault. I often tell him that. He is so generous he jeopardizes his own career. "Be spunky, Jack. Be temperamental, a bit. They'll respect you more for it." But not Jack. He's one of those rare Irishmen, whose hot fighting instinct is tempered with tolerance.

Not that he is a pacifist. I should say not. Did you ever hear of an Irishman who didn't like a good fight now and then? And he packs a few mean punches that shoot straight from the shoulder when the occasion is entirely warranted.

Jack is unselfish.

Here is an example of that. We were discussing our newest picture to be made together, *Children of the Ritz,* and I said: "Jack, you have the grandest part. It's just your stuff. Made for you, absolutely. It should do you a lot of good."

He grinned his broadest Irish smile, and then said hurriedly, "Yes? That's great, Dorothy. But, say, you're the only girl for your part. Why, I can't think of anyone who could play it but you."

(*Continued on page* 64)

Jack Mulhall is the answer to a leading lady's prayer, in the opinion of Dorothy Mackaill, who ought to know.

Dorothy Mackaill shows touching faith in Jack Mulhall in this little scene. It would be so easy to cut a slice off her nose if he didn't like her and say the saw slipped.

That Little Tease

(*Continued from page* 62)

temper that is as wayward as a barometer on a cloudy day. But she keeps it under nice control. Occasionally, it flares up on the set and I get the benefit of it. Occasionally, I blushingly admit, it is deserved. Occasionally, Miss Mackaill, it is not.

There is another thing in teaming with Dorothy. You never have to powder the back of your neck when you are going into a closeup with her. She never insists that you work with your back to the camera. On the contrary, she spends her time forcing me into the spotlight.

Dorothy has an amazing amount of vitality. She seems supercharged with good health. Never have I worked with any girl who had her untiring vigor. Constance Talmadge is effervescent, bubbling over with gaiety. Dorothy has sturdy vitality and a great sense of humor.

None of the sea stuff was too hard for her to do in *Water Front*. She's game through and through. In fact, it is this very quality of gameness that's got Dorothy where she is, and that will get her just about any place she wants to be.

I like the way she dances, with grace and surety. The way she rides, with class. The way she walks. The way she talks. She's a neat job, now that you are asking me.

She has a very definite sense of honor, and heaven help the person who falls awry of it. She is always on time for her appointments. She has a charming English accent that will be a knockout in talking pictures.

She is the one person I know who can correctly pronounce "whoopee" without making it sound as if it was derived from a children's ailment.

She's a darned fine girl. On that my wife and I agree unanimously.

That Crazy Irishman

(*Continued from page* 63)

What can you do with a guy like that:

Jack has another blessing, which I adore, and he'd be a poor Irishman if he didn't have. He has a perfectly gorgeous sense of humor. It doesn't manifest itself in the form of practical joking, thank heaven. He never plants tacks or puts flour in powder. He radiates a jovial good-fellowship. He's the kind of person you like to take your troubles to when you're blue and he'll laugh you out of them. He's a grand confidant because he gives you undivided attention. And who doesn't like that? His humor is blithe and infectious. Jack's dressing room is next to mine at the studio and every morning of the year that we work, I hear his nice voice, cheery as the dickens, calling "Morning, Dorothy!" You can't start the day wrong when the other half of your team is like that. He's a blues chaser, that lad.

I wish Jack could play the hoofer in *Broadway*, when Universal makes it into a picture. I can't imagine anyone who could get the song-and-dance man's psychology onto the screen the way Jack does. He's got the heart, for one thing. He understands them. He has the pep and rhythm.

He has a lot more stuff than you might expect from a fellow who portrays this type. Some people out here know what sort of headwork the boy is capable of, but you'd have to work with him day after day to give him full credit.

I thought he was that kind of person in real life when I first saw him with Connie Talmadge in *The Goldfish*. I thought he was a typical song-and-dance boy. He's far more than that. He's an all-around darling. A regular person. In fact, he's rather grand.

Really, you mustn't get me started talking about Jack.

Broadway Deserted

By ARTHUR W EDDY

The Great Exodus—"Roxy" is a ghost talker—phone tolls nothing to Nick—ladies and nicotine—and other news of doings along the Main Stem.

ONE by one—rather, dozen by dozen—stage and other celebrities are forsaking the Great Hot Way to make their voices heard in the talking studios of Hollywood.

Never were the prospects brighter for the trunk and suitcase industry; during the past few weeks a host of actors, night club entertainers, vaudeville performers and writers have simply turned out the bright lights, arranged to have the janitor give the apartment cat its daily bowl of gin and boarded the train of thought that runs to the studios.

Many are already established out where the West begins to pay the heavy sugar — George Arliss, Al Jolson, Ted Lewis, Eddie Cantor, Sophie Tucker, O. P. Hegge, George Jessel, Robert Armstrong and Joe Brown, to name a famous few. The arrived list also includes such creative wows as Dorothy Parker, writer; Irving Berlin, song bird; Gus Edwards, producer; James Gleason, actor-author; Robert C. Benchley, critic and humorist.

And of those who haven't actually gone yet, an impressive number are busily engaged in the sound studios of New York: Big moments such as Louise Groody, Charles King, James Hackett, Frances Williams, Vincent Lopez, Cliff Edwards, Tom Waring, Eva Le Gallienne, Oscar Shaw, Mary Eaton, Jimmy Hussey, Marion Harris, Jeanne Eagels and Joseph Regan.

Yes, the boys and girls who keep Broadway awake are going or going in such quantities that traffic congestion may not be such a problem in a month or two.

Heard But Not Seen

OF ALL the varieties of actor—stage, screen, radio, canine and bad—the latest is perhaps the most unique in performance and in method. This is the "sound actor" who is the big noise in many a picture without being seen.

S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy" of radio fame), is at present the world's champion sound actor. When you see and hear F. W. Murnau's *Four Devils,* you will notice that a clown introduces the production with a laugh. That laugh, however, comes not from the clown on view but from Roxy. Again, during the scene in *Four Sons,* where the boys in the trenches listen to the cry of a wounded German out in No Man's Land, that pitiful call of "Mutterchen" is the voice of Roxy, our new invisible star. And in *Sunrise,* when George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor muss up traffic by stopping to kiss, and irate truck drivers begin shouting at the pair, it is Roxy's voice that makes the most racket.

The Old Nick

ABOUT the first thing that Nick Stuart did when he landed from the "Berengaria," was to long-distance Sue Carol.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Ted Lewis, who is leading the rush from Broadway, is going to see that "everybody's happy" in Hollywood.

CAROL LOMBARD, Pathe player, shows how to take a husband on your knee, give him a talking-to, and wind him around your finger. It's all very well, if you have a knee like that to take him on, a mouth like that to do the talking, and a finger like Carol's to wind him around.

Clive Confides

Clive Brook's serenity hides emotions torn between longing for England and love for America, but he finds comfort in the vast possibilities of the talkies.

Perhaps Clive Brook sees memories of England and the war in the glowing embers. He is not one of those who can readily forget the past.

By CHARLES GRAY

"IT'S all quite confusing," he said thoughtfully; "Quite, quite confusing."

They were slow words and grave, words that gave a revealing flash of the man behind the mask of reserve he turns to the world. Lest the rare break in his aloofness immediately close, I kept my eyes on the ascending smoke of our cigarettes. It was a delicate moment in our conversation.

In a community of effervescent men, Clive Brook is noted for the manner in which he retains his dignity—and his own counsel. He welcomes consideration of his work, but there are things which as an individual he has no wish to share. Thus on the rare occasions when he speaks of himself as a human being, rather than as a screen shadow, the wise listener will listen as I listened. For only then is the real man apparent.

"I love England," he continued, in the slow, rich voice which is doing so much to talk the squeak and the squawk out of the Paramount talkies. "The British do, you know. It's something born and bred into us. It's as natural and as inevitable as life. And yet—" he paused and dabbed the ash from his cigarette—"yet I wonder if there ever was a country so remarkable as this one."

"Remember the line?" I asked, "'How happy I'd be with the one, were the other dear charmer away'?"

"That's it. Precisely. I'm homesick for the tight little isle, and yet I know that it never again can replace what in four years America has come to mean to me. Its vitality, its stimulation, are simply irreplaceable. The dynamic quality that's in the very air gives something to a chap that he can't bear to lose. No, I couldn't do without it. And what's more, I shan't!"

He smiled his rare, charming smile. "What am I then, fish, flesh or fowl? One of my children is an American—the other was born in England. I have ties, contacts, friendships, in both countries. Each means so much to me that I cannot be fully satisfied in either. It's all quite confusing," he said again, studying his cigarette.

It was an admission so startling—and yet so humanly

(*Continued on page* 101)

A Preview Of The DIVINE LADY

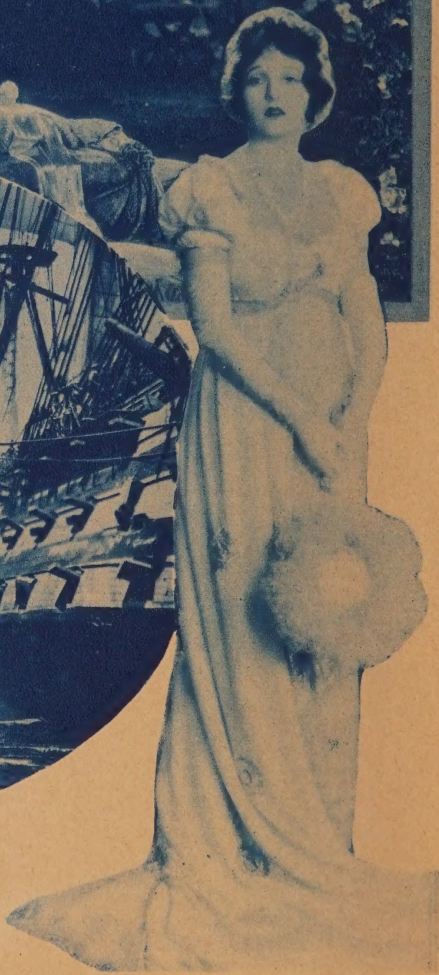
CORINNE GRIFFITH finds perhaps the greatest role of her career as the captivating Lady Hamilton, sweetheart of Lord Nelson, famous in English history.

The picture promises to be one of the most lavish spectacles of the year, with the picturesque costumes of the early nineteenth century produced in elaborate detail.

In this picture fans will see the historic battle of Trafalgar re-enacted with faithful exactitude. Experts were imported from England in order to make sure that every detail of the greatest sea fight the world has ever known would be reproduced correctly.

Alternating with the dramatic spectacle are tender love scenes between Corinne Griffith as Lady Hamilton, and Victor Varconi as Lord Nelson.

Chiefly due to the work of the principals, and the attention given background and setting, this picture will most probably be regarded as noteworthy among the historical films of the past few seasons.



Corinne Griffith

A Preview Of The WOLF SONG

Lupe Velez

Miss Velez and Gary Cooper

LUPE VELEZ finds a gorgeous setting for striking Latin beauty as well as a field for her dramatic talents in *The Wolf Song,* a stirring story of pioneer days in California.

Gary Cooper is picturesque in the buckskin garb of the pioneer. The picture gives Lupe an opportunity to wear the beautiful and becoming clothes of the early Spanish regime in California.

It is another story of the coming of the treasure seekers to the land of plenty, with a stirring dramatic story.

Many of the scenes were shot on location in the beautiful mountainous country of Southern California, in the high Sierras, where many of the actors of Hollywood have summer cabins.

The story concerns the love affair and violent aftermath that await Cooper as he flees Kentucky and heads into the mountains of Southern California, accompanied by Louis Wolheim and Constantine Romanoff.

His love affair with Lupe, daughter of an aristocratic Don in an old Mexican town, involves him in dangerous encounters from all sides.

The best among the current pictures are reviewed below as a guide to readers in choosing

Walter Byron whispers words of love to Vilma Banky.

Alan Hale, the sea captain, angers Phyllis Haver.

PICTURESQUE PEASANTRY

A German officer finds his better nature through The Awakening *of love.*

ENTER the beautiful Vilma Banky, principal of the erstwhile famous lover team of Banky and Colman, as a star in her own right.

In *The Awakening,* she has for her leading man, one Walter Byron, handsome and youthful, a recent importation from the British Isle.

It's all about the depredations of war upon the peasantry of Alsace, which gives Vilma a chance to appear in picturesque costumes.

She is the daughter of a poor but honest burgher and all goes well with her until Walter Byron comes along in the role of a dashing young Uhlan officer.

Later, the officer induces her to visit him in his rooms, and the Alsatians, putting two and two together, decide she is no better than she should be, and, according to a quaint custom of the country, they decorate her front door with pitch, which means she is no longer asked out with the best people.

After that, things go from bad to worse, until Vilma takes refuge in a convent. However, the fortunes of war and the ingenuity of the scenario writer which tore the lovers apart, bring them together in the end.

There are some beautiful scenes bound together with a rather ridiculous story.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

MOTHER INSTINCT

When she goes to sea, Singapore Sal *finds she wasn't meant to be a dance hall girl all her life.*

THE cast of *Singapore Sal* reads like a roster of the rough-and-ready characters of the movies—Phyllis Haver, Alan Hale and Fred Kohler; a combination from which you might expect all sorts of slithering sin. And then they go and fool you.

Just when you think they're going good and tough on you, they suddenly become funny.

There's an amusing situation to begin with. And the actors wring all the humor out of it. Alan Hale is a hale-and-hearty sea captain who finds a baby foisted upon him without being able to do anything about it.

Being a man of action, he goes ashore and shanghais Singapore Sal, a dance hall girl, who is Phyllis Haver, to be the synthetic mother of the baby.

Singapore Sal is bored by it all until the baby gets sick. Then her mother instinct comes to the fore.

All goes well until a feud breaks out between Alan Hale and Fred Kohler over the girl.

Phyllis Haver does good work in changing in the twinkling of an eye from the flashy dance hall girl to the woman who is a mother at heart. Tense drama and comedy alternate with pleasing effect.—*Pathe.*

their cinema fare together with newsy notes about the stars. *By Agnes O'Malley.*

Clara hears the phone ringing. Another week-end date?

HOT!

Clara Bow sets out to prove that she can get her man in Three Week-Ends.

HERE'S Clara back again the way the fans like her best, in a sizzling show of sex and sass, fresh from the palpitating pen of Elinor Glyn.

The story is just what you might expect. A poor little girl from the tenements is torn between riches and love. Imagine that! And which, pray, which shall she choose?

Madame Glyn has taken her old formula for *Three Weeks,* the novel which made her famous, and has given it another twist for *Three Week-Ends.*

The picture is just Clara Bow. That's about all there is to it, and that's enough.

She plays the part of a girl who knew what life in a tenement was like, and what love in a tenement would be like also. She dreamed of marrying a rich man and having her fling at luxury. And she got her chance Then when she got it she didn't want it. Couldn't you just guess she'd end up in the tenement after all and like it?—*Paramount.*

John Gilbert tries to comfort Greta Garbo.

HEART PIRATE

Greta Garbo is a girl who becomes A Woman of Affairs *to hide a broken heart.*

ANOTHER great lover team is about to fade from sight.

A Woman of Affairs marks the last appearance of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert together. When he takes her in his arms in this picture, it will be for the last time on the screen. Which is reason for weeping.

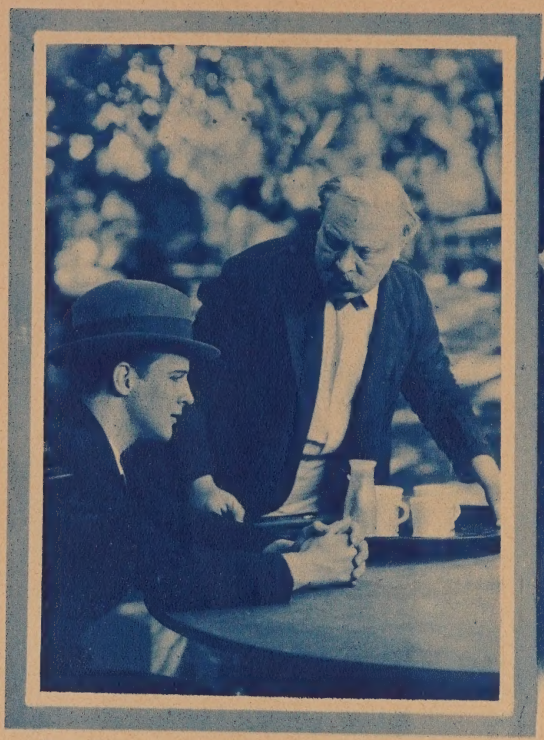
This is really taken from the story of that much talked-of book, *"The Green Hat,"* by Michael Arlen. But don't breathe a word of it, it's all supposed to be a deep secret.

It's all about a group of super-sophisticated moderns, all just dying to be decent, but not able to manage it.

Greta Garbo is an English girl whose heart is broken when her lover refuses to marry her until he has made his fortune, and who immediately plunges into a series of hectic affairs in a desperate effort to forget. The ending will surprise you.

Although the plot of the picture is quite different from the story of *"The Green Hat,"* yet it smacks of something that Arlen might have written in one of his better moments.

There is an able supporting cast consisting of Lewis Stone, Dorothy Sebastian, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Hobart Bosworth and John Mack Brown. A notable swan-song for Garbo and Gilbert.—*M-G-M.*



Emil Jannings discovers his blind son, Jack Luden.

LIKE FATHER

The Sins of the Fathers *are not always visited upon the sons according to this picture.*

EMIL JANNINGS seems to seesaw between screen masterpieces and pictures that are just not so good. *The Patriot* belongs in the former class, *The Street of Sin* belongs in the latter. So does *Sins of the Fathers.*

He has a sympathetic role as an old German restaurant proprietor who has two main interests in life—his son and his restaurant. His wife and his daughter he sacrifices for these.

With the coming of prohibition, his life goes to pieces. His wife dies of overwork, and when she is gone he falls an easy victim to a loose lady who craves the cash in his register.

At last, his business goes to pieces and he becomes one of the biggest bootleggers in Manhattan. Meanwhile his son has been living fast and loose. The picture comes to a climax in the conflict between these two.

The picture suffers, however, from too much action which prevents Jannings from developing his character role to its fullest possibilities.

It marks the German actor's first appearance in extended talking sequences and also brings to the screen the talents of Ruth Chatterton, well-known stage actress. Zasu Pitts and Jack Luden are excellent in supporting roles.—*Paramount.*

Bert Lytell is recognized by Lilyan Tashman.

NIMBLE FINGERS

***The most polished burglar of them all is reformed by* The Lone Wolf's Daughter.**

THE Lone Wolf is at it again, moving in the best social circles, plucking diamonds from beneath unsuspecting dowagers' double chins with neatness and dispatch.

It also marks the return of Bert Lytell to some prominence again.

There's nothing new about the plot. The Lone Wolf fights his way into society for the sake of his adopted daughter, Gertrude, but has difficulties in keeping from being recognized as the polished pilferer. All goes well until he is spotted by two fellow crooks, played by Charles Gerard and Lilyan Tashman.

At the crucial moment, he lines up on the side of society and prevents these two dirty workers from making off with the jewels at a week-end party.

If you're tired of spectacles and pictures where people just stand and talk, you'll find this old-fashioned but rapid-moving bit of movie hokum refreshing.

Columbia, producers of this picture, have a habit of picking up popular stars rejected by other companies and making them better than ever. That's what they've done to Bert Lytell in this one.—*Columbia.*

entertainment. Additional reviews will be found on Page 88.

Mary Astor is warned by her maid.

Doris Kenyon confides her fears to Clive Brook.

GAY PAREE

Dry Martini *has as much kick as its famous namesake.*

MR. MENJOU had better look to his laurels. There's a new sophisticated gentleman with that debonair touch upon the horizon. He is Mr. Albert Gran and he walks off with the picture, *Dry Martini,* under his arm.

It's all about what Americans do when they go to Paris, checking their scruples behind them at the customs office.

Albert Gran is an elderly roue who lives alone in Paris according to his lights, which are usually bright. Like a thunderbolt into his life comes Mary Astor, his modern daughter, who startles him by proving just a bit more dashing in her ideas than the old gent himself.

He tries to put up a respectable front for the sake of his dear daughter, but finds out to his chagrin that he really might as well have saved himself the trouble.

It all ends very conventionally, however, with the father joining hands with the 100 per cent American sweetheart to save the girl from the attentions of a bounder.

The picture is gay, amusing and racy. But don't take the children. They'll ask a lot of questions you'll find hard to answer.—*Fox.*

CLEVER CRIME

Pointing out the evils that arise from* Interference *in other people's affairs.

HERE'S one that will be remembered as the first great talking picture. All the lisps, snorts and wheezes that are usually in attendance have been eliminated from this film.

Evelyn Brent, Doris Kenyon, William Powell and Clive Brook have voices that delight the ear. For once the dialogue is brilliant and entertaining, not mere spoken subtitles.

The story has plenty of swank, with lavish scenes and gorgeous gowns set against the background of London's upper crust.

Doris Kenyon is threatened for indiscretions of her early life by Evelyn Brent, who is fascinating in her familiar role of a smouldering dangerous woman. William Powell is a superb blackguard who commits murder to protect the happiness of the woman he loves. Clive Brook is distinguished and dignified as an eminent heart specialist.

The weakness of the story detracts from the excellence of the picture. Written originally as a silent film, it does not readily lend itself to adaptation to talking technique and slows down the action considerably.

The company promises to be a successful one in talking pictures.—*Paramount.*

The Lady of the Locks

Joan Crawford, M-G-M starring beauty, exhibits her crowning glory in this pose

MASK OF THE *Devil*

Adapted for SCREEN SECRETS by
DOROTHY H. CARTWRIGHT

When Irwin Reiner, the gayest young rake in all Vienna, fell in love with Virginia Gessner, it made no difference to him that she was the sweetheart of his best friend. But when he found that love returned, would it awaken his better nature to do battle with his evil desires? Read the amazing conclusion of this startling story of John Gilbert's latest picture in which the handsome reprobate comes to death grips with his devil's soul.

With a wave of exultation, he realized that she no longer struggled against him . . . he gathered her into his arms.

Resume of the story:

BARON IRWIN REINER, wealthy and unscrupulous nobleman whose career as a libertine was the talk of Vienna, gave no sign of his character in his face—a face whose angelic purity had led Count Palester to select him as the model for a painting of the Archangel Michael.

Even while posing for this picture in Palester's studio, he met the Countess Helene Zurmuhlen, winning her love, of which he was already beginning to tire when an old school chum, Manfred Dalcroze, presented Virginia Gessner, his bride-to-be, and the most beautiful woman Irwin Reiner had ever seen! Without a qualm of conscience, Irwin laid plans for the conquest of his best friend's sweetheart, first removing Manfred from the scene by having him sent on an exploring expedition he had wanted to undertake to establish his fame and fortune.

At the most spectacular and lavish garden party ever known in Vienna, given by Reiner in honor of Virginia, the neglected Countess Zurmuhlen tried vainly to renew her affair with her faithless lover. Finally, on being brutally dismissed by him, she threatened suicide. Irwin, eager to mend the break with Virginia caused when he grasped her in a passionate embrace from which she broke in anger, paid little heed. Seeking out Virginia, he gained her forgiveness and was about to renew his

wooing when Palester interrupted the scene with the news that Helene was badly injured—she had plunged to attempted death under the wheels of a passing motor on the highway.

Count Zurmuhlen, aware at last of the affair between his wife and Reiner, attempted to shoot the Baron as he entered the house to see the desperately wounded Countess, but after a brief scuffle the pistol was discharged and the Count slumped to the floor, dying a few moments later. Through influence, wealth and personality, the Baron was acquitted of the murder charge.

After several weeks, during which he heard nothing from Virginia, Irwin received a note from her, expressing faith in him despite all the gossip, and inviting him to call. This he did promptly, but with a growing uneasiness, increased by catching a glimpse of his reflection—a leering, fiendish Mask of the Devil—in the glass covering of Manfred's photograph. Later that evening, however, he crushed her in his arms and poured forth a passionate declaration of love.

Now finish the story:

OH!" she moaned, struggling away from him, half-frightened, half-resentful. A moment later she had freed herself from his embrace and fled from the room, leaving him staring after her with eyes blazing with hatred and desire.

The young baron waited, half-expecting her to return. Finally convinced that she would appear no more that evening, he reluctantly went into the hall and gathered up his coat and gloves. He remembered to look in the pocket. Yes, there was a cablegram. Quickly he ripped it open.

"Why have you not written? Am returning immediately to know truth of this ghastly silence—Manfred."

Returning—immediately! Only a few days longer, then all would be explained. Virginia would know why her lover's fervent messages had never reached her, would be reassured of his love for her for which she had grieved; and Irwin, the culprit, would be bitterly denounced by both of them. Virginia would forever after scorn him. He moved dazedly toward his waiting limousine. He was about to drive away, when he suddenly changed his mind.

"Drive on," he ordered. "I'll follow later." As the car disappeared down the driveway, Irwin Reiner stealthily moved toward the garden. From where he stood, concealed among the shrubbery, he could look up toward Virginia's lighted room. It was only a few minutes later that she herself stepped to the window and pulled aside the drapes. For a moment she paused there, her slender young body softly outlined by the folds of her night-gown, her hair tumbling in childlike abandon about her shoulders.

Then she was gone. He could see her moving vaguely about in the room.

Quickly and noiselessly he reentered the house and stealthily crept upstairs to Virginia's room. The knob turned easily. Virginia was about to blow out the candles on her dressing table when she saw the door slowly opening.

THE CAST

Baron Irwin Reiner	*John Gilbert*
Virginia Gessner	*Eva Von Berne*
Countess Helene	*Alma Rubens*
Count Zurmuhlen	*Frank Reicher*
Count Palester	*Theodore Roberts*
Manfred Dalcroze	*Ralph Forbes*
The Little Dancer	*Polly Ann Young*
Madame Gessner	*Ethel Wales*

As the congregation rose, Manfred saw Irwin for the first ness—these were stamped mercilessly on his features.

"Mother?" she asked, turning. But the smile died on her lips as she saw Irwin Reiner slip swiftly into the room and close the door behind him.

"You!" she cried, so startled by his sudden appearance that at first she had no thought of fear. "What are you doing here?"

Now as he moved toward her, slowly, purposefully, there was no mistaking his motives.

"I love you!" he told her, fiercely. "I desire you! You are mine! We belong to each other!"

"You must go—please! Go!" Virginia clutched her thin gown about her in terror. His eyes seemed to unclothe her with their merciless searching of her thinly-clad young figure. The girl managed to fling a fragile negligee about her; yet, still his eyes made her feel naked before him.

Suddenly he leaped forward and caught her violently to him.

"No—no—please!" she breathed, trying to struggle from him, yet half-yielding. "You must not stay here—you must go quickly—before it is too late!"

time since their grim encounter. Bitterness, contempt, unforgive- Irwin turned away, suffering new pangs of remorse and self-hatred.

HIS lips crushed the words as she spoke them. Now he felt her body relax. She no longer struggled against him. Her lips, but a moment before denying him, now waited for his kisses—were eager . . .

He gathered her in his strong arms. How light she was—how small and soft and warm. The alcove across the room—he would carry her there. Every fiber of his being strained to the tempo of his passion. Fulfillment, for which he had already waited too long, was at last to be his.

Suddenly he stopped short, facing, so it seemed, an invisible wall. His arms, in which but a moment before the blood had raced vigorously, now sagged with the weight of his light burden, and the ecstacy of attainment no longer fired him with anticipation.

For once more he had looked into the mirror. Once more a face leered back at him—a sinister face, hideously ugly, distorted cruelly with lust and evil—the shadow of a soul from Hell—the Mask of the Devil. Irwin Reiner released the girl weakly and stood before her staring in anguish.

Shaken to the depths of her being, and greatly embarrassed by the strange new impulses that had possessed her for the first time in her innocent young life, Virginia faced Irwin. Her eyes were dazed. She was like a sleep-walker, roused from a dreamless, exhausted sleep, as she stood before him, hugging her frail garments pitifully about her slender little figure.

"I am cursed! Cursed!" Irwin Reiner's voice rose like a sob. "The face of the devil is my face! His laughter rings in my heart! Oh, Virginia, I knew not what I was doing. I'm mad—stark, raving mad! Forgive me—pity me—for I am a soul in Hell!"

He knelt at her feet and buried his head in the folds of her gown, his shoulders shaking with overmastering emotion.

"Irwin—?" Her voice was less even than a whisper. The girl swayed weakly, afraid of the tumult in her heart, puzzled by his words which she could not understand, and his contrition, which embarrassed her. "Irwin—?" Her hand reached out tremblingly—perhaps to comfort him, perhaps to reassure herself that it was not all a mad nightmare.

The man recoiled as from a tongue of flame. "Oh, don't touch me! I am unclean! I am possessed of a demon! I know not what I do! Look at me, Virginia, and you will see—I am the devil himself!" And with a terrible cry wrung from his very heart, he stumbled from the room.

Virginia watched him go, paralyzed with fear. Then suddenly she sank to her knees, buried her face in her trembling hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. No use now to struggle against him; no need for her to denounce him as a traitor, to tell herself she hated him, to speak coolly to him of friendship and believe herself sincere. She had learned the brutal, searing truth at last.

"Irwin—oh, Irwin — I— love you — I — love you——!"

Nights passed . . . . nights in which Irwin Reiner lived over the crucifixion of his own soul. From that memorable moment he had avoided looking into mirrors, lest again he see that hideous mask taunting him; but curiosity was strong in him. Perhaps, after all, he had only dreamed! Resolutely he strode to his pier glass and held the candlestick high, until it threw a kindly light upon his face.

THE shadows dissolved, and in the smooth surface of the mirror a face appeared—ugly, accusing, bearing the stamp of hatred and lust. As he watched, gripped in an awful despair, another face approached his from the far background—the ghost of Manfred, whose love he had betrayed.

With an anguished cry Irwin gripped the candlestick tightly and beat the mirror into a thousand fragments. That leering Devil's mask! Those trusting eyes of Manfred! They should not mock him!

Someone hurried across the room. A heavy, sustaining arm was thrown about his shoulders.

"Irwin! What is it?"

Manfred, bronzed by the tropic sun, stood anxiously beside him in the flesh. For a moment Reiner was unable to collect his wits. Slowly the candlestick fell to the floor.

"Oh! Oh, it is nothing—nothing at all. Nerves cracking. Let's not talk about it. Tell me about yourself. When did you return?"

MANFRED, greatly shaken by their dramatic meeting and saddened by his own problems, replied: "I came only today, and went straight to Virginia. She does not tell me what has changed her, but she no longer loves me."

Reiner looked compassionately on Manfred's stricken face, listened unhappily to his grief, struggling to tell him the truth, to make a full confession.

"For months she had not written me, had made no acknowledgment of my messages to her," Manfred continued wretchedly. "Oh, my friend, you cannot know the agony I have suffered, so far away from her, unable to understand her silence. Today when I called to see her, she seemed startled at the very sight of me. There was no gladness in her welcome. I asked her what had happened, but she made no reply. I asked her if she loved me; she would not answer. But I know—I could see the change in her. I stumbled away quickly, unable to bear the torture of her dear presence, knowing that her heart was no longer mine. It was only the faith I had in you, my friend, that kept me from killing myself."

My friend . . . . *my friend* . . . . The repetition of these words beat cruelly on Irwin's brain. Unable to endure another word, he sprang to his feet, his face convulsed with agony and hatred of himself as he began his shameful confession.

"I am not your friend—I am your worst enemy! While you loved and trusted me, I betrayed you, Judas that I am!"

Manfred tried to ease him into a chair, certain that his mind was unbalanced; but Irwin shook him off roughly.

"Don't touch me! I am unclean! I tell you I have betrayed you—stolen from you the thing you most cherished—Virginia. Don't call me friend again! Don't! Don't! I cannot bear it!"

"Y o u—took—Virginia—from me?" repeated Manfred through the fog of this strange revelation.

"Yes, I—your dearest friend—your beloved comrade! The moment I saw her, I desired her. It was I who contrived that very night to send you away on your long expedition; I who afterward intercepted your messages to her; I who insidiously planted in her the belief that you no longer loved her; I who sought to win her for my own—who tried to take her by force when she would not yield!"

"And Virginia?" Manfred's eyes, glittering with sudden hatred, were focused on Reiner's face.

"She was saved from me by the miracle of my own conscience."

Manfred's tenseness relaxed slightly.

"I am paying for my sin, Manfred," Irwin cried, hoarsely. "As God is my judge, my heart is being eaten away—slowly; my brain is on fire. At night I cannot sleep; the days are endless. I am a man condemned to living death. I am humble before you—ashamed, longing only for some way to repair the great harm I have done you. I, who have no right to use the word 'friendship' stand before you, imploring your forgiveness."

Manfred's face, cold, hard, unyielding, grew even more cruel with hatred. Slowly he raised his hand and struck Reiner a stinging blow upon the cheek. Then deliberately he turned on his heel and strode away.

Irwin Reiner stood motionless, his head bowed. Suffering had reached its peak in him.

IRWIN REINER would not have wished to admit how long it was since he had crossed the threshold of a church. On the Sunday following his confession to Manfred, he felt irresistibly drawn to the House of God where, perhaps, peace dwelled, and souls could be renewed. Kneeling in the quiet shadows, with the organ softly playing, he groped for words with which to voice a prayer. But he had long since forgotten how to speak to God.

Miserably his eyes lingered on every sign and symbol of faith, until they came to rest upon a Figure on the Cross . . . . They had brought to Him a man possessed of devils. And Christ spoke to the man and ordered the demons to depart from him, saying: "The devils shall come from the mind of him who hath faith." . . . . It seemed to Irwin that he was the man who knelt before the Christ; he who prayed: "I have faith in Thee and in Thy power." . . . . And the chains fell from him. His body became clothed, and the look of madness left him as Christ laid his hand compassionately on his bowed head . . . .

Into Irwin Reiner's heart peace entered; into his eyes, new vision.

Virginia, on Manfred's arm, had entered the church, and now sat across the aisle from Irwin. She saw him almost at once. Yet there was a strangeness about him that made her almost doubt that it was he. . . . . That penitent figure with bowed head—could that be the arrogant young baron who played with life as a child plays with a gaily-colored bauble?

Her steady eyes must have drawn him, for now he looked up and saw Virginia. For a moment he felt he was not strong enough to offer her friendship, when his whole being cried out for her love.

Manfred, unaware of Irwin's presence, looked jealously at the girl, whose tender expression betrayed her secret thoughts.

"You are thinking of Reiner!" he accused.

With an effort Virginia recalled herself from dreams of Irwin—an Irwin whom she knew she could trust—and love.

"No!" she protested, guiltily. "No! I have forgotten Reiner! Let us never speak of him again!"

Manfred, smug and satisfied by the vehemence of her

(*Continued on page* 94)

"My Life is the Story of a Devil!"

Wild, impetuous and adorable, Lupe Velez saw men killed before she was ten, fell in love when she was thirteen, was a stage idol of Mexico at sixteen. With the world at her feet she is still a rebel at heart.

Senorita Cyclone

The life of Lupe Velez, a story which surpasses fiction in drama, romance, pathos and humor, begins in the March issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

It is the story of a girl who was not afraid to live!

Don't miss it—out February 10.

TEST YOUR ART ABILITY FREE

OUR FREE ART ABILITY QUESTIONNAIRE is a fascinating and worthwhile test for the young man or woman who likes to draw. It gives a real insight into your natural talent. It tests your sense of color, design, composition, perspective, etc. It enables you to decide intelligently whether you should train your ability for Commercial Art work.

If you *do* have natural talent, waste no time! In Commercial Art you'll find action, progress, a field for success practically limited only by your own ability. Youth is an asset, not a handicap. Big prices are paid for drawings and designs for advertising. The business world demands new, startling, attractive ideas—and pays for them!

Let the "School Famous for Successful Students" Come to You

Learn Commercial Art at home! Choose the training that is rapid, yet thorough. Profit by the personal criticisms of your work. Develop your own style. The Federal Course has *proven* that it can shorten your road to success—bring you more quickly to the earning point.

From W. A. Sowell:
"I am Art Director with a salary and commission. Last month ran over $400, and the last 4 months have averaged $300. This all came about from the excellent instructions I received from Federal School."

From Lloyd Shirley:
"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. I am earning $5,200 a year as a commercial artist. The practical, thorough, short course, I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

From Edwin McTeer:
"I opened my own independent Commercial art studio, and my earnings are now at the rate of over $10,000 a year. I know anyone with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will let the Federal Schools help them."

Send for Your Art Questionnaire Now!

Many Federal Students are making $2,000, $4,000, and $6,000 yearly—some much more. Profit by the experience of D. L. Rogers, who says, "The Federal School has the quality of education to offer that *paves the road to success.*" Fill in and mail the coupon now—your Art Questionnaire will come by return mail.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

COUPON

Federal School of
Commercial Designing,
72 Federal Schools Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me Art Questionnaire.

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Address.....

FAN CLUB DEPARTMENT

All questions regarding fan clubs will be answered by
GRACE SIMPSON, Department Conductor.

HERE'S some good news for all Laura La Plante fans—a group of congenial people have joined hands and formed a fine club for your peppy little blonde favorite. All members receive brief reviews of the better pictures and interesting short subjects about Laura. Membership fee for one year is 25c, payable to Edward J. Strife, the secretary. "Will you help us to grow?" he asks. The club now numbers 132 members.

Baxter Club Affiliates

THE Warner Baxter Club has been taken over by the Hollywood Movie Fans' Club, with new headquarters in the movie city. The HMFC publishes a dandy club paper called *Hollywood Close-ups* and henceforth one full page will be entirely devoted to the Baxter club. Warner, by the way, is very much interested in his club and promises to send all new members one of his latest autographed pictures. Dues to his club are 50c a year and that includes the club paper.

Club Holds Contest

THE Kenyon-Sills club now is holding a poem contest, open to all members of the club. Doris Kenyon has offered a book of her own poems—to be personally autographed to the winner—as the prize for the best poem and she is to be judge. Miss Winkie Taylor is the President of this club and she tells me she has some fine snap-shots of Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills and their baby, Kenyon, which she will sell for 10c apiece. She also has snaps of many other popular stars and anyone may order as many as they like. The proceeds will go to the club to carry on with. Miss Taylor, by the way, is putting out a most attractive club paper called *Baby Kenyon News*, which is illustrated throughout with some of her own cute sketches.

More Stars Added

THE Movie Stars Fan Club has added Alice White, Betty Compson, Lupe Velez and Molly O'Day to their boosting list, and now has three new membership lists to send new members, including *Starlight*, the club magazine. Life membership is $1.00 and you receive five photos of your favorite movie actresses—yearly membership is 25c and you receive one photo of your favorite.

Second Elinor Faire Club

ANOTHER Elinor Faire club wishes to be mentioned in these pages. Miss Barbara Wayne of Brooklyn, New York, is the founder, and she says she is quite certain all those who saw Miss Fair in *The Volga Boatman* and in *Jim, the Conqueror*, will want to join and they are all invited.

Here is Norma Shearer aided by her mother in sending more than 22,000 letters to as many of her admirers.

Paper Contest

THE Fall Number of the Lina Basquette club paper is now out and it is very "newsy." The club has been holding a title contest (the winning title to be the permanent one of the paper) and so far Miss Katheryne Berry seems to be leading the race with *The Spotlight*. Mrs. Pearl Tice, President of the L. B. C., asks all members to send in some kind of a snap of themselves, for an album which will later be sent on to Lina. Mrs. Tice also welcomes all magazine pictures and newspaper clippings pertaining to Miss Basquette. This club also has lovely club pins—they are diamond-shaped, half being painted in red, and the rest in white (the club colors), and engraved across the center of the pin are the club initials *L. B. C.* These pins cost 25c but are worth more, and they can be ordered by Mrs. Tice only in lots of twelve or more, so you see it is necessary that she receive lots of orders from her members. The next issue of the *L. B. C.* paper will be issued sometime during the first part of December, and prizes are being offered for all material that is printed.

Free Entrance Fee

ANOTHER interesting and worthwhile club paper is the *Rambova Rambler*, issued for and by the Natacha Rambova fan club. It is edited by Miss Sunny Peterson and published every two months. It contains many items of interest about officers and members of the club, about Natacha and about the late Rudy. And every member who has any article printed in the *Rambler* may enter another friend in the club entirely free of charge for one year.

(*Continued on page* 86)

All These Beautiful Presents Given

Full Size 42-Piece Dinner Set Free

Don't Send a Penny. We Trust You! Mail Coupon Now!

Here is a set you will be proud of. Rose and Foliage pattern. Newest Colonial shape. Guaranteed first class. Just sell 12 large size bottles "SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume as illustrated below (*Giving away a Perfume Novelty Free with each bottle*) and remit per plan in Premium Catalog. Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Mail Coupon Now! TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* C-28 CHICAGO

BIG MOVIE Machine Free!

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU

Shows Large Size on Screen

Operates on same principle as expensive professional models. It's equipped with imported double Convex lens, uses regular size films as in big theatres. Very simple construction—all steel and heavily made. Complete outfit enough for full hours show including practice reel of Tom Mix film, etc. Send coupon for initial 12 Bottles Salut-D'Amour Perfume at 25c. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with each bottle and easy plans for obtaining Movie Machine.

Mail Coupon

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* C-28 CHICAGO

MA-MA DOLL

She can do almost anything a real live baby does. Is fully dressed as pictured. Given for selling only 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each (Giving Perfume Novelty free with each bottle). Easiest plan ever offered. Trevaux's Salut D'Amour fastest seller today. See illustration near coupon — Biggest value ever. Send no money. Just fill out and mail coupon today.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* C-28 CHICAGO

GIVEN

This Ladies' or Girls' Watch is very dainty. Has fancy engravings front and back. Set with blue sapphire crown—Jeweled Movement guaranteed 10 years. Send for 12 Large Bottles SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume which sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you GIVE AWAY Free and easy plans for obtaining this Wrist Watch. Don't send a penny. Mail Coupon now!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
DEPT. C-28 CHICAGO

10-Pc. Toilet Set, full size

This Ivory Finish Toilet Set consists of 10 FULL SIZE pieces. Biggest Value offered. Given for selling only 12 Large Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each. With each bottle you give away free a Perfume Novelty. Greatest value offered. We are big reliable company. Don't send a penny. We trust you. Mail coupon now.

Trevaux Perfume Co.
Dept. C-28 *Chicago*

Send No Money
We Trust You!

High Grade FULL SIZE Violin & Bow

The quality of this outfit will amaze you. Violin is made of selected woods, smooth round corners and full size. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a Bottle. Give away Free Perfume Novelties. Select Violin per catalog plan. See coupon. TREVAUX Perfume Co. Dept. C-28 Chicago

FREE COASTER WAGON GIVEN

This big wagon is 16x 36 inches. Heaviest construction known. Best materials, hardest woods used. Roller bearing. Heavy tires on double 10 inch steel wheels. Mail coupon today for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume which you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away Free, and easy plan for obtaining coaster wagon. Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. C-28
CHICAGO

Here is what you Sell!—

We send 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume to be sold at 25c each (first time offered in America). We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with Salut D'Amour Perfume.

It makes sales easier. 50c value for 25c. Help us advertise and introduce Salut D'Amour. It is put up in large size bottles as illustration at right—This large size you sell at 25c.

Actual Size

BIG 500 Shot Repeater RIFLE Free!

This is a big rifle with REAL POWER. Genuine KING Rifle that has the LEVER action. FREE for selling only 12 bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a bottle. With each bottle give away a Perfume Novelty FREE. *A 50c Value for only 25c*

Don't send a penny. We trust you.

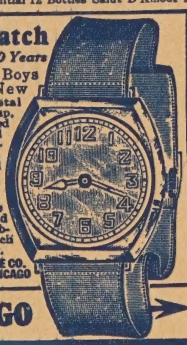
Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. C28 Chicago

Strap Watch

Guaranteed 10 Years

Suitable for Boys and Men. New shape, white metal case, leather strap, 10 year guaranteed movement. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume that you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE, and easy plans for obtaining wrist watch—Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. C-28 CHICAGO



MAIL COUPON

DEPT. C-28
TREVAUX PERFUME CO., CHICAGO

Send No Money

I want to help you introduce "Salut D'Amour" among my friends. Send me 12 Bottles to sell at 25c each. Also send 12 Perfume Novelties to give away free with "SALUT D'AMOUR. Will remit you within 30 days and select gift from Catalog sent with perfume according to offers.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Print or write name plainly and mail today!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO. DEPT. C-28 CHICAGO

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU

POSTAL POUCH

The Postal Pouch editor will answer your questions on this page. For personal answer enclose 2-cent stamp.

VERLE P.: Barry Norton was the youth who was killed in a roadster in the early sequences of *The Legion of the Condemned.* Write to him at the Fox Studios, where he is under contract. He has been loaned out to Paramount for a very fine role with Emil Jannings in *The Sins of the Fathers.*

YVONNE B.: Clara Bow is twenty-three years old, Billie Dove twenty-five, and Tom Mix about forty-eight. Write to Tom at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood.

NORINE G.: Barry Norton is the young actor whose work you admired in *The Legion of the Condemned.* He's an Argentine who made his debut as Mother's Boy in *What Price Glory,* and who is now at work in another Fox picture, *The Four Devils.* Write to him at that studio and ask him to send you his photograph. Yes, I send personal replies to any fans who enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their questions.

L. L. L. D.: Fox, F. B. O., Warner Brothers, and United Artists are in Hollywood; M-G-M and De Mille are in Culver City; First National is located near Burbank, and Universal is at Universal City. Thomas Meighan is under contract to the Caddo Productions, Metropolitan Studios, Hollywood. Patsy Ruth Miller, Jack Perrin, and Hoot Gibson can be reached at Universal; Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Dolores Del Rio at United Artists; Jackie Coogan is now in military school, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will still see that he gets his mail. Betty Bronson is at Warner's; Milton Sills is under contract to First National, Doris Kenyon is free-lancing while Antonio Moreno and Betty Compson have been working in pictures there recently; Marie Prevost is at Metropolitan; Tom Mix will release his Argentine pictures through F. B. O.; and the following players can be found at M-G-M: Marion Davies and (temporarily) Leatrice Joy. No, your questions don't make me sore. No questions, no work; no work, no pay; no pay—and I'd be just another butterfly puttering around in the rain.

Dolores Del Rio, ever popular with Postal Pouch fans, poses in a smart Spanish shawl which she acquired during her recent stay in Europe.

ANNA P.: Margaret Livingston is Scotch-Irish, and Sally O'Neil claims more than a dash of Irish, though she, too, is American born. All the others listed in your letter are plain Yankee. Esther Ralston and Jobyna are not related; neither are June and Julia Marlowe.

ARTHUR V. V.: The only way to find out if actors will answer your letters is to write them. Most of them do, however. Charles Farrell is six feet, two inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Virginia Lee Corbin is not married. If you take especially good photographs you would probably screen well; but it's no cinch to get into the movies, you know. You'd better stick to your Canadian Northwoods and become a brave M. P.

AVA: Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905, and Bebe Daniels January 14, 1901. Neither has ever been married. Colleen Moore's husband is John McCormick, a First National producer. She is about twenty-five years old. Renee Adoree is twenty-six, according to the statement given on her marriage license June 28, 1927, when she married Wm. Sherman Gill, a business man. She was formerly married to Tom Moore. Pronounce it Ree-nay A-do-ray, with the accent on the first syllable of each name.

P. C.: Why not P. S.? No, Ramon Novarro isn't the least bit Greek, nor is he Spanish. He's pure Mexican—and mighty proud of it, too.

JUST MODERN: You like my sense of humor, eh? Many's the night I've laughed myself awake dreaming of my own jokes. Molly O'Day is nineteen years old. The last I heard of Lila Lee, she was on her way to Europe to meet her husband, James Kirkwood. Just because you're built like a stove you're not so hot? Well, you sound mighty good to me—but don't take your movie ambitions too seriously. Write again any time when you're lonely and have read all the movie magazines you say you buy each month.

Shaves 5 YEARS with One Razor Blade!

AGENTS!

$50 to $200 a Week

KRISS KROSS is so astonishingly effective in rejuvenating all makes of razor blades that any number of men are earning surprising sums by representing us in their territories. Even spare-time men, office and factory workers, make as much as $6-$12 a day **extra**, just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow-employes.

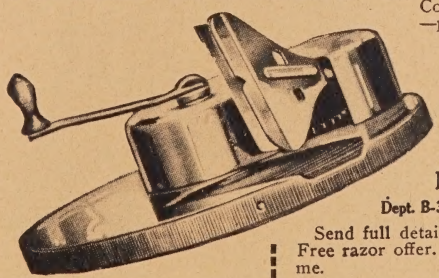
Jas. Tillotson paid entire expenses of a 30-day vacation trip with KRISS-KROSS profits. One day he made $114!
H. King made $66 in a day.
R. Vanderhof sold 27 in 8½ hours—cleared over $50!
Emil Ham made $200 his first four days, while S. Kantala made $154 in three weeks, **working just an hour or two each evening!**

Why not get your share of these easy profits? We furnish everything and back you to the limit. Check bottom line of coupon and get our big-profit plan at once!

"WHO says it costs a lot of money to operate a safety razor?" demands Mr. M. T. Main of Kenosha, Wisconsin. "Using KRISS-KROSS stropper, I have been getting slick shaves out of one blade for five years, and from the looks of things, the blade will outlast me!" You men who think you are lucky if you get a week's service out of a blade—think that over! But don't waste time envying the man who is banking the money he used to throw away on razor blades! Join the army of KRISS-KROSS shavers right now! You'll never know real shaving comfort and economy until you do. For KRISS-KROSS actually **rejuvenates** all makes of razor blades (except Durham). It makes them keener than new! Eleven seconds in a KRISS-KROSS Stropper will actually make the oldest blade you own deliver a shave so cool and velvet-smooth that you won't believe your own eyes! That's because KRISS-KROSS actually duplicates the **diagonal** stropping stroke of a master barber! No wonder more than a million men say KRISS-KROSS has solved their shaving problem forever!

Amazing Offer Means—No More Razor Blades to Buy!

You can't possibly realize how KRISS-KROSS will brighten your mornings and save your money until you have seen and tried it yourself. So don't fail to take advantage of our liberal trial offer which is now in effect. This offer includes an amazing new kind of razor, now given Free to KRISS-KROSS enthusiasts. Absolutely unique and different. Adjusts three ways in a jiffy. Requires no cleaning or assembling. Gives a **sliding** stroke that decreases beard resistance 45%! Comes with five new-process blades—probably the last you'll ever need to get! Do not delay, for this unusual offer is limited and may be withdrawn at any time. **Mail the coupon.** It will bring full details without obligating you in any way.



RHODES MFG. CO.
Dept. B-3353, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send full details of KRISS-KROSS and your Free razor offer. This request does not obligate me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

☐ Check if interested in making money as a KRISS-KROSS Representative.

Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER
RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. B-3353
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Stroppers

TEN YEARS AGO

Wallace Beery played a Swedish housemaid—Lon Chaney bent his knees—Cowboys pilfered film—and highest wage was $10.

Bird's-Eye View

BACK in the Vitagraph days there were no casting directors. In the old Brooklyn studio, a window in the second-story executive office overlooked the yard where each morning extras crowded, hoping for a day's work. The director would look out on the crowd and from this vantage point—too far away to listen to futile arguments—he made his selections for the day. Fifteen years or more later, casting is done by a very cautious process in the suite of offices housing the Central Casting Bureau, where there is a complete record of every extra in Hollywood.

Real Cowboys

WHEN the movies were still in swaddling clothes, back in the days when a two-reeler was a super-special, the rivalry was so heated between rival units of Western actors that the cowboys, armed to the teeth sat up all night and guarded their respective lots against arson, plunder, and other unwelcome visitations. Rival companies, none too scrupulous, stole each other's strips of film. Finally, in desperation, most of the studios adopted a trade mark, which appeared conspicuously on every inch of film, tacked against a tree in an exterior, or hung on the wall in an interior. In a "close-up" it was not altogether surprising to find the lower half of a kiss modestly hidden under a film company's distinguishing name or number, like the identification of a criminal!

Extra's Pittance

THERE were seventeen directors at Vitagraph from 1913 to 1915. Among them were William Humphries; Henry Gaskell; Van Dyke Brooks; Wilfred North; Larry Semon, who later turned comedian, and who died in October, 1928; C. J. Williams; Ralph Ince; Harry Davenport; Sidney Drew; S. Rankin Drew, his son; James Young; Left Johnson, and Wally Van. They paid $1.50 a day for extras in a "mob" scene; $2.50 for general extra work; and $5.00 for extras wearing evening clothes. Some very talented players were given contracts guaranteeing them $15 a week, for three days work. If they worked four days, they got $20—$5 extra for each additional day.

Past tense moments—Cecil B. De Mille (left) and Frank Keenan (right) in The Warrens of Virginia.

A Has-Been

ONE of the oldest idols of screen fans is Florence Lawrence, who still plays occasionally in pictures. At one time she was a Biograph star. At the height of her career she met with an accident which made her an invalid for many months. She was starring in *Pawns of Destiny,* in which role she was required to rescue Matt Moore from a burning building. Moore weighed, at the time, 168 pounds, and Miss Lawrence, 110. Nevertheless, she carried him on her back, and wrenched her spine to the extent that it has ever been a source of pain to her. She recently played a small part in *Me, Gangster.*

The Stunt Girl

RHEA MITCHELL, long since faded from the silver screen, was the biggest star of the Broncho, Domino, and Kay Bee Companies twelve or fifteen years ago. She was five feet two inches tall, with very dark blue eyes and wavy red-gold hair. She was known as "the stunt girl," for she was famous for her daring leaps from cliffs and buildings; was constantly being rescued from burning ships; made a habit of getting lost in swamps and quicksands, and nearly drowned too many times to count.

Did You Know That:

WALLACE BEERY'S first screen role was in a two-reel Essanay picture? He played a Swedish housemaid . . . . Corinne Griffith made her first film for Vitagraph in 1916 . . . . Fifteen years ago Mabel Normand was starring in Keystone comedies?

Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a *Magnetic Personality* –5 Days FREE Proof!

NO matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!

I can give you poise that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in your profession. You'll become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof — absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so! Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

What Is Sex Magnetism?

What is that magnetic powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly? What is that strange, never-failing spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate—the hypnotic power that no one can resist?

You have it. Everyone has it. *But do you use it?*

What is Personal Magnetism?

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new, confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—*but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it!* It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For wthout it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens, Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is *like* electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

The Facts are Free

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into an extra large volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." It is bound in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind," and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

You *can* sway and control others. You *can* command success. You *can* influence people to do the things you want them to do. Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny. That is my free offer to you!

What Others Say!

"Has been worth ten thousand dollars a year."

"I am indebted to Shaftesbury for all that I am in this world."

"All I have I owe to my daily habit of studying Shaftesbury."

"I am glad that I dared to buy the books."

"The Personal Magnetism books have raised me from poverty to my present position."

"There is nothing better."

"I would not part with them for any sum of money."

"One of the greatest books I have ever seen—the greatest in existence."

"Made me a success—financially, socially and morally."

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Send Coupon Today

You must see this wonderful volume—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. You send no money with the coupon—you pay no C. O. D. You get the book first. If you aren't stirred and delighted in the 5-day period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit $3 in full payment. You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only $3.

You simply can't delay. Clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume, "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism," for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only $3.00 or return the book without cost or obligation.

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Address.....

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Meyer Shuldberg

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Meyer Shuldberg Building,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Dealer.....

Fan Club Department

(*Continued from page* 82)

Essay Contest

RALPH A. SAVY, Secretary of the George O'Brien Club, wishes to announce a new contest beginning January 1, and ending March 1. It is an essay contest—the subject being "What Picture I Liked George O'Brien in Best," and it is not to exceed 350 words. Ten valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners and all members and also non-members are urged to try and win a prize. Essays may be addressed to the George O'Brien Athletic Club, Contest Committee, in care of this department.

Fans of England

THE Marie Prevost Fan Club, also The Clive Brook Fan Club, wishes to be duly recorded and announced. Mrs. Ethel Arnold has started them both way over in "merry England" and writes that she would be very glad to hear from any and all of their American fans.

Up and Coming

THE Richard Dix Club, run by our capable young friend, Harold Revine, now has a new policy of getting out an issue of the Dix Journal in honor of and right after the completion of every picture which Richard makes. The latest Journal—the *Moran of the Marines* edition, has just come into our hands and it is the best ever.

Right now a new membership contest—ending March 1—is being held. Richard Dix has promised a fine prize and a long letter to the member sending in the most memberships, renewals and club journal and magazine orders. Club pin orders count, too. And for every three memberships, a new photo of the club's popular star will be immediately sent you. The club pins, by the way, are beautifully designed and may be had for $1.25 each, postpaid. Richard himself recently bought four of them, one for himself and one for his mother, dad and sister. Dues to the Dix club are fifty cents yearly and that includes membership list and card and a cururent issue of the big Dix Journal.

Several new chapters have been added to the club, among them, *The Charm Chapter,* of New York, conducted by Elizabeth Barrett and named in honor of Richard's romantic picture, *Too Many Kisses;* and the *Jim Bucklin Chapter,* run by Madge Tullett and Beatrice Whitfield, and which, by the by, is the only official chapter of the club in Australia. Other chapters in America are the *Quarterback Chapter,* of Chicago, headed by Mary Frances Cooney; the *Nophaie Chapter,* of Los Angeles (the leading chapter of the club), run by Esther Cottingham; the *Manhattan Chapter,* of New York, piloted by Verna Pawlings; the *John Storm Chapter,* of Indianapolis, looked after by Mayme Sims; the *John MacTavish Chapter,* of Canada, taken care of by Ida Last, and last but not least, the new *Redskin Chapter,* which Mr. Revine looks after personally, besides supervising all the others.

Were You Born? under a Lucky Star

Are you happy in your love affairs? Are you successful in your business? Are you surrounded by beautiful friendships or troubled by enemies?

Madame Charma, known to thousands through her radio talks on Astrology, will gladly aid and advise you in your troubles. Let her point out the Secrets of Happiness, your Star of Destiny, your Lucky Days, and many other vital matters as indicated by Astrology, by which you may be guided along an easier path to a life of Happiness and Prosperity. A Special $1 Reading will be sent you, sealed in a plain envelope, on receipt of a 2-cent stamp and only 25 cents which will be returned if you are not pleased. Your request will be treated in strictest confidence. Be sure to give your name in full and your exact birth date. Address me as follows:

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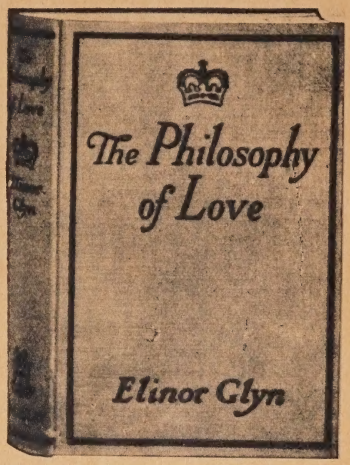
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love,"—Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —why most women don't know how to make love.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
- —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
- —how to make people do the things you want them to.

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter —and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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Classified Picture Guide

Drama

The Singapore Mutiny—Violent goings-on on the high seas, with Ralph Ince hell-bent for Estelle Taylor until storm and shipwreck enter to upset a few plans.—*F. B. O.*

The Wedding March—What is left of Eric Von Stroheim's masterpiece, which suffered in the cutting down from its originally planned length, but which offers moments of superb acting and stark Von Stroheim realism.—*Paramount.*

Outcast—In which Corinne Griffith as a tough lady of the streets is rescued by Edmund Lowe as an upper crust gentleman who needs quite a lot of rescuing himself.—*First National.*

West of Zanzibar—A sinister drama of revenge in darkest Africa, with Lon Chaney to make it darker. Lionel Barrymore, Mary Nolan and Warner Baxter are excellent in supporting roles.—*M-G-M.*

The Godless Girl—A mean crack at reform schools from Cecil B. De Mille, with emphasis by Lina Basquette, Noah Beery, Marie Prevost and George Duryea.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

The Patriot—Something stern and hard-hitting about eighteenth century Russia, in which Emil Jannings makes even surer of his place as one of the world's greatest actors.—*Paramount.*

The Singing Fool—Al Jolson and voice in a story of father love that provides an opportunity for several songs in the mammy manner—all highly effective, the audience tells us.—*Warner Brothers.*

Revenge—Love and hate among the gypsies, in the course of which director Edwin Carewe manages to exhibit Dolores Del Rio to great advantage.—*United Artists.*

The Docks of New York—Betty Compson as a disillusioned waterfront wanderer. George Bancroft adds a highly effective performance as the stoker.

Romance

Mother Knows Best—How to be your daughter's worst friend, with Madge Bellamy coming back and setting a high mark for talkie actors to shoot at.—*Fox.*

The Spieler—A breezy tale of carnival life, love and crookery, in which Renee Adoree undertakes to reform Alan Hale as an old-timer confidence man. Fred Kohler and allied thugs produce a mean group of obstacles.—*Pathe.*

His Private Life—Adolphe Menjou and too many ladies, in a smart and sophisticated story of Parisian philandering.—*Paramount.*

Varsity—The rescue of a swift collegiate from a drunkard's career, by his father who was one, with Buddy Rogers as the erring youngster.—*Paramount.*

The Woman Disputed—In which Norma Talmadge is called on to sacrifice her honor for patriotism, her decision giving her lover something to worry about. —*United Artists.*

Four Devils—Circus life from the inside, with Janet Gaynor demonstrating how to rescue the hero from vamp clutches by falling from a flying trapeze. —*Fox.*

Our Dancing Daughters—A modern girl's plunge into life in the jazz age, marking the start of Joan Crawford's career as a star.—*M-G-M.*

Comedy

Do Your Duty—Charles Murray among the cagey crooks, giving a topnotch performance in his first starring picture.—*First National.*

Show People—Movie-making kidded fast and furious by William Haines and Marion Davies, with Hollywood's screen celebrities for background.—*M-G-M.*

The Cameraman—Buster Keaton as a film grinder for a news weekly keeps a straight pan throughout hilarious events, with Marceline Day giving excellent support.—*M-G-M.*

Dry Martini—Quite a lot of sparkle in this one about Americans in Paris whose chief field of operations is the Ritz bar.—*Fox.*

Alias Jimmy Valentine—William Haines making a noble but futile effort to revive the old safe blower.—*M-G-M.*

Heart Trouble—Harry Langdon in a personal triumph over the terrific obstacles presented by another drag picture.—*First National.*

The Air Circus—Sue Carol inspires a couple of youthful airmen to bigger and better exploits, the younger generation aviators being played by Arthur Lake and David Rollins.—*Fox.*

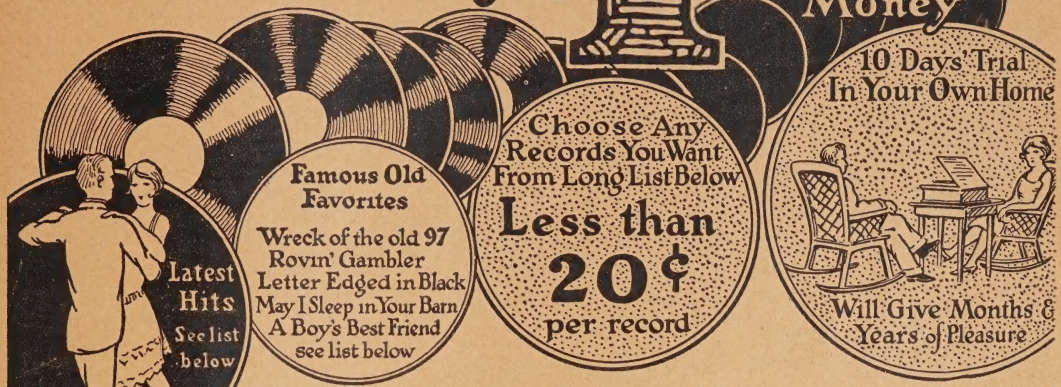
Water Front—Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall teaming again in a peppy comedy—and furnishing a view of Dorothy in a sailor suit that helps a great deal.—*First National.*

Western

Guardians of the Wild—Rex, the wonder-horse, up to his antics in the great open spaces of the northwest timberland, but all rather tame.—*Universal.*

Painted Post—A real whirlwind thriller in which Tom Mix winds up his work under the Fox banner with a flourish. —*Fox.*

20 Selections on Any 10 Records only $1.98



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Dancing Neath Dixie Moon
4228 Hallelujah I'm a Bum
The Dying Hobo
2398 Ramona
Valley of Memory
2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal
2437 There's A Rainbow Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie
4167 The Preacher and the Bear
The Sting of the Bumble Bee
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird In A Gilded Cage
4185 Picture That's Turned To Wall
White Wings
4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember
4227 Climbing Up Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou
2426 Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time
Come Back to Romany
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in Lane
4133 Jesse James
Butcher Boy
2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4141 Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4118 May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight?
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland
4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
4086 Floyd Collin's Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy
4172 Wreck of Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet As Apple Cider

SACRED SONGS

4075 Church In Wildwood
Voice of Chimes
4046 Nearer My God To Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd
4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out The Life Line
4091 Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
Safe in Arms of Jesus

INSTRUMENTAL

4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff
4189 Drowsy Waters
Herd Girl's Dream
4162 Blue Danube Waltz
Skaters' Waltz
4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey In The Straw
4136 Humoresque
Spring Song
4061 Listen To Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)
4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo Solo)
Medley of Southern Airs (Banjo Solo)
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No.1
Irish Jigs and Reels, No.2
4218 Merry Widow Waltz
Lullaby From Ermine

RACE RECORDS

7021 I Need A Good Man Bad
Can't Be Worried Long
7033 Hit Me In the Nose Blues
It's All Coming Home To You

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues
7026 Deep River Blues
Loveless Love Blues

POPULAR DANCES

All with vocal chorus

1541 My Angel (Angela Mia), Waltz
Coming Thru the Rye
1540 Old Man Sunshine
Sidewalks of New York
1559 I Loved You Then As I Love You Now
Gee But I'm Blue Over You
1510 Ramona
If I Didn't Love You
1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues
1502 Mary Ann
Blue Hawaiian Moon
1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember
1463 My Blue Heaven
Found Best Girl of All
1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Carry Me Back to Connemara

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence
4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells
4211 Andy Goes A Hunting
Andy Gets Learnin'

HAWAIIAN

4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Bay
4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four

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You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from factory), in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1..... 6.....
2..... 7.....
3..... 8.....
4..... 9.....
5..... 10.....
(Write Clearly)

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
(Write Clearly)
1.....
2.....
3.....

IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name.....
Address.....
(Write Clearly)
City..... State.....

FOOT PAINS GONE in 10 minutes*

OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to strengthen these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop in 10 minutes when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Pain stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

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☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage,

Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....

Name.....

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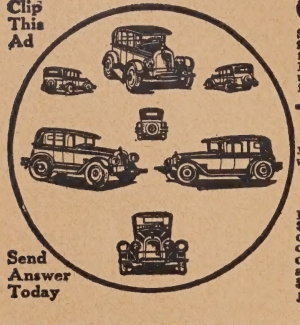

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There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

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John T. Adams, Mgr., Dept. 3432 323 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

How do you SPELL YOUR NAME?

In the window, top, body, wheel, or under the fender of the Buick Sedan pictured here are certain lucky letters cleverly worked into the picture by the artist. Can you find even one of these letters which appears in your last name?

TELL ME the letter you have found in the car. Remember, this letter must appear somewhere in your last name. Send it to me with your name and address. I am giving away four autos and many other prizes. You may be the one who will write me

AND WIN BUICK SEDAN or $1800 Cash

CERTIFICATE FOR $480.00 TO APPLY ON GRAND PRIZE SENT IMMEDIATELY AS BELOW IF YOU FIND A LETTER

Immediate quick action—no delay—we send Certificate for $480.00 to add to the first prize, if you win, and directions for getting Buick Sedan. Prizes given to advertise our products locally. Big new FRIENDSHIP CAMPAIGN of this 35 year old concern. This offer is simple and straight. No more puzzles to solve. No lists of words to make or write or any other puzzles. This is all. First prize winner gets Buick Sedan and the $480.00, but quickness is necessary. C. W. Francis, C. Vogtmann, J. M. Wandoz, J. C. Long, Effie Swearingen won cars on our last ads. No cost or obligation now, later, or ever. Everyone rewarded if actively interested. If you can find one of the hidden letters in your name, send it right away by letter. That's all.

B. H. FRANCE, DEPT. 73, 500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Harry Carr Comments

(*Continued from page* 57)

Greta's Grouch

"GOD," growled Greta Garbo at the farewell party given Eva Von Berne, who recently returned to Vienna, "you are a lucky girl. I wish they had sent me home."

Greta doesn't like Hollywood; but she condescends to take the money. They never learn to hate the cashier.

The Gloomy Swede

GRETA'S is a singular case. When Maurice Stiller came over here from Sweden four or five years ago, to direct Hollywood pictures, he brought an anemic, drab, morose, sullen little Swedish girl along. They didn't want her in the studio; but they had to take her because they didn't dare offend the great Stiller.

Mr. Stiller died in Sweden, a failure, but the little Swedish girl has become one of the greatest stars of the screen. She is still morose.

The Way of Lupe

THE girls who get to the top as play actors are like Lupe Velez who haven't an idea in the world why they do anything. They just walk up and smack the right emotion in the eye with the simplicity and unerring accuracy of pure instinct. As some one has said of a great boxer, girls like Lupe and Clara Bow and Joan Crawford don't THINK what to do; they SEE what to do.

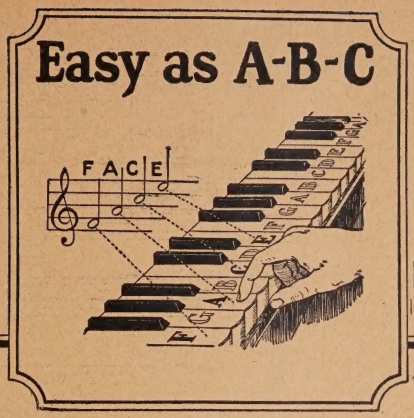
Pola's Husband

POLA NEGRI'S husband, the nice little Georgian prince, slid into Hollywood and then slid out again. He said he had come to settle their real estate affairs. He said that Pola will make her future pictures in Paris; but I have a hunch she is negotiating for a return to Hollywood.

Pola came over here from Germany as the most successful star at that time in the world. Every picture she made in America has been a flop. They didn't like her in the smaller towns.

"Forbidden Paradise"

AT THAT, I think the best picture she ever made was Lubitsch's *Forbidden Paradise*. At least it contained one of the finest scenes that has ever been shown on any screen. This was the banquet scene where the innocent and badly smitten young huzzar officer toasted her as his ideal of pure womanhood—and she knew that all the huzzar officers were strangling with laughter. The picture didn't get to first base at the box office.



Here's a Queer Way To Learn Music!

No teacher—no monotonous exercises or confusing details. Just a simple, easy home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—costs only a few cents—a day. No "grind" or hard work. Every step is clear as crystal—simple as A. B. C. throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress!

Choose Your Course

Piano	Violin
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Ukulele	Flute
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Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

WHO would have ever thought that the learning of music could be simplified? Seems almost too good to be true to think of learning to play your favorite instrument without long hours of practice—tedious scales and expensive teachers, doesn't it?

Yet that's exactly how you learn this new way. The only thing that is queer about this amazing method is the fact that it's so different from all ordinary methods.

But although this marvelous home-study method is different and comparatively new it has already been carefully tested and proved by almost half a million people all over the world. Judge from that how satisfactory, reliable and easy it must be.

Here's Proof!

"I am making splendid progress and can play almost any piece of music I pick up. My friends used to laugh when I first took up music with you, but now when I play pieces of Grand Opera and selections from Verdi, Mozart, Bach, etc., it is I who laugh. I owe all I have learned to the U. S. short-cut method."—J. W. R., Telstad, Mont.

* * *

"I have found the lessons very interesting and exceedingly easy. They could not be made any clearer in the English language. I will always give the U. S. School of Music my best approval."—A. F. B., Clinton, N. C.

* * *

"I do not understand how you can give so much for the money. The course is a musical education in itself. I wish more people in limited financial circumstances would realize that one can really successfully learn to play from your course, without the aid of a teacher."—W. E. W., Montesano, Wash.

Musical Talent Not Needed

Even if you have never touched an instrument before you can't go wrong this amazingly easy way. For every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. You always know what to do and how to do it. No guesswork. No delays. If you make a mistake you correct it yourself and continue. It's really *fun* learning to play this way, you proceed so rapidly. From the start you are playing real *tunes* perfectly by *note*. And almost before you realize it you will be able to play anything—the popular "Jazz" or those classical selections for which there is always a big demand at concerts and home entertainments.

Best of all no matter which instrument you choose the cost of learning is just the same in each case, just a few cents a day!

Have Fun—Win New Friends

Just think of all the pleasure you've been missing by not being able to play some musical instrument. Instead of being the center of attraction at parties—you've been unnoticed—out of the social picture. While you've been playing wallflower others have always had something to offer. Now you have a wonderful chance to turn the tables—to treat yourself to some real fun—to surprise your friends! Take some good advice. Learn to play this new easy way. Get your share of a musician's pleasure, popularity, profit. Start Now!

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If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 362 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 52)

shrilling cheers as **Janet Gaynor** and **Charlie Farrell** appeared together . . . **James Hall** and **Matty Kemp** stagging it . . . **Ruth Roland** and **Ben Bard** . . .

WISH I could be nineteen every month!" cried **Molly O'Day** at the gay dinner-dance given her on her natal anniversary by her sister **Sally O'Neil.** A birthday cake had just been set before her when she made this naive remark.

"Wait a few years, darling, and you'll be voting for fewer birthdays and less of them!" advised **Lilyan Tashman,** wisely.

Miss O'Neil's guests included, besides the honoree, the **Buster Keatons (Natalie Talmadge), Marshall Neilans (Blanche Sweet), Edmund Lowes (Lilyan Tashman), Don Alvarados, John Howards (Isabel O'Neil), Mrs. Ona Brown** with her fiance **Harvey Barnes, Misses Joan Crawford, Bessie Love, Phyllis Haver, Alice White, Josephine Dunn, Sharon Lynn** and **Messrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Buster Collier, Ben Lyon, Roland Drew, Jack Pickford** and **Barney Glazier.**

THE flapper film set frolicked at a querade given by pretty **Ethel Jackson.** A jazz orchestra provided music for dancing downstairs while upstairs Sandra gazed in her crystal ball for all and sundry. In the receiving line were **Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jackson,** parents of the hostess, and her aunt, **Mrs. E. J. Gough** of New York.

WELCOME to Hollywood—**Maurice Chevalier,** Idol of France!" So read the huge streamer above the hospitable door of the Hotel Roosevelt on the occasion of the renowned actor's arrival in the film capital. A group of celebrities—**Baclanova, Adolphe Menjou, A. d'Abbadie d'Arrast, Mary Brian, Ruth Taylor, Ernest Vadja, Charles Rogers, Doris Hill, Robert Castle, Paul Lukas, Lane Chandler** and **Henri-Didot,** French Consul—met the Chevaliers (Mrs. Chevalier is **Suzanne Vallee,** former dancing partner of her husband) at the station and escorted them to the hotel where a reception-luncheon was held.

One of the press representatives, arriving late and seeing someone he took to be an old friend, gave him a hearty jab in the ribs with a "How's the old boy?" **Maurice Chevalier** turned around with a beaming smile and returned the jab. "O. K.!" says he. The p. r., gibbering in embarrassed astonishment, tried to explain his mistake, but Chevalier laughed: "It is Holy-wood!" with an expansive wave of his arms.

Later in his speech, he told us how he had signed his "cone-tra" with **Mr. Lasky** to make his very first picture (and it's to be a talkie at that!) and how he "lofed Holy-wood" because it reminded him of his own Southern France. He regretted the absence of **Mary** and **Doug,** his so great friends . . .

EVERYONE had such a marvelous time at **Bodil Rosing's** party that it continued into the wee, sma' hours and wound up with breakfast. Bodil cooked the midnight Danish supper with her own fair hands. As **Monte Blue,** her son-in-law remarked, that announcement beforehand would be enough to cause a riot and a traffic expert would be needed to straighten out the traffic.

The hostess wore a becoming, but intricate Danish peasant costume, so **Patsy Ruth Miller** spent most of her time trying to discover how it was made. "But three *caps,* my dear, on her head! Most of the costume is in triplicate," sighed Patsy, exhausted with her efforts.

Myrna Loy and **Barry Norton** came late. That romance has lasted for more than a year.

Preston Duncan, noted artist-photographer, had lent his house for the occasion so everyone hand an opportunity to admire the exquisite studies he has made of **Bodil Rosing.**

Kamra, the fascinating new card game invented by **Mrs. Tom Miranda,** supplanted bridge at a luncheon and card party given by **Mrs. Miranda** recently. Those who enjoyed the game were **Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Anita Stewart, Ruth Roland, Mrs. John Ford, Dorothy Dwan, Sharon Lynn, Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Corliss Palmer, Peggy Hamilton, Claire Windsor** and **Mrs. Tod Browning.**

SHE WAS NOT AFRAID TO LIVE!

Born in the shadow of a Mexican revolution, Lupe Velez, at nineteen, looks back on a life that rivals the wildest romances of action. As a child she saw men killed, as a girl she knew infatuation, as a maid of sixteen she was the toast of Mexico.

SENORITA CYCLONE

The amazing story of her tempestuous life, a true story of the most colorful character on the screen today, told in her own ingenuous style begins in the March issue of

SCREEN SECRETS

On Sale February 10

Alice White has more startling revelations to make in the second installment of her secret diary—the March issue will contain beautiful art studies of the stars in color and more information about the stars than any other magazine—don't miss it!

How to Have Kissable Lips

Lips that tantalize can be yours in two months. Perfectly shaped and without cost or discomfort. M. Trilety's new lipshaper has been used with miraculous results, by thousands of men, women and girls. Reduces thick, protruding, prominent lips to normal size. Wear it at night for two months and you will have lips that rival those of the most famous beauties of screen and stage.

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All the latest dances—Valencia, Black Bottom, Charleston, French Tango, Cantor, Fox Trots, Waltzes, etc. Learn almost overnight, at home, without teacher, music or partner. Save embarrassment. New amazingly simple chart method. Saves the expense of costly correspondence courses or private teachers. Complete with 49 illustrations, 325 large pages, clothbound, including **FREE DOLLAR BOOK** on Etiquette for ball, room and all occasions. Only $1.89 for both. Send money order, check or stamps, or pay postman on delivery plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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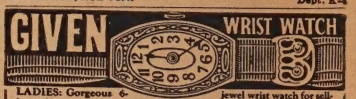
GIVEN WRIST WATCH



LADIES: Gorgeous 6-jewel wrist watch for selling only 24-10c packages Keystone Gold Eye Needles as offer in our free catalog. Send name and address only—no money; we trust you!
KEYSTONE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 7A33 **GREENVILLE, PA.**

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

$72 a Week

$2 an Hour for Spare Time

Write me today and in one week you will have a business of your own. I will send you sworn proof of $14.85 a day or $2 an hour for your spare time. **Paid daily in advance.**

Bonus besides. Introduce the most wonderful new line guaranteed hosiery you ever saw. 126 styles and colors of men's, women's and children's finest pure thread Japanese silk, all fancy combinations of silk and lisle, novelty and sport, full fashioned, chiffon, wool, etc. Beats store prices. Must wear 6 months or new hose free.

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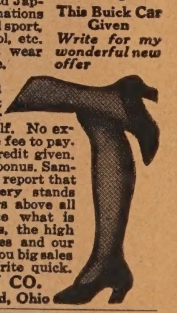

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Does he love you? Will you be lucky? Will you be married soon? Will you be rich?

Thousands of such questions are answered in your dreams but know how to interpret them rightly. How to foretell the future; how dreams may put you in touch with the absent or departed; explains dream warnings to business men, lovers, gamblers, people engaged in hazardous work; also warning against faithless loves, false friends, enemies, death and disease, meaning of nightmares, etc. Worth $10.00. *Send No Money.* Simply pay postman $2.48 plus 17c postage when he brings your big book of over 600 pages.

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What Would You Like to Know About Your Future?

What will this book tell *you* about Love, Friendship, Marriage, Children, Success, and the many questions about which you are curious? It contains "The Magic Mirror" of Michael Nostradamus, the seer of the Middle Ages who was consulted by Catherine de Medici and King Charles the Ninth! What can this book tell *you*? Send No Money. Examine it for Five Days Free!

MICHAEL NOSTRADAMUS' method has nothing to do with palmistry, astrology, phrenology, or any other form of superstition. It depends entirely upon the properties which mystics have long attributed to the numbers from 1 to 20. Learned men have speculated about the strange revealing power of figures for centuries, but Michael Nostradamus was the first to use it so systematically and so definitely, that many Kings and great Nobles sought his help and advice in planning their conquests in Statecraft and Love. As the article from the authoritative *International Encyclopedia* states, the celebrated Catherine de Medici was one of his noblest patrons. Nostradamus' fame finally made him Court Physician to King Charles the Ninth of France.

And now you can use his famous system yourself! It indicates replies to the *"one hundred and forty vital questions"* about Life, Love, and Success.

What Will These Mystic Numbers Tell You?

In his lifetime, Michael Nostradamus was so great an authority on Arithomancy (Divination by Means of Fateful Numbers) that his house in Lyons, France, was constantly visited by crowds of the Great, the Wealthy, the Noble and the Learned of both sexes—all desiring his aid in drawing aside the veil of the future.

But then came ages when his famous method was lost sight of. It was practically unknown for 350 years, until the earnest search of a few people who believed in the truly amazing properties of Fateful Numbers brought to light in an old bookstore, a single dust-covered copy of *"The Magic Mirror of Michael Nostradamus." In it the great quasi-scientist of the Middle Ages had explained his system fully, completely and unmistakably!*

The ancient Egyptians practised Arithomancy, or Divination by Means of Figures, and depended upon it to reveal every detail relating to their *Duration of Life, Future Health, Happiness, Fortune, Success in Life, Future Position, Love Affairs, Friendships, Marriage, Children,* etc., etc. Their system was, however, known only to the initiated priests, and died with them.

But the system of Michael Nostradamus was set down *in writing* and has lived, hidden for over 350 years, in the pages of his "Magic Mirror." And now at last it has been republished!

Which of the "140 Vital Questions" Do You Feel Most Curious About?

Here are a Few:

- Shall I soon fall in love?
- Shall I be an old maid? bachelor?
- How many times shall I marry?
- Will my husband have a fortune? wife
- Shall I marry a handsome man? woman?
- Shall I become rich?
- Shall I take a journey soon?
- Shall I inspire real love?
- Is my affection well-placed?
- Will love give me happiness?
- Does he really mean to marry me? she
- Have I a rival?
- Is my rival as nice-looking as I am?
- Will my first child be a boy or a girl?
- Shall I be divorced?
- Shall I obtain the money which is coming to me?
- How many years shall I live?

How the Magic Mirror Works

"The Magic Mirror of Nostradamus" looks like an ordinary book — except that the front cover is pierced with a small square window. Through this opening the *"Fateful Numbers"* from 1 to 20 appear.

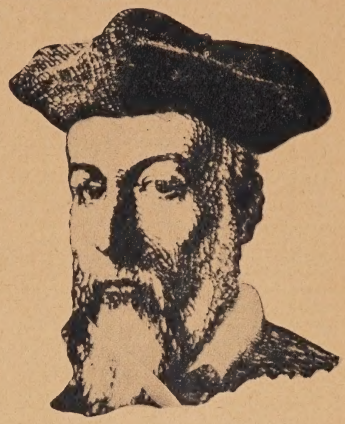
The remainder of the book is filled with the tables of replies to questions, based upon the abstruse and mystic methods laid down by Nostradamus between the years 1503 and 1566.

It takes only a few minutes of fun to refer to the "Magic Mirror" on any subject about which you are curious.

Send No Money 5 DAYS' TRIAL

If *you* are curious to see what the "Magic Mirror" says about Love, Friendship, Marriage, Prosperity, Children, Travel, etc., etc., you will find *The Magic Mirror of Michael Nostradamus* fascinating in the extreme. And now you can satisfy your curiosity without risking a single penny! We are so confident that, once you have tried Nostradamus' method, you will never want to part with it, that we will send *The Magic Mirror* subject to return and immediate refund without question if, after examination, you are in any way dissatisfied.

Simply mail the coupon, without money. Pay the postman who delivers the book only $1.98, plus a few cents postage, merely as a deposit. If, for any reason you return the volume within 5 days, your money will be instantly returned to you by mail. You take no risk. Mail the coupon now.



What the INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA Tells Us About NOSTRADAMUS

NOS'TRADA'MUS (MICHEL DE NOTREDAME) (1503–66). A French astrologer of Jewish descent, born at Saint-Remy in Provence. He studied at Avignon and medicine at Montpellier. During the pestilence of 1524–29 he went from city to city in the south of France, aiding the sufferers. He traveled for a number of years and in 1544 settled at Salon. The next year, when a new epidemic of the pest swept over the country, he was called to Aix and to Lyons. He treated his patients with a secret remedy that was credited with marvelous cures and gave him a great reputation. A few years later his claim that he had the power of reading the future attracted widespread attention. In 1550 he began to write his famous *Centuries*, mystic prophecies in rhymed quatrains, the first series published at Lyons in 1555. Catharine de' Medici invited their author to court, where he reached the height of his fame.

THE MEDIEVAL RESEARCH SOCIETY
276 Fifth Ave. New York City

The MEDIEVAL RESEARCH SOCIETY
276 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me "The Magic Mirror of Michael Nostradamus." I will pay the postman $1.98 plus the postage, which will be promptly returned to me by mail if I return the book within 5 days.

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At the Dance
Maybelline Makes Eyes Alluring

WHO can resist the charm of eyes that say what lips dare not—and need not! On every occasion, lovely, *expressive* eyes—framed by dark, long, gracefully sweeping lashes—are an aid to popularity... Eyes ever so beautiful in themselves lack something when the eyelashes are not deftly *emphasized*. Just a touch of Maybelline, the harmless eyelash beautifier, is all that is needed... Beautiful women of the stage and screen, smart social leaders, the most popular debutantes—*all* use Maybelline to *instantly* darken the eyelashes and to make them appear longer, more graceful, and the eyes irresistibly expressive. Follow this delightful *new* vogue that women everywhere are observing. Buy *harmless* Maybelline today. You will be amazed at the new soulful beauty of your eyes.

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"THE LIFE STORY OF A DEVIL" is what Lupe Velez calls her own life story, which begins in the March issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

As Virginia's arms held him a little more tightly to her warm young breast, he knew that together they would find the world a beautiful kingdom of love.

Mask of the Devil

(*Continued from page* 78)

denial, turned his undivided attention toward the procession that now came slowly down the aisle.

As the congregation rose, Manfred saw Irwin for the first time since their grim understanding. Bitterness, contempt, unforgiveness—these were stamped mercilessly on his features.

Choir boys and priests moved slowly down the aisle. From time to time Virginia caught a glimpse of Irwin's tragic face appearing and disappearing, separated from her by an actual spiritual barrier so like the one that now filled his heart and soul.

The procession had passed. Now in the rear of the church Helene Zurmuhlen, dressed in heavy mourning, entered slowly on the arm of a Sister of Mercy. The once lovely transparency of her white skin had taken on a strange ashen pallor, while her eyes held the vacant expression of a half-sleeping mind. Groping forward with movements pathetically childlike, helped gently by the Sister, she found a seat. Throughout the service she sat staring straight ahead, seeing nobody, conscious of nothing about her.

Again the procession of the chanting choir; then the congregation surged into the aisle. For a moment as Virginia and Reiner were thrown together, her eyes sought his steadily; but almost at once she turned away without a word of either challenge or forgiveness. Nor did Manfred give any sign of recognition beyond one hateful sneer. Irwin hurried away, eager to escape.

Suddenly he stopped, aghast; for before him, leaning on the arm of the Sister, was the Countess Zurmuhlen. In one glance he read the fearful change in her.

"Helene!" he cried involuntarily.

The staring eyes turned vacantly toward the sound of her name, but saw no one. She smiled dreamily, and wagged her head foolishly as if to deny what she had seemed to hear.

"Helene—oh, Helene! Don't you know me? Speak to me! Helene!"

In the agony of realization of what he had done to the woman who had loved him—too well—he put his hands firmly on her shoulders and forced her to look closely into his face. "Helene!" he whispered hoarsely, insistently: "Helene!"

She peered curiously before her as though a heavy veil hung between them. Then, as if it were suddenly lifted, she saw a face before her—a face that moved toward hers like a grim and terrible menace.

Helene Zurmuhlen screamed. "The devil! Kill him! Kill the devil!"

People, startled by her shriek, crowded about her. Reiner, backing away, horror stricken, turned to find himself looking into the condemning eyes of Virginia. Like a man persecuted and without hope, he fled from her, out of the church, to seek a solitary place where he could shield himself from the fearful evidences of his repented guilt.

For a brief moment Helene's eyes held a fleeting look of sanity. "Why doesn't someone kill the devil?" she asked almost reasonably, looking curiously from face to face. "Kill him! Kill him!"

Slowly a look of savage triumph crept

(*Continued on page* 96)

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Science Has Created the World's Finest Reproductions of $500 DIAMONDS!

At last! A new process is discovered. The result—we challenge experts to tell these from $500 Diamonds! Living fire plays over their diamond-cut facets—dazzling, sparkling, scintillating!

Choice of Six Rings, $1.98

When shown recently in New York City these new Jenkins Diamonds created a sensation. You, too, will be thrilled! Instant beauty for the hands!

GIRLS! MEN! Do not confuse Jenkins Gems with ordinary "imitations." Nothing has been found to compare with their lasting beauty. Every stone set in famous DEAUVILLE mountings, guaranteed 20 years. Put your faith in a ring that won't disappoint you!

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You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but **absolutely safe and harmless automatic.** Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—**a real home protector**—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearm at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame, a duplicate of internationally famous German automatic. Makes powerful loud report. Has **six shot** magazine that can be reloaded instantly. Uses 22 caliber blank cartridges. Checkered grip. **Box of 100 cartridges free with each automatic.** Convenient pocket size. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery** $4.99 plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER WITH EACH PISTOL

$1.98

Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol

The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. **Built to retail at $5.00.** Our introductory offer $1.98. In nickel or gun-metal finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

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Famous "actress" views. Most sensational and newest. Set with world's most famous reproduction diamond with the blue-white sparkle of a $500 diamond. Besides, shank has view of French actresses seen through strong magnifying glass, 14 Kt. solid gold effect mounting. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

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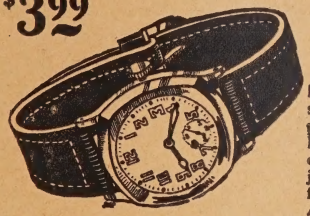
Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

LIFETIME PRECISION MEN'S STRAP WATCH $3.99



Worn by Practical Men Everywhere — Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof—Perfect timekeeper—**Radium dial**—tells time in dark—Fine imported **full jeweled movement**—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap **Absolutely a $15.00 value.**—**Fully guaranteed** to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

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With Box of Ammunition Free

The New Improved Air Pistol. No permit required. Endorsed by Pistol Experts as a truly—reliable—accurate—hard hitting pistol. Excellent for hunting small game, birds, rabbits, etc. The ideal automatic for target practice. Become a good marksman in short time at very little expense. Shoots lead pellets distance of 40 feet with accurate precision.

A wonderful weapon for Home protection—without the usual danger of having firearms around. Ammunition costs next to nothing—built and looks like a real pistol—**Usually sold all over for $15.00**—order today—Save money.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $5.34, plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below**

Genuine Diamonds $4.98

Set in 14 Kt.

Solid Gold Rings

No Instalments to Pay

Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K. **solid gold** rings set with **genuine diamonds,** only $4.98. Instalment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are **genuine diamonds** set in solid 14K. **gold rings** at only $4.98. Rings No. 1 and 2 for ladies, No. 3 for gents. **SEND NO MONEY.** State ring and size wanted. **Pay on delivery $4.98.**

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Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—**We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.** Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, **fully jeweled movement.** Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and rolled gold effect link bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**

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Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C.O.D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired):

- ☐ **Six-Shot Blank Automatic** $4.99
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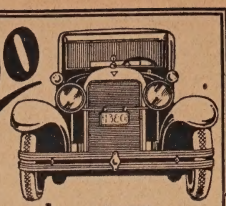

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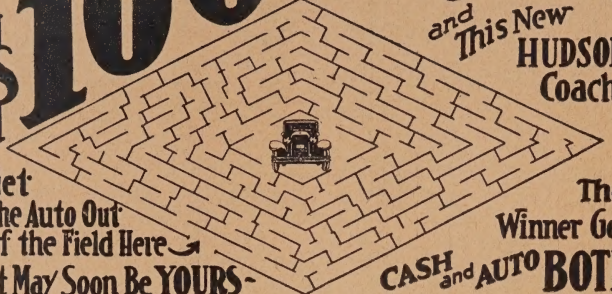

Get The Auto Out of the Field Here — It May Soon Be YOURS

The Winner Gets CASH and AUTO BOTH

To advertise name and products of the Paris-American Pharmacal Co., I am offering 16 BIG PRIZES ranging from $1,000 down. In addition, the first prize winner, IF ON TIME, will get a Hudson Coach—or $2,400 in all.

What's still more—I will reward hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of my products. And on top of all that, DUPLICATE PRIZES will be given in case of final ties. Therefore, you want to solve this puzzle and solve it quick. There's too much at stake for you to delay a minute. Take a pencil and draw a line showing how the auto can be driven out of the field pictured above. To be sure, there's all kinds of fences in your way and there's only one gate out of the field, but if your eyes are sharp you MAY find a way through the various gates in the fences, and get your Auto out.

If you find the way out, cut out the puzzle and SEND YOUR ANSWER TO ME QUICK!

The Hudson, remember, is a prize for PROMPTNESS. If you win the $1,000.00 you want to get the Hudson, too. Rush your answer, TODAY. I'll let you know, at once, how close you are to winning, how to get the $1,000.00 first prize, and make the Hudson yours.

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Find the Real JOHN ALDEN

Here is a new puzzle that will be fun for you. In fact, you may win a Buick Sedan and $555.00 in cash, total $1,875.00, if you find the real John Alden and send your answer promptly.

Six of the pictures are exactly alike, but one, and only "one," is different from all the rest. See if you can find the different picture. If you do you may win a Buick Sedan and $555.000 cash extra, or $1,875.00 in cash. Hundreds have already won prizes; Lillie Bohle won $1500, Fred Sieglinger won $3000, Mrs. R. T. Frederick won $1000, Robert F. Spilman won $1000, and many others. You may be next. Everybody taking active part rewarded. You get your choice of Buick Sedan or $1875 in cash. Send answer quick—You may be the one who will see this ad and solve it correctly

And WIN BUICK SEDAN or $1875 CASH

$555.00 check sent you at once as an additional prize as below if you answer quickly

As a reward for quick action—we send you check for $555 to add to First Prize Buick edan if you win, and directions for getting a 4-door Master Six Buick Sedan. Send answer at once. Costs nothing. No tricks or chances.

5 Cars Given—No More Puzzles To Solve

I will give a beautiful Buick Sedan, also a Chrysler Sedan, also a Nash Sedan, also an Essex Sedan, and a Chevrolet Sedan—5 Cars and a large list of additional costly Prizes—over $6,500. Every Car has four doors and will be delivered FREE to winners by nearest auto dealers. Many have already won Prizes and now to advertise our business you can get this new Buick Sedan, or $1,875 Cash.

$555.00 Extra for Promptness

Be prompt. Just find the "one" picture of John Alden that is different from all the rest. Look carefully. They all look alike, but "one" is different. Send me the number of the "one" that is different with your name and address at once, then we will tell you how to win Buick. That's all. Send no money. All who answer can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given those tying. If you can find the answer send it right away. Hurry! $555.000 Cash for promptness.

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Many Government Jobs Open to Boys—Men—18 Up

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Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32-page book describing positions as Railway Postal Clerk and City Mail Carrier; (2) tell me how to get a U. S. Government Job; (3) send me list of positions now obtainable and sample coaching.

Name .....

Address .....

Mask of the Devil

(*Continued from page 94*)

into her eyes. She herself would destroy the devil that was Irwin Reiner! She alone would avenge herself and the death of her husband!

IRWIN, determined to flee from Vienna and all its torturing associations, had closed his house. He was standing, a tragic and forlorn figure, in the midst of his favorite room—now shrouded, like all the others, in white covers, and with curtains snugly drawn—when the Sister of Mercy who had taken Helene to the church on Sunday was shown into the room.

"There are moments when Madame Zurmuhlen's mind is quite clear," she explained, coming directly to the point without unnecessary preliminaries. "It is then that she asks for you. All day she has cried your name."

Irwin bowed his head. "If she wishes to see me, I will gladly go with you," he replied simply.

Helene was sleeping quietly in her large, canopied bed when the Sister brought Irwin Reiner to her side.

"I will leave you," the nun whispered. "When she awakens there will be things she will have to say to you. I shall be outside when you need me."

Alone with her, Reiner searched Helene's face with pitying eyes. How could he repair the tragedy he had brought into her life? How could he restore vitality to this broken body, reawaken the smouldering fire in her beautiful dark eyes?

Helene Zurmuhlen's eyes opened slowly. For a while she stared vacantly ahead; but gradually she turned toward Reiner with a long, steady gaze.

"Helene," he said quietly, soothingly, as one speaks to a sick child. "I wanted to tell you the other day how sorry I am for everything—for this great wrong I have done you—I could not make you understand when I saw you on Sunday. Forgive me, Helene!"

Slowly she raised herself until she could see him more clearly. Then suddenly she went into convulsions of laughter born of madness. He, the sinner, talked to her like a saint! A weird, ravished creature, her hair disheveled, her eyes wild, she laughed until the tears streamed down her drawn white cheeks. The hollow sound of her hysterical mirth struck terror to his heart.

"Helene!" he cried helplessly. "Helene! For God's sake! Don't laugh like that! I can't bear it!"

The wracking laughter died into an ebb of half suppressed sobs. Helene in that moment looked more like a witch than a woman. Now in her distorted mind she was living over her past with Irwin Reiner, regarding it dispassionately, as a stranger, from a distance. . . . Their first meeting. . . . His mocking challenge. . . . Her haughty refusal to submit. . . . His passionate kiss upon her lips. . . . Her return to him that night, alone. . . . Hours—many hours, many weeks, of

love. . . . His sudden coldness. . . . His ruthless turning from her to little Virginia Gessner. . . .

"I listened to his promises. . . ." she chanted aloud. "I loved him—oh, how very dearly I loved him. He was my life. . . . Heart of my heart. . . . I did not care to live without him."

Her face clouded. Now she spoke of her torturing memories. "He sent me away!" she shrieked. "He did not love me! He told me he hated me! I cried out for death. Oh, why do I live now—why?"

Irwin took her left hand, which lay twitching on the coverlet, in both of his and tried to sooth her. When she seemed quiet enough to understand, he said, "Helene, let me try to undo the past—to make amends." In his mind he groped for guidance. What would bring her peace and happiness now? "Let us marry," he said at last. "I promise always to cherish and protect you. Perhaps somehow we can rebuild our shattered lives—together—and find contentment."

Helene seemed not to have heard a single phrase. Her eyes were heavy with slumbering emotions, her brain befuddled with confused thought. At last she replied in a forced, unnaturally calm voice, "It is the devil who is the cause of all evil. When he is dead, I shall be free."

Slowly she drew her right hand from beneath the coverlet where it had been concealed. Suddenly a shot rent the room and Reiner, with a bullet in his side, staggered to his feet. There was no panic in him—only the realization that he was face to face with death.

The Sister rushed into the room. She did not notice that he was wounded, but saw only that Helene, exhausted by her emotions, had fallen back among the pillows.

"She must have hidden it in the bed," she exclaimed, picking up the revolver which had dropped from Helene's limp hand to the floor. "I don't know where she found it. I had no idea—"

Irwin Reiner listened gravely, successfully hiding from her the knowledge of his wound.

"Often a shock like this will awaken a sleeping mind," the Sister continued. "Recently she has had moments of clear sanity. I think—I am quite sure—she will recover now."

"Thank God!" he said reverently. Quietly, then, he left the room. The chauffeur looked at him curiously as he entered the car with an obvious effort, and ordered him to drive to the Gessner home.

Virginia would surely have noticed his unsteadiness had she not been so greatly startled by his coming to her again after what had taken place during the last few days. She tried to face him indifferently, even disapprovingly; but his tragic figure appealed to the woman in her, and her expression melted into tenderness.

Smiling through his pain, he said, without a conscious appeal to her sym-

"Embarrassing—but women must face this fact"

Says a woman doctor, authority on feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WOMEN who have had the advantage of medical advice already realize the importance of this latest discovery of Kotex Laboratories. Many others—unconscious offenders—should be told of this danger and how to avert it. There is no doubt that they are at all times offensive to others, in the world of business, in society—wherever they meet people. This knowledge, which once brought miserable self-consciousness, is now accepted easily, because the difficulty is entirely overcome. Each Kotex pad is now treated, by patented process*, to banish all odor.

No evidence of sanitary protection

All conspicuous bulkiness has been eliminated, by a new method of rounding and tapering corners of the pad. It fits snugly and securely, providing greater mental as well as physical comfort.

All the former superiorities

Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. It is, as always, amazingly absorbent. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier than you thought possible.

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*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

5 Important Features

1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

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Credit Terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance in weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly terms at your convenience. All goods delivered on first payment. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

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No. 824—The "Elite" solid 18-k white gold Set with 3 Diamonds, $22.50; 5 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50. All platinum, $25. With 3 Diamonds, $60; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; circled by Diamonds, $200.

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You'll marvel, you'll gasp at the amazing things she has to say in her "Magic Art of Allurement—A Book of Seldom-Told Secrets for Girls and Women." Nothing concealed, Madame tells all girls and women every secret there is in the art of alluring men. The course of a lifetime can be changed with such priceless knowledge. The secret of fascinating men with the aid of the color pink alone is worth double the price.

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pathies, "I am going away, Virginia, never to return. That's why I am here."

"Going away?" she repeated, not quite understanding the strange inflection in his tone.

"Yes—a long, long journey. . . . I shall never see you again. . . ." His voice broke a little Self-condemned, he stood humbly before her, awaiting the reproaches she would certainly heap upon him. But she did not speak.

"Though I do not deserve it," he went on at last, "a word of forgiveness from you will make my—my journey—easier."

After a brief moment's hesitation she accepted his outstretched hand. "I forgive you, Irwin. I, too, am sorry. But all that belongs to the past. You are going away. I hope you will find happiness. It lies within yourself."

"Yes—I shall find—happiness. . . . And peace. . . ."

Someone had entered the room with a heavy step, but they did not notice. Manfred stopped, aghast, when he discovered Reiner and Virginia. He made an involuntary move toward them as he saw Irwin lift the girl's hand gently to his lips.

"I love you," Irwin told her quietly. "The only love I have ever known. If there is any hope for my soul's redemption, it is in this one chaste, beautiful love."

Tears welled into Virginia's eyes, and were reflected in his own. A long, tender look passed between them—a last, beautiful moment of renunciation.

Into this moment Manfred crashed furiously like a storm cloud.

"You—here!" he snarled. "What are you doing here—you cur!"

Reiner's strength was ebbing fast. Fighting to keep from a complete collapse, he replied slowly, "I came—to say—goodbye. . . . I am going—on a long—journey. . . . I could not go—without her—forgiveness."

"Forgiveness! What insolence! What right have you to ask it—traitor that you are?" And then sternly, to Virginia, "What right have you to forgive him?"

Slowly Virginia turned toward Irwin Reiner with a look that betrayed her love for him. Quietly, then, she looked Manfred full in the eyes and answered, "We have no right to condemn—only to forgive."

Reiner turned to her gratefully. His strength was ebbing fast now. It occurred to him with sudden horror that perhaps he could not reach the door. He made a ghastly attempt at a bow; and then, at his first step forward he fell to the floor, as still as death.

Virginia sank to her knees beside him and gathered his head in her arms, her face reflecting the dead calm of despair. Then, as she saw a trickle of flood on the floor, she screamed.

Aroused by the sound of her voice, Irwin Reiner's eyes opened. Now he made a pitiful effort to rise, goaded by a desire to leave her like a man without a bid for sympathy, and because he was conscious of Manfred's distrustful star-

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Now, in 5 days or less you can have the velvety, smooth, pearly-white skin of youth. New amazing lotion banishes freckles, tan, pimples, sallowness, weather stain. No longer need such blemishes hide your natural beauty. Daniel Beauty Bleach brings back the clear whiteness of your skin as if by magic. Almost overnight roughness and redness vanish. At bedtime just apply a little Beauty Bleach. No massage, no rubbing—the lotion does the work. One application shows results. In 5 days your skin will be smooth, glowing and clear white.

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ing. But the effort was too great, and he fell back against Virginia's breast.

"Manfred!" she cried. "He is dying! We must save him!" But Manfred made no move, so appalled was he by Virginia's very obvious love for the man who had once betrayed them—a love she no longer attempted to conceal. "Go—go!" she urged again. "Find a doctor! Call for help! . . . Oh, Irwin, beloved! You cannot die! Don't you see I need you—love you with all my heart?"

Her fingers brushed his damp hair from his cold forehead; her lips frantically sought his as if their touch might somehow renew his strength.

"I love you—love you, dearest," she crooned, kissing him now gently as if she were his mother, now passionately like a woman who has found her mate. Her face lighted with hope as his eyes slowly opened. Her voice was like a prayer as she repeated, "Irwin—I love you—only you!"

He struggled back to consciousness. A smile of happiness crossed his face; then sadly he shook his head. "I—do not—deserve—to be—loved," he replied with difficulty.

"Irwin, you are dearer than life to me!"

Memory flooded back to him—ugly memories of lustfulness and shame. "No, no—not that! The only thing left of me is this hideous mask of my own self—the devil's stamp on my face!" He shuddered as the horrible recollections beat on his tortured brain. "No, Virginia, no! Turn away from me. I have no right to your pity."

Irwin's eyes lingered upon her face, which now reflected heartbreak as well as compassion. Unable to bear her expression of infinite sadness, he turned away. He discovered what he had not known—that he was lying close to a cheval glass that reached to the floor. With a shudder he looked into its smooth surface, dreading what he would find reflected there.

But the face that looked back at him was that of a soul redeemed—chaste, spiritual, and kind. The mask of the devil was only a gruesome memory—a ghoulish dream. It was no longer a part of him.

Strength flowed back into his weak body; the realization of his redemption restored his broken spirit. As Virginia's arms held him a little more tightly to her warm young breast, he knew that he would live, and that together they would find the world a beautiful, happy kingdom of love. . . .

The End

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Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

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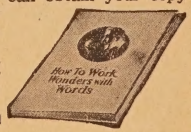

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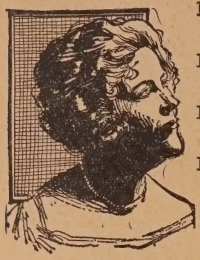

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COLOR ART STUDIO, 1958 Broadway, N. Y. City

Broadway Deserted

(*Continued from page 65*)

He is to leave immediately for the coast, and from all indications will wed the young lady with S. A. before long. Nick has been in Europe several months hobnobbing with such celebrities as Mussolini, the Prince of Wales, Marshal Foch and the King of Spain, in making exteriors for his new Fox starring vehicle, *Chasing Through Europe*. In this picture he plays a newsreel cameraman.

Sue went abroad with the company, directed by Dave Butler, but had to return to the Fox lot at Hollywood to put on make-up.

Seeing Celebrities

LYA DE PUTTI, who vamped her way into American pictures through *Variety*, Emil Jannings' vehicle, horseback riding in Central Park. Through no fault of her own she hasn't had a good part in pictures since she gondolaed to America . . . Fannie Brice, the lady who frequently "stops the show" at the Palace, entering the stage door of that theater, the nation's most famous vaudeville house. Perhaps you remember Nicky Arnstein, who used to be her husband . . . Richard Dix hiking through Longacre Square and causing a ripple of comment among the vaudevillains who park in front of the Bond Building . . . Pierre Collings, who looks more like a leading man than a writer, getting his mail at the Shelton desk. He's the brilliant young chap who wrote *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter* for Adolphe Menjou, *The Red Dance* for Dolores Del Rio, and other cinematic knockouts . . . George Jessel, he of the plaintive voice, chatting with the doorman at the National Theater, where his *The War Song* is current. He'll soon be buying a Hollywood ticket as he's returning to the celluloid . . . Reginald Owen, who plays Cardinal Richelieu in *The Three Musketeers*, Ziegfield production, working in a courtroom scene in *The Letter*, being camera-ed at Paramount's Astoria plant . . . Hedda Hopper staging a movie celebrities night at the Ritz Grill for the benefit of something or other. Incidentally she's appearing in her first stage role for some years in a show labelled *Tomorrow* . . . Flora Le Breton, England's blonde contribution to our stage and screen, buying make-up in a Times Square drugstore... Ann Pennington, still unmarried, despite suitors galore, so the story goes, dodging traffic at Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street, en route to a *Scandals* matinee . . . Elizabeth Meehan, scenarist, entering 729 Seventh Avenue with Herbert Brenon. She's working with Fannie Hurst in preparing the script on the famous novelist's story *Lummox*, which Brenon will direct . . . Glen Allvine, who tells the world about the entertainment value of Fox pictures, extolling the merits of *Four Devils* in general and red-hot Mary Duncan, new Fox discovery, in particular.

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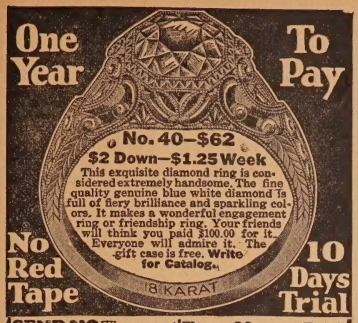

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Clive Confides

(*Continued from page 67*)

possible—that I could not repress a smile for the irony of it all. To look at Brook—a taller, thinner, more sensitive man than he appears on the screen—one would think that here, surely, was one of the fortunate ones of the earth. Happiness seems his natural right. And indeed he customarily gives no other impression than that happineess is his. But this was a chill, dark day. The fog outside the windows might have been that of London. The reason for his nostalgia would readily have been apparent to anyone who has strayed from loved scenes.

As he sat wrapped in thought, a poised, clean-cut, fully matured gentleman, my mind passed over what I knew of those scenes which the weather was recalling to him. They formed a varied panorama, extending back to the days when the young Clive came down from Dulwich college, eager for the career which London surely must hold. That career, however, was slow in fashioning itself. A boy of varied talents, he moved restlessly from one thing to another. For a year he held an assistant-secretaryship at the Colonial Club, then passed on to newspaper work and the writing of short stories.

As an inheritance from his mother Charlotte Brook, the opera singer, he had theatrical ambitions from boyhood. After leaving Dulwich, he studied under Fry, the teacher of some of England's greatest actors, but his work was restrained to the elocution stage. Although he made his first stage appearance at fourteen, it was an amateur performance. He made no attempt to enter professional work until after the war.

When war was declared, Brook joined the Artists' Rifles. He was a private. Six months later, when the unit was dissolved, he was made a subaltern. His first commissioned duty was to take charge of the machine-gun section of a London regiment on lookout for Zeppelins on the east coast.

With the formation of the Machine Gun Corps, Brook was assigned to it, and with a "suicide club" he remained for the greater portion of the war. For gallantry in the front lines, he rose to the rank of major. At Nessines, however, he was buried under an avalanche of dirt when a mined area was exploded, and although he apparently escaped unscathed, serious after-effects developed and he was invalided home. Recovering, he was kept in London to drill troops—and he was instructing at Grantham, the machine gun headquarters, when the first contingent of American officers arrived.

"Things even up," he philosophizes. "It was terrible, of course—but if I had not experienced so much service I doubt that I'd be able to do a thing with my current role of Captain Durrence."

Durrence, it is to be recalled, is the doughty officer in A. E. W. Mason's excellent tale, *Four Fathers*, who car-

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Senorita Cyclone, Lupe Velez' Life Story

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ries on although stricken blind. It should be a great characterization, for Brook knows war and soldiering to the last bullet. Indeed, so thorough was his education in it, that when the fighting was done, he sought work as far as possible from its blood and noise. He approached Sir Alfred Butt, the celebrated producer, with a desire for stage work, and was immediately cast for the leading male role in *Fair and Warmer*.

After a long run and tour, he was placed under contract by Basil Dean, one of England's foremost theatrical men, and for him he played a varied succession of roles. His chief success, however, was in the polite drama of Shaw, Pinero, Arnold Bennett and the American William Hurlburt. In Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love* he was cast opposite the popular Mildred Evelyn, an association which led to a romance, and in 1920, to marriage.

When Betty Compson went to England to make *Woman To Woman* for Graham-Cutts, Brook was cast for the male lead. When the picture was shown in this country, American producers began to bid for his services. For two years he held out against them, before accepting a contract from the late Thomas Ince.

Brook is given to laughter, recalling the experience. "Ince had all the vigor which later I was to associate with the United States. He made arrangements for me to leave immediately. We finished a picture in Paris, working at night in the Follies Bergere. I caught the eight o'clock boat for London, arrived and sailed immediately for New York. In New York I was hurried across this immense country, hurried out to the studio, and hurried before the camera to make a picture that I can't recall without blushing, *Christine of The Hungry Heart*.

"The fact is, if it hadn't been for Florence Vidor, who was being featured, I would have chucked it all and gone home. That is, to what I called home in those days. She was marvelous to me, and I was particularly delighted that I had the opportunity of playing opposite her in her first starring picture, *For Alimony Only*.

"Anyway, I stuck it out, and finally managed to bridge the adjustment gap. I can't say it was a particularly happy experience—but after free-lancing for a time, and a term with Warner Brothers, I came to Paramount. They are fine people, and believe me I've had reason to be grateful to Miss Vidor."

"Truthfully?" I asked. "What if she hadn't troubled to help you accustom yourself to Hollywood, and you had gone back to England. Mightn't you have been happier?"

"No," he answered promptly. "The failure would have fretted me forever. Something I'd flunked. And that, of course, would have been worse than the topsy-turvy state I'm in now. At all events, the fact remains. I stuck."

"And here you are—"

"Here I am, still chasing the rainbow's end."

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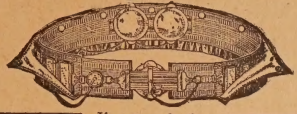

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"But if you went back to England, don't you think that you'd be able to slip back into the old grooves?"

He moved his head slowly. "I think not. Percy Marmont finally did—after a terribly unhappy time. But I don't think I could. For one thing, I've been pretty steadily successful here, and that's always heartening. Percy didn't work his entire last year in Hollywood. Naturally, he was unhappy, and England looked rosy indeed. And so, after the first few months, it proved for him. But I don't believe it ever will for me again. Of course—"

He fell silent, and I knew that he was thinking of the glamour of Piccadilly Circus, the Mall, the slow pace of the Thames and the gay wonder of that season which prompted Browning to cry, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" Then he shrugged, and said: "However, that's that. And now that the talkies are here it won't be long before the proudest of us will be happy to admit being a movie actor."

"You are sold on the talkies?"

"Absolutely!" His eyes began to shine as do Peggy Joyce's when someone mentions diamonds.

"Hitherto," he went on enthusiastically, "pictures have been fragmentary. When you see an actor open his mouth to speak, words naturally should come forth. When they do not something very important is missing. But on the other hand you have facial pantomime that is denied in the theatre to all but the holders of the front seats. Talkies will combine the two."

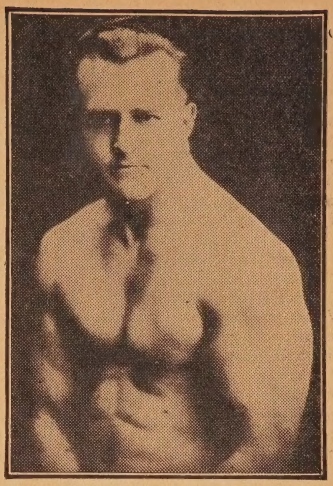
"You don't think, then, that after the novelty of sound is gone, that we will revert to silence? You know there is already some cry against sound pictures."

"Of course. There are people ready to shout down anything new. But their criticism is mainly on the score of the present imperfections that presently will be ironed out. And, man, think of the opportunities of listening to men like Gilbert Murray and Dean Inge. Shaw has appeared — why shouldn't they? He should, by the way, make another appearance, a serious one. The chances are amazing. No, I don't think we'll go back to the dumb drama any more than a legless man who has regained his limbs would go back to wooden ones!"

"They'll be great for you," I admitted. "But how about that great army of the unprepared?"

"More characterized roles, perhaps." He shrugged and smiled. "But that's *their* problem. If they're big enough they'll solve it; if not, at least they've had the struggle—and the knowledge that at least they are alive!"

Despite his smile, his eyes were shadowed, and once more the man behind the mask was revealed. In that instant I was granted the impression that it is not dreams but unrest, the eternal ferment which keeps the spirit on the *qui vive*, which forms the stuff that real actors are made of.



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People call me the Muscle-Builder. I take weak, run-down, under-developed bodies, and transform them into great, broad-shouldered, handsome ones in a few short weeks. I tune up the heart, the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, and build a wall of healthful muscular protection around them that laughs at disease and ill-health. It seems uncanny the way you grow before your own eyes. How your chest comes out, and your stomach draws in—how your arms begin to bulge with the superhuman strength I build there, and little lumps of firm muscles will begin to appear all over your body.

15 Minutes Is All I Need

And to make you grow like this, I ask only 15 minutes of your spare time each day. 15 minutes of simple, easy, energy-building movements, which you can do in the privacy of your own room. To you it seems like a pleasant, little workout. But every single movement is the result of over 20 years of careful scientific study, and they bring surprising results. There is no wasted effort; no extra work—and how your body speeds toward the goal of physical and mental perfection. The goal every man must reach to be a champion.

My 30 Day Guarantee

I don't just promise these things. I know what I can do. In 30 days I guarantee to add one full inch of real, live muscle to each of your arms, and two full inches of the same champion-building strength across your chest. And it all comes so easily—so quickly—that you'll hardly believe your eyes when you see the improvement in your mirror.

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And as you grow, you'll change—somehow you'll find yourself more alert mentally. You'll grasp things easier, your work will seem like play, and you'll still have plenty of pep at the end of the day to go out right after night and enjoy the good times life holds for you.

Your boss will notice the difference, too. He'll begin to take an interest in you, and before you know it, you'll find yourself doing things he wouldn't trust other men to do. Your wife or sweetheart will notice the change, and you'll revel in the joy of her ever increasing love.

But let me tell you all about it in my new 64 page book. It is absolutely free. Just clip and mail the coupon and it's yours. Do it now and see how easy it is to be the man you've always dreamed of being.

Send for my new 64-page book

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It contains forty-eight full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not obligate you at all, but, for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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Extra Money—

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Hello, Kink!" a damsel in the front row gurgles. The King ignores her. He wafts kisses to the right and left on two fingers. Oh, I'd like to grin! Hello, Kink, indeed. I could break a whalebone laughing at that. Oh, my leg! My leg is going.

"Cut!" yells the director. That's over.

"What time is it?"

"Ten-thirty."

It isn't ten-thirty. It can't be that. We've been working a week. A month, maybe. My mail is stacked up at home. The telephone bill is unpaid. The cat is starving. We take the same scene over. We repeat it. We do it a fourth time. The left leg stops shaking. It's dead. I have a petrified leg. A little petrified leg.

"Lucky" climbs on a box. "Lunch time, folks! Please don't leave the studio. You are wearing expensive costumes and we don't want them spoiled. A hot lunch will be served right on the set here. And be careful not to get soup on your clothes!"

Food! What I want is an osteopath. Or maybe a chiropractor.

"Better eat. It's good. Gee, they treat us like kings and queens over here. Hot food and a place to sit down and eat it. At some of the studios . . ."

Who wants to eat? Who wants to be an actress, anyway?

Hazel Keener is being sketched by M. Leloir. She is the loveliest girl on the set, a typical French type. Jean Laverty, a luscious blonde with gentian-blue eyes, is having her back powdered. Andre Lourneur is doubling for Queen Belle Bennett, suffering the cinema birth pangs in the long shots. A cluster of ladies-in-waiting sit, smoking, heavy skirts hoisted knee-high. They discuss cinema success.

"What are the requirements?" ask I.

"This," answers one of the ladies who has waited, drooping her petal-like lids so that blue eyes peep langorously from under a fringe of lash. "And this," lips parted sensuously, adenoidously. She leaned forward. "They call it *s. a.* Since Garbo came over, we've all had to have it. Do you know what a casting director said to me the other day? 'You need a few affairs,' he said, 'to give you *s. a.*' Can you imagine! And my husband and baby at home."

Lunch is over. The heir has been born. It's a waxen baby doll. Well, they say kings and presidents are only figureheads, anyway. The King!—the King—the King—Long Live the King! but don't put him near that Kleig light. He'll melt. Wouldn't it be funny to see a King melt? Us damsels of the court crowd the doors in this scene, and the Poppa King stalks out with Baby King on a pink satin pillow.

"Hurrah, King!" we chortle, walking backwards and bowing at the same time. Whoever thought of that little trick?

We bow. Someone steps on my train. I step on my own train. We take the scene once, twice, thrice. Maybe four time; maybe four million times. Who knows? Who cares? We take other scenes. We bow. We scrape. We chatter. "And-so-and-so-and-so-and-so." We walk. We prance. Hours pass. Days pass. Weeks, months, years. My left leg is paralyzed. My left leg is petrified. I'm going to put my petrified leg in a museum.

Here's Gino Corrado. Gino, I've got a petrified leg. Gino is Aramis in this opus. And Doug is D'Artagnan. And it's all about The Three Musketeers.

"Take you home?" says Gino, steering me toward his car. Good Gino. Beautiful Gino. Handsome, lovable, trustworthy, honorable Gino. Magnificent Gino. Wonderful Gino.

Who would want to be an actress, anyway, Gino?

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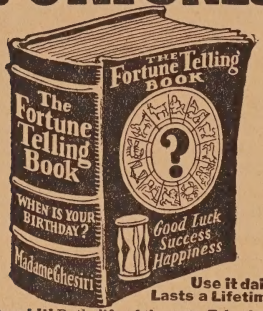

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So This Is Hollywood

(*Continued from page 26*)

No Superstition

FEARLESSNESS exhibited by Pathe studio. They started their first all-talking mystery play (no program is complete without one) on the thirteenth of November with thirteen members in the cast.

To date there has been not even a cold in the head to stop *The Missing Man's* oral progress.

Squeaks and Shrieks

NOTHING slow about Jack Mulhall. He is the first of Hollywood's smart set to install machinery for the presentation of sound pictures in the little theatre of his home.

The other day his Japanese houseboy came running. "Something terrible happening in theatre, Missy Mulhall," he panted to Jack's wife.

Shrieks were coming from the showroom as Mrs. Mulhall ran toward it. But her haste was all for nothing. She discovered it was merely Jack unreeling one of the current talking mystery plays.

Man Catchers

NOTHING like keeping in the spirit of things. Some of the lovely, lithesome ladies who atmosphered in D. W. Griffith's "Masquerade," a picture of France in the 'seventies, wore, under voluminous skirts of tulle and messaline, woven sandals of the period 1928 and named after a famous French watering place, Deauville.

"Convenient to catch a man, but costly," said one beauty, naughtily, as a gallant stooped to free his spurs from the skirt of the lady's bouffant tulle frock. "No wonder the French charmers were so popular. One promenade in a skirt like this caught enough men to start a salon."

Perishable

CULLEN LANDIS' quaint little mother and his titian-haired girl-wife, Loca, are great chums.

Loca paraded before mamma, as she fondly calls the senior Mrs. Landis, in a new dress.

"Isn't it pretty, mamma? But so perishable."

"Well, I'll admit," replied mamma, "that you couldn't churn in it."

The Place for Him

CAMILLA HORN has taken a house way down by the beach in the country. We wondered why. Then we learned that her in-the-background husband is to arrive soon from Germany.

Well, the country is a good place for Hollywood stars to keep their husbands.

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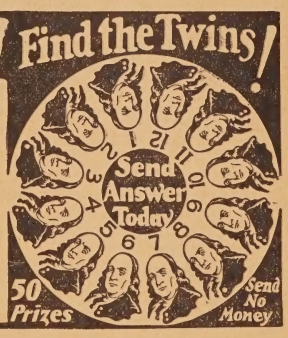

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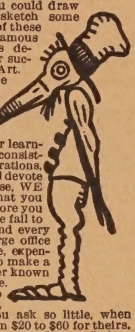

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"THE LIFE STORY OF A DEVIL" is what Lupe Velez calls her own life story, which begins in the March issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

Richard Barthelmess in a playful moment with his Great Dane.

Dick's Me Pal

(*Continued from page* 61)

too. One Sunday, Shorty strolled over to see his pal at the place in New Rochelle. As he trotted up the walk, suddenly an enormous animal bolted around the corner, lunged at him and bowled him over flat. Shorty yelled.

Dick's head popped out of an upstairs window. "Hey, something's happened to Shorty!" he cried, and then, seeing what it was, "It's only 'Fury,' old man!"

"Take 'im away before 'e eats me!" roared Shorty. And that has always been a favorite joke of Dick's.

Dick left Griffith after *Way Down East* to go with Inspiration Pictures, and presently Shorty was also with the latter firm. Dick saw that he got a job. Together, they went into the wilds of the Blue Ridge Mountains to make *Tol'able David,* living in a primitive hotel and partaking of ham and eggs, potatoes and prunes three times a day for six weeks.

"When we was down in Nassau, they used to feed us peeled oranges on forks and mutton stew for breakfast," remembered Shorty. "We groused about that, but gosh we'd have greeted that with cheers if we coulda got it in Crab Bottom, Virginia."

There was excitement in this picture. Once when Dick was driving the mail stage, supposed to be badly wounded, he drove around a curve and the pole broke. The horses braced themselves and stopped, thus saving Dick's life. The scene was a long shot, so Dick rigged the thing up himself and continued on his way without mishap. "But I thought sure the day of judgment was upon me!" he recalls.

There were feuds in these hills, and when one morning the hotel keeper was missing, it was casually reported that he had been shot. One of the carpenters hired for a set refused to go to a certain location, the reason being that he happened to have killed somebody down there.

"Grand place to settle down!" declared Dick.

Shorty was injured in a big spectacle with another studio so now he plays extra on the screen. He does a hula-hula dance in Dick's latest film, *Scarlet Seas,* and no doubt he'll be seen in future pictures with the star.

Richard Barthelmess' new contract is for six pictures to be made in eighteen months, all talkers. He is to receive the highest salary ever paid a male star not also a producer; he is to have choice of story, cast and director.

Dick is not the only friend the little Englishman possesses at the Barthelmess home. Only last Sunday, as he trudged along the road leading to the Beverly Hills house, a car passed him and a child's voice cried: "Oh-ee, it's Shorty!" The car stopped and out jumped Baby Mary Hay.

Under her escort, he advanced to meet her new brother, Douglas Sargent, who is just Mary's age, and thus reinforced the party inspected the new rabbits, the new bicycles on which the two five-year-

SHE REDUCED

What a Relief!

Virginia Grant is a social favorite now. But when she was overweight, she was not popular, because her figure was clumsy, ungainly, and her clothes did not fit.

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olds displayed their riding skill, and then Shorty sang and danced.

Richard and the new Mrs. Barthelmess plan to take a trip around the world when his contract is completed. The children will be old enough to be put into schools, but Shorty insists that they will have to take him along.

"I want to show 'im all the places I knows," he argues. "I been in every nook and dive in most countries on earth, and I'd like to take 'im around. Besides, I'm a weddin' present to a lady and I oughta take care of 'em bofe."

—o—

The House That Laughs Built

(*Continued from page* 49)

stucco, and the dressing rooms and showers inside are of green tile. There are eight dressing rooms for men and eight for women.

A rock-walled road winds around the hill to the beautifully landscaped valley below where golf greens more priceless than Oriental rugs are laid out. Mildred Davis Lloyd will never be a golf widow, for Harold would need to journey far to find a better golf course than his own.

Tumbling over the face of the cliff on which the mansion stands is an artificial hundred-foot waterfall, which by its carefully landscaped rocks, shrubs and positions looks more natural than Nature's own handiwork, with its spray curling into mist as it leaps down upon the fern-bedded rocks. It feeds an artificial stream on which wild ducks disport themselves. A number of canoes are anchored at the landing before the old stone mill. Hanging from the venerable old trees are jugs of purest water. On the slight elevation at the extreme end of the estate is a rock well and leading down to the right extremity is a flower garden and fountain. From this point, looking down the golf course, the vista is matchless. There is first the elaborate barbecue pit, with an antique bronze bell hanging outside, with which the cook calls the guests. The bell was imported from Old Mexico. Its tones are clarion clear, a symphony in sound.

There are several bridges over the stream which winds the length of the estate. The stream itself is a masterpiece of the landscaping art with its banks lined with cat tails, reeds and lush grass. Nothing has been omitted to make of the place a Paradise. There is even a desert at the far end of the estate. Here is every known cacti and desert plant. There are lizards and nonpoisonous reptiles basking in the warm sand. There are myriads of love birds and small parrakeets, still in their cages. There is everything that can make for beauty and enjoyment.

And this is the property of a slightly bashful, freckle-faced young man who has learned the secret of how to make the tired old world laugh.

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After completing the course he wrote us: "Yours is the finest course ever presented for the Tenor Banjo. Before I enrolled with you, I knew nothing whatever about music. I was earning $18.00 weekly clerking in a store. Little did I realize the opportunity that had come. I took up the course just for fun. But here I am, playing in one of the best orchestras in Western Michigan and making $85.00 a week. Your course and your kind cooperation have made me a professional Tenor Banjoist." *Kenneth McCarty, Parkview Hotel, South Haven, Mich.*

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Get Big Free Book

A. F. Bloch, President, New York Academy of Music, Studio 64029, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Send me the book that started McCarty; No obligation whatsoever on my part, understand.

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Send No Money At our risk, try a large size bottle. Send no money now. Pay postman only $1.50 on delivery. If not entirely satisfied after one week's trial, your money will be refunded instantly. Write today. A postal will do.
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Biggest bargain ever offered. No. 1. Ladies sterling pierced mounting set with fiery Elite Diamond $2.98. No. 2. Men's Massive Sterling Ring, set with Carat Elite Diamond. Special $2.98. No. 3. Ladies gorgeous Dinner Ring, pierced mounting set with 3 Elite Diamonds and 4 decorative Emeralds on sides. $2.98.

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Send No Money Just send your name, address and ring sizes. Pay postman price on arrival plus postage. If you can tell them from Genuine Diamonds, send them back.

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Let me send you proof at my expense.
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Talkie Talk

(*Continued from page* 41)

moment. Expert photographers and engineers had been woring for months on the experiment. Although crude, it was successful. The talking picture had become a reality. All turned to Mr. Pathe for his reaction.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is successful beyond my fondest hopes. Now we'll put it all back on the shelf and forget about it."

His answer astonished his listeners, but revealed the soundness of his judgment as a showman. He knew that the public was not yet ready for pictures that talked. It took the radio to make them "sound conscious."

The Vaudeville-Talkie Feature

THE vogue of the short feature talkie is upon us, corresponding to the one-act playlet, and supplemented by stage presentations and short-reel comedies. A notable example is *Napoleon's Barber,* directed by John Ford and considered such a wow that it was given headliner place at the Roxy Theatre in New York City, although only three reels in length. Shades of the old, old days.

And a Revue, No Less

THE production of Gus Edwards' *International Revue* marks another spirited invasion of stage entertainment by sound pictures. An elaborate all-color musical revue, it has almost everything to be found in the stage revue except the prices. One scene, laid in a night club, requires a stage with several hundred players, an orchestra of twenty-five pieces, ballets and special choruses. Who'd ever have thought we'd have a bald-headed row in the movie houses?

Edmund Breese First

EDMUND BREESE, veteran stage and screen actor, claims to be the first talkie actor, having done his stuff when the talkies were only a whisper. In 1915 he appeared in a speaking part in *The Master Mind,* a picture produced by Edison.

Sales Talkies

THE talkies are now in business, extolling the merits of this and that product better than most salesmen, except that it can't pass out cigars and tell Pullman berth stories. Graham-Paige, automobile manufacturers, are the first to have applied the talkies for commercial purposes, and it won't be long now until S. A. will mean Sales Appeal.

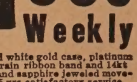
Getting a Hearing

THE three Graham brothers, heads of the Graham-Paige Motor Corporation, have had speeches of theirs recorded by talkie features which are sent out to dealer conventions and the like. The speeches have a prologue of spec-

50c Weekly

Rectangular Wrist Watch. 14kt. rolled white gold case, platinum style. Beautifully engraved. Silk grosgrain ribbon band and 14kt rolled white gold engraved clasp. Ruby and sapphire jeweled movement, perfect time-keeper. Will give 25 yrs satisfactory service.

Latest Solitaire Ring



Blue white, fiery sparkling "Harbirn Diamond," set in platinum style, richly engraved, latest design solitaire ring. Harbirn Diamonds are full 32 facet cut of dazzling radiance and rainbow brilliancy. Their similarity to perfect cut, flawless, genuine diamonds is amazing even to experts.

To advertise Harbirn Diamonds, we will give the above described Rectangular Wrist Watch, absolutely free, with each ring purchased under our most liberal payment plan.

Special advertising offer. Send name and address. No papers to sign, no red tape, immediate shipment. Just state size or send strip of paper for measure. On arrival pay your Postman only $2 down. Send balance 50c weekly or $2 monthly for 4 months; full price only $10. The price you pay us is for the ring only and you get the watch Absolutely Free.

Guaranty Watch Co., 154 Nassau St., Dept. 75A New York

Beacon Blanket FREE

This big soft blanket is yours for selling 13 bottles of Champoo'air, a shampoo of especially fine quality at 50 cents per bottle. This is our way of advertising—A big chance for you. *Write for particulars.*

CHAMPION PRODUCTS CO.
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A NEW COMPLEXION
Yours While You Sleep!

BEAUTE—the latest French discovery—banishes many blemishes, often after only one application and within a few short hours. BEAUTE contains new ingredient said by Govt. Chemists to be 10 times more efficient than even Phenol. Indetectable, harmless, delightful, soothing. Swift results guaranteed for pimples, blotches, blackheads, large pores, acne, eczema, oily skin—or money back instantly on request. You need not return the jar. Your word is enough. Send $1.75 stamps or money order for year's supply, or deposit $1.95 with postman on delivery.

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to increase your arms one-half inch in size, chest one full inch, strength 25%, health, 100% in one week's time, by following my instructions and using my exerciser 10 minutes mornings and at night. Send $1 for complete course and exercisers. Satisfaction guaranteed or $1 refunded.

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5-year guarantee. Given for selling only 24 10c packages famous Keystone Gold Eye Needles. Send name and address—**no money; we trust you!**

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SENORITA CYCLONE, THE LIFE STORY OF LUPE VELEZ tells the entire range of exciting events that have filled this fiery star's life since she was a child riding with her father in the Mexican army. Begins in the March issue of SCREEN SECRETS, out February 10.

Classified Ads

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, MUSICAL, comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash. Dept. 37, Chicago.

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DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY—Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, George Wagner, 2190-T, Broadway, N. Y.

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BIG PAY: South American Work. American firms pay fare, expenses. South American Service Bureau, 14,600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

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MAKE $20 per 100, Stamping Names on Keychecks. Sample and instructions, 25c. Keetag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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4, $1.00. Student's memory developed, $2.00. PFU—GPO, Bx, 471, N. Y.

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HOMEWORK: Women wanting obtain reliable kinds write for information. Enclose stamp. Eller Co., 296K Broadway, New York.

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BOOKS, Photos, Novelties. Samples for $1.00, $3.00, $5.00, $10.00. Miss Angelique Constantin, Rue Pasteur, Neuilly-Plaisance (S&O) France.

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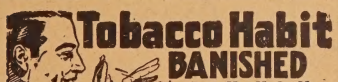
LIQUOR or DRUG habit cured or no pay! $2.00 if cured. Sent on trial. Secretly given! Georges Laboratories, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Calif.



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Let Us Help You

No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick; thoroughly reliable.

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Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

NEWELL PHARMACAL COMPANY
Clayton Station
Dept. 861 ST. LOUIS, MO.

tacular scenes illustrating the principles of the Graham-Paige Legion, with incidental music by the famous Roxy Theatre orchestra and a speaking part by the actor Lionel Atwill. It looks like a tough year for pedestrians.

One Big, Happy Family

WHILE there are those who say the talkies will suffer death at the hands of the radio, Edward J. Montague, scenario editor-in-chief for Universal, hoots the idea.

He goes on to remind us of similar predictions when radio first appeared, when the opinion was frequently voiced that people would prefer to sit at home and hear the wonderful radio programs instead of battling weather and traffic to get to movie houses. Finally, he says that radio and the talkies are two separate forms of entertainment and not at all in conflict. He insists that each will aid the development of the other. Apparently feeling that one good tune deserves another.

What a Reader Thinks

DEAR Editor: So many people are kicking about the talking pictures. Now I wonder why? Of course I would not like to have all pictures talking pictures, but I think most fans like to hear their favorites' voices. Conrad Nagel has always been my prime favorite, so you can imagine the pleasure Vitaphone afforded me in enabling me to hear his voice. We small town people do not get to hear and see the big stars, but now through Vitaphone this is made possible.

MAE SCHEPECK,
1715 Stephenson St., Marinette, Wis.

Honesty, the Best Talkie Policy

IT APPEARS that building motion picture sets is destined to become a considerable problem from now on due to sound pictures. For example, a "stone" step made out of wood and covered with plaster no longer will suffice as a double for rock. A. B. Heath, director of Universal's *Melody of Love* filmed a scene where a soldier on crutches went over such a step. The result was a hollow sound. Slabs of real stone had to be obtained and the scene re-shot. This same difficulty is found with "prop" rocks and synthetic cobblestone pavement.

LUPE VELEZ TELLS HER LIFE STORY

beginning in the March issue of SCREEN SECRETS. It is a story rich in exciting episodes that began for this fiery star when she was little more than a baby, surrounded by army life in Mexico—a Mexico seething with revolution and violence. No less exciting was her following stage career as a Mexican revue sensation, and her rise to the peaks in Hollywood.

Hawaiian Guitar GIVEN to our Students Worth $20

This Hawaiian Guitar expert and professor wants the opportunity to welcome you as a student so you will quickly learn how to play Hawaiian Guitar—yes, you will be able to play just like the native Hawaiians. To get you started and help your musical success which will bring you popularity, you will receive a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, the same as the one pictured, when you enroll. Our short cut method of instruction will enable you to play a piece almost from the first lesson. Rush coupon for full particulars today and we will reserve a Hawaiian Guitar for you.

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With our short cut method of instruction you will quickly learn how to play Hawaiian Guitar which will bring you popularity and social success. You learn to play from notes. If you never had any musical training, you will quickly get on, because our experts have perfected a course of home instruction which is as simple as learning A,B,C's.

PICTURE and PHONOGRAPH RECORD METHOD EASY We don't depend upon printed lessons only for your success, but we furnish pictures of our professors playing, diagrams, charts and phonograph records for each lesson. This practically brings our professors from our studio to your home and enables you to listen to their playing just as if they were actually in front of you. To prove this is easy, we will send you your first lesson free.

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So positive are we that you will become one of our students, we will send free without obligation, our first lesson. Also receive our free big book which gives particulars about our course. Write for your free book and your free lesson today.

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Please rush your free book, "How to Learn Hawaiian Guitar" and my first lesson. Also reserve a Hawaiian Guitar for me. This obligates me in no way whatever.

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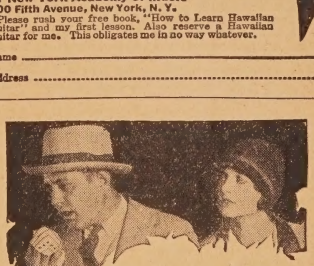

Catarrh?
here's good news

"After suffering from catarrh for seven or eight years, trying many treatments to no avail, I bought a bottle of Hall's Catarrh Medicine. I noticed improvement after the first few doses. Now I am completely free from catarrh."—*Frank Kackly, Charleston, Ill.*

Hall's is the *only* scientific 2-in-1 treatment—Tonic and Ointment.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 242, Toledo, Ohio

Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers

Make Dresses in the Newest Styles and Save Half

LEARN right at home in spare time to make your own clothes in the newest, loveliest styles for a half or a third of what you pay in the shops.

The Woman's Institute will teach you how to put real style into everything you make, just as it has taught so many other women and girls. You learn all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the professional dressmaker so successful.

Write for 32-page Booklet, "How to Make Beautiful Clothes"

FREE Mail the coupon for Free Booklet, "How to Make Beautiful Clothes," and learn how you can have more and prettier clothes at small cost and earn $20 to $40 a week besides.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 96-P, Scranton, Pa.
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of *How to Make Beautiful Clothes*, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking
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(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....

Asthma All Gone Found Quick Relief

Suffered 16 Years. Then Regained Health Suddenly. Tells How.

Folks who have "tried everything" for asthma or bronchial trouble may profit by following the example of Mrs. R. H. Wilson, 41 Hancock St., New Bern, N. C. She writes:

"After 16 years of intense suffering from asthma, during which time I tried all kinds of medicine, I finally started taking Nacor in July, 1927. My asthma promptly began to disappear, and soon was entirely gone. I thought it might come back during the winter, but it didn't, and I have never had a sign of it since."

Hundreds of people who suffered for years from asthma, bronchitis and severe chronic coughs, have told how their trouble left and never returned. Their letters and a booklet of vital information about these diseases will be sent free by Nacor Medicine Co., 696 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. The more serious your case, the more important this free information may be. Write for it today.

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Gingham Prints, Percales, Voiles Shirtings, Dress Prints, Crepes, etc.

DIRECT TO YOU AT A BIG SAVING. 4 yards or more of each. NO SCRIMS. The very newest and latest popular patterns. Our finest quality. Worth double.

SEND NO MONEY Pay postman $1.96, plus a few cents delivery charge. 25 yard bundle $2.40 postage paid, money with order. Guarantee money back if not satisfied.

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CORRECT your NOSE to perfect shape while you sleep. Anita Nose Adjuster guarantees SAFE, rapid, permanent results. Age doesn't matter. Painless. 60,000 doctors, users praise it. Gold Medal Winner. Booklet Free.

30 Day FREE TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, B-59 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

A Wicked Lady

(*Continued from page* 31)

"And then?"

"Travel."

"Where?"

TAKE a look at the map of the world; that's where. Walter and I are going to travel until we get callouses on the bottoms of our feet. I want to see India after I have seen everything in Europe."

"I'd like to see Indo-China," I suggested.

"Why?"

"I'd like to see that deserted city of Ankor Wat."

"Yes; that's right," she said. "I'll remember that; we must see Ankor Wat. That would be great."

"Meanwhile the pictures . . . " I suggested.

"Meanwhile the pictures," she repeated. "I never have had such a good time making them . . ."

"Is that because you are on the home stretch?"

"No," she laughed. "I imagine it is because I am a bad lady in all the later ones. Isn't it awful that I should enjoy being a bad lady?"

"Why?"

"I don't know. Perhaps they are more interesting. Men through the ages seemed to find them so. At any rate, I began with Lady Hamilton, and nearly every one says that is my best one. Then *Outcast*, where I was nothing but."

She doesn't realize the reason; but I know the reason—even though I did not tell her.

Until now, her parts on the screen have been much her own self. And, in the action of the play, she has been forced to do things that she would not do in her own right. It is not in or of her nature to "take on" and be dramatic in high moments. In her social caste you bear the blows of fate with proud defiance. Like the Japanese Samurai, you never exhibit in public emotions that would be unpleasant to those around you.

When, on the other hand, they give her the part of a bad lady to play, she at once steps outside herself and relies solely upon her imagination.

In the parts where she plays her own kind, she always has the uncomfortable feeling that she is letting the public in on a secret it has no right to know. Playing bad ladies, she is only painting a picture.

And so it will be easier for her when she comes to say good-bye to the screen. She has already left; only her friend, the bad lady, remains. They can part without regrets.

—o—

THE THRILLING STORY OF LUPE VELEZ' DRAMATIC LIFE begins in the March issue of SCREEN SECRETS—the story of a life crowded with amazing experiences that began while she was yet a child in seething, war-torn Mexico.

Portraits Of Your Favorite

MOVIE STARS!

As a special introductory offer we will send you free of charge portraits of any five of the following stars with a year's subscription to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine

Clara Bow
Buddy Rogers
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Richard Dix
Joan Crawford
Dolores Costello
Charles Farrell
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Clip Coupon below

SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE
Fawcett Publications, Inc. (Feb. S. S.)
Minneapolis, Minn.

Inclosed find $2.50 in stamps for which mail me Screen Secrets for the next year. Also send me, free, 5 photos of movie stars.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Ramon's Dreams Come True

(*Continued from page* 44)

all the characters. In the end, he insulted himself and stabbed himself to death in a dreadful duel. He died with great gusto on the studio floor; then leaped up and cried eagerly: "How was that?"

It was undeniably funny and I snickered. Ramon told me only the other day that he remembered my duplicity in snickering and he remembered that Lillion Gish nudged me in the ribs to make me stop it.

Griffith didn't laugh. He smiled a little, but added: "Well, you are all right, boy; that was good." However, there was no place for him in the Griffith picture.

Ramon went to New York and got a job as a bus boy in the automat. He had been a waiter before. He says he remembers being a bus boy at my table in the Athletic Club in Los Angeles.

"Diving for pearls," as the saying is in cafes, hurt neither his great pride nor diminished his hopes. He says that during that whole time of hard sledding he could always see his name in electric light in front of the different New York theatres—just as plainly as he can see it there now. Never for one moment did he falter in his confidence as to the end. He says he knew he would get there; he was perfectly willing to leave the details of the program to Providence.

I said at the top end of this story that Ramon always got everything he wanted; but, as I think over his career, he was always being turned down. Any boy with a dimmer faith would have quit a dozen places along the route.

For instance, he paid a visit to a big phonograph company in New York. He said he wanted to make some records for them. They asked him if he could sing. "Not yet," he said, "but I could learn if you would furnish the money."

The proposition made them blink with astonishment; but so great was the little Mexican's confidence that he came within an ace of a loan of $10,000 for his musical education.

He finally got into the films through Rex Ingram. Everybody knows all about his screen career. He never has considered it to be a career. That has been his trade; his ready money source.

His rainbow in the sky has always been music. All the time he was hanging around the studios trying to get jobs (he once got one as a Keystone Kop) he has kept up his music.

No corporation efficiency expert could divide his time up with a greater regard for accomplishment. Part of each day—even on location—has always been devoted to his music. Once he served a long time on a location tour where a tyrannical director didn't like to hear him practicing vocal exercises; so Ramon padded the piano with felt; closed all the doors and windows in a stifling tropic climate and sang his exercises under his breath.

Ramon's mother is a beautiful and stately woman. In her youth she was an opera singer. She has supervised his career. He stands in awe of her talent. I remember one day he had been singing for us in his room at home and afterward he went down into the room where his family had gathered. I suggested that he sing the songs again that he had sung upstairs. He flushed scarlet. "Not with my mother listening," he said. "I would be ashamed to sing that before her; I have not practiced it sufficiently."

He does not live in the film colonies of Hollywood or Beverly Hills. He bought an old-fashioned house in an older part of Los Angeles and made it over to fit his occasions. Into it he built a tiny theatre. At first it had thirty-nine seats; then he rebuilt it to accommodate about sixty seats. Here he gives little musical shows of his own management. The actresses are lovely senoritas and his boyhood friends of the large Mexican colony in Los Angeles.

In this little theatre, Ramon learned stagecraft; learned how to "put over" the songs he had been studying. Next to Raquel Meller, I think that no one has ever been able to sing so charmingly the quaint folk songs of Mexico and Spain, although he sings grand opera, too.

This year, his long movie contract expired. He has only lately signed a new one. By the terms of this, he will be a movie actor only half of each year.

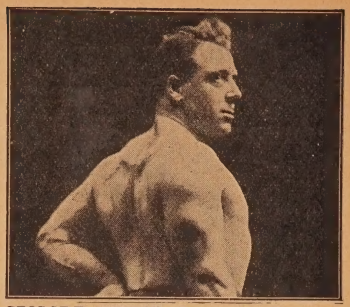
When his first period comes in the contract, he is going back to New York to sing for the phonograph company which nearly loaned him $10,000 so long ago; so that dream will have come true. Then he is going on to Berlin. Part of the time he will study music. Part of the time he will probably appear in concert.

In a few years—if his plans go straight—he will be Senor Novarro the opera singer—no longer Ramon Novarro, the film actor. One of the reasons why he took this name was the definite purpose of having a name that would be equally good on the screen and in grand opera.

Every screen actor faces a tragedy from his first moment on the screen; he faces the time when he will be too old . . . when the blush is off the peach. Ramon has escaped this tragedy. In his case, it will be the simple act of switching over to a new dynamo.

When he gets past the first charm age of screen acting, he will be still young—almost too young—for grand opera.

From which it would seem that one of the great points in having your dreams come true is to start out with the right kind of dreams.



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Alice White's Diary

(*Continued from page* 21)

Dec. 4. Had my horoscope cast. Future looks very interesting. Who knows? Said I would have many romances but that I would not marry for a long time. I hope it's true. I am not particularly fond of the idea of being married. Maybe I'm selfish. I don't think so, though. Hate to think of myself submerged by a husband. Can you imagine me ordering steak for dinner? But I'm sure I have a lot of maternal instinct. It doesn't always exhibit itself in wanting babies. I always yearn over poor helpless kids, and pathetic boys.

Dec. 5. Left for location. Arrived at a very funny hotel at Laguna Beach.

Dec. 6. On location. Haven't worked yet. Miss my darling little funny Ching. Sure is a quiet place. Not much to do at night. Have been going to bed very early at night. Everybody is going to parties, but somehow I'm not much interested. Really no nice men on this location.

Dec. 9. Still on location. Much rain stuff. Many wind machines and water pipes which scared me to death. If it hadn't been for Mary Astor yanking me into the middle of a scene I would have quit and gone home right then.

Dec 10. Worked at night again. More rain. Got awfully wet. Have been very good on this trip. All I do is sleep and work. Oh, well!

Dec. 11. Didn't work today. Rather lonesome at night. Gang all went to a party and woke me when they came in.

Dec. 12. Didn't work today. Gilbert came down to see me. It seemed good to see him. And he wasn't a bit moody. He's rather a lamb.

Dec. 13. Just day shots and then worked at night. Got awfully seasick on a darned boat. Much service from the troupe this evening. All felt sorry for me.

Dec. 15. We left for home. Arrived at the studio in the afternoon. Saw Dick Barthelmess again. He said "hello" to me in a matter-of-fact way. I'm still hoping to get the part. It does mean so much to me.

Dec. 16. Out to the studio and saw Mr. Al Rockett. He talked to me of a part. Things are beginning to look a little more encouraging.

Dec. 17. Went to the fights tonight. They sure do wear me out. They are much too brutal. Sat in the ringside and was worried that the blood would splash on my nice new white coat.

Dec. 18. Dinner-dance at the Biltmore. Saw lots of movie stars. Wonder if I'll ever get to be one? Strange things happen sometimes.

Dec. 19. Stayed in bed all day. Decided I needed a rest.

Dec. 20. Hearing rumors that Sue O'Neil may play in *The Patent Leather Kid.* Was very upset. I wonder if she really is my competition? To dinner with V. He kissed me when we parted. A nice little-boy kiss. No thrills. Better than M.'s kisses. They're like kissing the wet nose of a puppy. And not an adorable puppy like Ching. M. is in the discard from now on.

Dec. 21. Dropped into Pinky's dressing room. Found her crying. She's madly in love with a prop boy but won't go out in public with him. Afraid it will hurt her prestige. If the man I loved was a plumber, and I loved him that much, I'd go every place with him. What is love if it doesn't make two people equal?

Dec. 23. More working in water. Haven't heard much about *The Patent Leather Kid* but things are beginning to look suspicious. Sort of have a hunch that all is not well.

Dec. 24. Much fun at the studio today. Presents being exchanged and everybody excited. We quit work early. Lunch at Montmartre with Ann Rork. Met Jack Hearst at the Grove at night. Rather cute boy.

Dec. 25. Many presents and much visiting. Saw lots of people and did a lot of things. My special beau gave me flocks of perfume and an adorable leather coat and lots of cute little knick-knacks. Spent a lot of money on family presents. Decided to play Santa Claus this year, because I was earning so much money. Ching-a-ling got a new green collar.

Dec. 26. Went to the Plantation with a lot of drugstore cowboys. Flirted with a grand man who had met me a long time before but I had changed so he didn't know me. Afraid I'm going to have an awful crush on him. He sent a note over to me and we made arrangements to meet. I think he's gr-r-and! But he's married and I don't dare take him too seriously, because he belongs to someone else. Just my luck. Every time I really like someone he has to be married.

Dec. 27. Still on the picture. Awfully disappointed about *The Patent Leather Kid.* Cried for a week. Could hardly work. Everyone tried to cheer me up. I'm so discouraged I feel as though I want to give it all up. They make you believe that a thing is yours and then don't even give you a break. But I have too much determination to let that stop me. I'm going to succeed regardless of *The Patent Leather Kid!*

Dec. 28. M-G-M have sent for me to make a test. Don't know what it's for but certainly would like to be borrowed by another studio. Sort of makes your studio feel that you are more important if another wants you. I haven't heard from T. Perhaps it is better.

Dec. 29. Worked part of the day and then rushed out to M-G-M to make a test. Everyone was very kind to me there. Out with T. at night. We took a ride. Afraid I'm growing much too fond of him.

Dec. 30. Out at M-G-M again for an-

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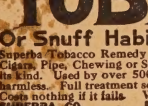

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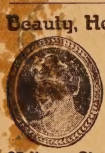

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other test for Sam Wood. Had lots of laughs. Out with T. again. He says he thinks I'm adorable.

Dec. 31. Went out to M-G-M to see my tests. Laughed myself sick. Sure was funny. Out at night to a big dinner party at the Plantation. Rather bored so ditched the party and went over to a gorgeous party Hal Roach was giving at his studio. Many important movie stars there. Had a grand time. Suddenly started thinking about T. and decided I must see him at all cost. 'Phoned him and saw him. I wept like a little fool for no good reason. He is *awfully* sweet. What shall I do? What is going to happen?

(To be Continued.)

Read the next instalment of Alice White's Diary. She loses her contract; she thinks her career is over; she meets Jack Gilbert; she regains her contract. Parties, pleasures, pastimes, and then Alice really falls in love. But for how long? Don't miss it. In the March issue of *Screen Secrets*, on sale February 10.

Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 50)

the couple to each other, and who also announced their engagement several weeks ago.

Made Up

OLIVE BORDEN and George O'Brien have made up any past differences which kept them estranged from each other the past few months and are again seen frequently together. The film colony has kept its eye on this romance for some time.

Let Down

MAURICE CHEVALIER, handsome young French actor who arrived in Hollywood recently, upset the hopes of many of the girls in the film capital by bringing with him a very attractive wife who was formerly a French musical comedy artist.

Full Speed Ahead

SOMEONE TO LOVE, the recent screen romance featuring Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian, apparently suggested each other to this well-liked young couple, and the charming affair started some time ago seems to continue with increased fervor on the part of both.

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"SOON after I began studying," a student wrote to us the other day, "we had a change in management at our plant. I certainly was glad then that I had decided to study in my spare time. For, thanks to my I. C. S. course, I was the only man in the organization who could talk to the Superintendent in his own language. As a result, I was promoted over men who had been here from ten to twenty years. My salary has been increased 90 per cent in the last ten months."

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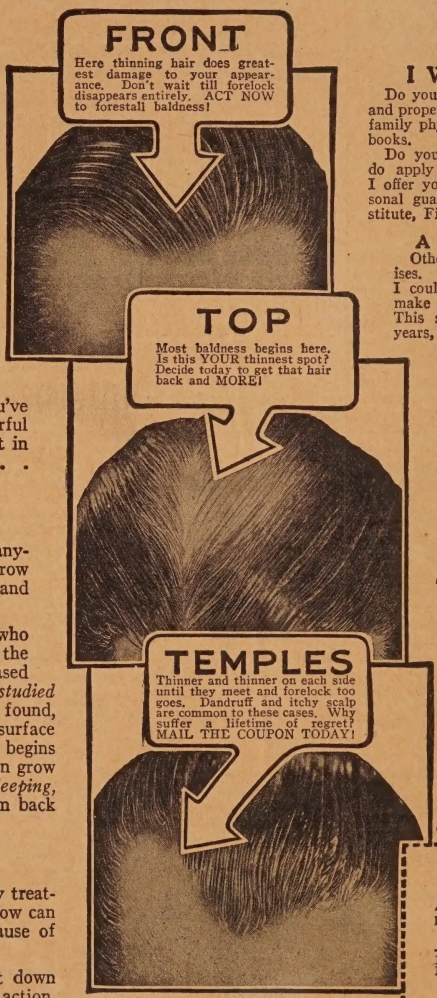

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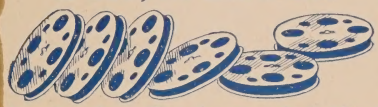

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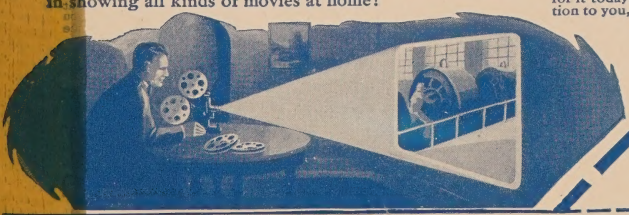

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You know the increasing popularity of velour living room furniture! This one is not only a charming, colorful suite for the living room, but a full-size comfortable double bed is embodied in the davenport.

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Mail the coupon with $1 today. This 3-piece Velour Bed-Davenport Suite and full size Davenport Table will be sent you on home trial. Use for 30 days as your own. Then if you are not convinced of their worth, or if you should change your mind, return them. We will refund first payment and transportation charges both ways.

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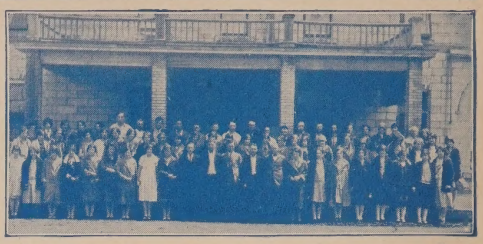
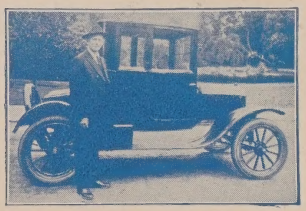
as he looked the day after he knocked out Joe Gans for the lightweight championship. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33⅓ miles a gallon with a touring car. Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."

Okeyed by "Cannon Ball" Baker
The Stransky Vaporizer has passed the rigid tests made on "Cannon Ball" Baker's Proving Grounds outside Indianapolis. "Worthy the investigations of every motorist," writes Baker. "A single trial will prove the worth of your vaporizer. I heartily recommend it to all motorists."

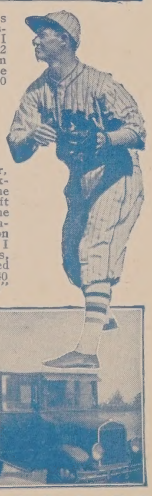


South Dakota, the site of presidential vacations, tall corn and "black b'ar," now boasts of the world's largest gas vaporizer manufacturer. The picture above shows the present Stransky office organization of 73 people.

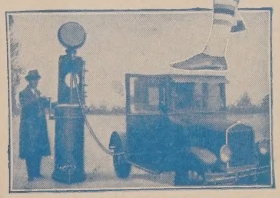
Drives 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline
A remarkable test was recently made on the Stransky Vaporizer by J. R. Wood of St. Louis. On his Oldsmobile, after installing the Stransky, he drove 3,000 miles and averaged 30 miles a gallon. Thus he got in effect 1,300 miles of free gasoline.



H. H. Cummings has saved 1,905 gallons of gasoline on 50,000 miles. "I have used one on my 1922 Ford which I have driven over 50,000 miles," he says. "I am getting 30 miles a gallon."



Virgil Barnes,
N. Y. Giant Pitcher, says: "Words cannot express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 60. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 40 miles per gallon of gas."



Finds a Gasoline Well in His Own Back Yard!
Geo. South of Kansas City, Mo., owns a Ford coupe. "I am simply amazed," he writes, "at the wonderful results with your vaporizer. It sure saves the gas. It's just like finding a gasoline well in my own back yard."

Who Else Wants to Save Gasoline?

A SOUTH DAKOTA man has discovered an amazing gas-saving invention now installed on over three million cars of every make. Already over ten thousand car owners say it increases gas mileage . . . and saves an astonishing amount of money in gasoline and repair expense. There is a model for every car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine. Anybody can install it in a few minutes.

This invention is based on newly-discovered facts about potential gasoline power . . . startling facts, that few car owners know about. For example, it is now found that the average man wastes at least 20 per cent to 30 per cent of his gasoline through improper combustion. And many more interesting discoveries, too detailed to mention here.

Read on the right what other car owners say about it. Then accept the inventor's special introductory offer. He will send you samples to test without obligation to buy. If you find it doesn't do for you what it has done for other car owners, he will pay a cash forfeit for the few minutes you've spent in testing it.

Don't send a penny now. Simply send your name in coupon below and get full description of this queer little device that is saving money for other car owners. No obligation, of course. But if you really want to cut down the high cost of running your car, this is your opportunity. Tear out the coupon below and mail it to J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., C-360 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

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Herrick made $157 in one day letting Stransky vaporizers sell themselves on test. Territories open everywhere. Full or spare time. Check coupon below for details.

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"I have used one on my Ford for over five years and have traveled over 35,000 miles. Never had any spark plug trouble. Have averaged 28 to 30 miles on one gallon of gas." J. H. Alruth, Iowa.

CHEVROLET

"You people claim a saving of 25 per cent and more. I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon on a Chevrolet. The actual test surpasses your claim." M. E. Miller, Kansas City.

BUICK

G. M. Rathburn, Charleston, W. Va., has a Buick Six. Having an old engine, it was getting only 8 or 9 miles a gallon. On a 287-mile trip he got 19 miles to the gallon. He says it has saved him $40.00 on one trip.

NASH

"I had a large Nash Six, which I drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco on 20 gallons of gas. Vaporizer paid for itself the first trip." H. T. McCallon, California.

MARMON

Beacon Holmes, garage owner, New York City, put a Stransky Vaporizer on a Marmon and says: "I increased Marmon's speed from 72 to 84 miles per hour—and a gain of 5 miles to the gallon of gas."

PIERCE-ARROW

Mr. Joseph Berger, New York City, writes: "I have one on my Pierce-Arrow and have greatly increased my mileage. I have never scraped carbon since I put on your vaporizer ten months ago."

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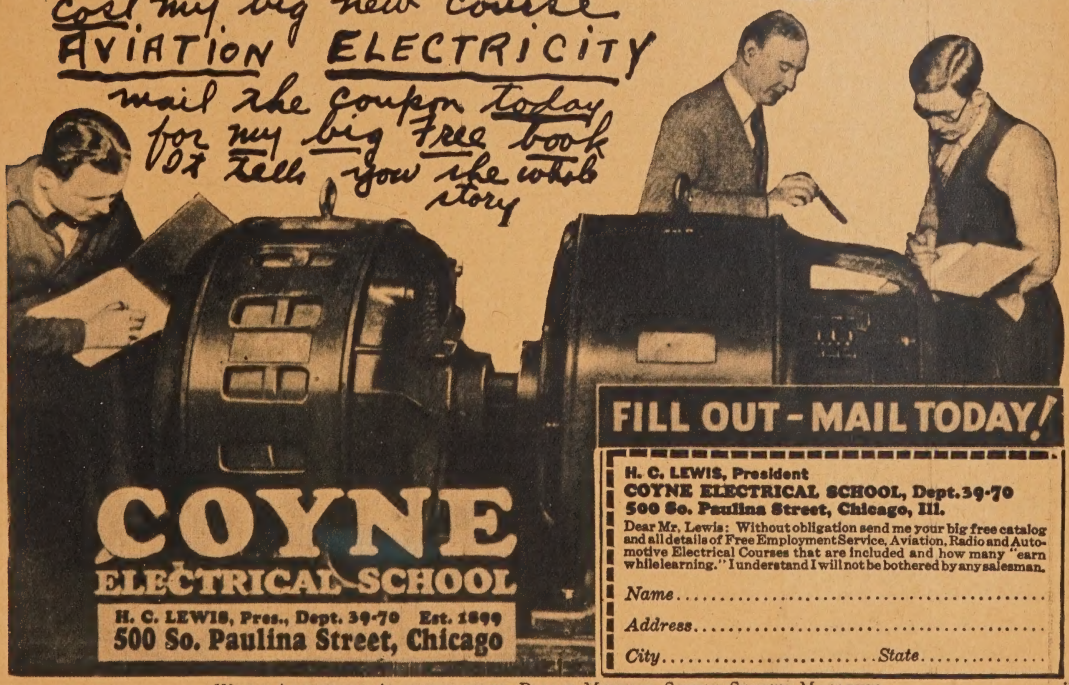

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SCREEN SECRETS

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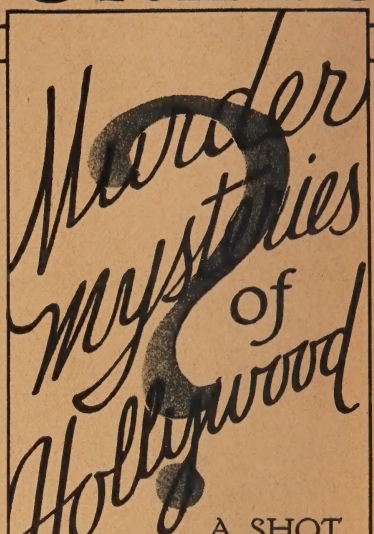

A SHOT in the NIGHT!

A great figure in films is dead—famous names blaze across the world and are swept into obscurity—rumor piles on rumor—then all is forgotten. Hollywood's history is full of astounding mysteries—fascinating puzzles that seem to defy solution. Harry Carr has spent months of research delving into these mysteries, tracing their causes and effects. The first of this exciting series

Who killed Desmond Taylor?

will appear in the April issue of *SCREEN SECRETS*

Out March 10

Do you remember that glorious picture *Dancing Daughters?* The story of its sequel, *Modern Maidens* in which Joan Crawford will be starred again, also begins in the April issue.

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I don't care whether you're an "old timer" or just breaking in, the quickest, easiest money of your life is waiting for you now, right here! That's a mighty strong statement. But all I ask is a chance to prove it at my risk. I know this proposition will coin money for you so fast that it will make your head swim! Territories are closing fast. The Free Test costs you nothing. Just mail me the coupon and I'll shoot you the most sensational dollar making plan you ever heard of. Mail it today! Right now!

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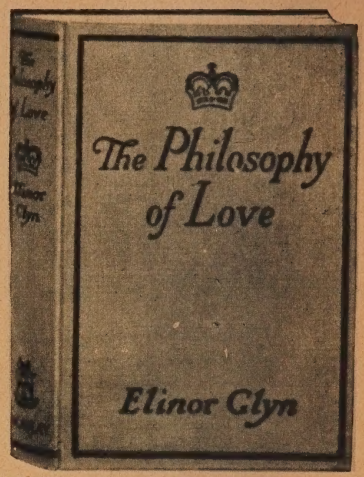

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

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IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love,"—Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —why most women don't know how to make love.
- —things that turn men against you.
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- —the "danger year" of married life.
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- —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
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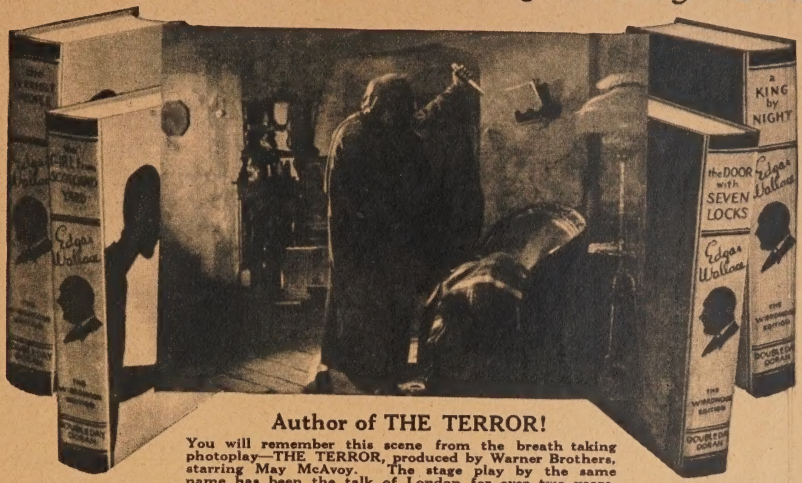

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Last Minute News

Final News Flashes on Film Folk as We Go to Press.

LINA BASQUETTE, widow of the late Sam Warner, was married recently to Peverell Marley, cameraman for C. B. De Mille, in an elaborate ceremony at the Beverly Hills Church. June Collyer was bridesmaid. The couple left immediately on their honeymoon, destination of which was kept secret.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug. Fairbanks, Jr. have announced that they will go on a honeymoon to France and Italy in June.

OLIVE BORDEN and George O'Brien have issued another formal denial of their engagement although they are seen everywhere together.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, returning from France where she has been making a picture was met at the dock by Townsend Netcher, wealthy Chicago business man to whom she is reported engaged. Letters which she has written to friends indicate that a marriage may take place shortly. Netcher has just built a new home in Hollywood.

MORAN and Mack the famous "Two Black Crows" will be heard and seen on the screen following the signing of a contract with Paramount.

NED SPARKS, who has provided comedy in a number of movies, is in the East to play an important role in Richard Dix's first dialogue film scheduled to go into production soon at the Paramount Astoria Studio. Victor Schertzinger will direct and William Collier, Sr., a noted figure of the speaking stage will render assistance. Sparks was formerly identified with the legitimate stage.

Al Jolson and his bride, Ruby Keeler, returning from a honeymoon trip to Honolulu. Jolson will soon start work in his new picture, tentatively titled, Mammy!

WILLIAM S. HART, famous two-gun man of the movies recently won a battle from county authorities preventing an oil refinery from being established near his extensive ranch at Newhall, Cal.

EMIL JANNINGS is up among the snows of northern California at Lake Tahoe making his first picture on location since he has come to Hollywood. He plays the part of an Alpine villager.

CLAIRE WINDSOR has been signed for the lead in *Zeppelin*, for Tiffany Stahl, Antonio Moreno will play his first real Italian role in *The Climax* for Universal, Mary Nolan has contract renewed with Universal, Sally Blane has signed long term contract with F. B. O., and Margaret Livingstone, famous for vamp roles has been given an important part in Maurice Chevalier's new picture for Paramount, *The Innocents of Paris*, Barbara Kent has won the lead in Harold Lloyd's next picture.

DAVY LEE, who made such a hit as the child with Al Jolson in *The Singing Fool*, has recovered from the "flu," and will soon start work on his next picture, *Sonny Boy*, for Warners.

HOPE HAMPTON, who deserted the movies for grand opera has met with dazzling success in her first appearance with a grand opera company in Philadelphia.

THOMAS MEIGHAN has returned from New York to Hollywood for an important role in *The Argyle Case*, for Warner Brothers.

RUTH CHATTERTON at present is slated for the leading role in the talkie version of *Madame X* the great stage play soon to be produced by M-G-M. There is some talk of a reconciliation between Miss Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, but both deny it.

ALL OF Hollywood's leading celebrities headed by Douglas Fairbanks turned out to meet Lillian Gish and Max Reinhardt, famous German producer, when they arrived from Europe to make a picture from Reinhardt's great stage success *The Miracle*, to be known as *The Miracle Girl*.

REAL college boys and girls are the "extras" in Alice White's latest First National picture, *Hot Stuff*. Mervyn LeRoy directed the students.

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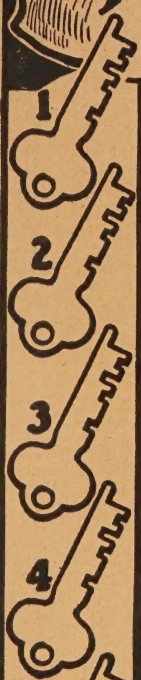

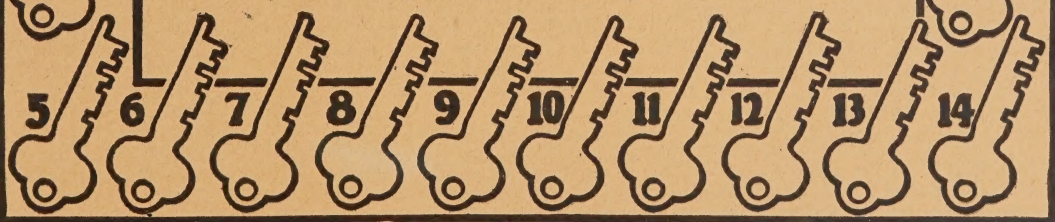

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4141 Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland
4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy
4172 Wreck of Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4173 Boston Burglar
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4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
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4046 Nearer My God to Thee
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4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
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4193 Whistler and His Dog
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4189 Drowsy Waters
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4162 Blue Danube Waltz
Skaters' Waltz
4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw
4136 Humoresque
Spring Song
4061 Listen to Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1
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4218 Merry Widow Waltz
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1540 Old Man Sunshine
Sidewalks of New York
1559 I Loved You Then as I Love You Now
Gee but I'm Blue Over You
1510 Ramona
If I Didn't Love You
1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues
7029 Mississippi Mud Blues
I'm a One-Man Gal
1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember
1463 My Blue Heaven
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1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Carry Me Back to Connemara

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4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence
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4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells
4211 Andy Goes a-Hunting
Andy Gets Learnin'

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4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4084 Alola Land
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4009 Palakiho Blues
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The Editor's Opinion

Capt. Roscoe Fawcett

Sudden Death

THE entire movie world has been shocked by the sudden death of Fred Thomson, popular western star in the prime of his life.

Thomson was the son of a minister and studied for the ministry himself. But he went into pictures instead.

On the screen, however, he was able to reach a much larger public with his doctrines of clean living than he would have been able to reach from the pulpit.

Thomson's will was typical. To his wife, Frances Marion, the scenario writer, he bequeathed his "love and affection," knowing that she was able to take care of herself financially. His estate, amounting to about $25,000 he left to his mother and his son.

Wonder Horse

SILVER KING, the horse which Thomson made famous, will never be ridden again. Miss Marion plans to send the horse to her father's stock farm in Northern California to spend the rest of his days in peace.

Thomson found Silver King in a New York riding school. He was a big Irish hunter who was in disgrace. He was regarded as a hopeless outlaw. When Thomson first rode him he tried to scrape him off against the branches of trees. But Thomson conquered him.

The horse learned to act as well as any human. He would never do his stuff until he heard the clicking of the camera. And would stop as soon as he was out of range.

The Great Panic

HOLLYWOOD has never been in such a terrific state of panic. Everyone is having a hard time fighting the wolf from the door, especially the free lancers, people who were in great demand a few months ago. Now they are hanging around the much scorned "quickies," hoping that someone will take them in out of the storm.

This is largely due to the sudden enthusiasm on the part of the producers for stage stars to appear in the talkies.

As a matter of fact, most of these stage stars so far have been dismal flops on the screen. The movie public doesn't know who they are and has no consuming urge to find out.

Oddly enough, excellent stage voices leave much to be desired in the talkies. And faces which look well enough in the subdued glow of the footlights fail to come up to the movie public's demand for youth and beauty when projected into the bald glare of the Cooper-Hewitts.

Bye Bye for Babies

ONE CHANGE is being brought about by the advent of stage stars. The new crop will be much older and more mature than the baby-faced stars who have been bringing the money in at the box office in silent pictures. Foreign directors have favored this condition for a long time. They say that our screen stories have been impossible because nothing could possibly have happened to them except the measles.

It is a dangerous departure, Mabel Normand once gave me the best recipe for screen success that I have ever heard. She said:

"They don't want to think of screen actresses as play actors. They want to think of them as real. Every mature woman in the audience wants to look at Mary Pickford and say, 'Gee, I wish I had a daughter like her!'"

No such attitude is possible with the actress who comes from the stage. She is a professional workman and nobody wishes she were anything.

Rolling in Riches

THERE are not very many of them, however, that will starve to death. Corinne Griffith has made a lot of money. The Beery's are both rolling in it. Betty Compson has grown wealthy. Al Jolson told me that he has more than $1,000,000 and really doesen't know why it is that he is working.

Incidentally Al will be remembered as the man who overthrew the silent picture. It was his picture, *The Jazz Singer,* that started the talkies on their merry way. The fact is more singular in that Al tried the silent pictures once in the old Griffith studio and was such a dreary flop that he walked out in the middle of it and refused to go on murdering his own reputation.

Producers had been tinkering with talkies for a long time. But if Jolson had not come along with a crashing box office success at a time when the producers were in the depths of despair there might not have been any talkies for a long, long time.

Norma a Good Sport

NORMA SHEARER has one of the best reproducing voices in Hollywood. And she has had a singularly hard row to hoe ever since she married Irving Thalberg, one of the triumvirate of producers at M-G-M. She has been the most plentifully knocked young lady in Hollywood. Every time a part has come her way in pictures there has been a cry of "teacher's pet."

It is my personal opinion that Norma Shearer is one of the finest actresses now on the screen and a good sport besides. As someone else has said, she is able to act the part of a lady without unduly straining her imagination.

Roscoe Fawcett

BIG SALE OF GUARANTEED WATCHES

Two Years Written Guarantee

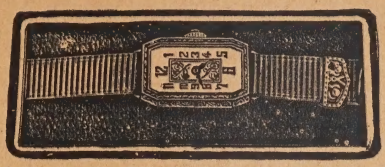
Two years written guarantee given with each watch. We guarantee to replace FREE any watch that does not prove satisfactory to you or to refund your money in full. You therefore take no risk whatever. Our guarantee protects you.

Buy Your Watches Direct From Importer and Save 50%

$3.99

Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

Really the greatest Bargain in America today. Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—*We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.* Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, *fully jeweled movement*—Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and Rolled gold effect *link* bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **Send no money. Pay on Delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**



$4.96

New Design Rectangular Shape Wrist Watch

Everyone will admire this elegant and artistically designed small and narrow shaped 6-*jewel wrist watch.* White Rolled Gold Effect Case, handsomely engraved platinoid finish top, gracefully carved sides. Fitted with *genuine Swiss movement* of the finest quality, *guaranteed* for accuracy and dependability. Every wheel, spring, screw and jewel flawlessly finished. Furnished with *two bracelets:* a black *silk grosgrain* ribbon for day wear and a *white gold effect* link bracelet for evening and party wear. *A real $20.00 value.*

SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.

$3.99

Lifetime Precisions Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men everywhere — Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof — Perfect timekeeper — Radium Dial—tells time in dark —Fine imported full jeweled movement—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap—Absolutely a $15.00 value. Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on Delivery. Fill in coupon.**

ONLY **$5.98**

The "Princess Mary" Ladies' 6 Jewel Wrist Watch

Complete With Extension Link Bracelet

A new creation of the jeweler's art, representing the latest style in watches. Combines exquisite beauty with the highest quality. Case elegantly engraved, white gold finish in platinum effect. Fitted with a wonderfully perfected 6-Jewel movement, tested and adjusted accurate, and having a two years' written guarantee. Supplied complete with ultra-modern extension link bracelet to match the watch. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.98.

SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.

$4.88

New Model Up-To-Date Strap Watch

Your choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. White Gold finish richly carved case, with *extra-fine Swiss 6 Jewel movement,* shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate time-keeping. *Regular $18.00 value.* Radium dial and hands. *SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.*

$7.59

"La Parisienne" 6-Jewel Wrist Watch

$9.49

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Wrist Watch

"La Parisienne" 6-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinois effect, and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 6-Jewel movement, guaranteed for a lifetime. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet to match. $41.00 value. Our price $7.59.

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinoid effect, and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 15-Jewel movement, guaranteed for a lifetime. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch, and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet to match. $41.00 value. Our price $9.49.

$3.59

This Men's Pocket Watch — Knife—Chain and Pistol Cigar Lighter Combination, sold separately would retail for over $15.00.

Here's an opportunity to buy this combination for only $3.59. Pocket Watch is an extra thin model —Beautifully engraved case, white gold finish —Handsomely designed dial with vision letters—jeweled movement and really a perfect timepiece. Comes to you with the latest style of Waldemar chain and a fine gold plated knife.

The Cigar Lighter charm at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigar lighter and will delight you because of its oddness and of its usefulness. Order this $15.00 combination today at the Bargain Price of $3.59. SEND NO MONEY Pay on delivery. Fill coupon

REAL VALUE

$7.99

The "President" Men's 15 Jewel Strap Watch

There is the watch for the real he-man. Built for real service, shock-proof, dust-proof and weather-proof. Mounted in an elegant 14 Karat Rolled Gold Plate case in green or white gold, in rectangular, square, tonneau or oval shape. Specify which shapes desired when ordering. Fitted with a genuine FIFTEEN JEWEL movement, carefully tested and accurately adjusted; will give lifetime of dependable service. Two years written guarantee with each watch. Each watch complete with newest style non-tarnishable metal bracelet, to match the watch with patented buckle adjustment. Regular $25.00 value. Our cut price $7.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 3-S-72, 621 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C. O. D. the following advertised articles. (Check articles desired.)

- ☐ Newest Style Wrist Watch.....$3.99
- ☐ New Design Rectangular Watch 4.96
- ☐ Men's Watch, Chain, Knife and Pistol-lighter 3.59
- ☐ 6 Jewel "La Parisienne" Watch 7.59
- ☐ 15 Jewel "La Parisienne" Watch 9.49
- ☐ Lifetime Precision Men's Watch $3.99
- ☐ New Model Up-to-Date Men's Watch 4.88
- ☐ 6 Jewel "Princess Mary" Watch. 5.98
- ☐ 15 Jewel "President" Men's Watch 7.99

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

News of all the fan clubs appears each month in this department. Any fan wishing to receive information about the clubs or their secretaries, or wishing to send in news, is invited to write Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, Box 1757, SCREEN SECRETS, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Betty Bronson's Club

HAN JUNGELING, founder of the Betty Bronson Friendly Club, writes that owing to the great success of this club, he has divided it into several sections. Miss Gertrude Soeurt of Indianapolis, Indiana, is now running the American section; Miss Chaddy Montgomery of Dublin, Ireland, is running the Great Britain section; Miss Fedora Basklova is running the Russian section and Mr. Jungeling himself is running the rest of the world. Han, by the by, only has his club as a sort of hobby. He is an independent picture producer of Holland, and he has starred, himself, in many foreign productions, mostly made in Russia, Germany and France. He says his company isn't very large—in fact, they have no contract players but pick them up from the streets and make them act just as they want them to. All their productions are shown in the "Film-Liga" theatres, scattered throughout Europe.

Nancy Drexel Club

A NANCY DREXEL Fan Club has just been formed here and Miss Drexel has promised to send her latest autographed picture out free to all who join. Nancy is just about due to have a big rise in popularity—wait until *Four Devils,* Fox's big special production is generally released and see if we aren't right! Dues to Nancy's club are twenty-five cents at present. And the first member who joins will receive a large, special 11x14 autographed photo of the little blonde starlet.

Two New Clubs

TWO more brand-new clubs are knocking at the door to be announced. They are the Ruth Elder Fan Club and the June Collyer Friendly Club. Both have their headquarters here in Los Angeles and both have the same yearly dues—twenty-five cents. Ruth needs no introduction to you—you all know her as the courageous girl who nearly crossed the Atlantic via air and then lived to tell about it! You probably know, too, that now she is in pictures, recently playing for Paramount as Richard Dix's leading lady in his latest film. We had a long talk with Ruth up at the Montmartre the other day and she promised us faithfully that she would send out her autographed photo to everyone who recently joined her new fan club.

June Collyer, you know, is the pretty Fox player who is coming right ahead by leaps and bounds. She, too, promised us that all members of her club would receive nice photos from her in the near future.

Ruth Roland's club of eight thousand enthusiastic admirers is one of the most loyal, and she devotes a great deal of time to her enormous volume of fan mail.

Bigger Club For Gloria

MISS ANNABELLE URBAN, President of the Gloria Swanson Guild of Detroit, Michigan, wishes to announce that her Guild has now reached the 1,500 mark, and is diligently striving to make it 2,000. Anyone wishing to join or to know more about this popular club at this time, kindly make it known to Miss Urban. Dues are fifty cents a year.

Club For Anita Page

A FAN Club for that young blonde charmer, Anita Page, has been started, and as Miss Page is getting so very popular with all the fans, we have a little hunch that more than a few will wish to join. Membership card and lists will be sent to all who belong to the club. Miss Vivian Stephens is in charge of the Anita Page Club and membership is fifty cents per year. Several clubs for Miss Page have been started but at her request all these are asked to unite and co-operate with Miss Stephens. Anita decided that one large club was better than several smaller ones. Later there may be various chapters of her club in different parts of the country.

Overseas Chapters

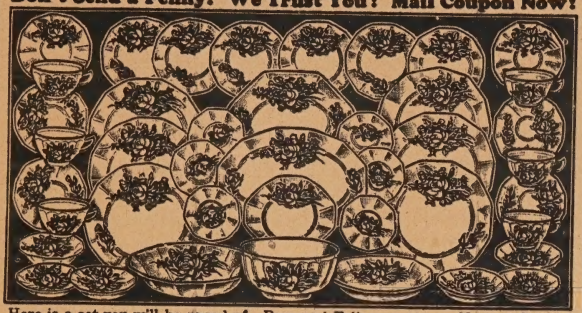
THE Bebe Daniels Fan Club, of which Miss Celia Rosen is President, now has two large chapters overseas. One is the Scottish Chapter, with Miss N. Gilmour at the head, and the other is the English Chapter, with Mr. J. G. Webb ruling. Both of these chapters are increasing in membership rapidly and both welcome all Bebe's admirers to join them.

(*Continued on page* 108)

All These Beautiful Presents Given

Full Size 42-Piece Dinner Set Free

Don't Send a Penny. We Trust You! Mail Coupon Now!

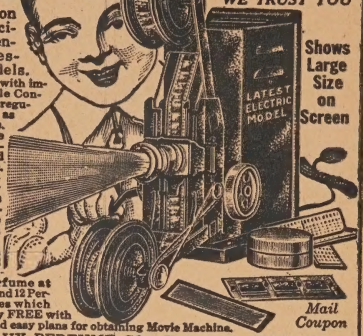


Here is a set you will be proud of. Rose and Foliage pattern. Newest Colonial shape. Guaranteed first class. Just sell 12 large size bottles "SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume as illustrated below (*Giving away a Perfume Novelty Free with each bottle*) and remit per plan in Premium Catalog. Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Mail Coupon Now! TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* E-28 CHICAGO

BIG MOVIE Machine Free!

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU



Shows Large Size on Screen

Operates on same principle as expensive professional models. It's equipped with imported double Convex lens, uses regular size films as in big theatres. Very simple construction—all steel and heavily made. Complete outfit enough for full hours show including practice reel of Tom Mix film, etc. Send coupon for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties when you give away FREE with each bottle and easy plans for obtaining Movie Machine.

Mail Coupon

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* E-28 CHICAGO

MA-MA DOLL

She can do almost anything a real live baby does. Is fully dressed as pictured. Given for selling only 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each (Giving Perfume Novelty free with each bottle). Easiest plan ever offered. Trevaux's Salut D'Amour fastest seller today. See illustration near coupon — Biggest value ever. Send no money. Just fill out and mail coupon today.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* E-28 CHICAGO

GIVEN

This Ladies' or Girls' Watch is very dainty. Has fancy engravings front and back. Set with blue sapphire crown —Jeweled Movement guaranteed 10 years. Send for 12 Large Bottles SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume which sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you GIVE AWAY Free and easy plans for obtaining this Wrist Watch. Don't send a penny. Mail Coupon now!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
DEPT. E-28 CHICAGO

10-Pc. Toilet Set, full size

This Ivory Finish Toilet Set consists of 10 FULL SIZE pieces. Biggest Value offered. Given for selling only 12 Large Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each. With each bottle you give away free a Perfume Novelty. Greatest value offered. We are big reliable company. Don't send a penny. We trust you. Mail coupon now.

Trevaux Perfume Co. *Dept.* E-28 *Chicago*

High Grade Violin & Bow

FULL SIZE

Send No Money *We Trust You!*

The quality of this outfit will amaze you. Violin is made of selected woods, smooth round corners and full size. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a Bottle. Give away Free Perfume Novelties. Select Violin per catalog plan. See coupon. TREVAUX Perfume Co. Dept E-28 Chicago

FREE COASTER WAGON GIVEN

This big wagon is 16x 86 inches. Heaviest construction known. Best materials, hardest woods used. Roller bearing. 10 inch steel wheels. Mail coupon today for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume which you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away Free, and easy plan for obtaining coaster wagon. Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. E-28
CHICAGO

Here is what you Sell!—

We send 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume to be sold at 25c each (first time offered in America). We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with Salut D'Amour Perfume.

It makes sales easier. 50c value for 25c. Help us advertise and introduce Salut D'Amour. It is put up in large size bottles as illustration at right—This large size you sell at 25c.

Actual Size

BIG 500 Shot Repeater RIFLE Free!

This is big rifle with REAL POWER. Genuine KING Rifle that has the LEVER action. FREE for selling only 12 bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a bottle. With each bottle give away a Perfume Novelty FREE. *A 50c Value for only 25c*

Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. E 28 Chicago

Strap Watch

Guaranteed 10 Years

Suitable for Boys and Men. New shape, white metal case, leather strap. 10 year guaranteed movement. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume that you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE, and easy plans for obtaining wrist watch —Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. E-28 CHICAGO

MAIL COUPON

DEPT. E-28 Send No Money

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., CHICAGO

I want to help you introduce "Salut D'Amour" among my friends. Send me 12 Bottles to sell at 25c each. Also send 12 Perfume Novelties to give away free with "SALUT D'AMOUR. Will remit you within 30 days and select gift from Catalog sent with perfume according to offers.

Name.....

Address.....

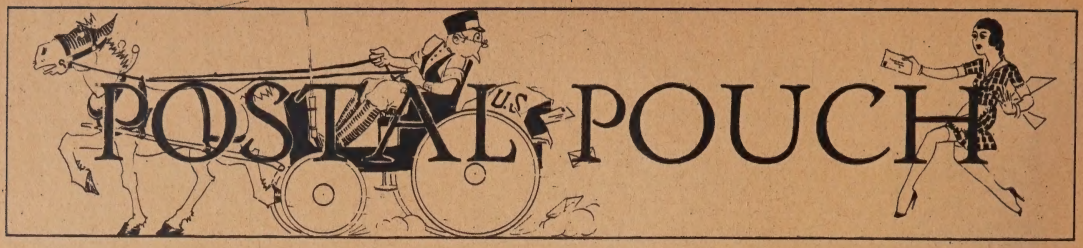
City.....

State.....

Print or write name plainly and mail today!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO. DEPT. E-28 CHICAGO

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU



The Postal Pouch Editor will answer your questions on this page. For personal answer enclose two-cent stamp.

NORA S.: You'll have to hire a postman and set up an office for your personal correspondence if you are going to write all those letters! Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante are at the Universal Studios, Universal City; Norma Shearer, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Gilda Gray, Sally O'Neil, John Gilbert, and James Murray are at M-G-M, Culver City. Corinne Griffith, Lois Wilson, Molly O'Day, Colleen Moore, Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon, and Dorothy Mackaill are over on the First National lot in Burbank. Although Olive Borden is no longer at Fox, letters addressed to her there will be forwarded. Ronald Colman is under contract to Samuel Goldwyn, whose headquarters are henceforth to be at the United Artists studio in Hollywood. Marie Prevost is at the Metropolitan Studios, Hollywood; Dolores Costello at Warner's and Adolphe Menjou and Richard Dix at Paramount.

DOROTHY S.: Herbert Rawlinson played with Jackie Coogan in *The Bugle Call.* No, I don't believe he has retired yet—why should he, when he has nice little fans like you stirring up a breeze about him? No, Gilbert Roland isn't married—and neither is Ramon Novarro. Happy, Dots? But Ramon isn't at De Mille's. He's one of M-G-M's biggest prizes. I agree with you about Don Alvarado—he does look rather like Rod La Rocque—and besides, he's awfully nice to know!

SIR GALAHAD: Oh, no, Bebe Daniels and James Hall are not engaged. They just play in pictures together. I don't know Lillian Gilmore's age; but Ted Wells is twenty-six, Tom Mix forty-seven, and Bebe is twenty-seven. Anna Q. Nilsson's birthday is March 30—but the year is one of those deep, dark secrets. You ask her—I don't dare.

JUST A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL: Page Lane Chandler! How does he look off screen? Mighty good to me. six feet two inches tall, two hundred twenty-five pounds, red hair, bright blue eyes, and single. Twenty-four years old. You can write to both Lane and James Hall at Paramount. James is not married. William Boyd is Mr. Elinor Fair. William Haines is heart-free and whole—but that's not his fault!

POSTAL POUCH QUIZ

1. *What actress first saw the light of day as Margaret Philpott?*
2. *What clever character comedian was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa?*
3. *Who is the owner of Tony, the wonder horse?*
4. *What actor was a newspaper cartoonist before he went into pictures?*
5. *What actor is famous as an amateur magician?*

(The answers to above questions will be found on page 107.)

Madge Bellamy is slick at playing on the mandolin—and on the hearts of her Postal Pouch fans.

Boyd is at De Mille, and Haines at M-G-M. Colleen Moore was born August 19, 1902. Write to her at First National. When sending for stars' photographs, enclose twenty-five cents. I don't believe SCREEN SECRETS has run a gallery photograph of James Hall; but just watch out, and some day we'll surprise you.

JENNIE: You're right—Janet Gaynor wasn't slighted by the Wampas because she has already been a Baby Star —1926, if my memory isn't playing tricks. Dolores Del Rio's maiden name was Asunsolo. Esther Ralston was born in Salem, Mass.; Mary Pickford in Toronto, Canada; Janet Gaynor in Philadelphia; Sue Carol in Chicago; Ruth Taylor in Grand Rapids; Lois Moran in Pittsburgh; Colleen Moore in Port Huron, Mich.; Marion Davies in New York City; Sally O'Neil in Bayonne, N. J., and Gloria Swanson in Chicago. Molly O'Day weighs 108 pounds, and Louise Brooks 109. Big Boy is four years old—but growing. All right, I'll watch out for you—we like old friends in the Postal Pouch.

VIRGINIA: Sorry, but it was impossible to publish your answers in the January issue—which was already on the stands! Remember, it takes four months to make up a magazine! Some magazines take six, but we're speedy. Ken Maynard was born in 1895, and is married! Tom Tyler is twenty-four, and Bob Steele is twenty-one both single. George O'Brien is twenty-seven; Jackie Coogan fourteen; Lane Chandler twenty-four; Charles Farrell twenty-five. All single. Harry Carey was born in 1880; Hoot Gibson in 1892; Lloyd Hughes in 1897; Pat O'Malley in 1892; John Barrymore is forty-seven; Laura La Plante twenty-three; Edna Murphy about twenty-six; Billie Dove twenty-four. All married. P. S. And Frankie Darrow is eleven, Gilbert Roland about twenty-three, and Gary Cooper twenty-seven—all single. Now, how old are you, Virginia?

VIRGINIA M.: Art Acord doesn't seem to be working in pictures just now, but maybe a letter addressed to him in Hollywood would reach him. Our Post Office boys are pretty smart at finding

(*Continued on page* 107)

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Fayro, Inc. PFU—3-29
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" *they laughed*

"*Yes*," I cried, "*and I'll bet money I can do it!*"

IT ALL started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe," some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a new months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard?*"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then!

Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail."

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I *really was* ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out. If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my lifelong ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the *last* laugh *myself*.

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death."

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd tittered.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'," shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further.

I began fingering the keys, and then.....with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence.....I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me, the boy is *there!* Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nobody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellows who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm" and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenspot right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play *by mail!*" exclaimed a dozen people." That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred.

Play Any Instrument

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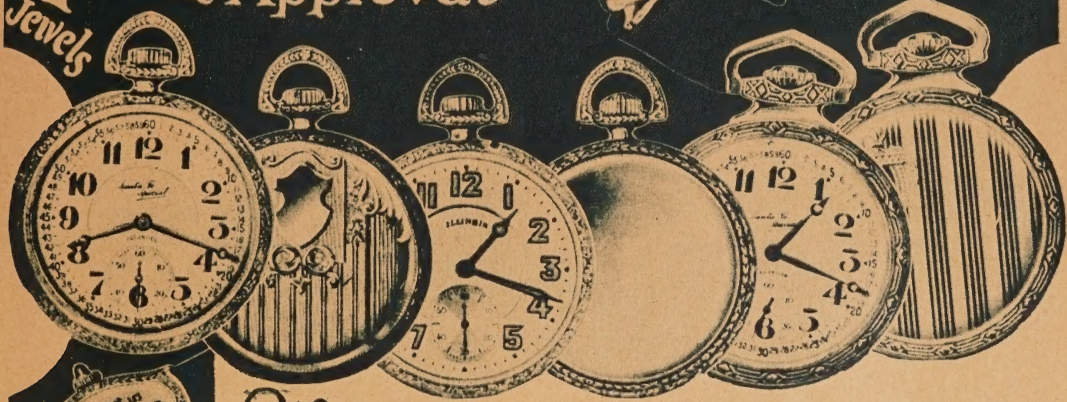

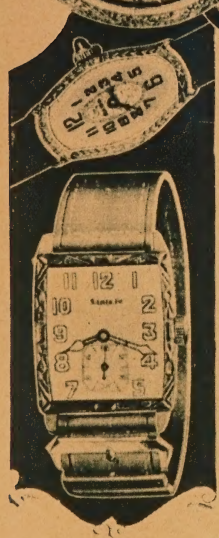

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New Portraits

NORMA SHEARER whose voice registers as well in the talkies as her beauty does on the screen, has won one of the most coveted roles of the season in the part of Mary in The Trial of Mary Dugan, *which is now being made into a picture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

JOAN CRAWFORD seems to find her greatest popularity as the prophet of the much-maligned younger generation. Following her great success in Dancing Daughters, *she is soon to appear in a sequel to that picture which is to be titled* Modern Maidens.

—*Ruth Harriet Louise.*

LOIS MORAN, after a long career playing leading roles in pleasant pictures, seems about to blossom out as one of the most important players at the Fox Studios. She will be seen shortly in Blindfold. *There are rumors that she is being groomed for stardom.*

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

VILMA BANKY has forsaken her picturesque roles for the time being. The billowing gowns of medieval fashion, and decorative peasant costumes will be left on the shelf in her next picture for Samuel Goldwyn, entitled, Childs, Fifth Avenue, *in which she will appear as a waitress.*

EDMUND LOWE, who made his first great hit on the screen as the hard-boiled army sergeant, in What Price Glory, *appears in a similar role in his first all-talkie venture,* In Old Arizona, *which establishes him firmly as one of the foremost actors in the new field.*

—Lansing Brown.

DOROTHY JANIS, youthful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, can truthfully lay claim to being 100 per cent American. Her wild, dusky beauty is due to the fact that she is of Indian descent. She will be seen soon in The Pagan, *with Ramon Navarro.*

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

LUPE VELEZ' striking Mexican beauty and vivid personality brought her to instant fame in The Gaucho, *with Douglas Fairbanks, and has since carried her to new heights in a brilliant flight of cinema success climaxed by her selection for the leading role in* The Wolf Song.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee.

Senorita CYCLONE

Lupe Velez' tempestuous life has been a whirlwind of high adventure and throbbing emotion. Begin it now as told in her own words to Ruth Biery by

Lupe Velez

Editor's Note: It is with keen pleasure that we are able to present to SCREEN SECRETS readers the true life story of Lupe Velez, whose intense personality is felt in this vivid account given in her own words. Because of her unique and refreshingly direct method of expressing herself, and because her life itself has been a whirlwind of exciting and dangerous adventure, we feel that it is one of the most vital, interesting records of love and achievement ever penned. From her thrilling childhood in seething, war-torn Mexico to her dazzling success won in Hollywood, her career has been crowded with the unusual and the unexpected. "The story of a devil," she calls it, and perhaps her hectic life does much to explain her fiery temperament.

—THE EDITOR.

LUPE VELEZ sat in her dressing room putting on makeup for The Heart Song. *An amber handled mascara brush passed slowly up and down the long, curling eyelashes. The eyes beneath them smouldered like a fire pausing to draw its breath before bursting into new flames. For perhaps five minutes she played with the mascara. Then, like a dormant volcano suddenly thrust into action, burst into volatile, staccato, yet amazingly dramatic English.*

My life story? It is the story of a devil. And who wants to print the story of a devil? I do not know why that I have always been a devil. I am wild, I cannot help it. People love Lupe but they do not understand her. Perhaps it is because I am born in the Revolution. When your American kids go to kindergarten, I am riding with my father in the Mexican Army. I see the horse of my brother shot from beneath him. I see many mens try to kill my father. I see my father kill other peoples.

One day four mens stand up before an old wall with holes made by many guns in it. Four other mens stand fifty—a hundred feet—away from them with big guns. They shoot them down like so many ducks when you go hunting. I watch and then I climb upon my pony and go along behind my father and my brother. I am five, maybe six years old. It is my first school, these revolution. I do not cry, I do not have goose pimples on my flesh. I do not have fears of the bullets.

My father wants a boy. I am a girl but he make a boy out of me. He take me where I will learn to be afraid of nothings. Perhaps that is where I first learn to be a devil; perhaps it is where I first learn to be a flirt. No! I am a flirt ever since I can remember. I wrinkles my eyes at the mens when I am a baby. Maybe this is why peoples do not always understand Lupe. My father teach me to be hard like a boy. My love of mens makes me soft like a womans.

Lupe demonstrating that she can be as stately as the next one, and giving her parrot something to shout about.

I START to dance when I am yet a baby. I do not remember when I first dance but my mother, my father, my two brothers and four sisters say I have dance always. I do not always go to fight with my father. I am at home sometimes and sometimes I am with the army. When I am home I go outdoors and the old mens and the old womens and the young mens and the young womens they crowd around me and cry, "Dance for us, Lupe!" I dance in the streets and they clap and yell, "Hurrah for Lupe!"

The first I learn to hate is school. I hate it like the devil. I do not see no sense to it. Why should I sit still and listen to an old woman talk about something I cannot

understand when there are frogs and snakes and mouses for Lupe to pick up and take home to scare her grandmother? I say to my sisters and my brothers, "Why go to school? Come with Lupe and she show you how to be happy." Always, since I am a little baby, I think the most important thing in life is to be happy. If I have one car and I want two, why should I think about money? If two cars make Lupe more happy than money, that is all that matters. If picking up big flat stones and watching the snakes fall out of them make me more happy than school—why not do it? Sometimes we take home fifty frogs and let them hop from one room to another.

At that time we have my grandmother to keep house for us. Sometimes we have much money, sometimes we have only a little. We are like a middle-class American family. But when I am young we always have servants. My grandmother and the servants, how they hate Lupe! My grandmother, she is like a newspaper. She tells all the town of Cervearia Cuauhtemos what I do to her. That makes everyone know I am a devil.

Some morning I think what's the use to pretend I go to school. I only start out from the house and then run away and play what you call *hooky*. So when they call me I climb out of my window and up on the roof. I stand on the edge and yell, "If you make me go to school, I jump off." If they say, "Stop that Lupe. Come down here this minute!" I slip to the edge as if I fall and they get skeered and they let me play hooky. They can never do nothing with Lupe.

I DO NOT know when I see my first movie. Five, maybe six. I come home and they say, "Lupe, how do you like it?" I do not tell them. I can say nothing. It hurts here. She pressed both hands over her heart so forcibly that the imprint of her fingers remained on her chest, exposed by the low gown she was wearing. But from the time I see my first picture I am an actress.

I never like to play with dolls. I like better to play actress with my pillow. I go to my room and grab first one pillow in my arms and then the other and pretend that they are real live people. They are the mens in the plays! I make love to them and say, "Some day I will make love like this to a mans in the theatre." Sometimes they are bad mens and I grab up a big knife and kills them. The feathers, they come out. They are white, but to Lupe they are red like the blood of the mens killed by a stiletto. The white blood all over the floor makes my grandmother hate me some more. When I gets tired of the pillows I looks in the looking glass and kisses myself and watches myself make eyes like I make eyes in the theatre. My bed, it has four big sticks; what you call it? Posters! To me these are peoples, and I talks to them and kisses them like I see peoples act in the movie. From the time I am able to walk I want to dance and from the time I see my first movie I want to act for peoples.

My poor family. They never knows what to do with me. When I am older and have to go to school once in a while I will not wear the socks which my mother gives me. I steal the silk stockings of my mother. One day she finds them all gone and she says to Lupe she does not know what to think of it. I say, "Mother, I think the servants must take them," and mother fire some of the servants because of which I say about the silk stockings.

MY THREE sisters—to me, they are different like hell. They are so good. They *like* to go to school. They *like* to wear socks. They *like* to be ladies. They make me nervous, being always so good like a lady. They have no fun. They do not flirt with all the mens like Lupe.

I have my first sweetheart when I am seven. His name is Victor and he lives in the next house to me. Our dogs start it. My dog fight his dog. We each stands up for our own dog and stick our tongues out at each other. Then when our dogs make up we make up and love each other. The other day he comes to Los Angeles! He telephones me. I think there is no friends like the old friends. Then I see him. Bah! He has pimples all over his face. "My Lord!" I think. How can I ever like him? Even when I am seven. How can I have for a sweetheart a boy who has pimples? I guess that's how we get different when we grow up. Even if we don't know it—we changes.

I fights like a hellion always. When I am a very little kid the milk boy pick a fight with my little brother. He is two years younger than Lupe. The milk boy is beating my brother when I see him. I run like the devil. I am maybe seven. I throw myself on him and I scratch and I kick and then I picks up a big stone and crack his nose with it. Then I laugh! A little girl has beat up a sixteen year old milk seller!

I fall very much in loves when I am thirteen and a half. I have flirt with everybody even my own father and my own brother but I have never been in love up to this minute. I am going to school with some girls; running down the road, swinging my hands; laughing, very happy. A mans on a horse comes very fast on us. He thinks it is funny to skeer us. He rushes his horse close and more close to us. I am not afraid of an army but I am afraid of this one horse rushing down on us. I hit a tree when I jump out of the way and hurt my arm. I scream and I yell bad names at him. He thinks he has hurt me and jumps off his horse to say he is sorry. I will not listen to what he says. I just keeps screaming at him.

"Isn't it terrible?

Lupe meets the only one that has ever been able to resist her—

Here is Lupe with her mother, Senora Velez, whose sound advice did much to help Lupe up the ladder of fame.

stubbornness when she calls indicates a jackass nature.

Did I hurt such a little beautiful kid like you? I'm so sorry."

That make me look at him. He is twenty-one years old, he is tall and very handsome. I like him. We talk and talk there by the tree. The girls call, "Come on, Lupe!" I say, "I will follow."

"Where are you going?" I say to him.

"To see my sweetheart."

That hurt me on the inside to think he have a sweetheart. I flirts with him until he says he wishes I am a little older.

"I am old enough. I am fourteen and a half," I tell him. I add one year to my age to make me seem bigger.

I DO NOT go to school that day; I play hooky, go into the fields and think about him. I spy on him and sneak up every day and watch him talk to his sweetheart through her window. I take a stitch out of my dress to make it longer. I take my sister's shoes and put on me. They are too big but they have high heels and make me look taller. I go to the roof of my house to watch and watch and see if he come down the road. One day I

(*Continued on page* 96)

When it's chocolate time in Hollywood. Dorothy Sebastian, Dave Howard, assistant director, and Buster Keaton, are taking time out for refreshment between the scenes of Spite Marriage.

SO THIS IS

NANCY SMITH, one of Hollywood's most versatile press agents, made the rounds of her male clients recently and asked them all for their advice to young girls. This was the result of her investigation:

Director Alfred Santell: "Don't go on the street with the seam in your stocking crooked. It looks terrible." And Alice White was the last girl he directed. But she doesn't wear stockings!

Director Al Rogell: "Don't wear the skirts too short. The rear view of a woman's knee is horrible—keep it covered." Yet Al is most happily married.

James Gleason: "Don't wear a hat so small that the back of your neck shows. If it's long hair it's O. K. With a shaved neck, it's horrible." A good tip. Gleason is a writer which means he must be an observer.

Fred Niblo: "Don't apply make-up to your face in public. Nothing shows inferior breeding like powdering the nose conspicuously." Perhaps Mr. Niblo learned this by directing Greta Garbo. She never uses any make-up except for screen purposes.

Robert Armstrong: "Don't try to change the shape of the mouth with lip-stick. It has never been done successfully." Bob should know. It's his business to kiss leading ladies.

Ken Maynard: "Don't pretend to be something you are not. Act natural!" A possible explanation for Ken's preference for red-headed ladies.

William Howard: "Don't wear gaudy jewelry. It's not so bad at night but in the sunlight it's cheap-looking." Bill would probably hold as models Janet Gaynor and Sue Carol.

Strong Stuff

NILS ASTHER'S neighbors in Whitley Heights have just discovered what all the racket was about. Nils wanted an outdoor gymnasium in which to practice Swedish exercises. Carpenters were not versed in Swedish equipment so Nils supervised their work at night.

Playful Kitty

WILD jungle beasts, scientists have always maintained, will not cross water. But "Kitty," a full-grown tigress, had never been in a jungle and therefore had nothing of this scientific restraint. So it happened that Sidney Franklin had some hectic moments when Kitty was turned into a jungle set at M-G-M.

Instead of staying on her own side of the water as they wanted her to, Kitty turned duck and splashed her way to the camera side of the set, knocking everything topsy-turvy and sending the director and camera crews helter-skelter for safety. And when it was over, Kitty's trainer, a ninety-pound woman, took Kitty by the nape of the neck and hauled her off to her cage.

Star Cooking

A COOKING school in Hollywood. Now, we ask you! Mrs. Lucile Webster Gleason, wife of James Gleason, the playwright, had started the innovation. And the members are Phyllis Haver, Dorothy Dwan, Lina Basquette, Lois Wilson and Mrs. Robert Armstrong.

Two famous pairs of lovers and their impresario. From left to right, they are: Vilma Banky, Walter Byron, Samuel Goldwyn, producer, Lili Damita, and Ronald Colman.

HOLLYWOOD

By ANNE HOWE

We can understand Mrs. Armstrong's interest. She knows the way to a man's heart—and friend husband, Bob, is one of the most popular leading men in the city. And Lina Basquette with Pev Marley as a brand-new hubby! But Phyllis and Dorothy and Lois! Methinks, these girls are holding out on us.

Hats Off

WHEN Janet Gaynor entered the set of *Christina* in her wedding dress nine electricians bared their heads. A real tribute to this actress.

Speaking Up

MARY and Doug are accredited with starting a new Hollywood game called "orations." They were giving a dinner party when Doug rose and announced, "Now, each person will rise and give a three minutes talk on the subject assigned him. Charlie, you can start on 'Lampshades.'"

Chaplin answered at once. And the audience soon learned that Chaplin was as well versed on lampshades as any housewife in the country.

Now, the game has become the vogue at dinner parties.

Well, there's no better training for these much-talked about talkies!

May McAvoy and Monte Blue roughing it in the High Sierras while shooting scenes for No Defense.

Woof, Woof!

Chatter reported by Estelle Taylor.

"Momma, can I have a quarter to go to the movie show?"

"What is the picture, dear?"

"It's *The Barker*, mom."

"Tut, tut! You don't want to see any more dog pictures."

Service

PRETTY prank played by Don Terry on Madge Bellamy over at the Fox lot where they are blending emotions to achieve a perfect picture in *Exiles*. On a day that Don was not working he climbed into overalls and scampered up to the beams where electricians were manipulating sun arcs. Seizing one of the spotlights, Don played it full upon Madge.

"Is this all right, Miss Bellamy?" he inquired solicitously. And, in a moment, "Is it too strong, Miss Bellamy?" Unaccustomed to so much attention, Madge finally looked up to discover her leading man grinning at her.

Whereupon there were several laughs.

Declaring Himself

DISCONCERTING news to quick-touch artists discovered on the wall of a Warner Brothers' director's office. It's a notice which reads:

"I do not loan money because I have been a fool long enough. I have loaned thousands to so-called friends who never pay a penny back, so don't rush in, shake my hand, ask how I feel when you really don't give a damn and expect to make a quick touch, because I am no longer anybody's Santa Claus. It's no fault of mine if you owe the landlord, laundryman, grocer, tailor and finance company for your car"

The Water Cure

CHARLIE MORTON is being sued for divorce by his wife. The complaint states that he isn't home on time for his dinner. We recall when Mrs. Charlie Morton threw scalding water on friend husband for his first offense in this matter. But Charlie makes no defense. It is well known among friends that he has desired the separation for a year, or since the water incident.

Too Much of a Good Thing

GASTRONOMIC difficulties encountered during the filming of young Junior Coghlan's latest starring opus, labelled *Square Shoulders.* In one scene Junior, Philippe de Lacy, and a precious portion of femininity named Anita Louise, aged ten, were required to consume a chocolate sundae apiece, whereupon Philippe, Junior's youthful cinema rival for the lady's favors, orders a double chocolate sundae all around. All went well until the fourth shot. By that time the children had each eaten six sundaes and their dreams of Paradise did not include an unlimited supply of ice cream.

Indeed, it is further reported that young Master Coghlan waived luncheon that day, an amazing occurrence for a twelve-year old.

Kid Stuff

THE latest addition to your list of nicknames. Carmel Myers and Bessie Love contribute it. "Chuchi" it is, and is Bessie's pet name for Carmel, coined back in those dear old Fine Arts studio days when they were a couple of kidlets taking a fling at picture fame. You gargle it low in your throat and it comes out sounding like "hookie."

It was given public presentation recently when Carmel received a handsome leather make-up box on which "Chuchi" was spelled out in letters of gold.

Nils Was Scared

NILS ASTHER has made his first public appearance and he admits that the personal appearance gave him the qualms of a first night opening. He was formerly a star of the Royal Dramatic Theater in Sweden.

"I was scared to death," he said after he made his appearance, "I am so used to acting without an audience and applause now that I thought something was wrong when I heard all of the hand clapping."

He made his first appearance with *Dream of Love* when it showed at a Los Angeles theater, and this marked his first appearance before the American public.

Norma Shearer opens the season on Valentines with the receipt of this life-size token from an admirer in far-off Australia.

Nina May McKinney, who is now playing the lead in Hallelujah, *Hollywood's first all-colored picture.*

Badge of Love

HELPFUL hint to young ladies intrigued by the flicker shadow of Gary Cooper. The latest thing is not to admit having a "crush" or being "infatuated" with him, but to simply murmur "I have *gone-Gary,*" eyes downcast. That's what Hollywood girls call it.

Judging from the abundance of his fan mail, a million misses in this bright country of our have *gone-Gary.*

Once Was Enough

CECELIA DE MILLE, daughter of C. B., did a small bit in *The Godless Girl* and then went back to her horses. She is now touring the horse shows of the country with "The Duchess of Bourbon." "Garden Lady," who won her so many first cups for the past several seasons, has been relegated to the pastures.

Miss Cecelia admits she prefers the silent horse sport to her father's talkies.

For Art's Sake

ESTELLE TAYLOR, Jack Dempsey's wife is stealing some of Lon Chaney's stuff in her forthcoming picture at M-G-M. She is assuming the role of an Oriental girl in Chaney's next picture and she really wanted to look the part and do the make-up well. So she rigged up a contraption all her own design to make her eyes look almond shaped. She had a bit of her hair shaved off on either side of her head and put cement on the spot with a little hook in it to which she attaches a string. This string is glued to the skin near each eye and the string pulled through the hook to bring about the necessary slant. Estelle says it is not so pleasant while the string is attached, but is willing to make the sacrifice for art's sake.

Mascot

ALICE WHITE may have severed her connections with Dick Grace, but Dick has not forgotten her. He was listening in on the game New Year's day. Alice White was announced as mascot for Georgia Tec.

"Oh, boy," said Dick, "I'd like to be half of that team!"

AND now when Hollywood has gone hysterical over the talkies we learn that Fox is perfecting a third-dimension device. But that's nothing compared to the upsetting word which comes from Italy. Some genius over there is reported to have perfected an invention which will project the odors.

What we wonder is: Will they call their first production *Garlic and Onions?* It should make a good try-out picture.

Lace But Not Least

CORINNE GRIFFITH has what is said to be not only the most unique tablecloth in this city but the most expensive. It is made of seven kinds of lace, all hand woven, and honors *The Divine Lady,* her recent picture. Romney pictures of Lady Hamilton are worked through it, interspersed with reproductions of Lord Nelson, Lord Hamilton, Charles Greville and others. It took twenty lace experts eight months to make it. There are twenty-four napkins to match, each with a different *Divine Lady* character in it.

Janet Gaynor as a Dutch treat. This is the costume she will wear in her newest picture, Christina.

Glenn Tryon, gets that intense look from memorizing the lines which he is to speak in Broadway, *in which he plays the part of the hoofer.*

Well, Corinne should be able to afford it. She's one of the highest paid stars in the business. Which means something around ten thousand dollars weekly.

The Good Provider

GRANT WITHERS has an especial pull with his star, Corinne Griffith. Grant is an indefatigable huntsman of wild ducks; Corinne and Walter Morosco are indefatigable consumers! Grant spends every week-end at the duck haunts of Palmdale on the desert. Corinne spends the rest of the week eating three squares—draw your own conclusions as to why this young man has been twice chosen.

Thoughtful

TOM MIX is a lonely figure in Hollywood these days. He strolls the boulevard alone, lunches alone at the Monmartre, lives in a lonely mansion. A friend asked, "Tom, why don't you shut up the big house and move to the club?"

"Well, I'd like to," said Tom, "but what would the servants do? They have to have a home, you know."

Willing to Learn

ANITA PAGE isn't proud, that is, not too proud. During her spare moments she is being tutored at M-G-M by "Half Pint" Couch, a tiny ten-year-old colored youth who is dancing his way through the movies in King Vidor's *Hallelujah,* an all-colored picture. He is teaching her the southern shuffle.

"Maybe some day I'll have to play a blackface part, and I'll at least be able to do their dances," she said. She is now appearing in M-G-M's all synchronized picture, *Broadway Melody.*

Helpful

ANITA lives near the M-G-M Studios in Culver City and calls daily for her mail. When she stepped up to the window to ask if there was anything for her, an old woman clutched her by the arm.

"Little girl, take the advice of somebody that has bucked the game and lost. There ain't anything in this extra racket. You forget about wanting to get into the movies and go home and marry some nice young fellow." Anita promised to go home and think it over and was rewarded with a matronly smile of approval.

Twinkling Fingers

A NEW fad has unintentionally been introduced to Hollywood by Dolores Costello. While working on some retakes for the dialogue sequences of *Noah's Ark* she dined at a restaurant near the studio without removing her make-up. Her finger nails were resplendent with gilt polish which was in accord with the custom prevailing during the time of Noah. Some Hollywood flappers noticed the bizarre nails and seized upon the idea. Now, you see girls with gilded nails on every street corner.

That's My Bebe

BEBE DANIELS gave a party. William Randolph Hearst won the Charleston contest and Joseph Schenck the partner-dancing competition. Charlie Chaplin didn't like it. He admits to being a good dancer al-

(*Continued on page* 107)

Nils Asther is up to a little monkey business. Here he is taking his favorite pets out for a walk.

Tom Mix and Dorothy Dwan, the cowboy hero's favorite leading lady. They are playing together again in The Drifter, *for F. B. O*

Bessie Love (left) and Anita Page as a couple of sizzling sisters in* Broadway Melody*—here are two little girls who know the ropes.

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

AN EXTRA GIRL Gives the Lowdown

The life of the extra is quite as full of exciting adventure and heroic struggle as that of any star—and sometimes more so.

By HARMONY HAYNES

"I've extraed bad and I've extraed good,
I've extraed all over Hollywood."

YES, that's poetry but it's more truth. I landed in this cinematic city as gaga as they make 'em. I believed all the creations of high salaried press agents about the miraculous finds and spectacular makings of stars. I'd read all of Norma Talmadge's requirements of a perfect screen face—I had them all! The fluffy hair, high forehead, proper width between the eyes, perfect tilted nose, pearly teeth and pointed chin. I wonder now why she didn't mention any requirements below the chin.

I thought all I had to do was to let one director look at me. After four years I still believe I was not far wrong but *how* to make them look is a question I can't answer.

My first work in Hollywood was in *Tumble Weeds.* It was a night set and a big one. All the 'boes from Pershing Square were there and they hadn't neglected the bootlegger before coming. Barbara Bedford was playing opposite Bill Hart; King Baggot was directing. I was so darn green, I thought the big sun arcs were lights shining from Heaven. Baggot was hard-boiled—he had reason to be. He had ordered cowboys—too many weren't qualified. Finally, after numerous retakes, he got up on a parallel and shouted, "All you cowboys up front—you nances get back in the rear."

The cowboys were, of course, mounted. They were threatening to lynch Bill Hart. They raced madly down through the street filled with people. The people ran and screamed. Baggot became more excited. "Don't run—grab the horses, try to pull Hart off." I wanted to make good. I made a leap for Hart, missed and fell beneath his pinto. I was hurt but not badly. A cowboy swooped down to pick me up. He rode out of the scene with me. Baggot called me a little nuisance and told me to get out of his sight before he lost his temper. Barbara Bedford, bless her, took pity on me. She realized that I did not belong in that reeking, maudlin crowd of cheap atmosphere. "Little girl, you don't want to hang around those people. Come and sit with me." I guess she spoke to Baggot. Anyway he gave me a bit in the picture. I saw it later. It was good. But when he started his next picture and I went to see him he said, "For Heaven's sake, haven't you gone home yet?" I didn't work for him.

Harmony Haynes, the author of this article, who knows her stuff because she has done it so often.

A FEW YEARS afterward when the greenness had worn off, I visited his set. He watched me all afternoon and finally sent his script girl to inquire who I was. So much for ego—I thought I'd caused him enough trouble so that he never would forget me.

I lived close to Poverty Row. J. H. Brown was making a picture there with Virginia Browne Faire. Between shots she was practicing the Charleston. That was before Joan Crawford had it corralled. I wanted to show her how it was done but she was a star and I not even an extra. I hung around the set all day. A prize fighter named Herrick took me to dinner. When I returned Al Rogel, then assistant, said, "I've been looking for you, doll face. We need a nurse. Get into this," and he threw me a uniform. Virginia put on my makeup and told me what to do. I'll always love her for that even though she doesn't know me now.

A little agent thought I was a good bet. He sent me to work for Charles Hutchinson. Now Hutch is a good-hearted fellow but he has the world cheated for strong language orators. I was in a bar room playing a tough. How miscast I was with my childish innocence! There were just two of us, the other was a handsome Mrs. Brown. Hutch handed us each a cigarette and said, "Light up." Mrs. Brown said, "I'm sorry but I *don't* smoke." Hutch didn't appreciate her virtue. He merely said, "Then what tha hell you trying to do in pictures? Get off the set!" I did not protest, I smoked. There was a fight scene and gun play, blanks, of course, but I got too close to one of the guns and my leg was badly burned. Again, I was just a nuisance.

Well, the greenness finally wore off. I learned the ropes, knew

A typical crowd of extras waiting in front of a Hollywood studio for the casting of a new picture. People of all types from the four quarters of the globe may be found in such a group.

where the work was and how to get it and I guess I got my share. Sometimes it was heartbreaking, sometimes it was funny, but always it was human.

AT FIRST I was so fired with ambition, so eager to make good that I used to watch the professional extras in amazement. They are a sophisticated lot and have no illusions about pictures or their own possibilities. All they want is their check and a call-back tomorrow. If they are asked to do a bit, even though that bit might bring them to the attention of the director, they are not thrilled at the opportunity. They merely shrug their proud shoulders and ask, "For seven-fifty? Not on your life." If the check is raised they do the bit—if not, then some ambitious newcomer gets it. I used to think, "I'll never be like that. No wonder they are extras—" But I *am* like that and I'm an extra, and I suppose, will remain one.

But we have different types of extras. The professionals are in the majority. It's their work and their livelihood and they often grow old in the profession. They make a good living and are content with it. They are the ones to whom we owe the eight-hour day, the over-time checks, the transportation and the set rate of salary. They take in old and young alike and there is no color line. Most of them live at home—just townspeople.

Then there are the little beauty winners who have found themselves less attractive here than at home. Pride keeps them from going back failures and they lose themselves in the extra ranks.

Only a week ago I met little Miss Philadelphia doing extra work on the De Mille lot. She was pretty in an unsophisticated way. Long blonde curls of an ashen hue —nothing to compete with the peroxide beauties of Hollywood; blue eyes far too light to photograph well. She and her mother had come out here with a little money, hired a press agent and when the money was all gone, she became an extra.

Then there are those who have been up at the top and whom time or misfortune has dropped. To these our sym-

pathy should go. They are usually pitiful creatures, cynical, with no interest in life. Among these is Jane Tallent, once heralded as the most beautiful leading lady in pictures. I like Jane—everyone does. She laughs all day but it's a hollow laugh without real mirth. Jane is still beautiful, still able to play leads but the line of demarcation is stamped upon her—she's a has-been.

Then there's Jean Daimond. Jean and Dorothy Mackaill started together in New York as extras. They were chums, they are still friends. They both rose rapidly. Jean was beautiful; Dorothy, only good-looking.

There was an opportunity to come west. Dorothy took it but Jean remained in the East and lost out. She was at that time engaged to Joe Stern, a film cutter, now Joseph Von Sternberg, the great director. But the romance did not last and she became engaged to Oliver Marsh. Then she came to Hollywood. But finally she broke up with Marsh, too. Marsh and Von Sternberg have since climbed to the top of the profession, but Jean—Jean's still an extra.

Ilean Hume came out from New York a leading lady. Now she, too, is an extra, with two beautiful babies to support. It's the same old story of a deserted wife. A few friends stand by her, but, as she says, "too darned few."

Ted Oliver, once leading man and universally known as Oliver Kendal, is another come-down. His case was sad. He went to war and got all shot up with shrapnel. A plastic surgeon worked over the war-scarred face, built him a new forehead and removed the scars but all this didn't put him back in his rightful place opposite any Gloria Swansons. Oliver dropped the Kendall, prefixed the Ted and became a popular, medium-salaried heavy. He met Ilean one day and they decided that even has-beens could be happy together and they are.

PERRY VEKOFF, once a big director, is now one of us. He never mingles with the crowd. He just sits and writes except when called to work. He feels that perhaps some day he may find his lost niche in the writing world. There's Mollie Malone, Barbara Tennant—oh, so many more!

Last come those who wish to win fame. These may be rich or poor. Their ambition is the same and they are not the usual laughing, happy extras we meet daily on the set and often they decorate our pages with startling headlines. Sometimes it is *Hollywood Girl Gets a Break* but more often it is *Hollywood Girl Attempts Suicide.*

I lived at the McCadden Hotel. A little French girl, Andre Renaurd, lived there, too. Little work and no breaks were her lot. She was so blue and moody and all my wise-cracks failed to cheer her up. She would say, "I tell it to you, this can't last. Something is going to happen." It did happen—she got her *headlines* and her picture on the front page but she lived to read them. Well, after that she took up Christian Science, a new name and got a new perspective on life—a lot of good publicity wasted.

There was little Mary Lygo. She had been a glorified chorus girl and came out here—but the kliegs didn't enhance her beauty as the footlights had. The camera found lots of flaws. She had funny things done to that pretty little face of hers, she even had her eyes made larger and a cupid's-bow effect added to her mouth but none of her self-inflicted tortures made the desired impression upon the casting directors. She hocked all her pretty clothes and her jewels in a vain effort to keep up with the Joneses but the jinx followed her once too often. She always said she'd do it. I used to laugh at her—I didn't think she meant it. She tried it several times and for a while it seemed that she couldn't even make a success of death. She said to me one time, "I guess even

In the big scenes hundreds of extras are used to supply a background as essential as the setting itself, and each must play a part as definite as any in the picture as in this scene from The Man Who Laughs.

Furnishing the atmosphere in a scene from Stock Girls. *Harmony Haynes, author of this article is at the extreme left.*

St. Peter feels that I'm not the type." However, he finally made a place for her. She died at the hospital—without funds, without friends, and without glory.

Of course, some of the extras get breaks. Katherine Hill did. She extraed around with us and finally Menjou saw her. She became Katherine Carver, his leading lady; and, later on, his wife.

James Murray and I roomed at the same place. I paid five a week and he paid four. I managed to get along better than he did. Being a girl has its advantages. Even those who wouldn't give me work would buy me a meal now and then. Jimmy, unlike myself, was always being noticed. Numerous tests were taken. Finally one turned out well and King Vidor signed him up.

James Ford came out here with a bang and then went down to the level of an extra. Corinne Griffith gave him a chance and he made good.

Edna Adams extraed all over Hollywood. If there was a set, Edna was on it. If there was a party, Edna was on that, too. She was a good kid, and pretty. One day she flashed the pearls at Johnny Hines and landed a contract. Her publicity reads *Edna May.* I always had an idea that success would turn her head but she's just as smiley when she meets you as she ever was.

It must be nice to go to bed an extra and wake up a star but every time my alarm rings I know it's just another location call. Grease paint at six a. m. isn't pleasant but it's no harder on me than on Mary Pickford. There is struggle and hardship in any line of endeavor and so there is in pictures. We all work. Hollywood is not endowed with the idle rich. Millions of dollars, imported cars, liveried chauffeurs and mansions do not seem to ruin ambition here. The extra boy in his rattly old Hoopie doesn't work any harder than does Douglas Fairbanks.

Of course, stars, as a rule, aren't subjected to the dangers we are. Not that they are cowards but they are too valuable to risk. Every precaution is taken for our safety too, but occasionally there is a slip-up and a casualty.

In *The King of Kings* there were countless bruises. During the earthquake scene little Vi Palmer was to faint on a break-away bridge. Bob Ober was to pick her up and carry her off before the crash. It was all timed and rehearsed and the director called for a *take.* Some woman wrote in a little scene for herself. She stooped directly in Ober's path and shook Vi. Ober pushed her aside, picked Vi up—but too late. They went down with the bridge. They had to stay down, too. The camera was grinding. Rocks, sticks and debris of all kinds piled in

(*Continued on page* 95)

Snowed Under!

SCREEN SECRETS' "Guess Who" Contest brings overwhelming response and brilliant variety of entries—news and sample letters of this great competition will be found below.

THE last minute deluge of answers to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine's $1,500 "Guess Who" Contest, added to the enormous volume previously received, has made it impossible to announce the winners in this issue. As the final date for receiving entries approached, the response from readers everywhere was so great that all former estimates of the overwhelming number of answers—and work to be done sorting them—had to be revised and new plans made for carefully giving each answer the attention it deserved. We are sorry for this slight delay, but overjoyed at this unmistakable indication that our Contest has been so popular with so many thousands of fans. The Contest Judges are working with all possible speed, and a complete list of the winners will appear in the April issue, together with a selection of the prize-winning answers. Right now, our sincere thanks to the enthusiastic host of old and new friends who have made this Contest a brilliant milestone in SCREEN SECRETS' career.

Meanwhile, here are a few answers selected at random from the eligible lists—their appearance here does not mean they have been awarded prizes, but that they are among the best ones examined at this stage of the competition.

THE EDITOR.

Members of the SCREEN SECRETS *staff checking over some of the thousands of entries received in the contest.*

No Doubt About This One

Charles Rogers is my favorite movie star.

I chose him—not because he is a boy and I am a girl (although it would seem unnatural to pass him by)—

But because:

He is **C**lean-cut
Handsome
A very good **A**ctor
A **R**eal boy
So **L**ovable
And a fine **E**xample for young men to follow
Because of his **S**terling qualities

He commands **R**espect
And— **O**h, I must not forget—
He is very **G**ood to his mother
Economical, too
And **R**efined
And never **S**tuck-up

Charles Rogers is my favorite because he is my ideal.

DOROTHY M. CADDY,
2116 E. 106th St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

For Janet Gaynor

Janet Gaynor is my favorite because of her sincere characterizations, wistful charm and childlike appeal which makes us ready to smile at her even through our tears.

She stands midway between the accustomed types of the younger players. She is not an overdone flapper nor yet "the girl next door." She is that rare combination, a plausible character yet one tinged with the fairytale radiance we most of us like to find on the screen.

DOROTHY S. REESE,
813 First Street,
Jackson, Mich.

For Clara Bow

Clara Bow, my favorite, and why:

To me she is more than just a movie star—she is the goddess of the new freedom—a living symbol of the most modern of modern girls. Her name is synonymous with jazz and flaming youth—the

(*Continued on page* 100)

Very Much Alive

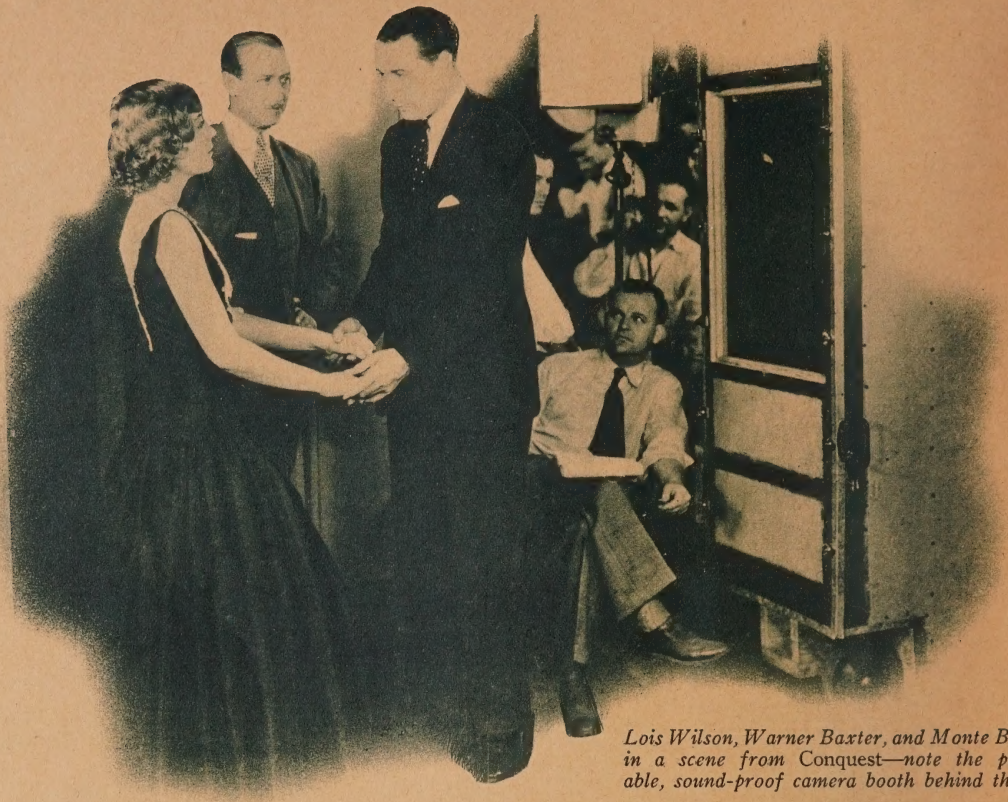
While letters have been pouring into SCREEN SECRETS *asking whether or not Clara Bow is really dead, the young lady herself paused in the making of her new picture,* A Wild Party, *to assure a correspondent that she really felt such rumors were unfounded.*

Clara Bow, Al Jolson and Davy Lee can rise to remark with Mark Twain that reports of their death have been greatly exaggerated.

Al Jolson, too, has been reported dead. He has just returned from a happy honeymoon in Honolulu and is preparing to start work on his new Warner Bros. picture, Mammy.

Reports that Davy Lee, who died on the screen as Sonny Boy, in The Singing Fool, *had really died, arose from the death of a Hollywood banjo player who also used the name Sonny Boy. Davy will soon be seen again on the screen.*

The Future of the Talkies



Lois Wilson, Warner Baxter, and Monte Blue, in a scene from Conquest—*note the portable, sound-proof camera booth behind them.*

What will the talkies do to the stage? To vaudeville? To silent films? J. J. McCarthy, new chief of Fox Movietone Studios, and for years an authority on motion picture entertainment, states his views on the talkies and their future to

HENRY MACMAHON

THE road show king, J. J. McCarthy, is now in Hollywood and busied with talking pictures. The statement offers food for reflection. McCarthy has always been right in judging the trend of entertainment, and the chances are that he's right now.

McCarthy lives in a two-storied white Colonial in a Hollywood suburb, porticoed by arborescent Acacias and pepper trees, and it was there I went on a recent Saturday afternoon to renew friendship with the man whose former shuttle was from a Central Park apartment to the New York theatrical bourse and back again. Back of the house was a large orangery through which we strolled. It was like a modern Academe. He told me he had just returned from a quick transcontinental trip engaging Edward Royce to produce and six professional broadcasters to record talking features. On January 1, he took charge of the new movietone studio in Fox Hills, adjacent to Hollywood, a $10,000,000 plant in which nine stages and the wide handy outdoors will take care of the production of one hundred and fifty features (long and short) yearly.

"Why did you make the switch-over from the road shows?" I asked.

"Because of the trend of the times," he replied. "*Talking pictures are here to stay.* In future the great majority of pictures will be dialogue, whether wholly dialogue or with some parts done silently. I do not forget the fact that in the new regime silence will acquire a tremendous dramatic importance it has never enjoyed before—in the cinema, I mean. Such silence will be very dramatic. In the great situation—whether 'legitimate' or in the talkers—silence is as essential as sound.

"The whole thing is stepping forward," he continued. "What the public are seeing today is no criterion of what they will see within the next three or four months. Please allow for the fact that the vigorous pursuit of the new art dates only from last April or May, and the work thus far exhibited has been made under the greatest handicaps and disadvantages.

"No, the best of talking pictures are still to come. The new art is not standing still: it will not go backward and must go forward. Say for me that the real talking pic-

tures start about the first of the year. The public will get them around February or March. In the past they have been made under the worst possible conditions, but science is rapidly improving the way to give drama its opportunity—"

"Yes," intervened a young sound engineer who was with us, "the invention of the silent camera is going to eliminate the cumbersome camera booths that restrain the flexibility of the action . . . then again, instead of working on stuffy, over-hot stages, players will enjoy normal working conditions by means of great air-conditioning plants. False partitions—"

"Enough," said McCarthy, "of technique. The theatre is an allusion, and any kind of acted entertainment is sold as an illusion. Why fatigue and disillusion your public with laborious explication of sound cameras, air-plants, microphones, stage partitions *et al.*, when they are solely interested in what they can see and hear at the front of the screen? Talking pictures must be pretty sturdy," he added whimsically, "to survive the flood of diagrammatic articles and statistics that is constantly being let loose about them."

"But the product—" I insisted. "Will the best of it measure up to the best of the other modes?"

"Let me mention as an illustration a two-reeler called *Friendship*, written and directed by Eugene Walter. I found it as powerful and enthralling a dramatic sketch as any I ever saw and heard on the legitimate stage. I assure you that Walter's thirty years' experience in the theatre has not been wasted. A long feature, *The Ghost Talks*, was a rip-roaring comedy, and *In Old Arizona*, a fine drama, the rendition of which I could compare only to some such event as Belasco's first night of *The Girl of the Golden West* in New York City. What I am trying to convey is that such works, synchronized in sight and sound, satisfied my showman's sense trained in the ways of the legitimate theatre."

"What'll be the ultimate result?"

"I am inclined to think the dialogue short pictures will strike the absolute final note in the annihilation of vaudeville as it exists today, but I do not think the dramatic stage which deals in full-length plays will be completely annihilated."

"As a matter of fact, hasn't drama pretty well survived the onslaught of the movies?"

"The best answer to that is as follows: In 1915, when the artistic motion pictures really started, there were 2,000 theatres in this country in which the dramatic manager could book his offerings; in 1928, following fourteen years of first-class picture production, there remained but 300 such legitimate theatres still available for the products of dramatic managers."

J. J. McCarthy, road show king and movie expert extraordinary, who gives his talkie views in this article.

I ruefully acknowledge that such scant circuiting signified heavy decline in drama—that and the increase in the country's motion picture theatres to between 15,000 and 20,000; but I argued that "stock," "little theatres" and metropolitan productions showed continuing life.

"Of course!" he agreed,

Dorothy Burgess and Warner Baxter in a scene from In Old Arizona, *the first talkie to be made out-of-doors.*

"and by no means all the decline is to be laid to the door of picture competition. Part of it is the fault of the producers. Everyone knows legitimate road touring is dead, yet the Theatre Guild sends out companies on the road, properly produced and properly cast, and these companies do business. But who is there among the commercial managers developing new talent as A. M. Palmer or Lester Wallack used to develop it, or as the men out here are developing it in pictures? The Theatre Guild wins because it is operating on the same plan as the marvelous producing managers of twenty-five years ago.

"The addition of speech and sound to pictures means not the death of the drama but curtain on the present regime of production. It may interest you to know that there were somewhere between twenty and twenty-five first class theatres dark when I left New York.

"All the motion picture houses that are going to have sound equipment," he continued, "will install the same within the next three or four years. Just as the penny movie peep-boxes were not driven out by the screen—you can still see penny arcades in most cities—so the silent motion picture will not be driven out by the talker in those neighborhoods where the public, or a part of it, puts up with pantomime. But I do not think that the unspoken picture will be the popular thing, with the coming of the dialogue pictures. As to flesh-and-blood entertainment, girl shows there will always be; grand operas and philharmonics where fashion can gather; unique personalities of art which a certain element will pay to see and hear direct. In fact, mechanical recording has been proved to increase personal acceptance, as in the striking instance of John McCormack whose hall audiences steadily grew larger as his voice was recorded on the disks."

(*Continued on page* 110)

Presenting Wampas

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Here are the Wampas Baby Stars for 1929—the annual selection of the thirteen budding young actresses whose work gives greatest promise for a motion picture career. This selection by Wampas (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) is a forecast of great authority, and fortunate indeed are those young players elected. They are: (1) Josephine Dunn, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; (2) Jean Arthur, Paramount; (3) Helen Twelvetrees, Fox; (4) Helen Foster, free-lance; (5) Doris Dawson, First National; (6) Doris Hill, Paramount; (7) Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; (8) Caryl Lincoln, Fox; (9) Mona Rico, United Artists; (10) Betty Boyd, Educational; (11) Loretta Young, First National; (12) Ethlyne Clair, free-lance; (13) Sally Blane, F. B. O. SCREEN SECRETS *herewith extends congratulations.*

Baby Stars of 1929

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ANOTHER crop of promising screen youngsters has been given a flying start on the road to fame—a start that is at once a guarantee for the future and a tribute to their work thus far.

The thirteen girls shown above have been chosen from the ranks of Hollywood's younger actresses by the Wampas (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) to be the Wampas Baby Stars of 1929.

All of which means a great deal: Means that these Men Who Know have set the hall-mark of their approval on the lucky thirteen. It means that these screen children have already demonstrated sufficient achievement to justify a forecast of brilliant futures for them—that careers of stardom stretch out before them. And to the fans it means most of all, for here are the actresses whose talents will bring them before motion picture audiences to take their places among the

(*Continued on page* 104)

How William Haines

William Haines' reputation as a wise-shield a highly sensitive nature—

By RUTH

William Haines giving the whisker salute, and showing the strain under which he labors when his face is hidden.

HE WAS just an average, fourteen-year-old, small town, good-family youngster. You know what that means. A maid or two to help direct the children. Good schooling; plenty of sensible, well-wearing clothes with a best suit for Sunday; an ice cream soda at the drug store corner as a special treat on Saturday. Baseball in the streets or on the vacant back lots. A loving mother and a doting father.

Yet this boy wasn't contented. He'd stand in front of his solid two-story home and look up and down the quiet, shaded street of Staunton, Virginia, and wonder just where this sort of thing was going to lead him. Where had these familiar old lanes led the other fellows who had been born on them? One was a clerk in the bank, another was assistant cashier in the same institution. One was putting up prescriptions. Another spent his days in the little bookkeeping cubby-hole of the reliable, old-line grocery. Of course, there were his mother and father—

Aw, shucks, it was up to a fellow to grab a hatchet and hew out his own future. And if he wanted to make good in a big way and make a lot of money he'd have to clear out of this town before he dug his feet deep into the dust and the mud and the damp, dewy grass—before the town got too big a hold on him. Now was the time—

IT'S A long step from Staunton, Virginia, to Hollywood, California. It's a big jump from a sensitive, world-yearning boy of fourteen to the wise-crackingest star of the movies. Yet Billy Haines made it. He's supposed to be the funniest man in this city. But under his armor of wise-cracks is Billy Haines always funny? Is his humor, his nonchalant, sometimes off-shade humor, natural, or is it something which has been developed with training? Is he a real clown or a Pagliacci? For the first time he has consented to tell the story of how he became a wise-cracker.

"When I decided I just had to get out of town someway—I began to look around for opportunities. The du Pont Powder Company had started a new plant on a boggy old peanut field not far from our city. It was during the war and we heard they were paying high prices for labor. Another boy and myself decided to have a try at it. I could only think of one way to get the money. I took a diamond pin of my mother's. It was one of these fissue affairs with the diamond up in a corner—a wonderful old pin, an heirloom in our family. My grandmother, who lived at the Appomattox Court House, had it on during the Civil War when a runner dashed up and told them to vacate—both armies were coming. They hitched up the oxen and started away in such a hurry that grandmother forgot the youngest of her nine children, the new-born baby. She hurried back, and in the excitement this pin caught in the neck of the baby.

"It was that pin I pawned for twelve dollars. The other boy scared up sixteen dollars on a bunch of old coins which they had in their family.

WE RECEIVED one hundred and eighty dollars a month for handling nitro-glycerine. A fortune for fourteen-year-old runaway youngsters. Then mother sent a policeman down for me. By this time I knew from my

Bill Haines and Jack Pickford, as they appeared in Brown of Harvard; *as a collegian, Bill's talents had full sway.*

Became a Wisecracker

cracker resulted from his efforts to and very successful efforts they were.

BIERY

powder plant companions that even policemen were human. I took him to a party and when he looked around for us, well—we were missing.

"My mother came next. But my mother is a sensible woman. 'If I take you home now, against your will, you'll only run away again.'

"A few months later Orson Sweat Marden, editor of *Success Magazine,* moved to Staunton. Mrs. Marden and mother became great friends. Through her influence I received the chance to go to New York with the Canyon Rubber Company.

"New York! The Eldorado of my ambitions. Now, I knew success was mine for the grasping. It was all so serious to me. I don't know that you'll understand when I tell you that as a child and a young boy I seemed to be always hearing music. Not definite tunes, exactly—just music. Something calling me, intriguing me to listen. Oh, it sounds silly—but you have asked for the truth and I'm telling just exactly what I remember.

"I heard them in New York. I quit the job. The rubber business didn't seem to go with them. I didn't know anything about the stage and I'd never even thought about pictures, but, somehow, even when I was a child, I seemed to feel myself taking bows.

Bill Haines registers dislike for the treat offered him by Tenen Holtz in the picture The Duke Steps Out.

BUT the bows didn't come. I started living in hall bedrooms. You know the old story. I went home for a year. My family moved to Richmond. I clerked in a dry-goods store. Sixteen dollars a week. You'd imagine now, from my present wise-cracking reputation, that I was the village cut-up. Well, I wasn't. I was big, dumb, gawky, clumsy and so sensitive that nothing seemed to be funny. I'd never told a joke in my life, never did until I hit Hollywood, for that matter.

Bill's feet never allowed grass to grow under them, and that isn't because he keeps them propped up on a desk, either.

"Back to New York at seventeen. Selling beans, green beans, in a public market. Then, well—I fell in with a fast set. Wine and women. Nothing serious, just the first steps of a boy yearning to learn about life as it is lived in big cities. Personalities meant nothing; just people in general and the way they were living. The music was getting more and more distant. I was fired from my job selling beans because I couldn't stay up all night and work all day into the bargain.

"Office boy for J. W. Strauss was my next position. Twenty dollars a week for a year and a half and then fired from that position.

DURING this time I met a marvelous woman. She was twenty years my senior but she took an interest in a young boy clawing his way toward a knowledge of life's values. What little *savoir faire* I had when I arrived in Hollywood, I owe to this woman. She had musicals, concerts, parties at the opera. She invited me to them. Her home was filled with paintings, wonderful old china, beautiful silver. I had had them at home and paid them no attention. She showed me their value, their inspirational value. I began to realize how mad I had been to pawn the pin of my grandmother. Whatever sense of beauty had been born in me, she reawakened. And she

William Haines is trying to be a big help to Dorothy Sebastian, but it probably won't result in cooking anything but his goose.

was interested in the stage. She tried to awaken my interest. She did, only I was so pityingly timid, so very sensitive that I had no guts about going out and seeking a stage opening. She introduced me to a man who said that Sam Goldwyn was looking for new faces. Just how I won that contest will always be a mystery. Eleanor Boardman won the other half of it.

"When I arrived in Hollywood I had one suit and three dollars in my pocket. It was an English suit with big trousers, tight coat—something like the one I am now wearing. It was all right in New York, but in Hollywood—

"I had been heralded as a new face; I thought myself to be a new Corliss Palmer just arriving. Only, crossing the desert I caught cold. There was a boil on my nose; my skin started peeling.

"Imagine the consternation when I arrived at the Goldwyn offices. Everybody in New York said I looked like Charlie Ray. I had dreams of doing the same things he was doing. Of becoming a Charles Ray the second.

THE potentates had a meeting. They called me in and said I was terrible; my clothes a disgrace; I had no sex appeal. I was hurt, terribly hurt. I had hard work to keep from crying. Remember, I had always been abnormally sensitive. To cover my hurt feelings, to build up a self-defense, to keep from blubbering over, I answered, 'Well, sirs, I've been helped by the best men and women in New York City so I must appeal to *both sexes.*'

"It was my first wise-crack. It surprised nobody as it surprised me. I was startled. But I was even more startled when they took it seriously and gave me a heart-to-heart talk that I'll never forget. But that crack traveled all over the lot. That one sentence turned me from a nonentity who was to be returned to New York to a newcomer with an identity. They even sent me to Hollywood's best tailor and ordered fifteen hundred dollars worth of clothes for me.

"Then I sat down to figure. If that one wise-crack had gone all over the lot—perhaps I could make another which would go further. I jogged every brain cell in my head to think up things which were startling and funny. One had saved me from a return ticket to New York, perhaps several would get me a place in pictures. They sent me to the South Seas to make *Lost and Found in the South Sea Islands.*

"That was the turning point—that wise-crack and the trip which followed it—not only in my career but in my nature. I was alone down there. I didn't mix with the rest of the company. I was alone with the solitude, the beauty, the silent glory. I became acquainted with God and the perfections of His handiwork. I came to realize that all life is the same. Yellow, black or white; tree, animal or human. So if all life were the same—if it is the same force which makes a tree grow or an eyelid twinkle, well, I had the same spark within me as had other people. If they could do things, so could I do them. They might break my heart from now on, but they'd never know it. The more they hurt me—the more I'd hand it back to them. I took up the study of how to be a wise-cracker—how to make myself *someone* in pictures.

Bill Haines and Anita Page get their heads together for a good old-fashioned conference.

IT TOOK me years. One director said, 'You're lousy' when I was working in his picture. I answered, 'Someday you'll ask me to make a picture and I'll have the choice as to whether I shall do it.' Last year, I made that picture! No matter who told me how bad I was it didn't make any difference. No matter how much it hurt, I just answered with some crazy remark which they didn't know whether to take as a joke or take seriously. When *Brown of Harvard* came along

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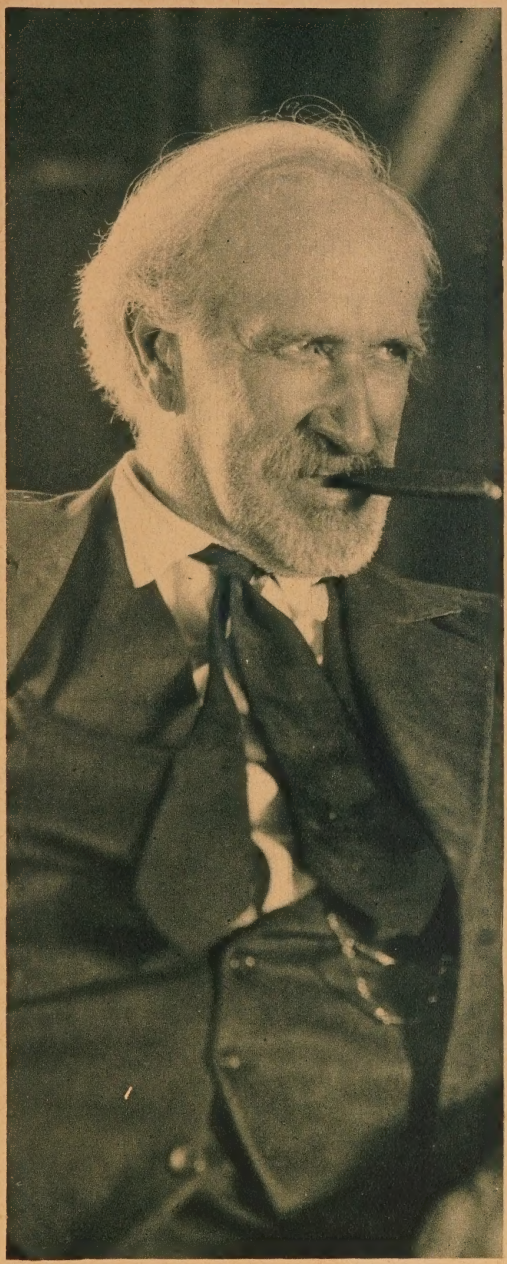
A Patriarch Passes



A keen student of motion picture art to the last, this photograph shows Theodore Roberts observing work on the Pathe set shortly before his death.

Theodore Roberts has passed on—but not before knowing victory on the stage, the silent screen, and finally in sound pictures.

By JANICE DAILEY

I ATTENDED the funeral of Theodore Roberts, a few months ago.

I had heard his voice Wednesday morning.

Theodore Roberts' last motion picture was his first talkie.

It was weird, yes—but beautiful, too. Beautiful to listen to one of the finest voices that the Hollywood microphones have yet discovered and to know that this grand old man of the movies had an opportunity at sixty-seven, to know he still stood at the top of his profession despite the many changes brought about by this innovation.

And he did know. Six weeks before his demise, he walked with the aid of his cane—his proverbial black cigar twitching and twirling in its proverbial fashion—into the projection room at the Pathe Studio and heard and saw himself in *Noisy Neighbors.* Saw himself father of his fiftieth stage daughter. Heard his voice ring with a note as vibrant as the voice of that seventeen-year-old boy who, fifty years before, had run away from his home in San Francisco to become a stage actor.

He was like a child about it! Those who sat in that projection room with him as he witnessed himself in the last motion picture he attended, knew his glee at the prospects for a career in the future.

"Bless my soul! I never knew I'd hear myself and see myself at the same time. Would you, could you, run it again for me?"

Of course, they ran it again. And again, for that matter. When he finally came out, he had made a decision, "Now, I'll have that operation and when it's over I'll be a new man. I'll be able to give all my time to help in developing these new pictures."

He had the operation five weeks later. Six weeks from that day when he saw his last picture, his body was carried from the palatial old home to the undertakers.

I have talked with many people about Theodore Roberts in the interest of this story. I knew him. Who in Hollywood didn't know him? Only a few days after he saw *Noisy Neighbors,* he gave a party for the younger generation on a yacht. The youth of the cinema world adored him, for he understood them. The older folk—what greater pleasure than to sit on that glassed balcony of the home where he spent so many months recuperating from his five-year-prolonged illness and talk over old times together? Even the animals—his kindness to them was famous. No tramp cur was turned away without a bone of encouragement; no bird lit in his aviary without bits of grain to reward him. His pet pelican, his pair of sea gulls, his flock of wire-haired terriers, his bear cub—stories could be written about them.

I visited his home on the Sunday after his burial to talk to the nephew who inherited the fortune.

There was something similar between the uncle in the great oil panel beside the mantel and the nephew sitting be-

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Cupid's Bulletin

John Gilbert

While Greta's Gone

ALTHOUGH Hollywood believes that Greta Garbo may wed Jack Gilbert sometime in the spring when she returns from her visit to Sweden, during her absence Jack is being invited to social functions with Dorothy Parker and often seen with the well-known New Yorker who has lately come to Hollywood to write for the films. John was often seen with Dorothy Parker when he made a business trip to New York a few months ago, and the film colony thought they scented a new romance.

The Tom Mix-up

MRS. TOM MIX writes to her friends among the stars that she is not even planning when she will return, and that she is having a splendid time in Nice. Tom, in the meantime, has engaged his wife's brother, Eugene Ford, to direct his pictures and it is said that his in-law thinks Tom a great scout and that he is one of his best pals and closest cronies. If Mrs. Mix decides she wants a divorce, she will just have to come home, for Tom has turned thumbs down on any of the foreign variety of separations.

All Scheduled

LITA GREY CHAPLIN at last has admitted her engagement to Roy D'Arcy, and the wedding of this pair will be an event of the late spring or summer. While the long delay in this announcement caused many to wonder if it would ever happen, intimate friends of both were certain of the outcome.

Lita Grey Chaplin

Important Wedding

ROSABELLE LAEMMLE, daughter of Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures Corporation, became the bride of Stanley Bergerman, department store executive, at a sumptuous wedding at the Laemmle estate, in Beverly Hills. The wedding ceremony was witnessed by but a few intimate friends and members of the family.

Constant George

GEORGE O'BRIEN is still paying much attention to Olive Borden. Calls her by telephone every evening when he doesn't appear in person, and altogether conducts himself as a devoted suitor should.

A Shift?

PAUL BERN, the director, is very attentive to Mary Duncan, Fox star, although it has been rumored in Hollywood that Miss Duncan was engaged to wed a Londoner.

Playful Partings

THERE is often a state of camaraderie between divorcing couples in Hollywood. This is the condition in the household of Doris Dean, now suing Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle for divorce. At a birthday luncheon Doris gave the other day for intimate girl friends, she received an endearing telegram from Roscoe with a two-dollar bill enclosed.

"I ought to have $10," commented Doris. "I am still worth $10."

Her Way Out

JEAN ARTHUR had to choose between a husband and a career, so she has taken the latter and is trying to lose her hubby via the annulment route. Very quietly, Miss Arthur and Julian Ancker went to Ventura last July and were wed. But Miss Arthur's contract with Paramount contains a non-marriage clause. So Jean has had to choose between or give up her contract, and she has decided to stay in the films.

Jean was among those honored with the title of a Baby Wampas Star for 1929.

Jean Arthur

Romantic Snag?

JUNE MARLOWE has been sent by Universal to make several pictures in Germany. On the face of it, the news is not unusually significant. But what about Mary Philbin? Mary, who has announced her engagement to Paul Kohner, was supposed to follow her fiance to Germany a number of weeks ago and there to be married and make several pictures under his supervision. And now Miss Marlowe is being sent to make the required pictures under Kohner's supervision. Perhaps the insistence of Mary's father that his daughter will never wed Paul may at least be making itself heard in official quarters.

The Keith Circuit

IAN KEITH, who married Ethel Clayton, the former Lasky star, a year or so ago, and toured with her in vaudeville, is back in Hollywood alone and will play in the next Laura La Plante picture.

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Society in Cinemaland

The Thalians, members of Hollywood's younger set, gather for an outing at the Uplifters' Club. Among those in the group are (1) Mervyn Le Roy, (2) Alice Lake, (3) Arthur Lake, (4) Ann Christy, (5) Lincoln Steadman, (6) Sammy Cohen, (7) Buddy Rogers, (8) James Hall, (9) Polly Ann Young, (10) Loretta Young, (11) Mary Brian, (12) Myrna Kennedy, (13) Claire Windsor, (14) Violet La Plante, (15) Edna Murphy.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS SOCIETY EDITOR

SMARTEST of affairs in Cinemaland was a dinner given at the Beverly-Wilshire by **Mrs. Grace Glaser** of New York for **Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd Smith**, mother of **Harold Lloyd.** The table which formed a large E occupied the entire north end of the Crystal room and was covered with rose linen. A profusion of blue delphinium and pale yellow roses alternated with tall yellow and blue taper candles as decorations.

Covers were laid for seventy-five, among them **Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Illitch (Kathleen Clifford), Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Nye (Helen Lynch), Mrs. Ona Brown, Harvey Barnes, Roy Brooks** and **Sharon Lynn.**

UP UNTIL the very morning of their wedding day, **Dolores Costello** and **John Barrymore** declared they didn't know when they were to be married. Yet the ceremony took place at the bride's home at 2:30 in the afternoon and was attended by many screen celebrities.

Among the more notable guests were **Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, Joseph Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Warner, Michael Curtiz, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford), Mrs. Alan Crosland, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Wallis (Louise Fazenda), Raymond Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, George K. Arthur** and **Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolheim.**

THE Mayfair dinner-dance at the Biltmore recently was, as always, a brilliant affair. Decorations were in keeping with the football season—colors of Notre Dame and U. S. C.—while the favors (little China elephants) smacked of the winning political party. **Maurice Chevalier,** France's Al Jolson, contributed to the pleasure of everyone with a trio of his most popular songs, and two small pickanninies from **King Vidor's** all-negro picture were showered with silver coins for their clogs, taps and spirituals.

Noted at **B. P. Schulberg's** table were **Maurice Chevalier** and his charming spouse, **Bebe Daniels, Nancy Carroll, Jack Kirkland, Messrs. and Mesdames Adolph Zukor, Ernest Vadja, Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston)** and **John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray).**

In **Hal Roach's** party, **Harold and Mildred Lloyd** . . . In **Walter Morosco's,** his wife **Corinne Griffith,** the **Robert Leonards (Gertrude Olmstead)** and **Grant Withers,** handsome young leading man, escorting blonde **Claire Windsor** . . . beautiful **Billie Dove** with her husband, **Irvin Willat,** sat at **Ned Marin's** table with the **Jack Mulhalls, William Seiters (Laura**

La Plante), Winfield Sheehan, Mary Duncan, Dorothy Mackaill and **Anita Stewart** . . . in smaller groups were **Lois Wilson, Mildred Harris, Edmund Burns,** the **Clive Brooks** and **Priscilla Dean.**

FIRST NATIONAL'S presentation of their first talking picture, *The Barker*, was a gala occasion. The Carthay Circle Theatre is noted for its sparkling premieres, and *The Barker* was no exception. A novel effect was attained on the boulevard leading to the theatre by throwing rainbow lights on steam—the air seemed full of delicate-colored plumes, nodding and blowing in a summer breeze. Circus wagons and tents completed the carnival atmosphere.

George Fitzmaurice, director of the picture, was host at dinner to a number of celebrities, including **Marion Davies, Colleen Moore, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, William Randolph Hearst, Charlie Chaplin, James Cruze, John McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Harry d'Arrast** and **Harry Crocker.** After the opening, the **Fitzmaurices** also entertained with a buffet supper, their original guests in attendance besides **Milton Sills** with his proud wife, **Doris Kenyon** (Mr. Sills was showered with congratulation for his marvelous performance), **Dorothy Mackaill** squired by **Ben Lyon, Buster Collier,** the **Conrad Nagels** and **George Landys (Kathryn McGuire), Vilma Banky** and **Rod La Rocque.**

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who gave such an excellent account of himself in the production, came with his mother, **Mrs. Beth Fairbanks, Joan Crawford** and **Newell Van Derhoef.** During the intermission, Doug was surrounded by a bevy of admiring fans begging for his autograph, so he mischievously asked one of them if she wouldn't care for **Dr. Zopplekopf's** signature since he flew over in the Zeppelin. Upon being assured that she'd "adore" it, he introduced her to **Newell Van Derhoef,** who declared afterwards that he was "all of a doo-dah" trying to decide how to spell the name and whether to add "Zeppelin 1 or 2."

OUR GANG entertained with a birthday party for small **St. Louis IV Estes,** year-old son of **Dr. St. Louis Estes,** nationally known as a raw food expert. **Dixie Lou** and **Suzanne, St. Louis II** and **III,** the doctor's other offspring, were also invited.

Our Gang proved competent hosts and appeared to enjoy the raw food banquet almost as much as their young guests. Although little **Mary Ann Jackson** asked wistfully for the "ice cream part of the party" and **Farina** was heard to remark that he liked icing on his cake.

NO ONE counted the candles on the cake when **Mrs. Doris Dean Arbuckle** gave a buffet supper-dance for **Mabel Normand** in honor of her birthday. It was a gay affair, happily attended by many cinemalites—**Mrs. Winifred Hart, Phyllis Haver, Dorothy Dwan, Bert Lytell, Roland Drew, Walter Pidgeon** (new nose and all), the **Monte Blues, Fred Windemeres (Belle Bennett)** and **Kathlyn Williams.**

AMONG the many charming parties for **Dolores Del Rio** on her return from Europe was a beautifully appointed tea sponsored by **Mrs. Gunther Lessing. Billie Dove** and **Rita Carewe** begged prettily for tales of **Miss Del Rio's** trip and the exotic star admitted that everything was "lofly" but was plainly more excited about her voice tests for Evangeline.

"Today I have hear **Mary Pickford's** test and it was grand!" she cried.

Sally O'Neil tried to steer the talk back to Europe as she is planning her first trip. "You may as well give up," advised her wise little sister **Molly O'Day.** "When they get started on the talkies, there's just no stopping them!"

A SHOWER of dainty gifts was bestowed on **Mrs. Monte Blue** when **Mrs. John Waters, Mrs. Danny Gray** and **Mrs. Ray Huff** were co-hostesses at a bridge-luncheon. Those participating were **Mrs. Bodil Rosing, Eileen Percy, Mrs. John Miljan, Mrs. Owen Moore, Mrs. Jack Holt,** and many others.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM SEITER (**Laura La Plante**) were hosts at a delightful dinner-dance in Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador—a profusion of deep red roses forming the decorations. Covers were laid for **Messrs. and Mesdames Alan Hale, Al Rockett, Robert Leonard, Jack Mulhall, Misses Virginia Valli, Dorothy Mackaill, Carmel Myers, Violet La Plante, Julanne Johnston** and **Messrs. Ben Lyon, Edmund Burns, Lawrence Barker** and **Al Hall.**

George K. Arthur has his hands full acting as escort for this array of beauties. From left to right, they are: Josephine Dunn, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Sue Carol, and Lili Damita.

SO MANY stars entertain in hotels, restaurants and tea rooms these days that it was a welcome change when the **Edmund Lowes (Lilyan Tashman)** invited guests to their home for dinner on a recent Sunday evening. Those who enjoyed this unusual hospitality were **Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Misses Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels** and **Carmelita Geraghty**

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When I Am Forty

Few stars look so far ahead as Estelle Taylor who plans in her youth what she will do when the march of time brings her to the age of retirement.

By Estelle Taylor

LET those who will grow old gracefully. Let them smother themselves in lavenders and old laces. Let them live in memories and press pansies to remind them of bygone ardors. Not for me.

Ever since I have been old enough to appreciate that rouge on the lip is worth ten lipsticks in the vanity case, I have been laying plans to outwit those demoralizing forties. Not avoid them, mind you. One cannot live a full life and do that. But to outwit them. Catch them in a well-laid snare and convert them into useful, happy days.

Why should the age of forty mark the beginning of the toboggan slide for women? Or men? But it is of women, being a woman, that I give most thought. In the forties we should be able to enjoy to the fullest all that we have learned, by joy and sorrow, heartache and happiness, during the tremulous twenties and the thrilling thirties. We should be able to perfectly control our emotions. We should not be swept by storms of jealousy, fear, passion.

I am one who believes that a woman is as old as her cosmetics. I believe in the divine right of a woman to look her best at all times. I believe in going to a plastic surgeon for a face-lifting, if it is necessary, as I would go to a dentist to have him crown a tooth. A tooth gives away as we grow older, and so does a face. Why is it any worse to go to a plastic surgeon and have him take a tuck here and a pinch there in a sagging face than it is to have your dentist do his work on a tooth that nature has forgotten or we have neglected?

It is not vanity, particularly, that prompts me to embrace face-lifting. There is the undoubted fact, though, that it is stimulating to be admired. In the feeling that you look your best and are entitled to the pleasant reaction of those whom you contact. It's as heady as nectar, that inward knowledge that "Gosh, I'm looking my finest. I am worthy of the attention given me." It charges the ego, routs gloom, and is as good a tonic as that which comes in dark brown bottles and has a bad taste.

I'm in favor of rouges that are blended to your type, powders that are sifted to harmonize with your coloring, eyebrow plucking that is done only after an expert has studied the contour of your face, eyebrow pencils, lipsticks not too vivid nor too gay, astringents, pomades, toilette waters, perfumes that linger faintly, long after the atomizer has given them forth. Oh, I believe in all that is feminine. Even after the terrifically emotional days are over I believe in never forgetting that first, last and always you are a woman.

Estelle Taylor's flashing dark beauty is accompanied by a forceful, dynamic personality that will defy time.

THERE is only one thing I disfavor in external rejuvenation. That is hair-dying. When my hair begins to show signs of grey I shall applaud each new silver thread. There is nothing so distinguished, so fine-looking, in my estimation, as grey hair, well coiffured. It gives what the French call *distinguee.* A *chic* that cannot be achieved in any other way. In New York I noticed many stunning grey haired women in restaurants and theatres and in the smarter supper clubs.

We can talk of exterior things to outwit the flabby forties that are woman's bugaboo. We can talk of cosmetics and reducing, masseuses and exercises, but still there is that other thing that is equally important in fighting off the drabness of middle age. That inward thing.

Browning can say, and I adore it, *"Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be; the last of life, for which the first is made."* But there is something more than growing old.

There is that spiritual urge to learn and keep on learn-

Jack Dempsey and Estelle, his famous wife, come to grips in an effort to decide who will start the ball rolling.

ing; to work and keep on working; to be useful; to create.

I recall so distinctly my awakening to the fact that there were days in the future that needed my present attention. It was just after I made my first motion picture. Before that time I must have been, as I see it now, a rather superficial person, living entirely for today with a snap of the fingers for tomorrow and yesterday. It was my privilege to be directed by Mr. Charles Brabin, a man of wide knowledge, a philosopher, a student. A man who really knew things.

TO MY way of thinking, a woman gets more value from friendship with a man, than she does from the same association with a woman. It has been so in my life. It may be the age-old superiority complex that man is infinitely wiser than woman to which we bow. Whatever it is, it has proven itself to me. From friendships that have resulted from working together, as with Charles Brabin and Paul Bern, I have had my cultural vision expanded. From Jack Dempsey I have witnessed again the value of tenacity.

"What do you read?" Charles Brabin would say to me between scenes at the Fox Long Island studio, and at luncheons. "What plays do you see? How are they going to affect your thinking? Will they influence your life later on?"

It was his words that sent me to Carnegie Hall for lectures that I otherwise would have ignored. I selected the plays I was to attend with care, and several evenings

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Together Again

On his little jaunt of some 25,000 miles through Europe, Nick Stuart heard everything from cockney accents to the rumble of Mt. Vesuvius, saw relics and royalty—but nothing so good as Sue Carol.

By GRACE SIMPSON

HE DINED with the Prince of Wales! He shook hands with President Cosgrave of Ireland! He had his picture taken with Marshal Foch! He visited Mussolini at his private villa! He had an audience with the Pope! He met King Alfonso and was given a medal of honor! He chatted with Premier de Riviera, Dictator of Spain! He became friends with the son of the Sultan of Morocco!

And who is this lucky young man, this gay Lothario of the movies, who is privileged to do all these things? Why, our old friend, Nick Stuart, of course, and none other!

It all came about when Nick was assigned the lead in the special Fox picture, *Chasing Through Europe.* He had already made *The News Parade,* you know—a picture glorifying the news-reel cameraman—and *Chasing Through Europe* was to be a sort of sequel to it. With Nick went David Butler (the director), a couple of cameramen and the press-agents. Sue Carol, Nick's young lady friend, wanted to go awfully bad, but owing to the fact that she was in the middle of a picture, it couldn't be done—not yet.

So Nick sailed on the *Mauretania.* The captain turned the boat over to the film folks and they took reels of everything in sight.

"I got acquainted with a crowd of Dartmouth College boys," said Nick, "and one night we talked about the Hollywood stars. The boys said that Dartmouth had chosen Billie Dove as their ideal first, then Joan Crawford came into favor, but when Sue Carol appeared on the screen, one and all voted for her. 'What can you tell us about Sue?' asked one. 'And is she as pretty as she looks?' asked another.

"Well, I answered their questions," continued Nick, "then pulled out a triple silver locket containing a picture of my mother in the center and one of Sue on each side of her. 'Boys,' I said, showing it to them, 'that is what I know and think of your favorite, Sue Carol!' And you should have heard them overwhelm me with questions after they had recovered from the shock!

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol stage a joyful reunion on the steps of the train that brought Nick back.

WE ARRIVED in London," he went on, "and as we had nothing to do that day, I decided to fly over to Paris. It was my first airplane ride and I admit I enjoyed it—took only three and a half hours to make the flight. Spent the day sightseeing in Paris, then flew back and rejoined the others. We stayed in London three weeks—visited Victoria Tower; were received at Parliament; took pictures of Westminster Abbey, and also some fine shots of the King's Palace. Every morning at ten o'clock, we'd be out there to see the change of Guards. It's a very impressing sight. I would be in front of the Guards, shooting as they advanced toward me, while the other cameramen would be shooting me. The Guards paraded through the Park, and I took a few shots, then ran ahead and took some more—they were always approaching me and walking right into the camera.

"Finally, I got lonesome for Sue, so sent a cablegram asking her to come over. She cabled back that she hadn't completed *The Air Circus* for Fox, or *It Can't Be Done*

for Universal, but if I really wanted her, to have Dave Butler send word to Fox officials that he could use her at once and to send her over and then they'd probably let her go and she'd try to fix it up somehow with Universal. Dave, like the good scout that he is, fell in with our plans and sent for Sue."

Immediately, Fox rushed *The Air Circus* by working night and day. Universal also speeded up and soon Sue had almost finished her work. One day Universal called her and said, "If you promise to return and complete your scenes when we cable you, you can go to Europe."

"That was just after four," said Sue, "I rushed home, threw my things together, jumped into the car and made the five o'clock train. Reached New York and made a wild dash for the boat—got there just ten minutes before it sailed. In fact, they had to lower the gang-plank again for me!" A close connection, to be sure, but Sue was happy, because at last she was on her way to join Nick.

FRANCE was the next country visited," went on Nick, "and there I had the pleasure of dining with the Prince of Wales. He was in France with the British Legion, to put a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Wales is a regular fellow—very witty and clever, but inclined to be a bit shy. He treats everyone with utmost courtesy. I had a chance to talk with him and he seemed particularly interested in the United States and in motion pictures. He said he wanted to make another visit to America in the near future, as he will never forget his last reception here. By the way, this dinner was given in Lille, just outside Paris.

"Back in Paris, we took shots of Notre Dame, then worked on the Eiffel Tower. Every three years this tower has to be painted and fortunately, the work was being done just when we arrived. With my camera on my back, I started climbing to the top, shooting the men at work all the way up. I guess I gave them quite a thrill, as it was a new performance for them to witness—a news-reel man doing his stuff! I think they were afraid I might somehow slip off the foot-holds while cranking my camera, but happily for me, I didn't.

IN PARIS I met President Cosgrave of Ireland, who shook hands most cordially and gave me his autograph. I took some dandy shots of him and his entire staff. They were in Paris for the signing of the Kellogg Peace Treaty.

"A couple of days before we left there, Dave Butler called me aside and said: 'Say, Nick, we can't go away from this burg without a single shot of those Follies Bergere girls! They say it can't be done but we've got to show 'em.' Well, in this case, the impossible turned out to be quite possible," said Nick. "Not only did we shoot the girls, but even got the stage manager and director in, too! And they let us up on the roof of the building and my camera recorded the show in all its glory.

"I must tell you, too, of an amusing incident that happened in Paris" said Nick, suddenly. "We went to a fire station and they took out a fire truck for us to shoot scenes of. It had a large ladder—about the largest I've ever seen. The driver hopped on and we started full-speed through the center of Paris. I was perched on the extreme end of the ladder, working my camera, while the other cameramen (the real ones) were behind in another truck. The firemen staged a fire for us and everything went fine 'till we were in the middle of a scene where the ladder was being lifted into mid-air, when a real alarm sounded! The men jumped into action and started for the real fire, leaving me suspended way up in the air. I remained there for about twenty minutes, when they finally remembered me and took me down. The next day we

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Nick and Sue showing how luncheon should be served—also how he has things fixed so Sue will eat out of his hand.

That Infernal Triangle

Junior Coghlan (left) and Philippe De Lacy, nearly came to blows over the attentions of the fair Anita Louise while working in Square Shoulders.

(Left) Treat 'em rough Junior's motto—hence the hard boiled pan.

Which shall she choose? That's Anita's problem. But she doesn't think she'll decide as long as the ice cream cones last

Say it with smiles is Philippe's watchword. And he backs up every smile with a nut sundae

TALKIE TALK

REALIZING that sound pictures are the most important development in the history of the films, and in keeping with SCREEN SECRETS' *policy of giving its readers inside information on all phases of the industry, this department has been inaugurated to bring each month news of the latest achievement in the talkie field.*

To many persons the method of recording and reproducing sound with motion pictures is a closed mystery, so that a few words of general explanation may be helpful.

Recording the Sound

THE talking film simply transforms sound to light and back to sound again. Vitaphone's disc method is from sound to mechanism to sound. It's as easy as that.

The process of making Vitaphone records is similar to that of making phonograph discs. A wax plate is made, from which a copper master plate is struck. Records are made from that. An emerald point needle is used. Phonograph companies use the same.

There are two basic methods of sound reproduction. One by phonograph disc; the other by means of shading on film. In the latter some companies use perpendicular wavering lines; others horizontal wavering lines; still others straight horizontal lines. On the density of the lines depends the tonal gradations. They range from light gray to black. The more light that is filtered through the speaking portion of the film, the louder the sound. A black line makes complete silence.

Still Other Methods

THE R. C. A. Photophone recording used by Pathe and F. B. O. is called the "hill and dale" method. As in the other talking films the sound is on the margin of the visual film. This is on the left margin. A series of emulsion points, like the skyline of a pine forest, face inward. The farther in the points project, the louder the tone.

Photophone uses two cameras. One records the action; the other, lenseless, records the sound. The visual and the sound films are then united on one film. In order to insure perfect synchronization of action and sound, the prop boy, at the end of a scene, slaps together two flat sticks, dubbed *chopsticks,* and a long point is recorded on the sound film by the sharp noise. The visual film records the figure of the boy. Thus they are cued. This is of value in cutting.

New Lights and Make-up

TALKIES demand the use of incandescent lights for two reasons. The first is that the old-fashioned sun arcs sputter and are noisy. The incandescents function without sound. The second is that the sun arcs create a haze and smoke which cannot be done away with on the tightly closed soundproof stages.

Incandescent lights and, therefore, talkies, demand a new make-up. It is called "panchromatic." With it is used panchromatic film. Brown lipstick is used instead of carmine. No greasepaint. Instead a light coating of tan powder. And for the eyes brown eye-lid lining is used.

Fanny Brice opens her heart and face to the microphone; to the right, the "mixer," and beyond him, cameramen encased in a booth.

Outwitting Noise

AT THE Pathe Studios a huge warning is painted on the roof of their sound stage. They are directly under the air route of the Maddux Air Line where passenger planes pass regularly. The sign reads "Sound Stage. Aviators Please Detour." Vibration of airplane motors, even at a height of thousands of feet, is enough to cause static and to make recording impossible. Their sound stage is also equipped with red lights at outside corners, and signs reading: "All vehicles stop when red light is on." The red light flashes when sound shots are being made.

In making exteriors at Fox Hills, difficulty was met in the thundering interurban cars that passed the studio lot. Perfect recording was achieved at night and in the early hours of the morning when the cars ran with less frequency.

The Fox Studio has a sign prohibiting automobiles parking outside their sound stages. Vibration in starting cars would ruin any scene. Vibration in talkies is equivalent to radio static.

Inside Troubles

IN EARLY talking films, extras and principals were required to wear rubber heels to eliminate the noise of walking. Sets are now equipped with one or two rugs to deaden extraneous sound. If necessary, more rugs are added. Once, in a Vitaphone picture, a horse grew fractious when his rider dismounted from the wrong side, and

A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments. Read this department to keep in touch with the swiftly-moving progress in this amazing new field of motion picture endeavor.

stamped about the set. So sensitive was the recording needle that it made a deep gouge on the record. The scene had to be remade.

Revising Webster

EXPERTS say that knowing how to use the voice is of greater value than an exquisite tone. Also the fatal "s" and "f" of the talkies ceases to be a bugaboo if the actor enunciates well. Nevertheless clever dialogue writers have been known to so skillfully write lines that tricky combinations of those consonants were avoided. For instance, in many cases, a heroine can as well be named "Mary" or "Ann" as "Phyllis" or "Cecelia." And words like "sassafras" and "vicissitudes" can be avoided without damage to the plot. Poetic license must be taken, on occasion, as recently when "ladyship" was spoken in a talkie. It was discovered that the word recorded with something of a sibilant hiss, and the actor was forced to snub Webster and pronounce it "ladys-hip," slurring the second syllable ever so slightly.

Through Special Glass

WARNER BROTHERS have twenty camera booths which will hold from one to three cameras and operators. Each booth has a glass window, about a yard square, made of the finest procurable Belgium lense glass, imported from Germany. It is the same as used in cameras, absolutely flawless, but it has not been focused. One of these sound-proof camera booths is narrow enough to be moved through doors, if occasion demands.

Calling Them Names

THE talking motion picture has numerous nicknames: *speakie, squeakie, talkie, sound picture, synchronized film, squawkie, chin-ema, talker.* Experts predict that within two years the talking film will be called "movie," as the silent film is today, because by that time there will be no soundless pictures made.

Speed

VITAPHONE has established a record of making seven short one-reel subjects a week. Feature talking pictures take as long to make as silent drama, with not so many shots of each scene because the actors rehearse until dialogue and action is perfect before the initial scene is shot. Pathe made a record when they shot *The Missing Man* in eighteen days.

New Laurels

VAUDEVILLE headliners are usually used in the short reels. It has been discovered that theirs must be an especially clever act to win much applause, because they are unknown to the average picture patron; whereas a screen favorite usually brings down the house in an audible reel feature. One vaudeville team owes its success to Vitaphone. It was getting but two hundred dollars a week, playing jerk-water towns. It made a knockout picture. And because of its success they went on Broadway at a thousand a week as headliners and got an Australian booking.

Synthetic Noises

TALKIE noises are not all they seem. A telephone ring does not register naturally. Therefore a buzzer is used. For the sound of a railroad train nothing is so effective as a steel saw cutting a pipe. Slapping flat sticks briskly together is enough to make a Chicago gangster weep for his trusty machine gun. For the crack of a bullet, first from half to two-thirds of the powder must be removed from the shell, or the report would sound like a cannon. Pathe experimented with dock sounds for *Sal of Singapore* and finally reproduced the noise of a tug boat by using a toy steam engine close to the microphone.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer difficulty was found in recording the click of the tap dancers in *Broadway Melody.* Their united rhythm sounded like an artillery barrage. Finally adhesive tape was applied to some of the soles. Others remained untaped and carried the dance tempo. Difficulty was also discovered in finding the right kind of

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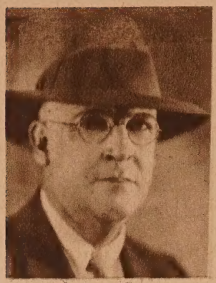
HARRY CARR



Harry Carr

Harry Carr has a long record of intimate association with the very heart and core of the movies, dating back to the days when he was right-hand man to D. W. Griffith at the old Mamaroneck Studio in New York. Since then he has been personal production advisor to such outstanding men in the industry as Mack Sennett, the comedy king; Cecil B. De Mille, producer and director; Eric Von Stroheim, producer, director and actor; Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists; and Jesse Lasky, production head of Paramount. His column of comment appears exclusively in SCREEN SECRETS among the movie magazines.

Will Rogers

THERE is some prospect that Will Rogers will come back to Hollywood after the run of his musical play in New York and make a talkie for Paramount.

Will has tried the movies many times; and has always been a very faint squeak in the hall of fame. The trouble was that he could never get a story. In the nature of things he never could be a screen lover or a screen villain; he just didn't come in custom sizes—emotionally. That same fact ruined both Bill Hart and Sessue Hayakawa—two capital actors who just didn't fit in anywhere.

Snubbing A Genius

ROGERS is absolutely broken-hearted over the cruel snub he got from the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. At the last yearly jinx, they asked him to make a speech of five minutes; and he talked for over an hour. This made the club so sore that they black balled him for membership. This hurt as the Bohemian Club is a notable organization made of celebrities and distinguished men of affairs from all over the country. The club has a great redwood grove near San Francisco and playwrights considered themselves honored if allowed to write the annual play for nothing. I have thought for some time that Rogers was riding for a fall in the matter of spreading his fame around too thickly. On the occasion of a recent convention in Los Angeles, he was asked his price for a speech and he said "Five thousand dollars for five minutes." According to this, he gave away $65,000 of eloquence to the Bohemian Club and still they didn't like it.

Al's Bride

RUBY KEELER, the bride of Al Jolson, couldn't stand the temptations of Hollywood. She gave up her New York stage career to come to California with her husband; but she seems, at this writing, to be on the verge of signing with Fox. Al is recuperating in Palm Springs on the desert after having won fame in a spectacular fist fight in the Ambassador Hotel in which he knocked cold a smart cracker who made remarks about his race.

Another Ramona!

DOLORES DEL RIO, having denied that she had trouble with Edwin Carewe, her director and also denying that she was going to marry the said gentleman, is about to embark in Longfellow's *Evangeline*. She hopes to find in it another Ramona. That has been the greatest success of her career. Incidentally made some $50,000 for the author of the theme song that went with it.

Nicking the Wise Ones

THE age of miracles has not passed. I know this is so because Agnes Ayres and Claire Windsor have both complained to the district attorney of Los Angeles that they have been swindled by bunco men in recent real estate deals. I take my hat off to the slicker who could swindle Agnes who built up a fortune in Hollywood from an original investment of $500. Agnes, Louise Fazenda, Betty Compson, Phyllis Haver and Mary Pickford are considered to be among the shrewdest real estate investors in California.

Silent Movies Died

I FIND that the inside talent is very skeptical about the future of the talkies. I also am skeptical. To me they do not represent going on to a new thing; but a reversion to a very old thing. To me they signalize the fact that the silent drama died on the hands of the producers. They just were not equal to the task of telling stories without words, an art of subtlety and suggestion.

Too Much Adoration

THE producers are doing something absolutely fatal in trying to crowd the movie stars off the map in favor of stars imported from the stage. It would be much easier to build up new film stars than to try to popularize stage stars with the movie public. Box office appeal had little or nothing to do with stories. It was a matter of adoration. Girls like Mary Pickford were built up into near-goddesses. When you pour in stage stars all over the place, there are too many to adore.

COMMENTS

Willard Cleans Up

LAST or not, talkies mean a fortune to many people. Willard Mack author of "Tiger Rose" and about a million other wild melodramas is cleaning up with both feet and hands in the money bags of Hollywood—writing dialogue. Eugene Walters, author of "The Easiest Way" has also been rescued from oblivion. To tell the painful truth, some of his dialogue seems painfully tame. I am not sure but that the subtitle writers have taught us to expect something far cleverer than any modern playwright can write.

Lillian Comes Home

LILLIAN GISH is coming home from Germany to start in on what amounts to a new screen career. Her picture under the direction of Max Reinhardt, the great German stage director, will be the most critical of her career.

I have had several letters from her from the old Sicilian castle where she has been living this summer. She says she knows that this next picture will either be her greatest or her worst.

Her Future

THERE is no secret over the fact that United Artists Corporation is much concerned over her future. They feel that she is the greatest actress now on the screen—perhaps the best actress who has ever been on the screen; but her last four pictures have very much hurt her standing as a box office attraction.

The Stars Answered

SOME of the producers are so fussed about what the screen public wants to see that they have turned to star gazing and astrology to find the answer. They got the answer—if it means anything. They were informed that the world is about to enter into an astral sign that will tend toward mushy love stories and sloppy sentiment; so we know what we have to expect. It looks to me as though all we could do is to suffer and be strong.

Von Reforms

MY OLD friend Eric Von Stroheim seems at last to have seen the error of his ways. The way he has lashed into this Gloria Swanson picture would put a Wall Street efficiency expert to burning shame. He is reported as being almost up to schedule and agreeing with Gloria as though they were two cooing turtle doves. It is not at all improbable that this next picture of theirs will bring them both back to the map.

When Gloria Fell

IN THE whole history of Hollywood, there has never been a fall so dizzy and breathless as that of Gloria Swanson. I never have been able to quite figure it out; neither has Gloria. The only way I can account for it is that she pressed the producers too hard in the matter of finances; and they pulled the props out from under her.

Where Did It Go?

IF ALL the stars had to cash in suddenly, I imagine that Gloria would have very little money to show for the prodigal and enormous fortunes she earned when she

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Phyllis Haver, who Harry Carr says is one of the shrewdest real estate investors in Hollywood.

ALICE WHITE holding the famous little book in which are recorded things which might well produce visions—a vision, for example, of Leslie Fenton, whose fascination for Alice provided one of her most poignant experiences.

ALICE WHITE'S Secret Diary

Revealing this month how Alice took a stiff sock in the jaw from Movie Fortune and staggered to her feet for a real tussle with Cupid,

By Alice White

DARING comments, discerning, frank, wise, on Hollywood's great, on heartaches, and hopes gone glimmering. They are all mingled in Alice White's great human document, her diary. One day she is in the heights of ecstacy, the next plunged to the depths of despair when her career seems smashed, her contract gone.

Dancing, laughing, partying. No wonder Hollywood calls her fondly, its Play Girl. But only her diary knows her sorrows—the griefs that she has grinned and borne.

Last month, she told about her first success in pictures, the thrill of getting her first contract, the excitement of meeting the movie stars she had admired in the flesh.

Now love comes to her for the first time. She goes through disappointments to new successes in her work. There are tears and laughter in every line. Go on now to her new experiences.

THE EDITOR.

Jan. 1, 1927. Slept all day. Was supposed to go to the football game. Went to the Grove at night with a gang of kids. Wonder why T. hasn't called

Jan. 2. Slept most of the day. Gee, I'm kind of tired lately. Guess I'll have to do more intensive sleeping and less jumping around. Went to see Dorothy Mackaye in *The Son Daughter*. I think she's a very clever actress. Why doesn't T. call me?

Jan. 3. Took a test at M-G-M in a blonde wig. Saw T. for awhile and was happy again. Met Mr. C. who is very attractive and interesting.

Jan. 4. Fooled around at the hairdresser's today. Had my hair dyed light blonde. Looks strange but as it photographs well I guess I'll have to like it. Went to bed early.

Jan. 5. Bought a new hat and dress and necklace today. Gee, they're cute. Went to the Grove at night with a gang of kids again. Saw Mr. C. and became very self-conscious, as every time I see him I have to blush. I don't know why, but I do.

Alice White, essence of youth, in a coat of flashing silver sequins.

Jan. 12. Went to a party at Eddie Goulding's. Everyone was there. Many stars from M-G-M. Had a marvelous time. Had my fortune told. If all she told me comes true, I certainly have an interesting future. Met Jack Gilbert and he danced with me. I was so thrilled I think I must have stumbled fifty times. Jack and I went on the porch to look at the gorgeous ocean. We discussed many plays and books and things and he told me he was amazed to find out I was quite intelligent. He is a terribly interesting person. I'd like to talk to him many times again.

Jan. 15. Went over to United Artists to watch Mickey Neilan direct Connie Talmadge. Norma, Connie, Mickey and I went over to lunch at Mickey's house. They are really very lovely girls and were very kind and encouraging to me about my career.

Jan. 16. Tea at the Goulding's. Had a very literary afternoon. Also discussed reincarnation and when I told them I had been told I was a boy in past generations, they all laughed at me. Who can tell?

Jan. 17. Saw part of my picture today. Liked it very much. Met Dorothy Mackaill.

Jan. 18. Payment on my car. Ye gods!

Jan. 22. Lunch at Montmartre with Ann Rork. Went to a country club dance with Nick Stuart. Won my first dancing cup. He dances nicely. We did a mean tango. And I was very thrilled because everyone applauded us. Guess I'm a pretty good dancer as this is the first time I have danced with him and to win a cup is pretty swell.

Jan. 23. Stayed home in bed with another cold. I sure catch cold out in this sunny California. Guess I'll have to start wearing red flannels or something. I'll have to use the loving cup I won last night for cough medicine.

Jan. 24. Collegian Night at Montmartre. My first date with Arthur Lake. He's a nice kid.

Jan. 27. Went to see *The American Tragedy.* Gee, I'm glad I went. Something sort of impelled me to go. Leslie Fenton was in it. He was marvelous. I sure want to meet him.

Jan. 28. Went to the opening of *Old Ironsides.* My first time at a big opening. They announced my name over the radio. Gosh, I was thrilled! Lights and crowds and everything.

Feb. 1. Went visiting at the Ambassador and while there someone stole my tire and wheel. But it's insured, so who cares?

Feb. 7. Went to United Artists studio again. Heard some nice things about little me. Saw Barrymore again and he spoke to me very sweetly. Started to tell him that he was my favorite star but became tongue-tied as usual. Went to preview of my first picture. Was very thrilled, but disappointed because they changed my characterization from a Spanish dancer to a New York chorus girl. And they put in a lot of smart, wisecrack titles which I had never said. Imagine my embarrassment! Cried all the way home.

Feb. 8. Saw another preview. Everyone liked it very much. Colleen Moore congratulated me. Later. Saw H. He was very attentive. He's a darling wild animal but at least he is honest with himself.

Feb. 11. Montmartre Wednesday night again. Saw Leslie Fenton and I think he's adorable. Flirted with him. Gee, I want to meet him.

Feb. 14. Went to the Wampas Ball. Was very bored. Too much of a crowd. Met Mack Sennett.

Feb. 16. Here's the collapse of the bubble. Found out First National were not going to renew my contract. It is very strange and I can't understand it. Just another movie puzzle. Oh, well! I still am ambitious. I've made up my mind to succeed, *regardless.*

Feb. 20. Haven't any contract now. Feel rather downhearted.

Feb. 21. Funny the slams life takes at you. Darned if it will knock me out, though. Something will turn up. Something *has got* to turn up.

Feb. 22. Took a test at United Artists for a part in *The Dove.* Feel rather encouraged.

Feb. 25. Found out I am to do part in *The Dove* with Norma and Gilbert. I am very happy.

March 6. Party at Jimmie Hall's. Rather bored. Met a lot of cute girls.

March 8. Met Helen Klumph. She is a very charming and interesting girl. Went to a preview at night. Heard of a very good part today but I guess it's just another of those movie bubbles. Let's hope not, though. I won't give up. I can't.

March 10. Met a friend of mine who told me of marvelous reviews in New York on my first picture. This cheered me up considerably.

March 12. Started to have clothes made for *The Dove.*

March 14. Started to work on *The Dove.* I'm playing a little dumb-bell. Lots of fun.

March 16. Heard they are very pleased with my work in the picture.

March 18. Went to the opening of *White Gold.*

Jack Mulhall inspects his armful (Alice White); at right, Alice in her famous role of Show Girl, *setting a high mark for cuter cuties.*

Alice White laying everything on the table, which is certainly fair enough. When she assumes that come-hither look, ships break their moorings.

Later to a very grand party of Jetta Goudal's at the Ambassador. She's a very stunning female.

March 20. Went for a ride with Doug, Jr.

March 21. T. called. Goodie!

March 23. Interview for a part with Mrs. Reid. Went over to her house that night. They all talked to me for a while and then finally told me I was to play ingenue lead in *The Satin Woman.* This made me very happy because I raised my salary and it made me feel that after all I was going on in pictures, even if I didn't have a contract. Understand it's a very grand part.

March 24. Went to preview of *Camille.* Gilbert Roland was perfectly marvelous, and I wept all over the place over Miss Talmadge.

March 25. Finished my part in *The Dove.* Got good

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A Preview of HALLELUJAH

The big revival scene where sinners get salvation.

To the left, Nina May McKenny lures Daniel Haynes. Above, a pickaninny in the cotton.

MAMMY! Dixie's come to Hollywood and most of Harlem to boot. King Vidor, the director, always a pioneer, broke a racial barrier on the screen when he decided to make *Hallelujah,* the first picture with an all-colored cast.

Vidor went to New York, where he recruited Nina May McKenny, Daniel Haynes, and other colored stage stars for the leading roles.

Then he proceeded to Memphis, Tennessee, where he filmed most of the scenes against the background of the real south, using negroes of the district for the other roles. The principals and some of the extras he imported to Hollywood for additional scenes.

One of the features of the picture which has full sound effects is the singing of the old negro spirituals by a large chorus.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

A Preview of THE DESERT SONG

The Desert Chieftain comes home.

John Boles woos Louise Fazenda. To the right, Myrna Loy tries to vamp John Miljan.

ALL the lavish picturesqueness of the Arabian setting, all the romantic costuming to say nothing of the gorgeous melodies which made *The Desert Song* one of the most popular musical comedies in recent years, will be reproduced on the screen with complete musical score when it is released as a Vitaphone production.

The two leading feminine roles are played by Louise while John Miljan, recruited from the stage, and John Boles, who has played on both stage and screen, have the leading male roles.—*Warner Bros.*

Lois Wilson comforts Pauline Frederick on the witness stand.

X MARKS SPOT

A murderer goes On Trial

HAVEN'T you always cherished a little suppressed desire to sit in on one of those murder trials which make such juicy reading in the tabloids? Well, here's your chance with no advance in prices.

On Trial, a revival of the famous stage thriller of ten years ago, begins to show what talking pictures can do.

Bert Lytell, who, by the way, seems to be staging a comeback through the talkies, has gone and done murder. Then he goes to court and on the first day of the trial breaks right down and tells that he did it. So there isn't much mystery about that.

But there the story begins. Jason Robards, as the redoubtable defense attorney, sets out to prove that the murder was justified. Whereupon, in addition to the privilege of attending the murder trial you are also let in on the dramatic succession of events which lead to it.

There is an able supporting cast composed of Lois Wilson, Pauline Frederick, Johnny Arthur and Vondell Darr.—*Warner Brothers.*

William Haines makes love to Josephine Dunn.

CAMERA!

Bill Haines is A Man's Man, *whose life ambition is to become an Elk.*

IT WILL probably be a long time before you'll see so many stars working as extras again as you will in *A Man's Man.* They did it to furnish the real Hollywood atmosphere.

But let's get to the story. William Haines is just another boy trying to get along in Hollywood, a boy with ambitions, two of them in fact.

First of all he wants to get this personality he's heard so much about. That one is easy. He takes a correspondence course. The second one, and the one that really counts, is that he wants to be an Elk.

Then he meets the girl, who is Josephine Dunn. Someone told her she looked like Greta Garbo. She put another mortgage on the old homestead and came to Hollywood. These two people who have a good start by taking themselves seriously are soon taking each other seriously. And they end by getting married.

But don't go—it isn't over yet, folks. Enter the menace in the person of Sam Hardy who is an assistant director. He'll make the girl a star and her husband an Elk if—Then things really begin to happen in a big way. The Hollywood boy with the correspondence school personality takes things into his own hands and proves that he doesn't need the assistance of any assistant director to become an Elk.—*M-G-M.*

their cinema fare, together with newsy notes about the stars, By Agnes O'Malley.

Alberta Vaughn warns Eddie Quillan.

BOILING BLOOD

***There's nothing so aggravating to a Southern gentleman, suh, as* Noisy Neighbors.**

THE title of this picture suggests Sunday in the tenement district; but upon my word, it is about a feud between two old Southern families who have sworn to kill each other until not a drop of either's blood remains on earth.

Just about the time the Carstairs tribe are satisfied that the Vanrevel estate next door has buried its last owner, a noisy family of vaudeville performers moves in to the Colonial mansion. They are the Seven Monarchs, family of magicians, acrobats and what you want.

Now, just imagine, suh, old Colonel Carstairs' embarrassment when he finds out that they are an offshoot of the hated Vanrevel family. The Colonel tries to laugh it off, but his vicious nephew is all for a wholesale slaughter of the Seven Monarchs.

Then there is the devil to pay when it is discovered that young Miss Carstairs and young Eddie Vanrevel are looking at the moon together. There is plenty of comedy in the picture, provided by the antics of the Quillan family, Eddie and his folks.

In this picture the voice of Theodore Roberts, veteran character man, is heard ironically enough, after his death for the first time. He plays the part of Colonel Carstairs, the Southern gentleman. Alberta Vaughn gives a graceful performance as his daughter. There are some excellent dialogue sequences.—*Pathe.*

Richard Dix returns to his native tepee.

WHOOPS!

Richard Dix plays a* Redskin *in color.

RICHARD DIX is playing Indian again. Every so often he feels the urge to go native, and no one stands in his way.

This time when you see him as a Redskin, he'll be a Redskin. In other words, the whole film will be in color and you can actually see Richard blush when the other boys point fingers at him for being an Indian.

Richard grows up on the reservation but some well-meaning rich folks (names supplied on request) decide to send Richard to college. He turns out to be a great guy at going over hurdles and becomes an athletic idol, but doesn't seem to be able to go over the social hurdle on account of being a Redskin, instead of a 100 per cent American. He tries everything but bleaching without success.

Finally he goes back to the reservation where his college clothes make him as unpopular as his red skin did in the East. There are some natural color scenes taken in Arizona which are prettier than any travelogue picture you ever saw.—*Paramount.*

Neil Hamilton teaches Bebe Daniels to be a reporter

WUXTRY!

***Reporters chase news—crooks chase reporters —Bebe chases crooks—and, oh,* What a Night!**

THIS is probably your last chance to see Bebe Daniels cutting capers. Bebe's contract with Paramount is coming to a close. And from now on, so she says, she is going to be very, very serious.

After you see this one you'll be sorry. Bebe was never more entertaining.

Bebe plays the part of one of those ten million girls in the United States who think that a newspaper reporter's life must be awfully interesting. But Bebe gets a break. Her father is a rich advertiser. So she walks into the job.

The editor turns her over to Neil Hamilton, the star reporter to learn the business. Bebe goes gum shoeing around gumming all his scoops. And the reporter, with remarkable self-control, refrains from choking her.

At last the story gets to the point where Bebe can't think of any more fool things to do, as stories will sometimes, so she turns around, tracks a flock of crooks to their lair, and saves the day for the dear old paper.

And Neil Hamilton should be on his way to stardom. —*Paramount.*

Nancy Carroll (right) plots with the girl friend.

SLIGHTLY USED

***There's something irresistible about even a* Shop Worn Angel.**

IS NANCY CARROLL going to be a chorus girl all her life?

She used to be one in New York before she came west to do right by the movies. And she's spent most of her time since she hit Hollywood behind synthetic footlights. First there was *Manhattan Cocktail.* Now there's *The Shop Worn Angel.* And she's keeping everybody happy.

Gary Cooper does well by the role of the country boy who doesn't know what it's all about and hasn't much desire to learn—until he meets Nancy Carroll.

He gets a glimpse of her dancing in a New York chorus, as he passes through on his way to France.

He goes on into the mud and madness of war-torn France carrying with him as a vision the innocent baby face of which he has had such a brief glimpse while passing through the City of Sin.

Nor does he know until later that his angel has an angel of her own, that in fact, she is the favorite girl-friend of a wealthy New York producer. Imagine his disillusionment when he finds that his angel has slightly singed wings.

Paul Lucas introduces a new note into the story by his performance of the little angel's sugar daddy. He is suave and sophisticated and you can't help having a little sympathy for him even though he is the Menace.—*Paramount.*

entertainment. Additional reviews will be found on page 88.

Conrad Veidt touches the golden locks of Mary Philbin.

THE NOT-SO-MERRY HA, HA

The Man Who Laughs *does not always have a heart full of mirth.*

THIS is not the jolly, carefree bit of amusement that you might be lead to expect from its title. Conrad Veidt is *The Man Who Laughs* and the only reason he laughs is because he can't help it.

We'll let you in on the secret. It's because his face was frozen that way. But Mary Philbin loves him in spite of it all.

It is one of those very picturesque costume pictures with the setting laid in medieval Europe. It is made from a very famous play by that man Victor Hugo whom you used to read back in the days when you were in school.

Conrad, it seems, as a very little boy suffered a stroke which so twisted his face that it seemed as though he were always laughing. People refused to take him seriously, and as time went on, he got credit for having a great sense of humor and eventually became a very famous clown.

He didn't mind much as the salary was good, until love came to him. Love for Mary Philbin who looks very sweet and Philbinish in her long curls. (But she does make you curious to know how she'd look with it bobbed.)

Then he wishes he could look solemn once in a while. However, Mary loves him in spite of his face. Or perhaps because of it. You don't see one like it every day.

There are some scenes of pure horror that will send shivers down your spine and lots of heart-rending drama. —*Universal.*

Colleen Moore vamps Antonio Moreno.

HEY! HEY!

Colleen Moore finds thrills in Synthetic Sin.

COLLEEN MOORE is a flip flapper again, and that's a cause for cheers. In *Synthetic Sin* she stops wearing funny make-ups and returns to the popular roles of her earlier days.

Believe it or not there are still some girls left in this broad land who don't know what sin is really like. Colleen is one of them and she is quite satisfied with this condition, too, until the time comes when she heeds the call of the footlights and has a desire to play women of the world. But how can she play scarlet women, she wants to know, when she has never even had a pink experience?

So she sets out to see life in a big way, taking the trail to New York where women sin and suffer.

She lands where lights are brightest and seeks to become one of the moths who are singed at life's flame, but finds a lamentable lack of guide posts pointing to the Primrose Path.

Suddenly the sinful atmosphere with which Colleen has surrounded herself closes in on her and complications follow thick and fast.—*First National.*

(*Continued on page* 88)

JEANETTE LOFF, featured Pathe player, is here shown presenting herself as the first blonde Hawaiian, and such an altogether attractive one does she make that one is led to suspect that 'tis Loff that makes the world go around.

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

A Russian Rhapsody

Baclanova's dramatic life in seething Russia reaches a fitting climax of romance and success in Hollywood.

By HELEN STARR HENIFIN

BLUE dynamos.

Baclanova's eyes.

They used to tell the blue-orbed girlies to go home—that they did not register on the screen. Certain directors without imagination could not compass azure of sky or sea that might spring into action under restless winds or turbulent storm.

They know better now. Many blue eyes have stayed. Baclanova's blue eyes will remain in your memory for a long time. They are cobalt lights of the soul peculiar to the blondes among Russians—starry, lighted by keen intellect, swayed by emotion.

"I am glad I came to Hollywood just when I did," confides Paramount's newest foreign star discovery. "For two reasons." She speaks with animated interest. Her coloring may be the pink and white of the Scandinavian miss but she has none of the lazy sluggishness of these north of Europe neighbors of hers. Nor does she use her turquoise-blue eyes to register bland innocence as so many English and American girls do. She is far too clever and sophisticated for that.

"Hollywood demands feeling on the screen these days. That is why I am glad I am playing here now. Characterization has dropped to second place and mere beauty is still less essential. The directors of the Moscow Art Theater where I was leading woman for so many years trained us along emotional lines—to interpret feeling. That is why I fit the demands of present day Hollywood better than I should have done if I had come here five years before."

Baclanova does not say so much about her other reason for being glad she is in Hollywood. Except under persuasion.

He is Nicholas Soussanin, a Russian, and a graduate of the government art school and formerly a well known player in the Petrograd Theater when Baclanova was playing in Moscow. Soussanin has been playing in the pictures in Hollywood for five years and these two met in America for the first time.

"Yes, we are engaged," smiles the beautiful Russian woman, "but in Europe no one asks about that. We consider our personal lives our own—I cannot understand the American way."

And then, because the subject is close to her heart, she is bound to be loquacious. "Nicholas comes to lunch with me every day when he is not far away on location. I rarely eat at the studio. And evenings, I like to be at home with Nicholas to talk or sing to him. And we like to ride through your beautiful California country together." Then, with a surge of happy candor, "Oh, I wish to be always with Nicholas when I am not at the studio. He is my great love."

Baclanova in one of the character roles for which she is so splendidly equipped by training.

AT HOME she has serious obligations. Her family must have great adoration and respect for their Olga—Baclanova's endearing first name dropped unceremoniously by the studios.

There are six of them—brothers and sisters and her mother, bereft when the war engulfed her father's formerly prosperous woolen mill and crowded her family into one room of the ten-room house they used to occupy.

At sixteen she had entered the Moscow Art Theater because she suited their odd artistic requirements. She could both act and sing and the directors of this unique organization wanted that type of performer rather than singers whom they might have to train to act.

When her father died over grief of his wartime losses, brave Olga borrowed her mother's diamonds to finance her invasion of the artistic world abroad and with small purse jangling with good luck pieces about which she is very superstitious, she went forth with the other Moscow Art Players to try her fortunes on Broadway, New York.

"Of my own wartime hardships, I cannot complain," says Baclanova. "The leaders of the Bolshevik regime were good to me. All Russians adore their artistic folk, and regardless of political changes in the government, they wished the Moscow Art Theater to continue its productions. And so I was always provided with a good place to live and had good food and clothes. During the summer vacation the Bolsheviks gave me

a country house near the Black Sea near where other artists and professionals lived. We had an abundance of fruit and flowers there. It was like California. And the only requirements they asked in exchange for these summer vacations was that I give two concerts during the holiday season.

And so, many of her earnings in the American studios now go back to Russia to care for the mother and the brothers and sisters. "I am not a princess," she says simply. "I tell you no false tales of titles abroad. But we are a good family, a family of which I am proud."

There are things in the American artist and studio life which are difficult for her to understand. "They talk of diet," she says, "I have no use for diet. I eat as I wish as we do in Russia." And then she goes on to tell one that she played lots of tennis in Russia between rehearsals and performances and became quite mad over the game. Which exercise, without her being aware, perhaps, made up for excess on menus.

When George Bancroft, doing a rough and ready scene with the Russian star, tore her imported beaded gown in shreds, it did not bother her nearly as much as being told that they were going to put talkies into *The Wolf of Wall Street.* She fears her accent may hamper her career in this new world. And doing sound sequences all night long, interrupted by the occasional rattle of milk carts that penetrate the sound-proof walls, is not so good.

She cannot understand why studios wish her to pose for so many still pictures. "Do Americans paper their walls with the pictures of the stars?" she asked me with naive candor.

And, just then, a photographer asked her when she would be at leisure to take some informal shots.

"I am all out of poses," she answered simply. "I have no more." But, of course, she isn't, as the accompanying pictures prove.

And the Yankee way of grinding steadily for output irritates the European temperament.

"In Russia we understand the artist's feeling. If one is tired we know the soul is tired. We stop work until soul inspiration is revived. But here, if the idea of stopping rehearsal for a time is even suggested it falls on dead air. No one pays the slightest attention!" Exotic she is, Russia incarnate with its centuries of repressed feeling bound to break forth in her own emotional life. Hollywood believes she will go far beyond Pola Negri, her predecessor as the leading emotional actress of the screen.

HOLLYWOOD'S manner of engaging new players is still muddled. They are still "discovering" the sweet young thing from Whoopee, Idaho, and thrusting her into leads without so much as a make-up test. The same director who explores for fledglings will holler just as loudly for stage experience, technique and proven dramatic talent if his immediate audience respects all that. So, if the Hollywood policy is still topsy-turvy, it is a gratification to know that an actress like Baclanova is going to reap the rewards of her years of training.

Baclanova in a scene of high-pressure vamping from Wolf of Wall Street, *demonstrating her pulling power.*

Baclanova in a regally thoughtful pose reminiscent of her early life in Russia.

She has never been to Paris. Her train, bound for the west, only stopped in Berlin long enough to discharge smoke puffs. And yet, without ever having been a student in these cosmopolitan capitals, she became a proficient ballet and stage dancer at the Moscow Art Theater, was trained to sing roles in the musical dramas given there and became a versatile player of comedy, drama and tragedy.

Nimbleness of mind must have been a first qualification, for performances were changed every day and matinees given on Sundays. The company gave plays translated from the Greek, the best efforts of the Russian playwrights and the smartest comedies from the French stage. The dialogue was often spoken in a melodious singing manner which fitted directly into the orchestrations and choruses. A mastery of pantomime was demanded, too, for the introductory scenes were often played noiselessly.

In Baclanova's *Carmen* played with the Moscow Art Players when they visited New York, the dramatic critics

(*Continued on page* 114)

Greta's Last Tribute

Greta Garbo confides Stiller mission—Menjou plays truant—Del Rio faithful to the end—Bessie Love's new boy friend—a Manhattan Countess—Peaches' movie troubles—cameras blast Broadway careers—and other tidings from New York.

By ARTHUR W. EDDY
Screen Secrets New York Correspondent

THE newspapers have told you that Greta Garbo has returned to Sweden for a vacation and to visit her mother.

But that is only a surface reason. In the heart of the languid star was a desire to pay tribute to the man who guided her to the starry peaks of cinema success—the man who probably carried her love to his grave a few months ago when he died at Stockholm. He was Mauritz Stiller, director.

It was the imperial-appearing Stiller who discovered Greta when she was a long-legged, unsophisticated extra loitering hopefully around a studio in Sweden. They eventually became sweethearts and under his persuasion, she came to America to continue sky-rocketing to fame. Hollywood first watched her troupe in *Torrent,* later in *The Temptress,* and then with Jack Gilbert in such red-hot numbers as *Flesh and the Devil* and *Love.* Stiller came to America, too, and the Garbo-Stiller love song was resumed, although there was a discordant note struck by Gilbert.

When the glamorous Greta came east she managed to evade a score or more of newspapermen and photographers waiting for her in Chicago. Although there was a cordon of news hounds around the train she kept her head down and slipped through.

Arriving at New York Greta went up to Harmon to stay, incognito, with intimate friends, instead of checking in at some fashionable hostelry, as stars customarily do. Interviewers besieging the M-G-M office for her address were informed that even the company executives did not know her whereabouts.

To her Harmon friends Greta revealed her principal motive for sailing for Sweden. "I want to lay a wreath on the grave of Mauritz Stiller," she said sincerely. "He has meant a great deal in my life."

When Greta returns to Hollywood in March, her first picture under her new M-G-M contract will be *Tiger Skin,* based on an Elinor Glyn story.

Greta Garbo, occupying an exalted position in screen history as a great lover, who remembers her debt to Mauritz Stiller.

The Camera's Cold Eye

HARRY RICHMAN, Broadway stage and night club idol extraordinary, won't be able to extend his conquests to the cinema world. A battery of cameras at the old Cosmopolitan studio, making tests for *Say It With Music* in which he had expected to star, decided that he doesn't screen well and nobody can tell a camera that it's wrong.

United Artists, the company which was to release the picture, says that Harry was too busy with his work in *George White's Scandals* and at Club Richman to go in for movie-making. He's going to California late in the winter to play in the opus, as soon as his Broadway activities are finished for the season, so the producers claim. But, as the old lady said, wait and see.

The Russian Racket

SONYA KARLOV, the little blonde girl who spoofed Cecil B. De Mille into believing that she was a Russian countess, is back in Manhattan—looking for a good movie

job. Before she went hopefully into the west and kidded the famous director into giving her a contract, her name was Jean Williams, of *Ziegfeld's Follies.*

When Jean migrated to Hollywood about two years ago her manager decided that the best way for her to crash into stardom was to develop a regular Russian accent and ancestry. The caviar atmosphere she created was a splendid job, as is attested to by the fact that the famous Cecil fell for it.

But someone spilled the proverbial beans and De Mille learned that his "Russian" discovery had never been nearer Russia than Coney Island. He kept her on his payroll, as per contract, but didn't give her an opportunity to face the camera. Finally the show ended when De Mille bought back Sonya's contract.

The other afternoon I came across Sonya working with George Jessel in *Lucky Boy* at the R. C. A. studio.

"I'm starting all over again," she confided. "The only thing I'm saving from my Hollywood experience is my name. I want to forget the rest of it."

Truant De Luxe

IT ISN'T every star who can pack up and railroad east when he doesn't like the story selected for him. That is, and still remain in the good graces of the company paying his salary.

Adolphe Menjou obviously can get away with it. It seems that the sleek Adolphe didn't care for the part he was slated to play in *The Concert,* Paramount picture. The role required him to grow old during the action of the story and he was afraid that his admirers wouldn't cheer for him thusly. So, with charming Kathryn Carver, his spouse, he bag and baggaged east, leaving the studio executives with a story but no star.

What would Paramount do with this star who was playing hooky from school, was the current query in the east. But Paramount, which thinks a lot of Menjou, didn't get excited, and a day or so after his arrival in New York, the star and Walter Wanger, the company's high mogul of production, sauntered, arm in arm, through the Astoria studio.

Still More Trouble

WHEN "Peaches" Browning stepped into the cast of *The Squealer,* underworld drama, its leading lady, Ruth Shepley, stepped out. "I don't like cheap and sensational publicity," declared Ruth, pointing a finger at the little lady who gave Daddy Browning a run for his checkbook.

Peaches is also playing another role—in a divorce court. In this show she is cast as "the other woman" by Mrs. Katherine Allen, who alleges that her husband, Edgar, theatrical booker for Peaches was very, very friendly with Heaven's latest gift to the Broadway stage.

Almost There, But—

JARNEGAN, unvarnished tale of early Hollywood life which created a sensation when printed serially in SCREEN SECRETS, has been adapted for movie production. Charles Beahan and Garrett Fort, the scenarists who gave this Jim Tully novel its stage treatment, did the work.

Although *Jarnegan* is attracting tremendous audiences in New York, the chances of its being filmed by a major company are nil. The Will Hays office has said thumbs down on the story. And, furthermore, Hollywood isn't apt to make faces at itself in the cinematic mirror.

Their Ideal Roles

SELDOM do stars play the kind of roles they would like to.

Charlie Chaplin would gladly discard his famous shoes and stick to do a Shakespearean drama, but he is a good enough business man to realize that the movie-going public wouldn't stand for it.

Jack Gilbert prefers the heman roles, something like he played in *The Big Parade,* but the box office demands that he should play the part of the hot and heavy lover.

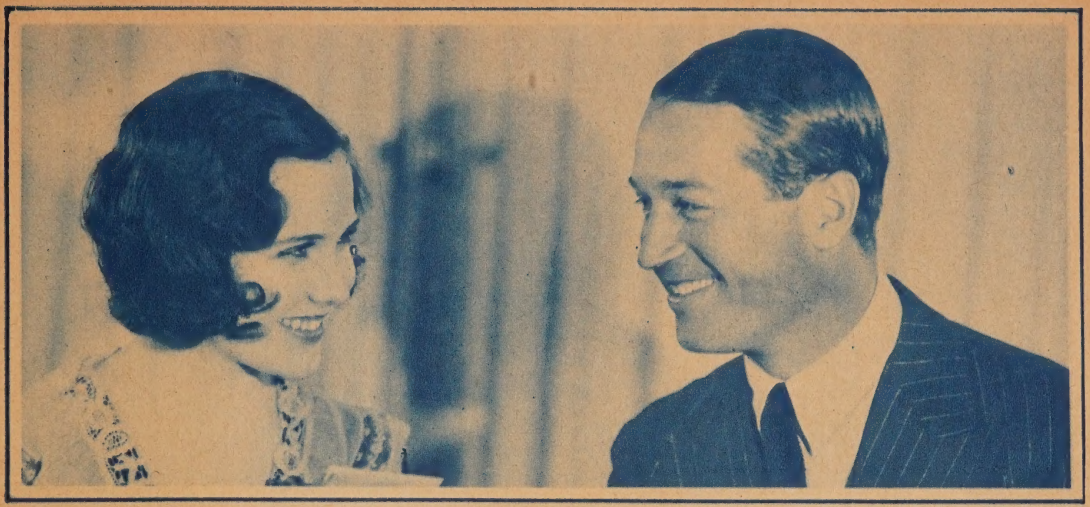
Pola Negri has always dreamed of playing Cleopatra. And now her dreams are coming true. No less a person than the illustrious George Bernard Shaw has selected her to impersonate the flaming historical vamp in a screen version of his play, *Caesar and Cleopatra.* It will be filmed in England, beginning in July, and erudite George himself will lend a hand.

Zeda Mansfield, a large part of the Good News *that played to a record run at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre.*

Bebe Still Free

YOU can chalk the name of Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., war flyer and internationally famous polo player, off the list of prospective hubbies for Bebe Daniels. His engagement to Mrs. Alexander McLaughlin, Jr., beautiful young widow and a member of one of the wealthiest families in the country, has been announced. When the peppy Paramount star was vacationing in the East several months ago, she dashed around considerably with Tommy, and a rumor started immediately that they intended to hit the matrimonial trail together.

(*Continued on page* 101)



Mary Brian and Maurice Chevalier deciding that interviewing and being interviewed is great stuff —when a girl like Mary does the asking and a genial personality like Maurice does the answering.

Meet M. CHEVALIER

Maurice Chevalier, the Al Jolson of France, tells his impressions of Hollywood to Mary Brian as our "extra special" correspondent.

By Mary Brian

FOR four years, I have been on the answer side of the interview. I've had to tell writers everything from the story of my life to what I think of leading men. So when SCREEN SECRETS asked me to interview Maurice Chevalier, the latest importation on the Paramount lot, I thought it would be fun.

My first shock came when I saw him. Tall and slim, in his dark blue suit and sombre tie, his blue eyes twinkling and his smooth hair no-color-at-all, he looked like an American business man. I felt sure he'd begin talking about overhead and options and the stock market.

He didn't kiss my fingers, as so many of the Hollywood foreign legion do, but shook hands heartily and smiled his nice boyish smile. After that, his accent was another shock.

"Tell me," I demanded, pointing my pencil at him as if it were a gun, "the story of your life."

"But that will take us from now to next week!" he protested. "It is so much and yet it is nothing. I am of the working people from suburb of Paris. We have school only until twelve years of age—the geo*graphy*, the numbers and to read." (You see, his accent is clearly understandable, a fascinating thing of misplaced emphasis and odd choice of words.)

"When I was half-past eleven, I was ready for work. I try everything, carpenter, printer, selling for a painting shop, nail factory—what not? All the time I sing for the—what you call it—fun of the thing? At first, I think I will be an acrobat but after I break my neck two-three times I see that I like music best. Not *o*pera, just music-hall songs—and I have been doing that ever since!"

Though he modestly dismisses them with a wave of the hand, M. Chevalier's music-hall songs have put him at the top of the ladder as the idol of the continental theatre. When I heard him at the Mayfair later, I saw why he's an idol. He comes on with that gorgeous smile, an air of "Now, aren't we having the best time?" makes you laugh with an impersonation almost uncanny and in a twinkling he's giving you a whimsical, delicate thing that touches your heart with Barrie tenderness, and—like that —he's gone into a song and dance.

Everybody asks me about diet so I asked M. Chevalier. I never do it because I lose weight when I'm working. I don't eat much breakfast and I worry so much I have no appetite for lunch. I do the worrying for the whole Paramount Studios, but I stay slim.

"It's no big matter about food," he replied—and he said "beeg" in a fascinating way—"I exercise. In France I used to box but that is not so good for risk. I might not be so beautiful if I do. I dance. Also I play Fairbanks' game of 'Doug' which is like tennis but faster and harder. Just men play and we can be rough."

He is a great admirer of Douglas and Mary Fairbanks, whom he met in Paris. "So human, so nice and so great," he calls them.

"Once before this I come to this country for a little visit—two-three days. I land in New York and there is a telegram for me from my friend Doug, asking me to

come to Hollywood (he calls it Holywood) to stay at his house. I am so delight', I show this telegram to everybody I meet. 'See here now,' I say to them, 'what you think of that? A great man like Douglas Fairbanks sends me this. He asks me to his house.' Oh, I tell you, I feel very good! I know nothing then of the geo-*graphy*. I think, well, this is Thursday, so Friday I will see Ziegfeld's Follies, and Saturday I am invite to Long Island for tennis tournament, but Sunday morning I will get on a train for Holywood and spend the night with my friend Doug. And then I will catch the boat home on Monday." He thoroughly enjoyed the joke on himself.

WHEN I asked him about his ideal girl, he said he was a married man and his wife was with him, but I told him he had to answer, even if he said his wife was his ideal.

"No, I shall say that Mary Pickford is the ideal girl," he said, then. "She is perfect—a mixture of wife and baby. I do not mean I am in love with her, but I think she is one who should not be changed in one particle. I never saw a couple more happy than Doug and Mary, and my wife say so, too."

"You have to tell me what you think of love at first sight now," I instructed him. "They made me answer that. I said I'd never been in love so I didn't know whether it came at first sight or last. What do you think?"

He seemed to think I had said something very funny. He couldn't seem to stop laughing and his eyes danced like blue stars.

"The answer is fate. Nobody can help it, nobody can dodge it. There's no use fighting it if it is really love."

"But it doesn't seem so terribly lasting—at least in Hollywood," I objected.

"Holywood is no differ-*ent* than anywhere. Divorce is the same in New York or Paris. But here is more like big vill-*age* and everybody knows each other and talk more so it sounds more scandalous," he explained.

"Everybody is so open here—so black and white. Gary Cooper, now. I went on his set to see him work. I have met him at a party so I smile and wave. He looks at me, so black, so scowl that I think I have insulted him. Then he starts slowly toward me." He rose from the bench in the Art Gallery where we had been sitting and acted Gary Cooper loping across the room with menace in his eyes. "But when he reach me, he stick out his hand and say: 'You should be'—what you call it?—' a *cinch* in talking pictures!' They tell me he is ti-*mid*, and that is why he looks at me so black.

"But now," he came back to me and shook his finger at me, "you have left something out. You must say to me: 'What do you think of American girl?' "

I obediently did so.

"I do not answer," he replied,

(*Continued on page* 110)

Above, Maurice Chevalier and his wife in a nook of their new Hollywood home; at left, Maurice at the keyboard running over one of the songs that made him the idol of France.

Letters of a Movie Extra

Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Dolly:

Gee! Wotta day—I've laughed till I'm sick and tonight when I swapped my ducket for my Seven Five Oh I almost said, "Keep the change!" Harold Lloyd does that to you. He greets you with a grin and sends you home the same way.

The foreign element always did have a cinch for work and in this picture the atmosphere is almost entirely Chink. And do those little China Dolls flap? Dun't esk! Clara Bow had better watch her laurels—little slant-eyes has no regard for patents or copyrights. However, they do speak English. The assistant tried handling one of them by the sign language. He motioned for her to go up some steps. She just shook her head. Finally she said, "If you tell me what you wish I will be glad to do it for you." A lot of this royal cinematic propaganda could profit by that lesson.

Well, it was a change from working with Corinne Griffith anyway. Oh, don't misunderstand me, Dolly dear, "The Orchid" is the most fair of them all. She starts work at ten and quits at six regardless—no overtime but plenty of back-tomorrows. One night there was only one more shot with the crowd. The camera started and so did Corinne; pushing her way through the mob, her eye fell on her wrist watch. She just turned and said, "Good night, folks. See you *all* in the morning." Did she get a vote from the mob? I'm telling you!

I went over to work with Marion Davies the other day. Marion's set is like a display of motion picture stars. Everyone who is anyone visits the set and chats a while with somebody. In the cast are Polly Moran and George K. Arthur. They are both such mirth-provokers that they divide the time up into fifteen-minute periods so that neither one can get in on the other's bows.

Bill Haines dropped in on the set. He has a reputation for wise-cracking, so I sidled up to him and started a conversation. Guess I looked English, so he didn't waste any of his subtle jokes on me. He's really good-looking, Dolly, better off than on. He had on a black and white polka-dot suit, you know—like ma's old sunbonnet, only his was wool and ma's was cotton. He has a very nice Virginia accent—outside of that he's quite Hollywoodish, only he does wear a hat.

I saw Joan Crawford running around the lot with young Fairbanks. She's going back to natural, only the ends of her hair are red, now.

That reminds me—Harry Rapf was on the set the other day, too. You know, Dolly, he was the one that discovered Joan in New York and sent her out here. I got in the line of his vision as much as possible but I guess he wasn't in a discovering mood that day.

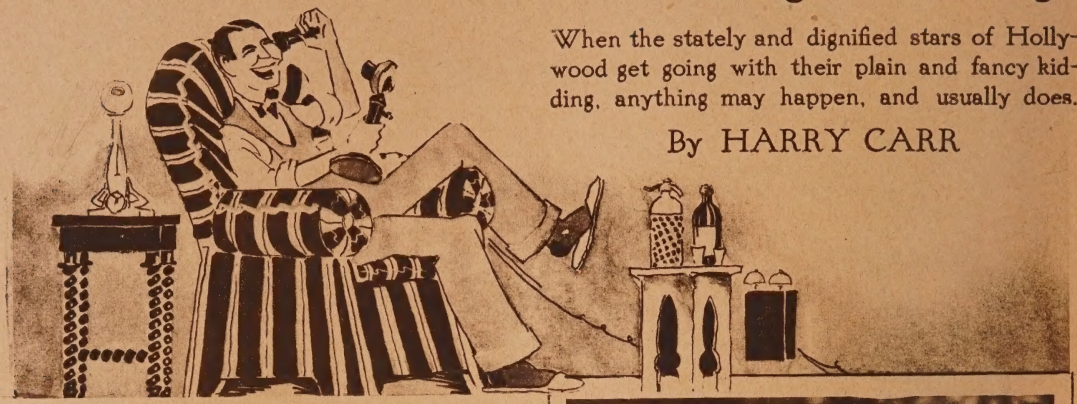
Love,
FRANCOIS FERN.

P. S.—Tell Ma I'm getting along swell. It isn't the truth, but I can't think up a good lie in a hurry.

The Pranks They Play

When the stately and dignified stars of Hollywood get going with their plain and fancy kidding, anything may happen, and usually does.

By HARRY CARR



HER HIGHNESS, the Marquise de la Falaise, de la Coudray, is the best—or the worst—kidder in Hollywood. A title didn't take the mischief out of Gloria Swanson.

Whenever she gives a party for a king or an emperor, he always has to be careful to look for pins when he sits down. She spares no one.

In fact, the roughest practical joke she ever played happened just after she had returned from France with a husband and a title a yard long. After all the society bootlickers had drunk up all her free entertainment and gone home, Gloria used to fly to the telephone for her evening's fun.

She would find some name like Skadinsky in the telephone book and call up the number—in the middle of the night. Usually Mrs. Skadinsky answered the phone; and her sleepy voice indicated that she didn't feel like a nize baby either.

"Hello," said the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray. "Will you call your husband to the phone? I want to speak to him . . . oh, just tell him it's Lucile . . . yes, tell him that Lucile forgot to tell him something . . ."

If Mr. Skadinsky wasn't at home at the moment, she left a loving message for him.

All of which was grand entertainment for Gloria; but wasn't so good for the neighbors who had to listen to the parliamentary debate between the Skadinsky's all the rest of the night; and for many nights thereafter.

It made so much excitement that the police had to get on the job and trace the calls. Finally, they made a formal call upon the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray and requested her in no uncertain terms to cut out the kidding.

One of Gloria's favorite wheezes is to get dressed up in old clothes from the studio prop room, and get a job for the evening as a waitress in some dinky cafe.

However, Gloria got paid back in her own coin—twice—and by the same person. Gloria had just pulled a rough joke on one of her scenario writers; I forget just what it was—introducing him as the co-respondent of a famous divorce suit or something of the kind. They decided it was about time she got hers.

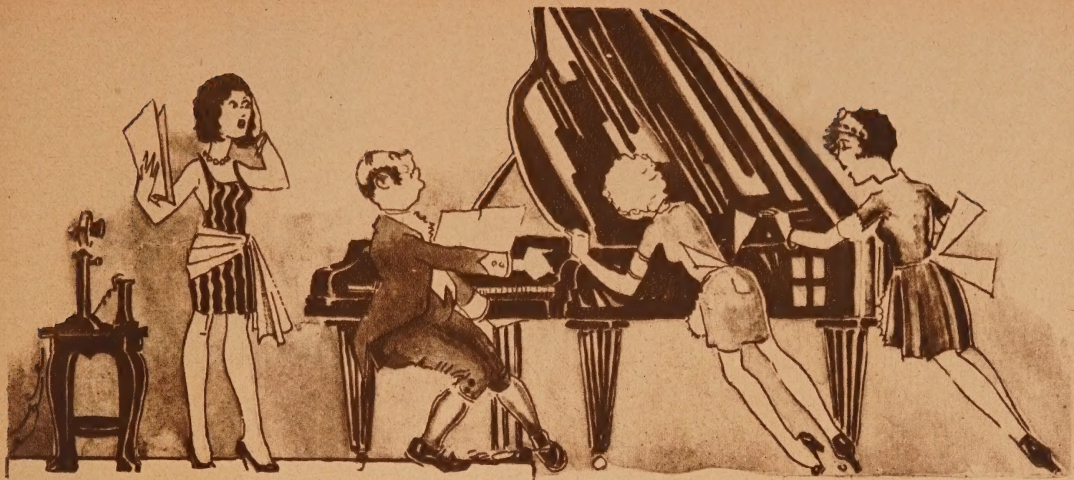
One of the men on her staff was James Creelman, a charming, well-educated young newspaper man who had turned to literature. He gave a theater party for her. It was one of the big opening nights in New York and the party sat in a row in the middle of the house.

In the middle of the show—not between acts—Gloria felt a package slipped into her hands; and a whisper "Open it." She thought it was candy. It was limburger cheese of the most violent and passionate disposition. It came out of the box like a blast from a fertilizer factory. Everybody forgot the play and began to turn around and sniff. Beckoning fingers began summoning ushers. The woman just in front of Gloria clasped her handkerchief frantically to her nose and began gasping. That whole part of the house was a whirlpool of sniffing indignation and excitement.

Imagine her embarrassment!—when Marie Prevost heard a wag appeal to her mother to take Marie off his trail!

Gloria is a quick thinker. Just before the lights came on, she slid the box down under her seat; and at the first illumination, she marched haughtily out with her handkerchief delicately applied to her nose.

Another time, Creelman gave a box party for her. She



Rush Hughes' invention was supposed to enable Hollywood celebrities to broadcast through their own telephones but Rush was the audience and the only one.

Gloria Swanson, the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, but nevertheless Hollywood's high-powered kidder.

should have been suspicious when she found that she and her husband were the first ones there. A young gentleman so punctilious in his courtesy as Creelman is never late.

But she sat down in the front row—the target for all eyes in a crowded and fashionable house.

Presently—just before the curtain rose—in walked three stage Frenchmen. Little square beards—little chopped off swallow tail coats—and high opera hats. They marched in with a line as straight across as evening parade at West Point. With one sudden scissors movement, they all bowed to the floor at the same time. With one impulse they took one simultaneous step forward. With one movement each hat went under the left arm; with one movement, they doubled suddenly up to kiss her hands. Then like clock work, they perched themselves stiffly on the edge of three chairs.

Gloria got the giggles. There was no way to leave the house until the curtain went up; then she slid out as rapidly as possible. At her automobile door, three stage Frenchmen bowed low as though they worked by machinery, in farewell. And it was a long farewell. Gloria couldn't stop kidding people if she tried; but she put the King's X mark on her scenario staff after that.

There is some one else she never tries to kid—John Grey. He is a scenario writer, at present on Mary Pickford's staff. John is a hopeless case.

On one occasion, when I was in the old Sennett studio, Marie Prevost was entertaining some friends. They were the kind of friends that were discreetly skated around the edge of the bathing pool where the young ladies without too many clothes on might have been seen; they were shown all the dear little animals that are used in the movies, etc., etc.

John broke his way through the group and, with solemn and offended dignity, addressed Marie's mother. He said something like this:

"Mrs. Prevost, I want you to do something about your daughter. I simply can't stand having her follow me around this way. I am a family man and I have my own reputation to think of." Poor Marie, whose maddest dissipation was an Epworth League meeting, nearly passed out.

Christmas was a time of terror in that studio with Johnny Grey around. The last Christmas we were all at the studio, John went to great pains to provide Mabel Normand with a nice visit from Santa Claus. Near Los Angeles there is a farm where they raise lions for the market; and the daily menu consists of old, broken-down horses. John found one so poor that you could hang a hat on his hip bones. He had it brought to town in the dark of night and tied it on Mabel's front porch. During the night, the poor old nag heard his ancestors calling him home. So when Mabel emerged to early Mass on Christmas morning, she found a dead horse with a card tied to his forelock: "Merry Christmas and lots of love."

In the scenario department there was, at that time, a

(*Continued on page* 102)

TULIP TIME IN HOLLAND

JANET GAYNOR and Charles Morton in a scene of rustic beauty from their forthcoming picture, Christina. *Who would mind being in Dutch with a pal like Janet? Certainly not Charlie, who demonstrates here how to bridge the difficulty by holding on.*

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Know What Fashion decrees for the coming season. Elmer Richards Co. has spared no effort or expense in making this new book the most reliable and authoritative source of style information to be had today.

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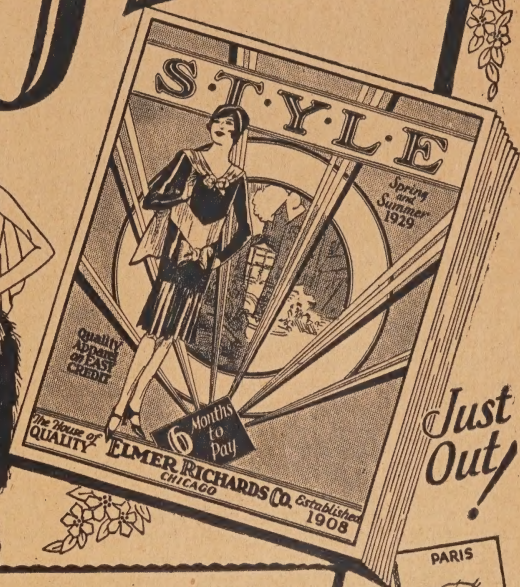

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Ten Years Ago

Richard Dix failed his first screen test—Blondes photographed dark—Hobart Bosworth sold 'em on California—Westerns gave the movies their start.

Cramped Quarters

BACK in the good old days stars and extras fought for dressing room space, and took what they could get—with thanks. Imagine, then, the sensation when the first star's special dressing room was built at Inceville in 1915 for that lovely little actress, Billie Burke! Today all the most important stars have a suite or even a perfectly equipped bungalow of several rooms, including an electric grill or kitchenette. Billie Burke was one of the first stars, also, to report to work daily in a car. And her chauffeur—he was an ambitious young cowboy who liked monkeying around machinery—Buddy Roosevelt!

Westerns Popular

TODAY few productions—save along "poverty row" where the "quickies" bloom like dandelions after a summer rain—are completed in less than six weeks. But back in 1911, when the American Company was sitting on top of the world, they made four pictures a week, and had Saturday and Sunday off! Our first really popular motion pictures were the good old Westerns, in which wicked Indian warriors scalped fair settlers' daughters. After their first burst of fame, Westerns had a decided slump. It was William S. Hart, the two-gun man, who revived them. In those gay old days at the American, Pauline Bush, now lost in the dim ages of antiquity, was leading woman; Louise Lester was the ace character actress, while "Jack" J. Warren Kerrigan, was the dastardly villain. Two actors, quite new to the screen, played juveniles, leads, villains, fathers, mobs, or whatever turned up in the day's work. They were Wallace Reid and Marshall Neilan.

The Light Touch

D. W. GRIFFITH claims to be responsible for the popularity of blondes. In 1908 he started introducing to the screen such fair beauties as Mary Pickford, Marion Leonard, Florence Lawrence, Blanche Sweet, Lillian Gish, and others equally popular in the good old days. Although the fashion of the times decreed that the old-time "frail" should be a bit hefty in the hips and impressive above the solar plexus, his heroines were possessed of boyish figures. As blond hair was not "picked up" by the camera in the old days, but registered dark, he busily set to work inventing a system of lighting known as the halo effect, which gave the light-headed misses full benefit of the doubt. If some of you have wondered why Blanche Sweet used to look brunette, just consider it's a question of electricity, not chemistry.

Lina Basquette at the age of ten, in the 1917 opus, Romany Rose—*the picture where Universal decided to put all their eggs in one Basquette.*

First Job

STRANGE things happen in the movie world, where all crossroads meet. Many years ago Luke Cosgrave, then a stage producer, gave James Cruze his first job as an actor. Today Cruze is directing *The Duke Steps Out* on the M-G-M lot, while Cosgrave, now a popular character actor, is playing a comedy professor.

Do You Remember:

FLORENCE TURNER as the Vitagraph Girl; Marion Leonard as the Biograph Girl, and Gene Gauntier as the Kalem Girl—back in the days when their own names were not given on the screen? . . . 1908, it was . . . . Mrs. Vernon Castle in the serial, *Patria,* back about 1917 . . . She won a Hearst contest, which gave her a Pathe contract . . Milton Sills and Warner Oland also in *Patria* . . . Max Asher in one-reel Universal comedies.

This Singular Book Wields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!

Will You Read It Five Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages! A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book!—read a few pages—and then *sent for a copy!*

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting-room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then *ordered copies for themselves!*

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly!* It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously!*

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay $25 to $50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!* And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument, but rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

What priceless benefits! So profound! So far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume: "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for $100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

Book Tells You

- How to develop a Magnetic Personality.
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- How to gain perfect nerve control.
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- How to read people's thoughts by watching their eyes.
- How to develop a magnetic eye.
- How to make your face appear 20 years younger.
- How to control others by a glance.
- How to use Magnetic Healing.
- How to end awkwardness and timidity.
- How to attract the opposite sex.
- How to get ahead in your business or profession.
- How to make your subconscious mind work wonders.
- And dozens of other vital topics.

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You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and inspired in the 5-day free period, return it and pay us nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit the Special Price of only $3 in full payment. This volume was originally published to sell at $5—but in order to reach as many readers as possible—it is being offered at this special reduced price. This offer may never appear again, so you are urged to act at once before it is withdrawn. Remember—you do not pay unless you decide to keep the book. You risk nothing—so clip and mail this coupon NOW. **Ralston University Press, Dept. 202-F, Meriden, Conn.**

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GETTING PERSONAL

Introducing a new *Screen Secrets'* department devoted to intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

Billie Dove and hubby, Irving Willat, have just bought an apartment house with thirty-nine flats in Los Angeles.

Betty Compson learned to do the hula from a native maid while she was working in Hawaii.

Alice White is never caught wearing stockings.

Buster Collier is an amateur camera fiend, and goes about snapping his friends unawares.

Constance Talmadge has been living on a yacht in the Mediterranean during the shooting of scenes from *Venus*, her latest picture.

Max Reinhardt, coming from Germany to direct Lillian Gish and Ernst Lubitsch, are old friends. Reinhardt's favorite actor is Chaplin.

Tim McCoy, western star, is touring Europe.

Nils Asther lives in seclusion high up in the Hollywood hills.

Buster Keaton's hobby is playing baseball every minute he gets away from his work.

Richard Arlen is Mayor of Toluca Lake, a small film colony not far from Hollywood.

Colleen Moore has been frequenting dance halls of Los Angeles in disguise to get local color for her next picture, *That's a Bad Girl.*

Adolphe Menjou bought his wife, Katherine Carver, some lovely jewelry while they honeymooned in Europe. Among her gifts was a beautiful square cut emerald.

Vivacious Lili Damita, when she attends Hollywood parties, is always surrounded by a circle of interested men.

Edna Murphy has broken a rule which applies to all blondes. She wears red velvet, and proves that old rule quite false by looking lovelier than ever in this vivid hue.

Jackie Coogan is appearing in the music halls of Europe with great success.

Al Jolson smashed his finger in the door of his wife's new car.

Alice Day is learning to play the new game of Russian Bank.

Marion Davies is taking singing lessons.

Count de Segurola wears a yellow rose to match a cravat and waistcoat of the same color.

Virginia Valli rides horseback almost every day.

Clarence Terhune, stowaway on the Graf Zeppelin, has been signed to play in a Universal picture.

Lupe Velez learns new jazz steps from everyone at the studio, prop boys and stars alike.

Lina Basquette took her baby to Montmartre for luncheon the other day.

Maurice Chevalier, the French musical comedy star who will play in Paramount pictures openly admits he is not as good as Al Jolson. His very modesty makes Hollywood more than anxious to see his first picture in this country.

The life and loves of Charlie Chaplin have been put into a play now running on a Paris stage, and it is said that Beverly Hills closet skeletons are rattling.

George O'Brien, Fox star, is the son of Chief of Police O'Brien of San Francisco. Tom Gallery, actor, and husband of Zazu Pitts, is the son of the famous old Captain Gallery of the Chicago police force. Bertram Millhauser, DeMille supervisor, is the son of Captain Millhauser of the New York police department.

Lili Damita must acquire a perfect English diction in six months. This is according to the terms of her new contract for talking pictures.

Richard Barthelmess likes tennis so well that we saw him playing on a court the other day with a bandaged eye.

Madame Chevalier, wife of Maurice Chevalier, the French Paramount star, is studying English in earnest.

Mrs. Conrad Nagel gave a party recently and invited many stars to come to meet her honored guest, her grandmother.

Paul Leni says that in Europe, before he came to California, he was told that he would have to ride a horse to the post office in Hollywood because there were no roads or motor cars! Sounds like propaganda.

Captain John Loder, handsome Paramount leading man, is the son of General Lowe of the British army.

Jack Gilbert wears dark glasses when he shops in Hollywood or plays the market at his brokerage office. His glasses prevent the attentions of the curious crowd, for few recognize the star in this disguise.

Harry Richman, who you have probably heard on dozens of your phonograph records, is to star in the United Artists picture "Song of Broadway," a singing and talking picture.

A New Kind of Make-Up

Developed by Hollywood's Make-up Genius

NOW READY FOR YOU!

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RENEE ADOREE

Under a Strange Light in Hollywood, we Found Out How to Avoid "Off-Color" and "Spotty" Effects in Make-up.

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Under the blazing "Kleig" lights, more trying than sunlight, "stars" are photographed. Make-up must be perfect or grotesque effects result. To meet this severe test, Max Factor developed a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color-harmony, which photographed perfectly. Today, Max Factor's Make-Up is used almost exclusively by the "stars".

Then from this discovery came powders, rouges and other essentials for day and evening use, based on the same principle of cosmetic color harmony. Their success in Hollywood was instantaneous. Now thousands use only Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

Perhaps you have worried about your make-up and have searched for ways to enhance your beauty—and still you're not satisfied. The reason is simply this—there is more to make-up than merely a bit of powder and a dab of rouge. What is this wonderful secret of make-up? Why have Hollywood's "stars" and society women given up the haphazard use of cosmetics and adopted Society Make-up. Now you may know. You may have the very make-up, learn the very method, used by these beautiful women.

Hollywood, Calif.—Max Factor showing Irene Rich how to correctly use the eyebrow pencil.

NEVER BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR MAKE-UP

If your make-up is "off-color" or too glaring, it over-shadows your personality. It becomes a worry, destroying that self-assurance which is an attribute of every charming woman. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion, as he has done for hundreds of screen stars, and recommend a make-up which will be just a part of your own natural beauty. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

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FREE Complexion Analysis by Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up

The one way to secure the exact make-up to best harmonize with your complexion, accentuate your beauty, and enhance the charm of your personality is to have your complexion analyzed and your personal requirements determined. This Max Factor will do for you, without charge or obligation. He will also send you a copy of "The New Art of Make-Up" which fully explains cosmetic color harmony and describes the correct method of make-up. Remember, you will never know how beautiful you can really be until you obtain the make-up secrets so highly valued by the "stars" of Hollywood. Carefully fill in the coupon and mail today to Max Factor in Hollywood.

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HOLLYWOOD

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

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Mr. Max Factor,—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*, and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

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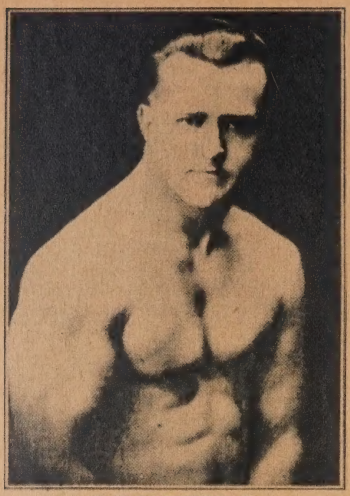
Complexion		Color of Eyes		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		Color of Lashes		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		Color of Hair		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in		Age	
Olive		spaces with check mark			



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The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

If You Were DYING TO-NIGHT

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send to-day—right now before you turn this page.

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Dear Sir: Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page 71*)

Drama

Singapore Sal—Something tense about Phyllis Haver as a dance hall gal who discovers she has a complete set of mother instincts.—*Pathe.*

The Sins of the Fathers—Emil Jannings in a not-so-good, not-so-bad drama of an old German restauranteur whose elderly fling results in his son's downfall.—*Paramount.*

Interference—The all-talker in which excellent work by William Powell, Clive Brook, and Evelyn Brent struggles with a punk-o story and just manages to win by a narrow margin.—*Paramount.*

The Lone Wolf's Daughter—Since there seems to be no way of keeping the Lone Wolf from your door, it's fortunate that Bert Lytell handles this role with his usual competency.—*Columbia.*

The Singapore Mutiny—Fast and furious business on the high seas, or, what to do till the shipwreck comes. Ralph Ince knows, but can't seem to convince Estelle Taylor.—*F. B. O.*

The Wedding March—Eric Von Stroheim's masterpiece, just barely recovered from its operation in the cutting room, but able to deliver a few stiff realistic socks in the true Von Stroheim manner.—*Paramount.*

Outcast—A lady of the streets (Corinne Griffith) is rescued by a high-hat gentleman (Edmund Lowe) who stands in need of some first-class rescuing himself.—*First National.*

West of Zanzibar—Dark doings in darkest Africa, mostly by Lon Chaney with a grudge against all and sundry. This includes nice work by Lionel Barrymore, Mary Nolan, and Warner Baxter.—*M-G-M.*

The Godless Girl—Reform schools on the griddle, heat supplied by Cecil B. De Mille; with Lina Basquette, Noah Beery, Marie Prevost and George Duryea.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

The Patriot—One of Emil Jannings finest, allowing him to run his complete range in a setting of eighteenth century Russia.—*Paramount.*

The Singing Fool—Al Jolson up to his Mammy tricks in a highly effective talker that has taught the box office cash register some new tunes.—*Warner Brothers.*

Revenge—Gypsy love and hate, with the best part of the scenery Dolores Del Rio in assorted poses as an eye-tonic.—*United Artists.*

Romance

The Awakening—In which Vilma Banky and Walter Byron find their necking seriously broken up by the war; some beautiful scenery, but the story needs it.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

Three Week-Ends—Clara Bow as full of the old go-get-em as ever, only in this on she finds she doesn't want 'im. Real love having knocked mere riches for a row of tenement house.—*Paramount.*

A Woman of Affairs—Marking the final appearance of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo as twin fires, in a setting of sophisticated society a la Michael Arlen.—*M-G-M.*

Mother Knows Best—Madge Bellamy in an effective performance as the daughter who was tied to—and strangled with—her mother's apron strings.—*Fox.*

The Spieler—Love and reformation among the crooks of carnival life, furnishing breezy material for the well-placed efforts of Alan Hale, Renee Adoree, and Fred Kohler.—*Pathe.*

His Private Life—Adolphe Menjou and the ladies again, in which this smart and sophisticated star is his usual entertaining self with simply no effort at all.—*Paramount.*

Varsity—Buddy Rogers rescued from a drunkard's career in a moving story of a father's efforts to save his son.—*Paramount.*

The Woman Disputed—Love, patriotism, a woman's honor, and several other disturbing elements manage to get Norma Talmadge through this one with a minimum of dull moments.—*United Artists.*

Comedy

Do Your Duty—Charles Murray romping about among the crooks, and giving a whirlwind performance in this, his first starring picture.—*First National.*

Show People—William Haines and Marion Davies handle some expert kidding of movies and movie-making, and several Hollywood screen celebrities join in this worthy purpose.—*M-G-M.*

The Cameraman—Grinding film for a news weekly demonstrated as a hilarious profession by Buster Keaton with sombre pan as usual.—*M-G-M.*

Alias Jimmy Valentine—If the old safe blower isn't actually dead by now, this picture will kill him.—*M-G-M.*

Heart Trouble—In spite of another tough portion to struggle with, Harry Langdon succeeds in making this picture an asset instead of the liability it started out to be.—*First National.*

Western

Guardians of the Wild—Rex, the wonder-horse, shakes a few leaves off the trees in the northwest timberland, but nobody seems to care much.—*Universal.*

Painted Post—A genuine thriller with Tom Mix at his best in this, his last picture under the Fox banner.—*Fox.*

She changed Places with Her Husband's Sweetheart—and won back his Love!

You'll be fascinated by this story of a wife in name only who schemed to become her husband's mistress.

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Between the covers of these Tales from the Decameron you will find life itself—real, pulsating passionate life that refuses to be confined by paralyzing restrictions—life that refuses to follow the dictates of prudery. Far from being immoral, as many narrow minded people used to think, these Tales from the Decameron are in reality almost a text book for the earnest student of that greatest of all studies—human nature.

Boccaccio's stories have already lived five times as long as our United States—over twenty-four generations. They were the "best sellers" when gunpowder was scarcely known—and yet today they still delight us, still give us pleasure and instruction, with their immortal vitality, forever young, forever gay, forever thrilling. If you like to read a story of adventure, read one of these. If you want a charming love story, read another. If you look for tragedy, read a third. The fourth will make you weep.

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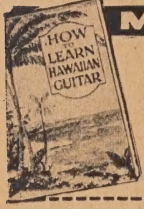

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Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page* 50)

Hoot, Mon!

A POSSIBLE Hollywood romance is hinted in the freedom to be obtained by Ruth Elder via the divorce court, and her new contract with Hoot Gibson, the western star. It is said that Mrs. Hoot Gibson, the former Helen Johnson, has departed for the New York stage, leaving friend hubby to lariat whom and where he pleases.

To Part

CONSTANCE BENNETT, formerly a great success in the films, and a daughter of Richard Bennett, is going to divorce Philip Plant, her millionaire husband of several years marital standing.

Helping The Picture

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart are to be co-featured in a Fox special, *Girls Gone Wild*. The romantic interest between this pair is so strong that the film is heralded as a success in advance, and it is believed that they will wed before the year is over.

The Kid Sis

BUDDY ROGERS took a new girl up to Montmartre for luncheon the other day, and it set the gossips agog. However, the attractive girl proved to be none other than Buddy's sister, just arrived from Olanthe, Kansas.

Why The Delay?

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN'S engagement to Clarence Brown, the director, is another one of those long drawn out affairs. As Mr. Brown's final decree of divorce was granted some time past, Hollywood wonders if the pair will ever wed. Janet Gaynor seems in no hurry to consummate her affair with Lydel Peck, either.

Mother Objects

CAN you imagine anyone who had the name of Molly Malone not getting her own way? That's the name of Phyllis Haver's mama, and it is said the screen star's warm-blooded Irish mother strenuously objects to any possible romance between Phyllis and Bert Lytell, and that's that!

Two Big Names

CRANE WILBUR, who was formerly well-known on the screen, has married Beatrice Blinn, niece of the late Holbrook Blinn.

Off The List

BEN LYON'S mother, Mrs. Alvine Lyon, has finally come west with her three daughters and all Ben's New York furniture, and they will set up housekeeping in the environs of Hollywood. All of which seems to kill the story that Ben will soon wed Ruth Elder, Marion Nixon or anyone else.

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Talkie Talk

(*Continued from page* 59)

flooring for the dancing act. Concrete was no good. Neither were various dancing mats. Finally a special floor of varnished plywood was used successfully.

A Sound Gallery

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER have established a "sound morgue," a library where various tests are kept. If a director needs the wail of a three-day old baby for his talking picture he can find it in the "sound morgue." Everything from the roar of ocean waves to canary birds singing is in the library. Crickets' chirps, the call of the nightingale, fire gongs, snores, booming of navy guns, horses' hoof beats, sirens, and the drone of airplane motors. The latter is extremely difficult to record. It has been found that the revolving wheel of a hand motor placed on a heavy board which, in turn, covers a bass drum that is flat on the floor, is a perfect imitation of an airplane motor. The tinkle of ice in a glass records perfectly.

The deepest note that has ever been recorded is the organ's. Overstuffed furniture throws back an echo. A special soft writing paper of almost rubberlike texture has been manufactured by a Los Angeles firm for talkie use. The crackling of ordinary letter paper is deafening to the microphone. Junior Coghlan, twelve-year old starlet, has one of the best recording voices at Pathe.

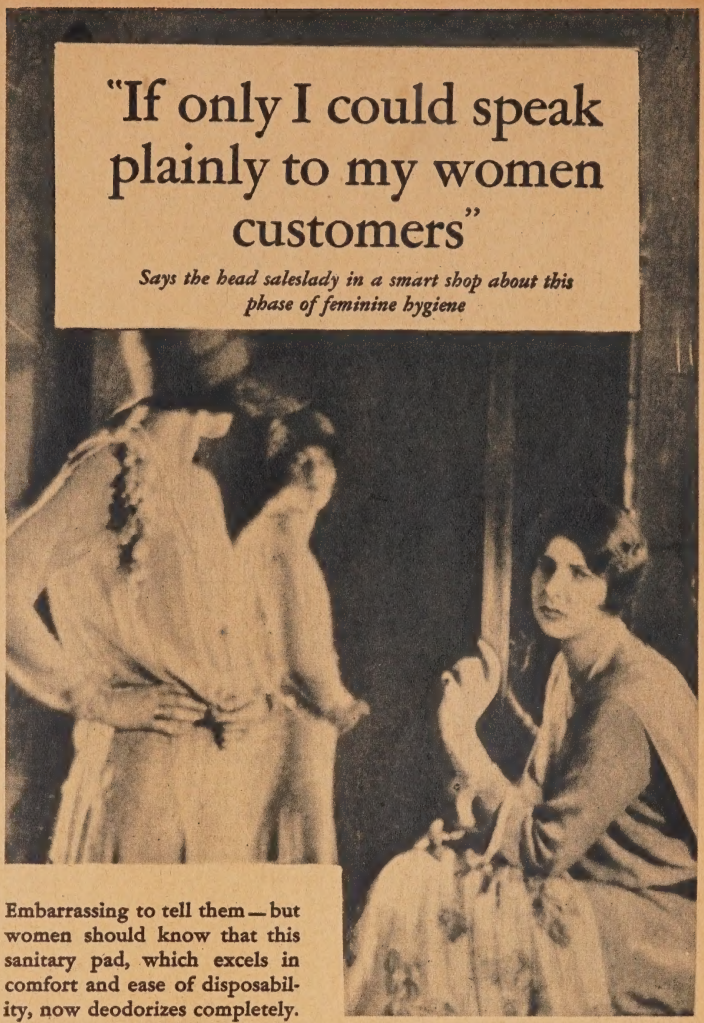
Trailing Sound Criminals

HIDING the microphone is one of the most difficult problems in intimate scenes. Sometimes a bottle or a book on a table is hollowed out to hold it. Microphones often masquerade as chandeliers. From six to twelve *mikes* are used on big sets. At Pathe they had to tear down a set to find the offending piece of furniture that caused an echo. Reports from Paramount say that an echometer has been devised. It pursues elusive sound rebounds to their source.

A bell signals quiet at Pathe before sound shooting commences and a white light on the camera booth flashes when the actors are to commence speaking their lines. In cueing symphony orchestras for Vitaphone each division of instruments is given a certain colored light. Red for the stringed pieces, green for the brasses, yellow for the traps, white for the wind instruments. As the lights flash, under the conductor's guidance, the volume swells and diminishes.

Sex in Sound

HENRY HOLT, paint shop head at Paramount, has invented an acoustical paint to eliminate sound. It does away with minor noises, will take any color, and is used by that studio on its sound stage sets. It will not be placed on the commercial market but its use will be restricted to sound stages. M-



Embarrassing to tell them—but women should know that this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability, now deodorizes completely.

WHEN shopping, in business, socially—wherever women meet the world—there is an important question of personal hygiene that can mar their happiness. They *do* offend others at times. And this new treatment which deodorizes every Kotex pad positively prevents such offense. Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented)* a safe way to banish all odor.

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*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

Use Super-size Kotex

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Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way, Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Added layers of filler mean added comfort.

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32x4	3.00	1.80	29x4.40	2.70	1.80
33x4	3.45	1.85	30x5.25	4.00	2.60
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G-M have discovered that the corners of its sound stage have gender. A *male corner* is one where masculine voices have finer sound qualities. A *female corner* serves to reproduce a woman's voice better.

Sound stages are usually lined with Cellotex board, a sound-deadening compound, although talkies have been successfully made on ordinary stages with heavy black cloth, to lessen outside noises, encasing the set on four sides. The sound stage at M-G-M is especially constructed of eight-inch concrete, lined with sound proof plaster and double-insulated walls. It is set on vibrationless piers. The floor is sixteen inches thick. Its sound proof doors weigh two tons and when closed form a perfect sound vacuum. Ventilation is achieved by forced air feeds. Outside sound is filtered out of the air before it is turned into the stages.

Barnyard Interference

A CROWING rooster almost stopped the sound shooting on a sequence in Pathe's *The Missing Man*. Action was to take place in the crow's nest aboard a vessel and the scene was to be shot in the dark hours of the early morning on the back lot. But a neighboring rooster, awakened by the flashing lights, commenced to crow, thinking dawn had come. Every time lights flared, the cock cackled. Shooting was abandoned. After sun-up the rooster, which, of course, was a pet, was purchased from its owner for three dollars, and the next night the scene was made, undisturbed. However, the cock's vocal talents were not wasted. The Pathe trade mark being a crowing cock, the rooster's cackle was recorded for future synchronization and afterward a certain southern gentleman of the studio had a succulent dinner.

The New Vocabulary

MANY new words have entered Hollywood's vocabulary since the advent of the talkies. *Mike*, of course, is microphone. *Mike-mania* is equivalent to stage fright. *Mixer* is the man to whom all sound is transmitted on the set and who blends the volume. A *volume indicator* weighs an actor's voice. *Sound deadeners* are made of heavy felt and are screens placed at advantageous points to lessen noise. A *play back* is a Vitaphone phrase used when a disc is played to see if the recording is satisfactory. A *blooper* is one whose voice blasts. A *drummy* voice is one that booms. *Tubby* tones are hollow. A *rheostat* voice is weak and has to be built up. *Interlock* means that the camera and the voice-recording apparatus are in absolute synchronization. A *baffle* or a *tormentor* is a portable wall, hung with certain materials that prevent echo and resonance. *Tank* is another name for the camera's sound-proof booth. Paramount has coined the word *opti-audience*, minted from the words optience and audience, sight and listening bodies of people, to describe the patrons of sight-sound films.

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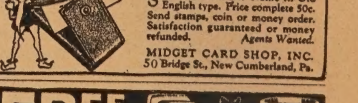

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Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. C-4.

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page 52*)

Betty Compson and Bebe Daniels caught by the camera as they entered the theatre for a recent premiere.

and **Mary Duncan** and **Messrs. Jack Gilbert, Winfield Sheehan, Paul Bern** and **Sidney Howard.**

Bridge tables were arranged for the evening's recreation.

THE day before the **Kenneth Thompsons** left for New York, they were honor guests at a buffet supper given by **Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brennan.** Cards and chatter passed the evening, and among those bidden were the **Conway Tearles, Paul Sloanes, Robert Edesons, Edmund Breeses, Leatrice Joy, Gladys Brockwell, Charles Duell** and **George Hodge.**

AN INFORMAL, carefree occasion was the buffet supper at the hillside home of the **Mervyn LeRoys (Edna Murphy).** Mervyn thoughtfully met his guests at the foot of the hill and guided them up the hundred stepping stones to the lighted doorway where pretty blonde Edna hospitably greeted them.

Esther Ralston came with her husband **George Webb** (who said Hollywood wasn't proper?) and taught us all a new word game. **Kathryn McGuire** and her consort **George Landy, Gertrude Olmstead** with **Robert Leonard, Virginia Fox** and **Darryl Zanuck** (they're married, too), **Lew Cody, Thelma Todd, Alan Crosland** and a host of others.

Colleen Moore and **John McCormick** came in late from another party and made us all laugh with a funny impromptu ventriloquist act all about the proper way to make "Whoopee!"

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

... THIS NEW *MODE* OF PERSONAL HYGIENE ...

THE modern American woman is envied by the other women of the world today because of her independence. She knows how to take care of herself ... to preserve far beyond the allotted years the bloom and buoyancy of youth. The modern American woman has learned that this depends largely upon a subject too often ignored ... upon *personal hygiene.*

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Now, however, through the use of a harmless antiseptic in *tablet form,* which requires no water or accessories, American women are fast learning the *convenience* of personal hygiene. Wherever smart women gather, you will hear enthusiastic recommendations of this antiseptic.

These tablets are known as Pariogen tablets. For a long time prescribed by the medical profession, Pariogen is *not a poison,* contains no carbolic acid, cresol or bichloride of mercury, *yet destroys the most pernicious germs in a few seconds.*

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Pariogen tablets come twelve to the tube - a tube about the size of a fountain pen. The price at any drug store is $1.00. Pariogen tablets may be carried anywhere in a purse, making hygienic measures possible almost anywhere, no other accessories or water being required.

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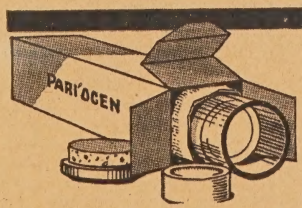

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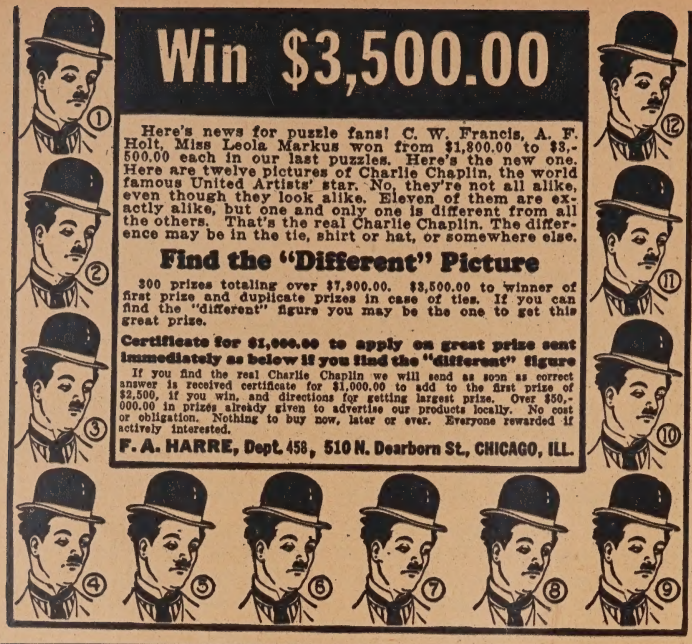

Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leola Markus won from $1,800.00 to $3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exactly alike, but one and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Charlie Chaplin. The difference may be in the tie, shirt or hat, or somewhere else.

Find the "Different" Picture

300 prizes totaling over $7,900.00. $3,500.00 to winner of first prize and duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you can find the "different" figure you may be the one to get this great prize.

Certificate for $1,000.00 to apply on great prize sent immediately as below if you find the "different" figure

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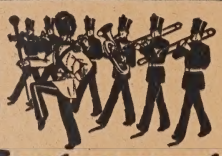

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M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1673 W. U. Building, Binghamton, N.Y.

A Patriarch Passes

(*Continued from page* 49)

fore it. Perhaps similarity of experiences does make for similarity of expression. For you see, the one began where the other had finished. When Theodore left home for the stage, the nephew had his room in the old San Francisco mansion inhabited by the sea captain father of Theodore Roberts. Everything about the house reminded the younger one of the older one who had flown.

"Theodore had a stage in the basement," began Mr. Higgins. "He built it with his pal, Dr. Tennison Dean. Theodore expected Doctor Dean to visit him this month The two boys—why it was remarkable for those days, what they accomplished. It had wings, scenery—everything complete and all made by their own hands. In a cupboard (the house was built as much like a ship as possible with regular seafaring cupboards) I found, oh, there must have been hundreds of paper backed plays. I read every one of them because Theodore had left them.

"As a boy from eight to twelve, Theodore had two ambitions. To be a pirate or an actor. One day he took a Bible, a pistol and a rubber tent and ran away. On the boat, going north to San Francisco (everybody knew Captain Roberts and for his son to get a ride was easy), he told a man about his ambitions. This stranger suggested that since Theodore was going out into the woods he'd better leave his fifteen dollars with him. It was the old gag. When he came back, the man was gone. He crawled home a deplorably sadder but much wiser pirate.

HIS father wanted him to be a seafaring man; his mother, from a cultured English family, a minister. When he was seventeen his mother went to James O'Neil (father of Eugene) and asked him to dissuade her boy from going on the stage. O'Neil was only too ready for he was always dissuading stage-struck people. Theodore went to his hotel and before O'Neil could get his guns in order, launched into a discussion of Shakespeare—then on to others, and still others. They had a heated argument. O'Neil had thought to see a boy craving the limelight and he found one who knew as much about the masters as he did, who could recite them from cover to cover and would stand up and argue him down on any mooted point about them. The old actor told the mother that far from dissuading her son, she should urge him to enter the acting profession.

"He went back to the sea, however, after he had become a fairly well-known actor. For a year he was captain on one of his father's ships. Then, one day, he became angry at a sailor, threw him overboard and jumped in and saved him. Just at this time Fanny Davenport sent for him to be her leading man. The sea captain washed his hands, shaved, got on the train and headed for Sacramento. He played a different show every night, learning his parts, one a day, for months. Not even Fanny Davenport could understand how he did it.

"He never took anything from home after he left. No matter what the struggles, he was independent. On this point, I was the same. We wouldn't see or hear from each other for years but I was out making my own, trying to become an artist while he was striving to become a well-known actor."

He had several hobbies. One was a mad passion for laying cement. He built the walls around his home, the sidewalks. He would build and tear down so that he might build again. And he made hammocks. There are old-fashioned sea faring needles throughout the effects left to his nephew.

HIS GENIUS lay in the fact that he never seemed to be acting. A stage rival once exclaimed, "Bah, Theodore Roberts just has good luck. He doesn't know a thing about *acting*." A real tribute, since no matter what the role he gave the same impression.

Theodore Roberts! A great showman—a great personality. His death marks the passing of that era of frontiering in both the stage and pictures. "He lived to taste the next era in that talkie of his," George Fawcett told me. "We can all do a little with it—Hobart Bosworth, Theodore and myself—but—"

And the evening after the funeral of his old friend, George Fawcett left for the desert to rest and commune with his memories of the departed spirit. There are many, many in this world who will commune with their memories of this Grand Old Man of the Movies.

An Extra Girl Gives the Lowdown

(*Continued from page 39*)

on them. When the scene was over De Mille rushed forward to lend a helping hand. They were bruised and shaken but not badly hurt. We all thought they had been killed.

Noah's Ark was no bathing beauty's paradise either. Central Casting called me and asked, "Can you swim in six feet of water with domestic animals in it?" What a misleading question! If I could swim at all I could swim in six feet of water. I took the job without further question.

It was a four o'clock call. That meant getting up at two-thirty. We were handed long, flowing robes, weighted down with brass ornaments and yards and yards of heavy braid. We covered the goose pimples with bolemenia and made for the tank. What a jolt we got! A large tank with about four and one-half feet of water in it, horses, burros and Texas steers all waiting. Overhead, about thirty-five feet, were huge tanks filled with thousands of gallons of water —supposed to be the flood. They let us down into the icy water and told us to swim to the ark past the animals. The sirens blew, the lightning flashed, the flood broke loose and the animals went wild, but the extras were calm—staring death in the face without a murmur. It wasn't a case of swimming at all—merely a survival of the fittest. We took inventory after five retakes and we were all there ready to flirt with the undertaker the next day.

Nothing seemed dangerous after that. But it was! They piled rocks in the middle of the pool and draped the half-naked extras upon them. Then they opened the chutes! The water came down like bolts out of hell pounding us onto the rocks. But not one of us patronized the morgue.

Occasionally there is sadness in our midst. Only last season we lost our peppy little Ethel Hall. Ethel had tried hard for the *front row* but succeeded only in being a double. This time she was doubling in a river for Dorothy Dwan, leading lady for Tom Mix. She got caught in a whirl-pool. No one could save her. It was too bad. She'd always wanted headlines but even earning them in such a tragic manner didn't secure them for her. Only one tiny paragraph. The public must have its thrills but it doesn't care to read how it gets them.

Shortly after that we lost our beloved Pepetia Rameriz. It was an automobile accident. She wasn't on the set when Death overtook her. I was on a Lasky call the following day when a girl came in breathless and sobbing. Tears are so uncommon with us that we pressed her for an explanation. Gosh! We all knew Pete, an ex-Spanish dancer who was not only supporting herself but an invalid sister as well. She had managed all right while the sun shone but she hadn't prepared for the darkness. There were no smiles on the set that day except those Lasky paid for. We took up a subscription and many an extra's bottom dollar went to pay for the long last ride of Pepetia. We tried to have everything just as she would have wanted it. Everyone she had worked with was there—even Charlie Chaplin. The extra girl who first told us of Pepetia's death is now caring for the invalid sister.

Pictures have not been kind to me—yet I have never found anything more interesting. I have lived in the North, South, East and West; in the country and in cities; with farmers, politicians and diplomats. I have found discomfort in all of these places as well as happiness. I have seen farmers who lost crops, doctors who lost cases, bankers who failed, politicians who were unsuccessful, all with sadder faces than the extra who missed a set.

I learned more about life and its people in my four years in Hollywood than I did in all the other twenty-four years of my globe-trotting. I learned diplomacy and tact. I learned to be courteous to people no matter how I felt toward them. I learned the true meaning of comrade. I do not believe there is such a thing as jealousy among the extras. My phone rings hourly—it's Johnny or Mary or Willie or Maude—all saying blithely, "How's tricks, dear? Say, there's a set at Lasky's. Better try it. I didn't make it but you may be the type." I've driven miles out of my way after a hard days work to take some extra home and they have done the same for me. I have cooked miles and miles of spaghetti and fed dozens of extras and they have, in turn, fed me.

No, dear world, we are not starving but we often do get hungry. We have never missed a meal in Hollywood but we certainly have postponed a few.

We get blue at times, but good luck—if not our own, then the other fellow's—soon cheers us up and this we know: *They can't make pictures without us!*

MERNA KENNEDY, formerly Charlie Chaplin's leading woman and now under contract to Universal playing as her first lead the big feminine role in *Broadway*, narrowly escaped an operation for tonsilitis. She was taken to a hospital for the operation but her physician decided her fever was too high at that time. It is probable, the doctor said, her condition will improve to such an extent that she won't have to go back to the hospital.

Another hospital patient was Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, at one time a prominent screen player and Yale football hero. He underwent a minor operation indirectly due to an injury he received in his football days. He is the husband of Viola Dana and they were reconciled recently in the east after a marital tiff and are now living happily together in Hollywood.

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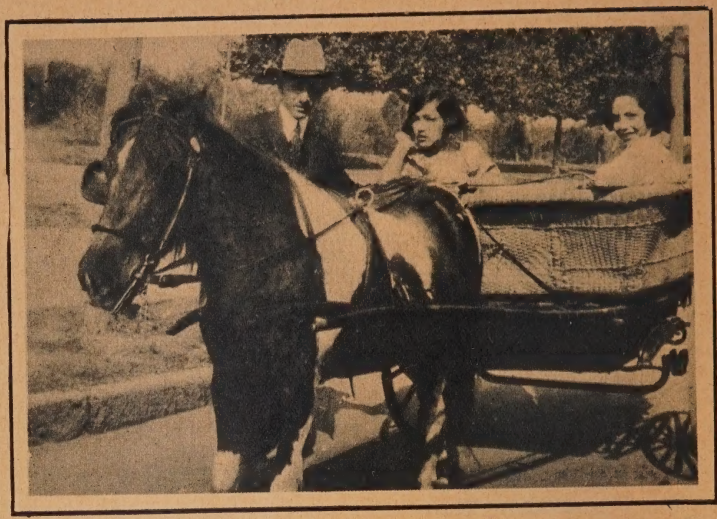
Senorita Cyclone

(*Continued from page 29*)



Lupe Velez (extreme right), with her sister, enjoying the happy, carefree childhood days before she went to Hollywood and knocked 'em for a Lupe.

wait on the corner. I just have to see him. He stop and asks me how I been.

"You going to see your sweetheart?" I ask him.

"Yes," he tell me.

"Do you really love her?"

"Yes, I love her."

"Oh, I see."

"You talk like a child," he tells me.

"But see, I wear high heels now. My mother say I am too old to wear low heels any more."

"Yes, you are *very* old. Do you want to see me tomorrow?"

"Yes! I love to see you." And I wrinkled my eyes hard at him. He grab my hand. That make me very happy. But when he pat me on my head like I am a kid, that make me angry. I tells him only my father do that.

The next day I puts on my best dress. My mother say, "What is the matter with you, Lupe? That dress is for Sunday." I tell her it is a big day at school and we have to dress up for it. Then I paints my cheeks with red paper. It make good rouge when you lick your tongue on it. I burns a match and uses it on my eyelashes. I don't go to school. I just wait four hours on that street corner. My heart is beating, beating!

"You look cute," he say when he see me. "You look sweet enough to kiss. What would you do if I kiss you? Would you scream?"

I say, "No!"

"I never forget that kiss. It is the sweetest I ever get in my life. Oh, my Lord, wasn't it wonderful!

Lupe paused in her story. Were those tears in the eyes of the girl? Tears in eyes which usually gleam with the dangerous lights of what she calls "a devil?"

I see him that night and every day and night. I go out and and not come home until eight and ten o'clock at night. That is terrible. My mother raises hell about it. I pay no attention. I tell him he must give up that girl. "But you are just a child," he tell me.

"I will show you if I am a child! I will flirts with every mens in this city if you do not give up that girl for me!"

I did. I have eight—ten—oh, twenty mens in love with Lupe. I am always with them. So he give up the girl and then I gives up the mens and we promise to marry one another. Oh, how I adore him to death. And he adores me to death also. We are very happy. But my mother, she is worried. She think that Lupe is too young to have a mans really love her. She is afraid something bad will happens to Lupe. So she make up her mind to teach Lupe what happen to girls who have lovers. She give Lupe the biggest shock of her life. Something Lupe never forgets. It is what *makes* Lupe forever a good woman.

(To be Continued)

How Lupe's wise mother shocked her fiery daughter into a realization of life's dangers, and Lupe's amazing leap from convent life to brilliant stage triumph in Mexico City, is told by this star in the next installment of her dramatic life story, appearing in the April issue.

Together Again

(*Continued from page 56*)

Nick Stuart explains that any vehicle is quite all right, just so it gets him to Sue Carol.

went out again, where we took an actual part in a real fire. These ladder trucks, by the way, are so high from the ground that people and even taxis can pass underneath them easily.

"We next made Venice," continued Nick, "and there it was that Sue joined us."

"Correct," put in Sue, "but I first arrived in Paris, where I got Nick's letter telling me to come on to Venice at once. Nothing loath, I hurried to the station and boarded the train, when suddenly word came in that there had been an accident—the train that had pulled out just ahead had been wrecked and we couldn't go on until the track was clear."

"And meanwhile," interrupted Nick, "I had already received Sue's message saying she was leaving to join me. I rushed to the Venice station to meet her train and heard for the first time of the wreck in which fourteen had been killed and forty injured. I thought sure that was the train Sue must have been on—and, well, my hair didn't turn gray then, so I guess it never will! I told myself that if Sue came that long distance to see me, only to be killed, I wouldn't want to live. I waited and saw them bringing in the dead and injured. I waited for eleven long hours. Finally, I saw another train coming in. I thought I must be dreaming, for suddenly I looked up and there was Sue, looking out one of the windows and waving her hand! I don't know what I said or did to her—but I do know that was the happiest moment of my life."

"What did Nick say and do to you, Sue?" I asked, anxiously.

"He acted like a wild man," laughed Sue. "He rushed up to the train and.

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Starting with the Letter

"C"

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In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,800.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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without waiting for the guard to open the door, he grabbed me and pulled me right through the open window! Then he took me up in his arms and ran up and down the length of that platform just seven times. I kept saying, 'Nicky, put me down—what will people think!' but he whispered: 'I can't Sue, I can't!' and hugged and kissed me all the more —and tears were in his eyes . . . ."

They were now in romantic Venice and what good times they had! Days would be given over to shooting scenes for the picture—but at night the gondola, beneath the silvery Italian moon! And when Dave Butler would ask them the next day where they had been the previous night, Sue would smile and sweetly reply: "Oh, just rehearsing love scenes for tomorrow's shooting!"

Everywhere that Sue went, Nick was sure to follow—and everywhere that Nick went, Sue was there, too. So the rest of the party gave them two pet nicknames—Sue was "Tag," and Nick was "Shadow." And those two names they brought back to Hollywood with them.

Next on the list was Naples. "We reached there about two weeks after the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius," said Nick. "It was still erupting when we arrived, and they told us it would be a very dangerous risk to go near it. Nevertheless, we had to go to the top, so go we did! We climbed slowly, for every few minutes the deep rumble would shake the earth. And every few yards we would have to stop and take off our shoes, so hot would our feet get. Since the last eruption, great walls were formed around the crater, so we could walk all around it and look way down in. To get a better view, we obtained permission from Mussolini to fly over the volcano. He gave us army planes—the first time they were ever used for that purpose. For three days we flew over Vesuvius and through sulphur smoke, which is very dangerous, as it chokes the engines of the planes. And for three days I sat in my place with my camera before me and Dave sat in his place, and the real cameraman followed in another plane, shooting us.

"From Naples we flew to Rome, after bidding Sue a fond farewell. She had just received word from Universal to come home at once and finish her scenes for *It Can't Be Done*—so she left for America two weeks before we did.

"At Rome we shot all the noted places—the Colosseum, the Catacombs and St. Peter's Church. I met Mussolini by private appointment at his magnificent villa, and had quite a chat with him. He is a very interesting man and has a marvelous, compelling personality. Somehow, you get the idea that that other great Roman, Julius Caesar, must have been somewhat like him. He speaks very good English and likes to hear of America and its people. Also, I had an audience with the Pope—he, too, is a fine man.

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tended our first bull fight. Then on to Madrid, where Ambassador Hammond made it possible for us to meet Premier de Riviera, powerful dictator of Spain, who is always in grave danger of being assassinated."

Through Ambassador Hammond, Nick also met King Alfonso, who presented him with the medal "Coronacion De La Santisima Virgen De Guadaluppe Octubre de 1928 (yes, you'll have to do your own translating).

"The King also gave consent for us to visit the little town of Guadaluppe, where the noted convent is located and where no news-reel cameraman had ever been before. We left Madrid at two-thirty in the morning, travelled through mountains all that day and night and the next day until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the quaint little village consisting of the convent and a few tiny houses, appeared before us on the mountain-side. We met and talked with the Cardinals and a few of the other inhabitants. They had never seen a camera before and knew nothing of the outside world.

"Back to Madrid and another bull fight. This time, one gay toreador gave me a bull flag covered with blood and used in many fights. From Madrid we went to Algosiers by train, then by boat to Tangiers, past the Rock of Gibraltar and into North Africa. Morocco was our first stop and we stayed there ten days. We met the 'Mendu,' who had never given his consent before to be photographed. He shook hands with me and said to do all the film shooting I wanted to. I also became real good friends with the 15-year-old son of the Sultan, who gave me a handsome sabre of hammered brass.

"Back to Tangiers, where we took the boat to Marseilles, then the train to Paris. There I had an interview with Marshal Foch. The Marshal speaks only in French, but I understood him when he asked: 'Shall I remove my coat to be photographed?' I had two close-ups taken with him in the garden of his beautiful home. Two days of shopping in Paris followed, then we boarded the boat for little old New York.

"In all, I had visited thirteen foreign countries, crossed four large bodies of water and covered close to 25,000 miles for scenes in the picture. I had seen, too, some of the largest things on earth. I crossed the Atlantic on the largest liner; visited London, the largest city; saw the Eiffel Tower, the largest of its kind; crossed the Mediterranean, the largest sea; rode partly across the Sahara, the largest desert, and saw the Pyramids, the largest sepulchres.

"A few hours stop in New York, then we were on our way to California and home! Sue was right there at the station in Los Angeles to greet me. As I got off the train, she ran up to me and whispered in my ear, "Oh, Nicky, I am so glad you are home at last!'

"And I whispered right back: 'So am I!'"

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Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to strengthen these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop in 10 minutes when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Pain stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned.

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

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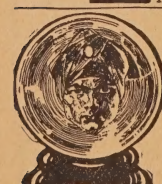

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Soon she is to be seen again in an amazing sequel to this picture, one which will surpass it in daring and frankness. But—you don't need to wait to see this picture. Read

Modern Maidens

The story of Joan Crawford's next picture, beginning in the April issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

Out March 10

The greatest story of carefree, jazz-mad youth ever written! Also many other fascinating features and beautiful art studies of motion picture stars in many-colored rotogravure. Don't miss it!

Snowed Under

(*Continued from page* 40)

Super-Flapper of 1928, creating an original and distinctive type of screen heroine. No star since our late beloved Valentino has had such a wide influence on the manners, clothes and behavior of a devoted public as has Clara Bow, and because she is daring to be herself—that's why she is my favorite.

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And Another For Janet

My favorite: Janet Gaynor.

She is the screen's most vivid individual personality! She is vitality personified!

She cries. You cry. She laughs. You laugh. Her whole being tingles with "aliveness." For us, the everyday tasks take on added charm.

The play doesn't matter for Janet Gaynor carries with her into each successive performance a positive universal appeal. The good—bad—indifferent—ordinary, this slip of a girl has the ability, the rare gift of knowing almost by instinct how you and I would feel and act during such moments.

She's a really truly dream girl alive!

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Marie Prevost Inspires Poetry

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My "fifty-fifty" favorite,
Half the angel, half the scamp;
Adorably the seraph, bewitchingly the vamp.
A figure that is ravishing—
A face that wins the heart;
A style that's simply stunning,
Apparel chicly smart.
She is so cutely naughty;
She is so sweetly nice;
A heavenly touch of virtue—
A saucy pinch of spice.
I wouldn't have her different,
Not even if I could;
I'll take her "fifty-fifty,"
The badness with the good.
No matter what her role is,
She's every inch the queen—
My favorite of the movie stars
That shine upon the screen.

H. MCFARLAND,
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—o—

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"After 16 years of intense suffering from asthma, during which time I tried all kinds of medicine, I finally started taking Nacor in July, 1927. My asthma promptly began to disappear, and soon was entirely gone. I thought it might come back during the winter, but it didn't, and I have never had a sign of it since."

Hundreds of people who suffered for years from asthma, bronchitis and severe chronic coughs, have told how their trouble left and never returned. Their letters and a booklet of vital information about these diseases will be sent free by Nacor Medicine Co., 696 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. The more serious your case, the more important this free information may be. Write for it today.

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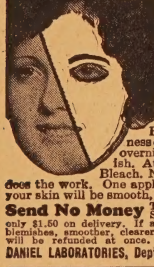

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Now, in 5 days or less you can have the velvety, smooth, pearly-white skin of youth. New amazing lotion banishes freckles, tan, pimples, sallowness, weather stain. No longer need such blemishes hide your natural beauty. Daniel Beauty Bleach brings back the clear whiteness of your skin as if by magic. Almost overnight roughness and redness vanish. At bedtime just apply a little Beauty Bleach. No massage, no rubbing—the lotion does the work. One application shows results. In 5 days your skin will be smooth, glowing and clear white.

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Shefstall's Studio Laboratories, 717 North Manhattan Place, Hollywood, Calif.

Greta's Last Tribute

(*Continued from page 76*)

The Cruel Camera Again

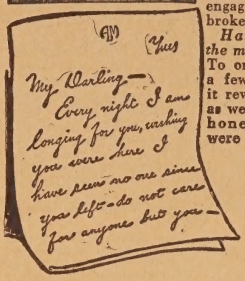
ANOTHER expectant movie star has had his hopes blasted.

Robert Montgomery was playing in the stage show, *Possession*, a few weeks ago, when Samuel Goldwyn signed him for leading man opposite that Hungarian Rhapsody, Vilma Banky. He donned movie make-up and started work in *Fifth Avenue*, with plenty of enthusiasm. But when the producers saw the "rushes" they found that he photographed like Vilma's son (although, as a matter of record, she hasn't one) rather than a dominating screen lover. And so Montgomery was released and James Hall, who has bestowed fillum kisses on Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow and other *femmes*, was borrowed from Paramount to replace him.

Seeing Celebrities

WILL ROGERS, who tosses lariats and wisecracks with equal skill, coming out of the Bowery and East River Bank. When gum-chewing marathons hit Noo York, Will's sure to be champ . . . Bessie Love posing for publicity pictures at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Eastern studio. . . . Benny Rubin, dialectician who "wows 'em" performance after performance, introducing Bee Jackson, originator of the Charleston, on the stage of the Colony Theatre. She'll give an "organ recital," says Benny . . . . Geraldine Farrar, once the frau of Lou Tellegen, ex-idol of female stage and screen fans, driving crosstown on 44th Street. Her next mate will be Charles Foley, the impresario, so the story goes . . . . Dennis King, current in *The Three Musketeers*, and the average flapper's conception of what a matinee idol should be, taxi-ing with Vivienne Osborne, also of the Ziegfeld show, out to Paramount's Astoria factory. They're due for a voice test and if they register well, the chances are that there will be two more stars in the movie heavens . . . Paul Page, stage trouper, and Lola Lane, recently the love interest in George Jessel's *The War Song*, hurrying into the Grand Central, en route to Mr. Fox's cinema citadel at Hollywood . . . . Gene Markey, who pounds a fictional typewriter, lunching at the Algonquin. He has just done some *Close Harmony* in collaboration with Elsie Janis, and this picture with a music title will be a Buddy Rogers vehicle . . . . Elsie Ferguson, the footlight and former flicker lady who once got herself cordially disliked by panning "audience intelligence," ambling along Longacre Square . . . . William Collier (not Buster, his son) watching eye-refreshing Claudette Colbert work in a scene of *The Hole in the Wall* at Paramount's Astoria studio. He's going to help Richard Dix make *Nothing But the Truth*, the play which you possibly saw him in about a decade ago.

She LIES and He KNOWS It

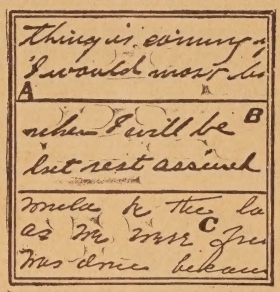


This young lady's letter reads sweetly enough — but her fiancé knows graphology! He has studied her handwriting and *knows* that she is deceiving him. The engagement will be broken off.

Handwriting is the mind on paper! To one who knows a few simple facts it reveals the truth as well as if a full, honest confession were made.

HAND-WRITING CANNOT BE DIS-GUISED

TRY THIS TEST



The three specimens of handwriting shown above were clipped from the original letters of applicants for a position of trust. One is a crook and thief; another is insane; the third is an intelligent and capable person who was engaged and is regarded favorably. Which one would you engage, if they all applied by letter?

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Here is a new puzzle that will be fun for you. In fact, you may win a Buick Sedan and $555.00 in cash, total $1,875.00, if you find the real John Alden and send your answer promptly.

Six of the pictures are exactly alike, but one, and only "one," is different from all the rest. See if you can find the different picture. If you do you may win a Buick Sedan and $555.000 cash extra, or $1,875.00 in cash. Hundreds have already won prizes; Lillie Bohle won $1500, Fred Sieglinger won $3000, Mrs. R. T. Frederick won $1000, Robert F. Spilman won $1000, and many others. You may be next. Everybody taking active part rewarded. You get your choice of Buick Sedan or $1875 in cash. Send answer quick—You may be the one who will see this ad and solve it correctly

And WIN BUICK SEDAN or $1875 CASH

$555.00 check sent you at once as an additional prize as below if you answer quickly

As a reward for quick action—we send you check for $555 to add to First Prize Buick sedan if you win, and directions for getting a 4-door Master Six Buick Sedan. Send answer at once. Costs nothing. No tricks or chances.

5 Cars Given—No More Puzzles To Solve

I will give a beautiful Buick Sedan, also a Chrysler Sedan, also a Nash Sedan, also an Essex Sedan, and a Chevrolet Sedan—5 Cars and a large list of additional costly Prizes—over $6,500. Every Car has four doors and will be delivered FREE to winners by nearest auto dealers. Many have already won Prizes and now to advertise our business you can get this new Buick Sedan, or $1,875 Cash.

$555.00 Extra for Promptness

Be prompt. Just find the "one" picture of John Alden that is different from all the rest. Look carefully. They all look alike, but "one" is different. Send me the number of the "one" that is different with your name and address at once, then we will tell you how to win Buick. That's all. Send no money. All who answer can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given those tying. If you can find the answer send it right away. Hurry! $555.000 Cash for promptness.

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$25 With larger Diamonds $35

No. 6132. Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring. 2 Genuine Diamonds. 14 Kt. White Gold Top. Emblem (any lodge) or any initial (Old English) Yellow or White Gold inlaid in Genuine **Hope Ruby or Black Onyx.** Mention if desired in Solid White Gold or Green Gold, same price.

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This ✕ Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds

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Exact size of ring $24

I Knew I'd Forget Something!

As usual, I'd packed in a hurry. It was just a week-end trip with my husband, and there wasn't much room for those accessories of the toilet which every modern woman possesses for the practice of feminine hygiene.

Fortunately, I had a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's feminine cones with me, ready to supply instantly, without inconvenience, all the requirements of the most fastidious for cleanliness and prevention of infection.

You, too, can avoid embarrassment and discomfort by providing yourself with a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's celebrated cones. Sent in a plain wrapper, prepaid, these cones come fifteen in a box—a very generous supply. The price is $1 a box, or three boxes for $2.50, with full instructions for their use.

FREE Dr. H. H. Warner's booklet giving details, advice, prices, etc., of the many necessities to the personal hygiene of women and girls. Sent FREE upon request.

WARNER'S RENOWNED REMEDIES CO.

10-F E. 25th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Lina Basquette says she always sends herself a Christmas present—some little luxury she has been wanting for a long time.

Billy Joy—yes, brother of the famous Leatrice—has written a song entitled "She's My Sister's Baby," and dedicated it to his niece, Leatrice Joy II.

The Pranks They Play

(*Continued from page* 81)

very ritzy young man who talked a great deal about his society connections. He was always having to go home early in order to keep an evening appointment with Mrs. Van Astorbilt. One night, at the theater, John found the young favorite of the Four Hundred in a box with the swagger set and dressed up like a plush horse. He went to the back of the box and summoned the young man. In a hoarse whisper—heard with horror by every one in the box, John said: "For God's sake be careful of my dress suit—I want to wear it myself tomorrow night."

One of John's friends, a beauteous young lady star, is very cold toward him—because he merely went up to her in the middle of a sylish cafe party and, in a voice shaken with emotion, commiserated with her over the fact (known only to his imagination) that her brother was to be hanged the next day.

William Haines is the biggest prankster at the M-G-M lot. Nearly everybody has been made a victim of one of his jokes. James Cruze, director, is the latest, and it happened while Cruze was directing him in *A Man's Man.*

Cruze likes hotcakes for breakfast and Haines found out about it. When Cruze arrived at the studio commissary he ordered his usual breakfast. Billy went to the chef and asked if he couldn't help fix Cruze's breakfast. The chef was obliging.

The principal help on the part of Haines consisted of putting a disc of flannel in each of the hotcakes.

Cruze spit and sputtered when he tried to cut the cakes but he took it all good-naturedly. Threatening, however, to get even.

EVEN Pola Negri is a kidder. Not long ago, she went to a week-end house party with some movie people at Laguna. They went out early in the morning—leaving Pola still in bed. When they came back, Pola rushed to meet them in the street. "We have been robbed; bandits!" she squealed. During their absence, she had emptied all the bureau drawers onto the floor, and upset all the furniture all over the house. Pola thought it was a bigger joke than the people who had to clean up the muss.

And Mary Pickford gets jocose at times. The last time she was directed by Mickie Neilan, she was prepared for the worst. Mickie is a great director, but if he ever got to a set on time nobody ever has found out about it.

So, the first day that Mickie appeared on the set to begin the new picture—late as per custom—a phonograph with a loud speaker attachment greeted him with a blare and an old song: "I've Waited, Honey; Waited Long For You." After that Mickie was sometimes almost on time.

Douglas Fairbanks is an abandoned

kidder. This in spite of all the dukes and kings who come to visit at his house. In his office he has an alluring-looking comfortable couch. Tired Hollywood always makes a bee line for that sumptuous ease; but after they sit down, they always leap up with a yell. Doug has an electric wire attached. It feels as though a mule had kicked you in an appropriate place. Ask me. I know.

One Hollywood wheeze nearly turned out to be a tragedy. One of our merry little stars bet another that he couldn't steal the famous rug—about fifty feet square—out of the main lobby of the Alexandria Hotel. It sounded about like stealing the traffic signals from Forty-second and Broadway in New York.

At the hour of midnight, there came a terrific shriek from the mezzanine floor, then more shrieks. The hotel clerks and all the Hollywood loiterers rushed pell mell up the stairs where they found a grinning extra girl—with a lacerated throat.

Meanwhile the young stars had calmly gathered up the big rug and had departed with it in a taxi cab. The hotel people did not entirely appreciate the jest.

The man who really made a fool of Hollywood was Rush Hughes—with his gag about the radio. He is the son of Rupert Hughes, the novelist and scenario writer.

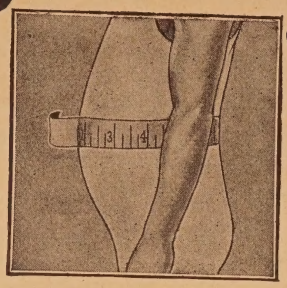
Rush rang up several of the celebrities of Hollywood on the phone and told them a new experiment was being tried by the radio savants. A device had been perfected whereby they could speak into their own phones and it would be transmitted over an air wave to the eager and excited world.

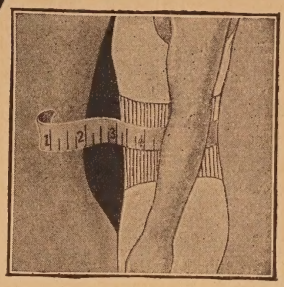
Then Rush took down his own receiver and enjoyed a quiet evening at home—hearing them perform for his benefit. A lot of them fell hard; but one of the hardest was the wisest guy in Hollywood—Lew Cody. In his most dulcet tones, and his gayest quips, Lew addressed himself to what he thought was a world-wide audience with all the radio stations in the world hooked on. He told stories and sang songs and made sundry sage and clever remarks. And Rush Hughes enjoyed it a lot—as he told Lew later.

Anita Stewart was in a cafe when a gentlemanly waiter told her she was wanted on the phone. When she found out what was wanted, she wrapped herself up in her sables and tore off home. She and the members of her family wheeled the heavy grand piano into position to get the right tone effect. Rush was very fussy about the position of the piano. They had to haul it this way and that until it sounded right over the "radio." Finally, worn out with her house moving work, Anita began to warble. She sang and sang and, in her sweet, hesitating, shy voice, told charming little stories.

Rush enjoyed that, too. The following day, Mr. Hughes decided to take an extended vacation without leaving a forwarding address. After all, who wants to be murdered?

Goodbye Fat!





This new-self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat. No straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening and harming your system with foolish diets and drugs.

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Send no money. Mail the coupon below and you will receive our 10-day Trial Offer and a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance write now. The Weil Company, 1003 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and your Special 10-day Trial Offer.

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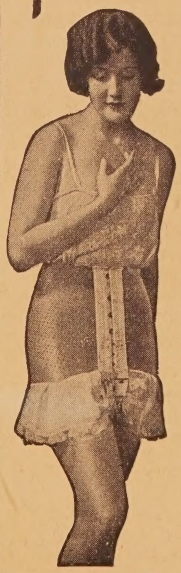
without dieting, drugs or exercises



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Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

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SUPERBA CO. N-63 BALTIMORE, MD.

Wampas Baby Stars of 1929

(*Continued from page* 45)

stars of today—perhaps, to surpass them. Let us run briefly down the list of the Wampas Babies, of whom you will hear much more in months to come.

Anita Page was born on Long Island, studied art, came to Hollywood to make a picture for Harry Thaw, was signed by Metro-Goldywn-Mayer, and won instant attention in *Telling the World* with William Haines, and with Joan Crawford in *Dancing Daughters.*

Sally Blane and Loretta Young are sisters. They grew up in Hollywood, and went into pictures straight from high school. Sally attracted attention by dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. She played in the Universal Collegians series and many Westerns. The Young sisters scored a hit with Lon Chaney in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* Loretta, under contract to First National, is playing with Dick Barthelmess in *Scarlet Seas.*

Josephine Dunn, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, got her first job in the New York Winter Garden because she had curls like Mary Pickford, came to Hollywood, had a series of tough breaks and finally scored with Al Jolson in *The Singing Fool,* and with William Haines in *Excess Baggage.*

Jean Arthur, Paramount player, was born in New York, made her first hit with Richard Dix in *Warming Up* and has an important role in *The Canary Murder Case.*

Mona Rico is a Mexican girl, declared by Ernst Lubitsch, director, to have the most beautiful hands of any girl on the screen. Se will make her first appearance with John Barrymore in *Eternal Love,* for United Artists.

Doris Dawson, First National player, first scored with Richard Barthelmess in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* She was born in Goldfield, Nevada.

Doris Hill made a hit in the first modern talkie, *The Better 'Ole.* She was born in Roswell, New Mexico She has played a number of roles for Paramount, to whom she is under contract.

Ethelyn Claire, born in Talladega, Alabama, created the role of Mrs. Newlywed in Universal Comedies. She is a free lance player.

Helen Twelvetrees is a recruit from the stage for talking pictures. She was born in Brooklyn and has lived in New York. She plays the lead in *The Ghost Talks* for Fox.

Betty Boyd was born in Kansas City, has played in Educational Comedies and will play in talking pictures with Edward Everett Horton.

Helen Foster is a free lance actress who has played leads in pictures produced by Mrs. Wallace Reid.

Caryl Lincoln has had an eventful career doing difficult doubling stunts and playing in westerns. Her beautiful legs won her better roles.

The Baby Stars will be presented to the public at the annual Wampas Frolic at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles February 12.

AGAIN the Wampas has conferred its honors on thirteen happy youngsters. Potential stars, all of them. Who knows what fame and fortune lies just ahead of all of them?

What does the future hold in store for these thirteen Baby Stars? Perhaps a glance at the starlets of the past may give an indication of the possibilities before them.

Last year's selection of Wampas Baby Stars demonstrates the accuracy of this famous annual forecast. The Wampas Baby Stars for 1928 were Sue Carol, Gwen Lee, Sally Eilers, June Collyer, Molly O'Day, Alice Day, Dorothy Gulliver, Lina Basquette, Anne Christy, Ruth Taylor, Lupe Velez, Flora Bromley, and Audrey Ferris. All have gone on to greater success in the year just past, and of this talented group Sue Carol, Sally Eilers, June Collyer, Audrey Ferris, Lina Basquette, Ruth Taylor, and Lupe Velez have scored outstanding hits in this brief period that more than justified the stamp of approval placed on them and their work by this organization of shrewd pickers.

Yes, the lucky ones selected may well feel a glow of satisfaction, not only for this recognition of their work to date, but also because of the impetus supplied to their careers. For it has been estimated that to be selected as a Wampas Baby Star saves at least five years of slow, uncertain progress toward a screen career.

Fashion Hints For Spring

Max Ree, costume creator at First National studios, gives a few hints as to things fashionable for feminine spring wear.

Indefinite colors are featured in blouses—that is, tones that shade into colors, but blending in such a way as to be indescribable through the regular color range.

Gingham and linen will be worn by sophisticated women for spring.

Long-haired furs, whether dark or light, will be luxurious accents to heavy silk coats for spring.

American beauty is to be a popular shade for evening gowns.

Water-color pink is a new shade.

Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Alice White and Dorothy Mackaill are getting their orders in early for their spring wardrobes.

SHE REDUCED

What a Relief!

Virginia Grant is a social favorite now. But when she was overweight, she was not popular, because her figure was clumsy, ungainly, and her clothes did not fit.

She tried to reduce, through diet and otherwise, but was unsuccessful. Then she used Korein, and quickly lost her superfluous flesh, as proved by her photograph.

Men and women of all ages and weights have used Korein. They report reductions from 10 to 70 pounds, easily, safely, genuinely.

Korein is fully guaranteed and absolutely harmless. Simple, safe, reliable. Buy it at your drug store today, or a testing sample will be sent FREE to anyone wishing to improve health through reducing weight happily. Overcome dangerous obesity, and become slender and younger looking. Fill out coupon, or write to

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Fascinating, lovely, soft, wavy hair can be yours always. Right at home you can give yourself a marcel that lasts from shampoo to shampoo. No more hot irons that make dull, brittle and lifeless hair. No more split ends. Just apply Curloline to your hair, setting the waves with combs or curlers, or even your fingers. You will be amazed to see how easily and quickly you get a wave that is natural and lasting.

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Send No Money At our risk, try a large size bottle. Send no money now. Pay postman only $1.50 on delivery. If not entirely satisfied after one week's trial, your money will be refunded instantly. Write today. A postal will do.

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With Novelty case and Fancy box. Send Stamps, Coin, or Money Order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded. Agents Wanted.

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Harry Carr Comments

(*Continued from page* 61)

was at the top of the heap. Von Stroheim would have less.

Worked for Joy

VON ought to be rich. He has very little money owing to a peculiar habit of making contracts. When Von starts out on a picture, he nearly always makes contract along these lines:

That he will get a certain cash sum for writing the story; and a salary for a certain specified number of weeks for directing the same. After this mile stone, he is not to get a salary.

For instance when he made *Greed*, he drew a salary for about fifteen weeks; then he worked nearly two years for nothing.

When he made *The Wedding March*, he got $25,000 for the story; $25,000 for acting in the picture, and $5,000 a week for fourteen weeks. The result was that he worked over a year for nothing as a director.

Von's Loyalty

YOU can forgive Von Stroheim a great deal on account of one really noble quality . . . his absolute loyalty.

For instance, much of the trouble—most of the trouble—in *The Wedding March,* was due to two incompetent photographers who made a botch of photographing Von. Scenes which should have taken a few hours stretched on into weary weeks. But nothing could induce Von Stroheim to discharge them. He said he knew too well what it meant to be out of work with a family to support.

Jetta Too Happy

I AM afraid that Griffith's new picture *The Masquerade* isn't going to help Jetta Goudal much. I saw a projecting room preview of it and I thought that the fair Jetta was pretty god-awful.

I am not sure what the moral is, but the best picture Jetta ever made was *White Gold,* throughout which she and the director, Bill Howard, fought like two Killkenny cats. She said that she was never so happy in her life as in this Griffith picture and it comes pretty near being her worst.

Grief Helps

WELL, brethren and dear sisters, I am afraid that this runs pretty close to the rule of studios.

Whenever I see a picture come to an end with all the actors kissing each other good-bye and crying the kind of tears that college graduates shed on graduation day, I know some one else who is also due to cry—the producer who has to pay the bills for a flop.

But when I see them cursing the director behind his back; walking out with the muttered threat that they will never work for that fiend again if they starve, my heart perks up. I know that it has a pretty fair chance of being a great picture.

In the hands of Svengali the simple Trilby became an operatic songbird, such as the world had never heard before. In the hands of the stage hypnotist today people will perform the most absurd stunts that they would never think of doing of their own free will. These are only a few examples of the mysterious power of

Hypnotism

The Power to Sway People

Everybody Can Hypnotize!

Hypnotism is much misunderstood. It is NOT necessary to put the subject in a trance. EVERYBODY responds to hypnotic suggestion with their eyes wide open, in full possession of their senses. Every salesman, doctor, lawyer, executive is a hypnotist in a way. So is every mother, lover, actor—in fact, everybody.

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Everybody needs this knowledge—the SALESMAN whose prospect must never say NO—the LOVER who brooks no refusal—the EXECUTIVE who wants obedience and loyalty—the MAN who wants to rise in his lodge, church or club—the WOMAN who aspires to social prestige—the DOCTOR whose personality does more than his medicine—the everyday MAN or WOMAN who wants to dominate in home and family.

Fame—Fortune—Happiness

Don't you feel such a knowledge would help you succeed in life? Don't you see what a power you would hold over others? Don't you see what a blessing and force for good you might be? Can't you see visions of fame—of fortune—of wealth—love—happiness?

Disease—bad habits—bashfulness—fear—worry—flee before this hypnotic power. Make of yourself a high powered, magnetic, cultured person—welcome everywhere, respected, obeyed, admired and envied.

Secrets Now Revealed

by a world-famous professional hypnotist and lecturer in two splendid books for beginners. One book tells all about the mysteries of this curious science, its history, background and scientific principles. The other teaches you word for word, step by step, move for move, just how to hypnotize different people make them do what you want, induce various stages of hypnotism, how to awaken the subject, how to break bad habits, overcome bashfulness, gain a magnetic personality, etc.

Mind Reading

Magnetic Healing and Mesmerism

are also explained in plain words which anyone can understand. The whole course of 25 lessons was written expressly for home study and practice. But it goes into everything needed to make the reader a professional hypnotist if desired.

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FREE With every course will be the curious Hypnotic Eye, a wonderful aid for beginners who aspire to become professionals.

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GEORGE F. JOWETT, *Champion of Champions*

"Rough? You bet your life I'm rough!"

Don't read another word if you think I've got any time to waste on MAMMA'S BOYS. And don't read another word if you think my system of body building is any pink-tea affair for drug store sheiks or lounge lizards with a YELLOW STREAK a yard wide. I'll treat you ROUGH when you take my course and I'll tell you where you get off, doggoned quick, if you don't do what I tell you.

I'll Make You Strong

But when I get through with you, you'll say that George F. Jowett is the BEST FRIEND you ever had.

You will have muscles of iron and nerves of steel and every fibre of your being will be athrob with HEALTH and ENERGY and VITAL FORCE. The virile red blood of a conqueror will flow through your veins. Mentally and physically I will give you the POWER that is the foundation of SUCCESS!

Patented Dumbbells Free

To every person who takes my course I will give a pair of my patented Jowett Progressive Disk Dumbbells. They cannot be equaled for workmanship and muscle building.

Here's another important point—my course is laid out personally for each pupil. Every week you receive a new set of exercises.

Get My Big Free Book

All I ask is this: Send for my big free book, "The Thrill of Being Strong." You'll get a real kick out of it because of the photographs and because it shows how easily you, too, can have nerves of steel and muscles of iron. Remember—I GUARANTEE to build you up or refund every penny.

JOWETT INSTITUTE
OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. 32-P
422 Poplar St., Scranton, Pa.

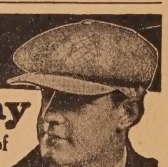
Dear Mr. Jowett:
Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your illustrated booklet, "The Thrill of Being Strong."

Name.....

Address.....

I'll Pay You $30 a Day

To Show My Rain-Proof FITS-U CAPS to Men



I'll pay you $30 a day to show my marvelous line of rain-proof Fits-U Caps to men. With $1.00 profit on every sale it's easy to earn $5.00 or more an hour in spare time alone. "In two hours," writes one salesman, "I made $15.70. The rain-proof and made-to-measure features get the orders quick." By a secret process, every Fits-U Cap is made absolutely rainproof! Collect big commissions in advance. EVERY CAP MADE TO INDIVIDUAL MEASURE! I'll send big selling outfit to you FREE. Other fast-selling numbers: Men's Hats, Ladies' Hats, Mufflers, Ties, etc. Rush name and address.

FREE Outfit

FITS-U CAP CO., Dept. S-170, Cincinnati, Ohio.

When I Am Forty

(*Continued from page* 54)

Estelle Taylor and her husband, Jack Dempsey, are in full accord about beating the fateful forties, as they are about almost everything else.

a month I went to the various racial theaters. I compared the methods of the Russian actors with those of the Hungarian school. Occasionally I went up to Harlem and saw negro troupes perform. I went to the Metropolitan and learned to discern Puccini from the operas of the bombastic Wagner.

Instead of reading light fiction, I trained myself to enjoy biographies, books on philosophy, stories of the operas. It was not easy. It's hard to change from a diet of truffles to the beefsteak of literature. For the first time in my life, I am not ashamed to admit I was thinking. Heretofore, my life had been a series of emotional outbursts that had sped me on to whatever success I had achieved. How long this would have lasted, I do not know.

I think it was the words of a man who offered me many things that money could buy in return for my love that gave me my first definite plan of what I would do when I was forty, and how I could best use the cultural knowledge that I was absorbing under the guidance of my good friend, Mr. Brabin. This man, a banker, offered me an estate and a limousine and all the things that women have been offered since Lilith. And when I refused, he said: "What difference will it make when you are forty? Wouldn't you rather be the mistress of a fine home than have to scrub for a living?"

I was not flattered. I was furious. It was then that I decided to reach a victorious forty entirely through my own efforts, converting daily experiences into profit, learning, thinking clearly.

I decided to devote my early life to the screen. Then to go to the stage, where youth is not so much the requisite. And when my stage days were over, I would write plays and stories. I would not go blindly at the business of writing, although I reasoned that my years on screen and stage would help me materially. I would enroll in Columbia University where they have a course in story and play construction. I would fill my life with work. When I could no longer create beauty on the stage, I could give beauty to the world through words. I would write and write like George Sand, though by no means as illustriously. Tirelessly she wrote while her life flowed by. She wrote almost up to her death. I, too, would be busy until I breathed my last.

With this idea of self-improvement I have chosen my friends, not alone for congeniality, but for the cultural luster they can cast upon our friendship. It is not snobbishness. It is not as bald as it sounds. I want them to derive the same joy from association with me.

I planned this life, of course, before I met and married Jack. Marriage alters things. It is bound to. Women may say it doesn't, but it does. However, instead of diminishing the scope of my plans, he is fully in sympathy with them. You see, Jack has no fondness for those devastating forties, and has his own pet plans for vanquishing them.

Classified Ads

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, MUSICAL comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash. Dept. 37, Chicago.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep all old money; it may be very valuable. Get posted. Send 10c for Illustrated Coin Value Book; 4x6. Guaranteed cash prices. Clarke Coin Co., Box 14, Le Roy, N. Y.

AUTHORS—MANUSCRIPTS

SHORT STORIES, ETC., Revised, Typewritten and Marketed. Hursh Service, Dept. 5, Box 1013, Harrisburg, Penna.

MALE-FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE $20 per 100, Stamping Names on Keychecks. Sample and instructions, 25c. Keetag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

ART PHOTOS

4, $1.00. Student's memory developed, $2.00. PFU—GPO, Bx. 471, N. Y.

WANTED—MALE HELP

BIG PAY: South American Work. American firms pay fare, expenses. South American Service Bureau, 14,600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

DETECTIVES

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY—Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, George Wagner, 2190-T, Broadway, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HOMEWORK: Women wanting obtain reliable kinds write for information. Enclose stamp. Eller Co., 296K Broadway, New York.

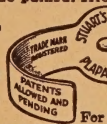
SONGWRITERS

SONG WRITERS, submit poems; successful songs earn fortunes. Brennen, Musical Director, J-1656 Broadway, N. Y.

Stop Using a Truss

STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different from trusses—being mechanico-chemico applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-tonic "PLAPAO" continuously applied to the affected parts, and to minimize painful friction and slipping.

No straps, buckles or spring attached.



Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive.

For almost a quarter of a century satisfied thousands report success without delay from work. Stacks of sworn statements on file. Process of recovery natural, so no subsequent use for a truss. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Trial of "PLAPAO" will be sent you absolutely **FREE** No charge for it now or ever. Write name on coupon and send **TODAY.**

Plapao Co., 361 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring Free Trial "PLAPAO"

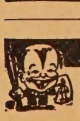
LADIES! New Discovery

Send two cent stamp. We will tell you how to get fat and develop your bust, and get firm flesh without drugs from 18 to 30 days.

CIE ELLEMAN EGYPTIENNE

TRADEMARK

P. O. Box-50, Station "N," Montreal, Que., Canada



BE A RAPID-FIRE TRICK CARTOONIST

$2 BUYS COMPLETE COURSE, including 40 Clever Cartoon Stunts, "How to Give a Performance;" "How to Originate Ideas." Fun—Profit—Popularity! Send $2 or pay C. O. D. Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York, Dept. 0-4

So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page 34*)

though not a producer or newspaper owner. At least, that's what Charlie said when he found he was the loser.

Bebe entertained with an imitation of Al Jolson singing "Mammy." And the way Bebe imitates is just nobody's business.

Wise Gal

WITH her connections with Paramount severed, maybe Bebe Daniels isn't glad she's been a wise little girl and saved up her pennies. She's counted among the few wealthy women in this business. Wampas Baby stars and other beginners might well learn a wise lesson from Bebe. With three offers from other studios she can wait to choose her own contract at any terms she desires.

Still Going Strong

BETTING is about even as to the seriousness of the Lupe Velez-Gary Cooper infatuation. Lupe has intrigued so many men—Gary has increased the heart action of so many women. Yet, they are so evidently mad about one another that you cannot get odds on either side of the question.

Too Athletic

MRS. MARGUERITE W. L. BEERY has filed suit for divorce against Noah Beery, screen heavy. He has to go into court soon to show cause why he should not pay his wife alimony. She also asks for a division of their community property.

Mrs. Beery asks freedom on the ground of cruelty, alleging that Beery forgot to confine his "heavy" talents to the screen but carried them into their home, throwing her to the floor, flourishing menacingly a loaded revolver; that he told mutual acquaintances she associated with peons and that his demeanor toward her was harsh and brutal.

Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page 16*)

lost movie heroes. Try William Fairbanks at M-G-M, where he seems to have worked quite a lot recently. The last I heard of Pete Morrison was as the star of *West of Arizona*, a Lariat production. Bob Steele is at F. B. O. Write to Walter Miller at Pathe, and Jack Dougherty at Universal. Don't know where to get hold of Josie Chadwick or Hope Hampton.

Answers to Postal Pouch Quiz on page 16

1. Madge Bellamy.
2. Chester Conklin.
3. Tom Mix.
4. Gary Cooper.
5. Neil Hamilton.

Please Accept 10c Package FREE

You Women are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a sample of Del-a-tone and are now using the large size package regularly in preference to razors, pulling out hairs, and all other methods.

Under-arm daintiness

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

The standard depilatory for over 20 years. Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under-arms, legs, back of neck and face. You obtain the same quick, effective results, whether you use the new snow-white Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Send coupon today for FREE package.

Hair-free legs

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

Miss Mildred Hadley,
c/o THE DELATONE CO.,
Dept. 93, 721 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL In U.S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid and in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith:

☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

Name.....

Address.....

Sinus Trouble *is* CATARRH

When infection gets into the little pockets (sinuses) that connect with the nose, they cannot drain properly. A "stuffed up" head, distressing fullness, often with splitting headaches, are the result. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, because it acts through the blood, reaches the sinuses as no wash, spray or ointment can. Drives out poisons, and swelling, and restores the tissues to healthy tone. Get Hall's today!

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose .85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 243, Toledo, Ohio

Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers

GIVEN WRIST WATCH

LADIES: Gorgeous 6-jewel wrist watch for selling only 24-10c packages Keystone Gold Eye Needles as offer in our Free catalog. Send name and address only—no money; we trust you. KEYSTONE NOVELTY CO. Dept. S A33 GREENVILLE, PA.

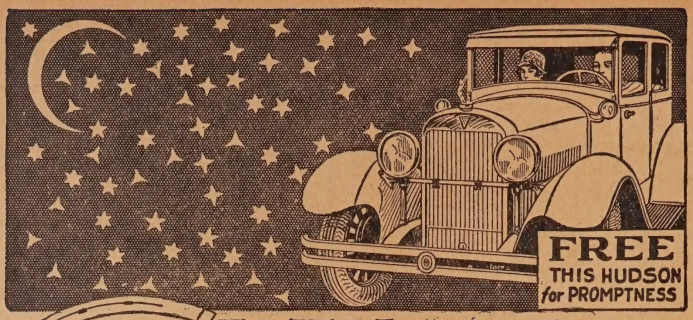
How to Have Kissable Lips

Lips that tantalize can be yours in two months. Perfectly shaped and without cost or discomfort. M. Trilety's new lipshaper has been used with miraculous results, by thousands of men, women and girls. Reduces thick, protruding, prominent lips to normal size. Wear it at night for two months and you will have lips that rival those of the most famous beauties of screen and stage.

Write for full information and copies of letters from many who have used the Trilety Lipshaper. No obligation on your part.

M. TRILETY

348 SP, W.U. Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.



FIND THE LUCKY Stars

WIN $1000.00

Anyone with a sharp eye may win this big cash prize of $1000.00 and in addition a brand new Hudson Coach for promptness, if on time—or $2400 in all. Why not you? Think of having a new Hudson Coach given you for your very own, and $1000 in cash to do with as you wish, or if you prefer, $2400 in all.

Sixteen Big Prizes

You've always heard of Lucky Stars, here's your chance to find them and enjoy the Good Luck they bring. There are four kinds of Stars in the group—three-pointed, four-pointed, five-pointed, and six-pointed. Which of these four kinds are the Lucky Stars? A line connecting all the lucky stars will form a horseshoe. When you find the group which forms the horseshoe you can thank your Lucky Stars.

THIS IS NOT A MAGAZINE CONTEST

Anyone Who Can Solve Puzzles May Win

To quickly advertise the name and products of the Paris-American Pharmacal Company and make them better known we are dividing our profits and absolutely giving away 16 BIG CASH PRIZES, ranging from $1000 down, and a NEW HUDSON COACH for promptness—if the first prize winner is on time. What's still more—we will reward hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of our products, and duplicate prizes will be given on all awards in case of final ties. It costs you nothing to solve this puzzle. You do not have to subscribe to any magazine or secure any subscriptions to win any of the 16 BIG CASH PRIZES, ranging from $1000 down, or the Hudson Coach for promptness, with the $1000 Cash FIRST PRIZE. Neither is it necessary to sell anything.

If you find the LUCKY STARS *cut out this puzzle and* SEND YOUR ANSWER QUICK

Some sharp-eyed person is going to win the $1000 cash and the Hudson too, if on time. WHY NOT YOU? The Hudson, remember, is a prize for PROMPTNESS, if you win the $1000 you want to get the Hudson too. SEND YOUR ANSWER TODAY. We will let you know at once how close you are to winning, how to get the $1000.00 cash first prize and make the Hudson yours; there will be no delay in giving you your award for solving this puzzle, so mail your answer AT ONCE.

PARIS-AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 1200, Fifth and Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa

Hidden ills are the most to be feared

Foes to our health stalk everywhere, yet alert men and women need not fear those ills that give warning, for modern science has perfected many a safeguard.

At the first warning of pain, do not be satisfied with superficial remedies! Gastric pains, dizziness, lack of energy, and indigestion, may be the danger signals of active stomach ulcers—one of the most dangerous of ailments because it is hidden.

For more than a generation, Dr. H. H. Warner, with his chemists and medical staff, have been perfecting a remedy for this disease, and now Dr. Warner's Stu-Mak Remedy is accepted everywhere as a harmless, healing panacea for this all too common trouble. If you suspect the presence of this ill, which may so easily become malignant, send for a trial box. The price is $2.00, or three boxes for $5.00.

Recommended by Nurses and Doctors the World Over

Warner's Renowned Remedies Company

E. 25th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Fan Clubs

(*Continued from page* 14)

Lupe Velez' Club

WE THOUGHT there would be a Lupe Velez Fan Club before long, and lo and behold here is one just waiting to be announced! Miss Frances Maxian is the President and will tell anyone writing her more about the club. She also has a Phyllis Haver club.

Alice Day Club Started

NOW here's a club for all you Alice Day fans! This club has just been formed and we know that Alice is personally interested in it because she told us so. And she has promised to send all who join a large beautiful picture, personally autographed to the members. As a further special inducement, the club will send three 8x10 photos of popular players to the first twenty-five to join the organization. Dues to the Alice Day Fan Club are 25c.

Here's Ken's Club

MRS. Pearl Tice writes that her Ken Maynard Club is doing fine and so far has 130 members. Just recently Mrs. Tice also started a Lina Basquette club and it's doing wonders The club prints a paper devoted to the interests of Lina. Dues are 50c yearly and 25c extra for the paper. The Ken Maynard Club dues are 10c and on joining, Ken sends each member a photo of himself and a club pin.

Free Photographs

THE Marian Nixon Fan Club, of Hollywood, California, wishes to be announced. Dues are twenty-five cents per year and each member receives an unusually attractive large photo from Marian. A set of five "stills" from recent films is being offered free of charge to the first ten members to join this interesting new club. 'Nuff said!

William Blakewell Unit

NOW HERE'S a fan club for that popular young juvenile, William Bakewell. Randolph Tye is the President and yearly dues are fifty cents. You are given a membership list and card, photograph of young Bakewell, journal, and plenty of chances to try for some good club prizes offered from time to time.

Cinema Guild Formed

THE Cinema Guild has just been formed by John Allen and his associates. It is mainly in honor of those three Paramount Musketeers, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Lane Chandler. Mr. Allen will be glad to send more detailed information concerning this club to any of you who may be interested.

La Salle
APARTMENT HOTEL

A DIGNIFIED PLACE OF RESIDENCE in A SOCIALLY CORRECT NEIGHBORHOOD

Ideal for Women with Children. Conveniently Close to the Fifth Ave Shopping District

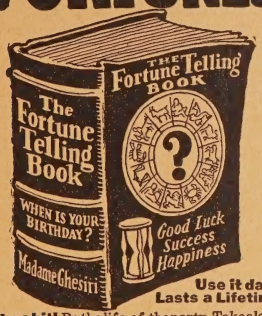
NEW YORK

A MINUTE FROM CENTRAL PARK
CONVENIENT TRANSPORTATION TO EVERYWHERE

Personal Direction Of CHAS LA PRELLE

30 EAST 60th ST.

EASY FOR YOU TO TELL FORTUNES



Use it daily Lasts a Lifetime

Make a hit! Be the life of the party. Take along **The Fortune Telling Book**. Tell everybody about their dispositions, business, pleasures, love affairs, home problems—how to be lucky and succeed. Then have each friend sign opposite his or her fortune—your record and remembrance of happy days. Every home should keep this fascinating game book handy on the library table.

GREAT FUN—AMAZE FRIENDS

Be in style. Get out your **"Fortune Telling Book"**. It's the smart and easy way of getting folks acquainted. All the rage with New York society and theatrical folks. Tell your own fortune. Find out how to succeed—what fate holds in business, society, love.

SEND NO MONEY

DE LUXE binding, size 6 x 8 x 1; 300 pages in 2 colors; gold stamped zodiac on cover. (Usual price $3.50.) Our special bargain price for limited time $1.98. Pay postman. Send coupon today!

The PLATT & MUNK Co., Inc. Dept. 18
200 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me "The Fortune Telling Book." On arrival I will pay postman **$1.98** plus **17** cents C.O.D. charges. My money to be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

How William Haines Became a Wisecracker

(*Continued from page* 48)

Mary Brian and William Haines as they appeared in Brown of Harvard *—showing one of the biggest rewards of cracking wise.*

I had saved enough money for my first trip home for Christmas. Jack Conway, the director, didn't want me. Nobody seemed to want me. I *wanted* that part; I knew I could play it, but I just went home and left them with a lot of indifferent, hardboiled wise-cracks to remember.

"That picture, as you know, made me. My wise-cracks, forced to veil the porous heart-coverings of a sensitive nature, had saved me. I've always wanted to do a serious picture; I've really yearned to enjoy a few serious moments. But I've made my bed—and now I must lie on it."

They did give Bill one chance at a serious picture—*A Man's Man*—with Jimmy Cruze megaphoning. It was so serious that at the studio preview women burst out weeping. At the Los Angeles preview one woman became hysterical from emotion; she giggled. The producers heard the giggle and cut the picture to be *funny*.

No Hollywood party is complete today without the wise-cracks of Billy. The more risque the jokes are—the more they laugh at him. Billy Haines is *supposed* to be funny. His pictures are *supposed* to be funny. The fact that he may be a Pagliacci doesn't enter into the consideration of either friend or producer. To them, he was created to promote laughter.

"You can train yourself just as you train your dog. You can have two personalities—the one which cries at the other; the one which laughs at the little boy who is sometimes still crying. It's not easy in the beginning but just like Pagliacci, you can—with work—hide the one and parade only the other."

$25.00 DRAWING COURSE FOR $2.98

Haven't you often wished that you could draw cartoons, illustrate some idea, sketch some pretty face, etc.? You can do all of these things. One of America's most famous Cartoonists and Illustrators has developed a great, simple, system for success in all branches of Commercial Art. This system has revolutionized the entire theory of drawing. It means that drawing can be as easy for you as writing—much simpler than learning shorthand, bookkeeping or typewriting. We are now placing this original system for learning Drawing, Art and Cartooning, consisting of 34 lessons with over 500 illustrations, within reach of every one. If you will devote a few hours each week to the Course, WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE that you will learn to draw and draw well before you have half finished the Course. If we fail to make this claim good, we will refund every cent paid us. By eliminating a large office force for answering correspondence, expensive catalogs, etc., we are enabled to make a price of $2.98, the cheapest price ever known for a high-grade home study course. Many have sent us letters similar to that of Robt. P. Davis, of Detroit, who wrote: "I can't see how you ask so little, when others with inferior Courses get from $20 to $60 for theirs. It is more than I expected." Learn to draw. It is a big asset, no matter what field you are in.

SEND NO MONEY

Just order the Course, and **$2.98** on arrival pay postman only plus a few cents postage, payment in full for the entire Course and Drawing Outfit. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and we will REFUND MONEY. Address

FREE: If you order the Course at once, we will include a drawing outfit, consisting of artist's pencils, pens, papers, erasers, thumb tacks, etc., enabling you to go to work without any additional cost.

Lederer School of Drawing, Dept. 490-V, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Orders from outside the U. S. A. are payable $3.28 cash with order

LOVELY HAIR GROWTH
Box Free To You!

Would You Like Such a Result as This?

Do you want, FREE, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad. by post-card or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? **FREE**

Koskott is used by men and women; is is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days.

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, D-212 Sta. F, New York

Sell 3 Dresses for $5.50

Yes, three beautiful dresses for only $5.50. Just one of the amazing Fashion Frocks values that are helping hundreds of women earn $30, $40, $50 a week besides getting their own dresses without paying one cent. We need more home service representatives at once to take orders at low factory prices. Stunning styles, finest workmanship, high quality, amazing values. Your big chance. Act quick. Write at once for

FREE OUTFIT style book, samples, and amazing offer whereby you not only earn big money, all or part time, but **get your own dresses without cost.**

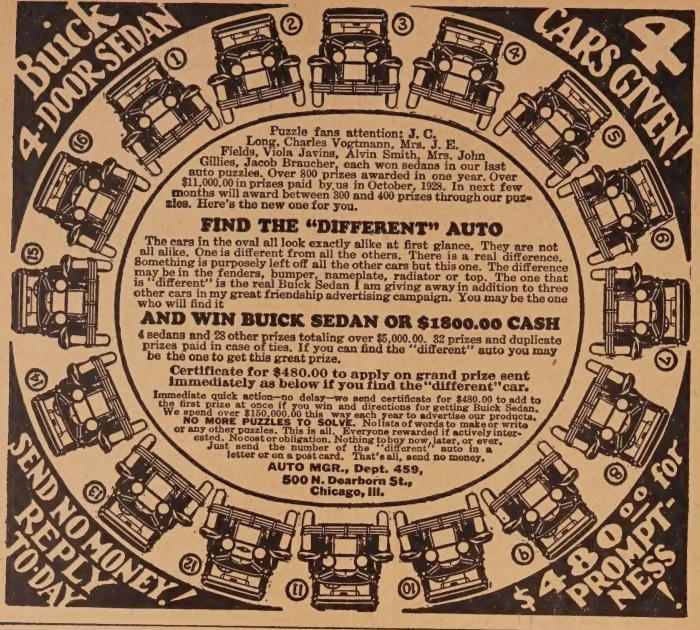
FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
Dept. D-7 Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR 14-DAY TREATMENT **FREE**

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only

Madame B. A. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.



DEAFNESS-HEAD NOISES relieved by "UNSEEN COMFORTS"

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc. Suite 447, 70 5th Ave., New York

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home. *Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet. We teach Beauty Culture.*

D. J. MAHLER CO., 373-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Clear, Sparkling Eyes

EYE BLISS (used with dropper) restores youthful brilliancy to tired, dull, sore and irritated eyes. Improves eyelashes. More than antiseptic—positively heals external eye troubles, granulation, discharging, etc. Strengthens weak eyes. Eye Bliss is the result of 30 years scientific research. Guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. $1 per bottle at drug stores or prepaid.

Performs Wonders!

EYE BLISS CO. W. Hill Sta. 3, Omaha, Nebraska

SONGWRITERS!

SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE ROYALTIES ARE PAID upon publishable work. ANYONE having original ideas for Songs may submit poems for examination and advice.

WALTER NEWCOMER 1674 Broadway, N. Y.

Meet M. Chevalier

(*Continued from page* 78)

"I just look." And he beamed at me with his blue eyes and his beautiful smile, implying that if I were a sample of American girls, he was satisfied.

He's like Lindberg. He always says the right thing.

"Before I left Paris," he went on, "they told me I would be run to death with reporters. They met my boat in New York, and fifteen—twenty of them came to my hotel to ask questions. I met the press at a luncheon on my first day in Holywood, but not so many have come since, so I think they just say it to scare me.

"But if all interviews would be like—just sit and chat with pretty girl—I wish I could have one every day!"

We stepped out into the well-advertised California weather, and he beamed in a way to make a native son's heart warm to him.

"They tell me it will be like the south of France," he said, "but we have not such sun. It's wonderful! A paradise! And my wife say so, too. I do not know about pictures, but if they will only like me, I will love them."

He shook hands again in his American businessman fashion.

"You must watch out," he warned me. "That love-bug you do not know about will GET YOU YET!"

Favorite bachelor stars lunch regularly at Montmartre on Saturdays. Among these are Charles Chaplin, John Gilbert, Tom Mix, Norman Kerry, Buddy Rogers, Ben Lyon, James Hall, Stuart Holmes and Gary Cooper.

The Future of the Talkies

(*Continued from page* 43)

"One moment," I cried, "won't television in the end scrap all the theatres?"

"Use your bean," said McCarthy reprovingly. "Don't you know that the same men who control the basic rights and manufacture of sound equipment also control television, and would they let the one play hob with the other? But, seriously, it will be many years before television will operate satisfactorily in the homes, and television will have about the same effect on the picture business as the so-called home projectors."

This man now working in Hollywood is he whose Broadway-and-Forty-second-Street place throughout fifteen years was the movie hall of fame and whose approval of a picture—like a diamond expert's appraisal or a connoisseur's cachet of an Old Master—assured its world success.

In that place, which became a renowned mart for the best offerings of the studios both domestic and foreign, but six pictures were selected for general road exhibitions out of the hundreds that were proffered. These six landmarks in the history of road-showing pictures are *The Birth of a Nation, Way Down East, The Covered Wagon, The Ten Commandments, The Big Parade* and *Ben-Hur.* Each set a new standard of art or developed hidden possibilities of the cinema. And each brought not only enduring praise to the maker but also a great golden bumper-harvest of financial reward which the producers knew could not have been fully attained without this man's uncanny showmanship and unerring judgment of values.

It was a decided surprise to the theatrical world when it was announced that the famous offices at 1476 Broadway were closing and their occupant would go to Hollywood to take charge of movietone production for Fox.

Any week-day enter a big studio at Hollywood and Western, Los Angeles, and proceed along a formal garden path till you reach an embowered bungalow of two great rooms, in the centre of each of which stands an enormous glass-topped desk.

Seated at one is a rosy-cheeked, stocky man, Winfield Sheehan, the Fox vice-president and general manager. At the other is a suave, tall man, slight of bodily build, quick-eyed, big-brained. Save in the matter of inches, somewhat of a throwback to his ancestor Napoleon. And that is J. J. McCarthy. Named after Joseph Jefferson, brought up, as it were, in the theatres of old-time New Orleans, "super" captain, theatrical agent, general manager, infallible picker of great pictures, he knows as much of the theatre as any man in America.

Will his talkie predictions come true?

Alice White's Secret Diary

(*Continued from page 65*)

Alice White as she appeared in Show Girl *in a night club scene—no wonder prohibition agents have been breaking down doors to enter.*

news from First National. Looks like they may want to re-sign me. The old cloud may have a silver lining after all. Signed my contract for *The Satin Woman.*

March 26. Went out to First National. Talked about re-signing and I was very happy. Went to my first Mayfair dance.

March 27. Sunday. A boring day. Leaped around. Didn't do much of anything. Home early. Have a big day tomorrow.

March 28. Much conference out at First National about new contract. I wonder?

March 29. Went shopping. Saw T. for awhile. He's awfully nice.

March 30. Started to work on *The Satin Woman* with Mrs. Wally Reid. She is one of the most adorable women I have ever known. I am very keen about her. Walter Lang is directing the picture.

March 31. Worked today. Ivan and Gilbert came over awhile. Gee, I was glad to see them. Gilbert is a fascinating boy. One thing about him, he never bores you. You don't know whether he will be moody or gay. It must be that old Spanish custom. I am afraid I am still fond of Gilbert.

April 1. Worked today. Was dressed up like a kid—curls and socks and short skirts. Driving along Sunset Boulevard, I yelled at Jack Gilbert. He looked at me and probably thought I was some ardent fan. Finally he stopped his car when he saw it was me and nearly died laughing. He's a grand person. Little me is just one of a million *femmes* who thinks so. Told me, once, he wanted to play *A Widow in the Bye Street* and I dashed out and bought a copy to read. He'd be marvelous in it. I think I'd buy a complete edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica if Jack said he was going to play the Encyclopedia.

April 2. Worked all day. Signed my new contract with First National. Wonder what new plans they have in store for me?

April 3. Slept most of the morning and went to see my picture, *The Sea Tiger.* People liked it very much. Heard them saying, "Who is that new girl?" Gee it was a thrill. I felt like turning around and saying, "Take a look! Here I am." Maybe I'll be a star after all.

April 4. Dinner in Beverly Hills and then went scampering around places and doing things. Been a very good girl.

April 5. Worked at the Ambassador Swimming Pool. First time I ever worked on an outside location. Rather thrilled at all the people watching me.

April 6. Worked all day at the Ambassador. Received my first big check for

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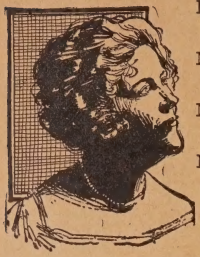

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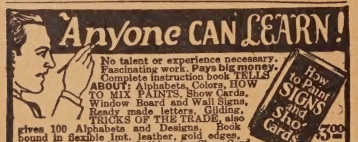

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April 7. Worked all day. Home early.

April 15. Went out to the movies with Buddy Rogers. He is an awfully nice boy. Very wholesome.

April 16. Worked on location. At night Mrs. Reid gave a very lovely party at her home. Lots of interesting people.

April 17. Slept most of the morning and in the afternoon went to a party at Ward Crane's. Had a lot of laughs. He sure is funny.

April 19. Finished Mrs. Reid's picture yesterday. Went shopping this morning. Bought a gorgeous gold brocaded evening wrap. And a nice black satin coat trimmed with white fox. It's grand to be able to buy pretty things for a change.

May 1. Went out to the Cruze home in Flintridge. Met Betty Compson and Jim Cruze. She is absolutely the most interesting girl I've met in pictures. They were very, very sweet to me and I hope I shall know them for a long time.

May 3. Spent a lovely day at Betty Compson's. Had a lot of fun.

May 5. Met Mal St. Clair at Montmartre. Told me he thought he had a nice part for me in Connie Talmadge's picture.

May 6. Signed contract for part in Constance's *Breakfast at Sunrise.* It's a grand part. I hope I'm good in it. Went riding and visiting with M. Am very fond of him. He's very adorable and I hope we're friends for a long time. And I mean "friends." Men get so darned possessive when they become lovers. Of course a woman likes that for a time but then it becomes boring. And being bored slays me.

May 7. Went to the studio for a while. Then made a personal appearance that night at Loew's State. Scared pink. Afterwards went to the Grove. Met the Hearst boys. They're nice kids.

May 15. At Betty Compson's house again. The more I see of her the better I like her. She's so darned genuine. Lots of interesting people came out to visit. Stayed all night. Sat up 'til almost dawn talking. Decided the perfect man would have Jack Gilbert's eyes and charm, Leslie Fenton's voice, T's mouth. Fell asleep, thinking about it, and had a delicious dream.

May 19. After tangoing every day this week for the picture, went to the Grove and danced some more. Met Buster Collier. He's awfully attractive. Marceline Day was there, too. She's lovely.

May 20. Waited home for a call from N. He didn't call. In the future he can jump in the lake. No more waiting for me. I threw over a lot of dates just to

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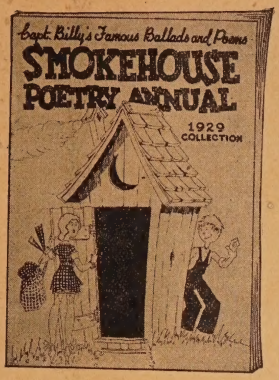

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wait for that call. X. sent me a flock of flowers, some perfume and a little stuffed dog. Said he would make a star of me. That's a lot of applesauce. I sent everything back to him except the flowers. Sent them to a hospital. Guess he thinks I'm just hatched, to fall for that old line.

May 24. Worked. Have started going to the Turkish baths. Decided I wanted to get thin. At night a banquet for the First National convention at the Ambassador. Made quite a hit. Everybody rushed me.

May 28. Still working in Constance Talmadge's picture. Mal St. Clair and I made a test for D. W. Griffith. Mal played my leading man. We emoted all over the place. Mr. Griffith predicted a future for me. It sure is encouraging to hear people who really mean something say things like that. Later. Went out to J.'s beach house. Lot of people there, but they were rather boring. Left early and walked along the beach by myself. It's a relief to be alone sometimes.

May 30. Went to a lovely dinner party at the Uplifters. Charlie Paddock and Bebe Daniels and Jack Pickford were there. Flirted with J. S. He was rather annoyed when I told him I never heard of him before. He's a big scenario writer and I guess I should have raved over his stories, but I never knew he wrote. Saw the rushes on *Breakfast at Sunrise* in the afternoon. Tomorrow is the last day. Rushes are very beautiful, but I doubt if they will be left in the picture. They are much too interesting. Mr. Griffith saw them and said they were very grand.

June 4. Went to a party. Had on a very gorgeous new evening dress. A girl gave me L.'s telephone number.

June 6. Met Leslie Fenton. We took a long ride along the beach. Had a very interesting conversation. Talked books and got very literary. He's a precious lamb. Whoa! Alice, you aren't falling, are you?

June 7. What a night! Almost got myself married. Almost wish we had as he is a very adorable boy. All started by kidding Eddie Brandstatter at Montmartre. He asked us why we didn't get married. We made an interesting looking couple, he said.

June 8. Newspapers full of almost-marriage. I feel terrible. Many people are 'phoning me asking what it's all about. Having a grand time denying it all. Later. Met L. at Henry's with another girl. I'm burnt up! Gosh I must be pretty keen about him if I'm that jealous of him. Maybe this is love!

(To be Continued)

Be sure and read the last instalment of her little Journal in the April issue. Alice meets another man. And then the one who makes her forget everything . . . even her little Red Diary.

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A Russian Rhapsody

(*Continued from page 74*)

Baclanova wearing the pajamas of green and silver metal cloth that started a fad in Hollywood—exotic apparel for an exotic lady.

were confused in trying to separate the qualities of her singing voice from her abilities as an actress. The Moscow Art Players aimed at this very effect—to make the composite so fine a thing that individual talent could not be separated from the whole. Her one stipulation in signing a contract with Paramount was that she be given an opportunity to interpret women who are big, intense, dramatic.

"My husband is a lawyer," she tells me, "but oddly enough he has dropped that now and become an actor in Russian picture companies. He does not wish to be divorced!" And it seems as though he has discarded his vocation of barrister to be closer in his professional life to the wife he still loves.

"But I do not love him," Baclanova is decisive. "Soon we will have a divorce for a two-year separation in Russia means that a divorce will be granted—if the wife still wishes it. If necessary, I will get a decree in Russia, another in Paris and one in the United States, too, for I wish it! But it takes time. My letter to my lawyer takes one month from Hollywood to Russia; his replies take another. This all takes much time. Later, I will become an American citizen, then I wish my little boy to come here and live with me."

THERE was a time two years ago when things were very precarious for the Russian player and the hungry brothers and sisters in her native land.

Morris Gest, who brought the Moscow Art Players to this country, later casting Baclanova in *The Miracle* in which she toured until Gest became ill, told his players his business affairs were in a precarious shape, and he could no longer keep his artists.

Previously, the Moscow Art Theater had sheltered and provided income for her for ten years. Then, under Gest's management, she had been protected. Was it any wonder that when an agent asked her to sign a moving picture contract that she grasped this straw, signed her name to a lot of English agreements that she could not read and understood less?

"And now I have to go to the courts to find out what I signed," she admits. "It seems he thinks he has a a right to collect a big percentage of the salary I have drawn for the past three years!" Her smile is magnetic. There are twinkling lines about her eyes. Little doubt of a judge's decision.

Now she speaks perfect English. The first year she was in New York with the Moscow Art Players she sang entirely in Russian and only learned a few English words. And she has had no teacher, she tells me.

"How did you learn to speak so quickly and so well?" I asked.

"From listening to others at the studio," she explained.

"And from the picture titles," she added innocently. Indicating that to cap all her other virtues, she possesses a splendid sense of humor.

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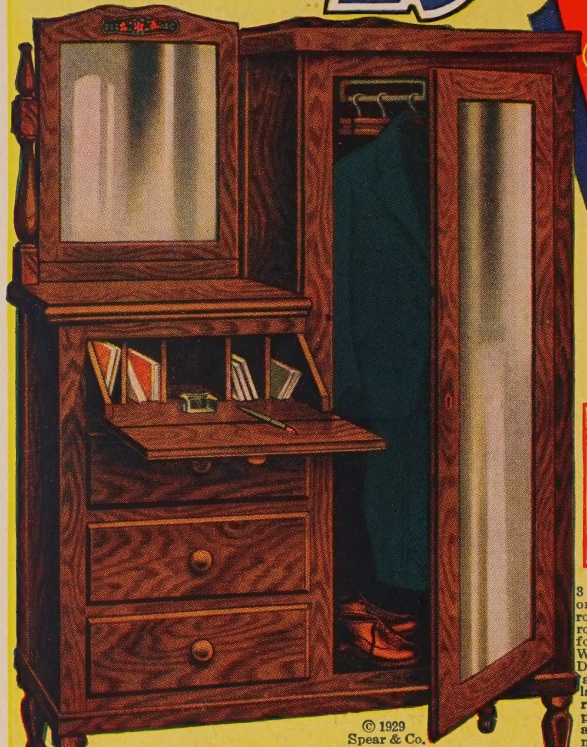

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The case is equipped with a sliding metal hanger bar and 2 garment hangers. Great big mirror on wardrobe door. The oversize wardrobe section is amply large to hold several suits—and dresses, besides. Keep your clothes neat—keep bedroom neater by keeping clothes out of sight. Stores shoes too, 3 big clothes drawers, and 1 writing desk drawer. The writing lid, when closed, is identically like the others—looks like a drawer. When open, the large writing section has 5 compartments for stationery, etc. The Chifforobe is large size, 63 in. high, 39 in. wide, 18 in. deep. The small mirror measures 12 x 16 in.; large mirror, 14 x 38 in. Both mirrors are made of clearest plate glass. Here's a wonderful Chifforobe!

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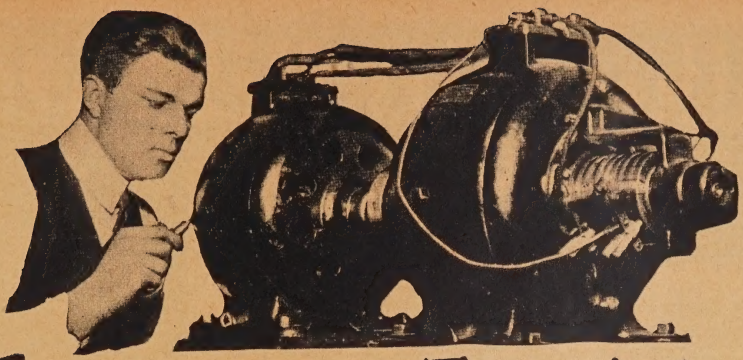

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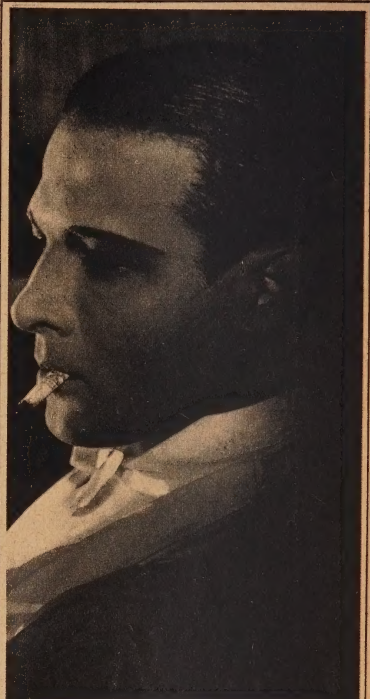

Like a Blazing
Meteor of Love
Valentino swept through this world and out of it, leaving behind him a tragic trail of broken hearts. Many of these touching affairs,
Valentino's Hidden Loves
are revealed for the first time in the May issue of
SCREEN SECRETS
OUT APRIL 10
Also the secret love language of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Don't miss it!

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But the most surprising thing is the fact that even your closest friends cannot fathom the change that has come over you. They see you forging ahead, dominating situation after situation, winning out with clock-like regularity. They marvel—utterly baffled—while YOU, secure in the possession of your newly acquired power, sit back and smile to yourself at their bewilderment! Just picture *yourself* in such a situation! It is an experience that comes once in a lifetime!

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Medium			SKIN
Ruddy		Color of Hair	Oily
Dark			Dry
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark	Age
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Ruth Roland, heroine of serial thrillers, wealthy real estate owner, and Ben Bard, screen heavy, were married recently in Hollywood at one of the most pretentious weddings of the year. More than a thousand guests, including leading cinema celebrities, attended the ceremony.

.-.

Ben Lyon narrowly escaped death recently when a plane in which he was making scenes for *Hell's Angels* just missed crashing into a network of telephone wires while he was making a landing near Hollywood. Bebe Daniels, his fiancee, was looking on.

-.-.-

Flo Ziegfeld's attractive displays of pulchritude will be brought to your doorstep in motion pictures before long. Paramount has completed arrangements for filming *Glorifying The American Girl,* a Ziegfeld musical comedy. Radio pictures will bring *Hit The Deck,* and *Rio Rita,* to the screen. Fox will also make a musical comedy of their own to be known as the *Fox Follies.*

.-.-.

Marshall Neilan, director, was found unconscious in his garage, overcome by monoxide gas fumes from his car. He was discovered just in time to be saved from death by his wife, Blanche Sweet.

.-.

Phyllis Haver has announced her engagement to William Seeman, New York business man.

-.-.-

Richard Dix, who has been sojourning in New York, has just returned to Hollywood. He will soon start work on *The Wheel of Life,* his next production, which will be filmed both as a talking and silent picture.

.-.-.

Louis Wolheim, who was a successful stage actor before he went into pictures, has returned to the stage for a brief period to play the title role in *The Wrestler.*

Phyllis Haver, who recently announced her engagement to William Seeman, New York business man, will probably be married in New York, with Mayor Walker officiating. She recently returned to Hollywood, where she is waiting to start work on her next picture for M-G-M, under the direction of C. B. De Mille.

.-.-.

Florence Vidor has returned hurriedly to Hollywood from the east where she has been on concert tour with Jascha Heifetz, her violinist husband, to be with her small daughter Suzanne, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident.

Phyllis Haver returning to Hollywood from New York where she announced her engagement to William Seeman.

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Twenty-five winners in beauty contests all over the country, conducted by Mary Pickford, recently arrived here to spend several days seeing the film capital as guests of the star.

-.-.-

Casson Ferguson, veteran screen actor, died recently of pneumonia. He was working on *Dynamite* for De Mille at the time of his death.

.-.-.

James Gleason, actor and playwright, and his son Russell, promising juvenile, have been visiting Mrs. Gleason in San Francisco, where she is playing in *The Shannons of Broadway.*

.-.

Pat Somerset, stage actor, has been signed by Fox for a supporting role with Victor McLaglen in *King of the Khyber Rifles.*

-.-.-

Conrad Veidt has bidden farewell to Hollywood and has gone back to Germany to appear in pictures over there.

.-.

Maurice Chevalier, idol of the French musical comedy stage who has been making pictures for Paramount, has been loaned to Ziegfeld for a four weeks appearance at the New Amsterdam Roof Garden Show.

-.-.-

Lily Damita has just completed a nineteen-day personal appearance tour in which she made seventeen radio speeches and received twelve hundred proposals of marriage.

.-.-.

Bill Haines is getting ready to start work on his latest picture, *The Gob.* Anita Page, who played opposite him in *Telling the World,* will again be his leading lady.

-.-.-

Estelle Taylor, who has just completed her role in *East Is East,* has left for Florida to join her husband, Jack Dempsey, who is there for his first venture in his new role as fight promoter.

I'll Pay Your Bills!

...and give you a steady income for the rest of your life

if you will take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work, can be handled in spare or full time.

No Investment Needed

I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. I will make you my partner in my fast growing, established business—but I don't ask you to invest a single penny. Everything is furnished to you FREE—just look after the established business in your locality and we will split all the money 50-50!

Partner may be either man or woman. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

Your Groceries at Wholesale

As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale—I do everything to see that my partners get all the advantages of Big Business. Big FREE supply contains over 32 full size packages of highest quality products. Choose all your groceries, at wholesale, from my big list of over 300 home necessities. Quality backed by $25,000.00 bond.

Iron-Clad Guarantee to YOU of $15 a Day Steady Income

Look!

$117.50 FIRST 5 DAYS
"Made $117.50 first five days. Your products are marvelous. Anyone can easily make money with Health-O."—A. Felletier, Massachusetts.

ALWAYS SURE OF $10 A DAY
Mrs. Bower, a W. Va. housewife, writes: "I am always sure of $10 a day profit with Health-O products."

$31.65 FIRST DAY
"Just received sample case. Started among acquaintances and first day made $31.65."—B. L. Simmons, S. Carolina.

$101.25 FIRST WEEK
Ruth Hoffman never sold a thing before in her life. She proved that experience was not necessary—she writes: "Made $101.25 first week!"

$24.85 IN TWO EVENINGS
T. J. Osborne two days after receiving sample case, enthusiastically writes: "I have been out only two evenings and have taken orders for $24.85."

Easy for you to make big money. I look out for welfare of my partners.

I don't want you to take any chances. I GUARANTEE your income. This is the most amazing guarantee ever made for a steady year 'round income. I can make this guarantee because I know you can do as well as my other partners whose letters are shown on this page.

I'll Furnish You With New Chrysler Coach

This is part of my FREE outfit to you. I want my partners to be prosperous and look prosperous to gain respect from everyone in your locality. That's why I will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE this brand new Chrysler Coach to use in your business. This is no contest! It is yours to keep just as soon as you show me you are in earnest. Send coupon today.

This wonderful, new, easy way to make big money and have a growing business of your own is sweeping America. Thousands of men have found my proposition a way to double and triple their incomes—hundreds of busy housewives have started as my partners in a few spare hours a day and are earning from $25 to $50 a week *just in spare time*. One housewife writes, "I earn, in my spare hours, more money than my husband."

I Do Everything to Help My Partners

Besides going 50-50 with my partners on profits I WILL FURNISH YOUR HOME with hundreds of wonderful premiums, including pianos, living room sets, etc., that I give as premiums. Send coupon at once for my signed guarantee of $100.00 a week for full time or $3.00 per hour for spare-time work.

Chrysler Coach FREE

SEND COUPON AT ONCE for APPLICATION

C. W. Van De Mark
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Sales Mgr.
THE HEALTH-O QUALITY PRODUCTS CO.
Department 1053-DD
Health-O Bldg.
Cincinnati
Ohio

FREE FOOD PRODUCTS COUPON

C. W. Van De Mark,
Health-O Quality Products Company,
Dept. 1053-DD
Health-O Bldg.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send at once application for territory, details of partnership, free food products offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

YOU STEP UP TO A BIG JOB WHEN YOU MAIL THIS COUPON

Copyright, 1928, by The Health-O Quality Products Company

"I GAMBLED 2¢ *and* WON $35,840 *in* 2 YEARS"

A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of $35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

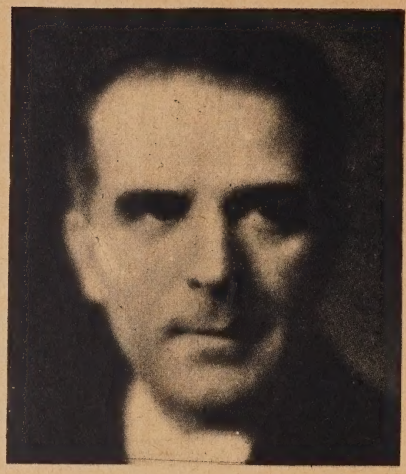
Almost any $40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago I, too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.



When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the *will* to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 650,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

The Pelman Institute of America, 71 West 45th St., Suite 304, New York. *Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.*

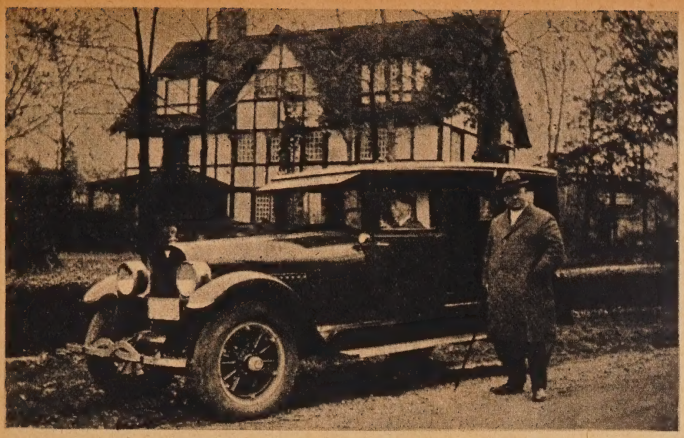
The Pelman Institute of America
71 West 45th St., Suite 304
New York City

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 650,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....



I Made $4,500 in One Sale

How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year

By L. C. CLARKE

(Address furnished on request)

FOR twelve years I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central. During that time my wages averaged exactly $638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of $4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in *seven years of hard work.*

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will; I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poor-house, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a $50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made $8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made $14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made $4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made $900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. D-82, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book, you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own.

So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

$1,000 Reward

Here's the proof that this is the biggest money-making opportunity of all: ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD will be paid to anyone who shows us any other business course of any kind that has helped as MANY men and women make as MUCH money in as SHORT a time as our remarkably successful Real Estate Course.

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, INC.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital, $500,000.00)
Dept. D-82, 18 East 18 St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book which shows me how to get into real estate, and multiply my earnings.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Fan Clubs

News of all the fan clubs appears each month in this department. Any fan wishing to receive information about the clubs or their secretaries, is invited to write Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, Box 1757, SCREEN SECRETS, Minneapolis, Minn.

Snappy Magazine

THE International Motion Picture Enthusiasts, of Los Angeles, is now putting out bi-monthly a big, attractive club magazine. The magazine contains news of many other clubs and also many snappy editorials, jokes, cartoons, short stories, and general articles. It is edited by Alice Furer. Dues to this club are $1.00 per year, which includes the magazine every other month. It welcomes suggestions from you and also wants clean and inspirational articles, essays, poems and anything that may be published in the club paper that will be of interest to the fans.

More Patrons For Lina

ANOTHER fan club for Lina Basquette has just been formed by a young lady of Muncie, Indiana, whose name is Georgia Sargent. The club issues a journal called *The Flyer* and it makes its appearance every three months. In the next issue will commence a serial story written by Miss Sargent.

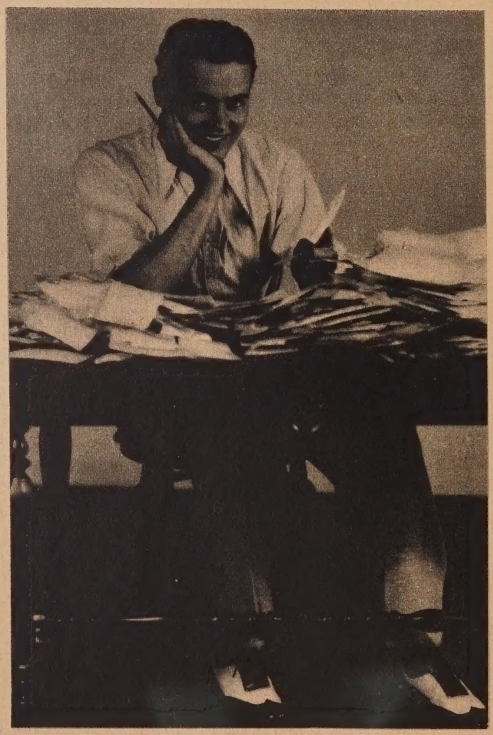
Membership Contest

IDA AISPUR'S Ben Lyon Club, with headquarters at Minneapolis, now has a membership of 920. Dues are twenty-five cents yearly. A club journal entitled *The Buzzer*, is issued from time to time and for this a small extra charge is made. Miss Aispur offers the following prizes to her members in a perpetual "new membership" contest (not including special ones): For five new members—one year's free membership in club; ten new members—club pin; fifteen new members—diary; twenty new members—Eversharp pencil; and twenty-five new members—a year's subscription to any movie magazine.

A Pledge To Buddy

A MERRY band of young people of Boulder, Colorado, have joined hands and formed another Buddy Rogers club, headed by Paul McCallister. This club to date has 350 members and is steadily growing. They are planning a paper, have elected officers and are seeking further recognition. The following is their pledge to Buddy Rogers and the model whereby they pay tribute to his acting:

"We—the members of The Buddy Rogers Club, do hereby recognize him (Buddy Rogers) as our model actor in portraying young America on the screen. As youth, we commend his personal, screen and public life to every young boy or girl wishing by copying his ideals to further better ourselves and to instill a liking into every heart—young and old—for cleaner and better pictures as played by Mr. Rogers."



Charles (Buddy) Rogers shows his appreciation of his tremendous fan mail by sitting down and devoting a great deal of his time to writing his admirers personally.

All-Star Organization

ANOTHER new club is the All-Star Fan Club, of which Eddie Atkins is President and Founder. It is only five months old and so far has thirty members. Dues are fifty cents a year, which includes the usual club privileges and a free subscription to the club newssheet which will be out very shortly.

June Collyer Assists

THE June Collyer Fan Club, with head office in Hollywood, is coming along very nicely and June herself is very much interested in its welfare. In fact, she has offered to send a large eleven by fourteen photograph of herself out free to the first new club member who signs up in the club for two years. Due to the club are twenty-five cents a year—this means that the first young lady or man who sends in fifty cents for two years' membership will receive the big, beautiful photo from June.

Audrey's Admirers

THE Audrey Ferris Fan Club, of Hollywood, is rapidly growing in membership and popularity, and now the club is offering attractive bundles of stars' photographs to the next five members who enroll for two years in the club—dues for the two years being fifty cents in advance (in either stamps or coin). Each bundle averages ten pictures of popular players and each one is autographed. There's a bargain for you!

Richard Dix' Club

THE club colors of the Richard Dix Club have been chosen as purple and white. All their printed matter is done in those two colors, which makes it look very unique. The club symbol is the lion, because it symbolizes the strength and character of Richard Dix; and the club flower is the orange blossom, because it is a symbol of purity, love and happiness, and its beauty is enchanting.

Harold Revine is president of

(*Turn to page* 87)

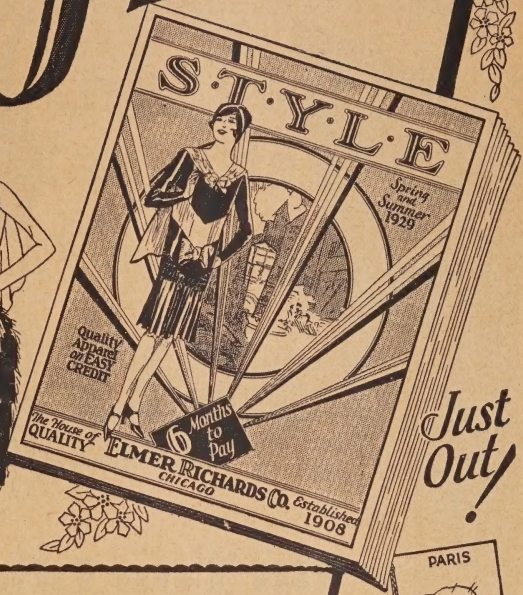
Style Book *free*

See the Lovely New Spring Styles

Know What Fashion decrees for the coming season. Elmer Richards Co. has spared no effort or expense in making this new book the most reliable and authoritative source of style information to be had today.

Up-to-the-minute and coming styles from the ultra smart to the most conservative, for every day or special wear, are shown in full detail with complete, accurate descriptions leaving no doubt as to quality, design, material or style.

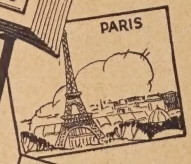
All items listed, dresses, coats, millinery, shoes and general wearing apparel are guaranteed—will be sent for your approval.



Just Out!

6 Months to Pay

You can now have your choice of stylish up-to-date clothing without sacrifice to yourself or family by taking advantage of Elmer Richards liberal six-months-to-pay plan. Don't wait until you can spare the money all at once. Get *now* the things you or your family needs and pay only a little each month. You'll never miss the money that way, as the few cents you can save out of the household expenses will do it. Try our easy and convenient plan and let us prove it to you. Remember, Elmer Richards Company, *established over 20 years*, guarantees satisfaction.



Mail this coupon

Send *for* Free Style Book

This new style book is just off the press. The surprising values it contains in women's, men's and children's fashion clothing will amaze you. We have only a limited number of these books on hand for public distribution other than to our old customers. Send for your free copy now before it is too late. Mail the coupon today! Now!

Book will be sent with typical Elmer Richards' prompt service, the same day coupon is received.

ELMER RICHARDS CO.
W. 35th Street, CHICAGO

ELMER RICHARDS CO.,
Established over 20 years
W. 35th Street, Dept. 4684, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Style Book showing the latest styles in women's, men's and children's clothing, absolutely free.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

DRAW ME AND WIN A PRIZE

Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

1st Prize . . . $100.00
2nd Prize . . . 50.00

3d Prize . . . $25.00
4th Prize . . 15.00
5th Prize $10.00
6th to 15th Prizes, each 5.00

To the Next 50 Best Drawings — a Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book, "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students."

Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what ou can do.

RULES For Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully

1. Make your drawing of girl exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 10, 1929. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc.

All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
73 Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

I Sell Records a Queer Way

So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want.

Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand the postage expense both ways, unless the records are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, at any price.

I have built a million-dollar business in records on just these "queer" methods, trusting absolutely in the honesty of my customers, and making them the sole judge of whether or not the records will cost them even one cent.

I've built these records to give you pleasure, enjoyment and some real honest good times for months and years to come. I've tried to study the wishes and tastes of the great music-loving public and I've collected in this list below, the very CREAM of my entire catalog. All the records are electrically recorded—and nearly all of them have been done within the last few months, and are in the very latest and best style of the present day. They are all in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph, just like 75-cent records. They include the most recent hits, as well as famous old favorites, and I'm willing to stake my last dollar that they are GOOD.

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

Special List of BEST Sellers

Sonny Boy
Hallelujah I'm A Bum
Girl of My Dreams
My Angel
Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Wreck of the Old 97
Ramona
Rovin' Gambler
My Blue Heaven
Red Wing

Any 10 Records $1.98

Send No Money

10 Days' Approval

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon
4228 Hallelujah, I'm a Bum
The Dying Hobo
2398 Ramona
Valley of Memory
4232 Button Buster (the Laughing Record)
Common Bill
2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal
2437 There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie
4167 The Preacher and the Bear
The Sting of the Bumble Bee
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4185 Picture That's Turned to Wall
White Wings
4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember
4227 Climbing Up Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou
2426 Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time
Come Back to Romany
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in Lane
4133 Jesse James
Butcher Boy
2394 Mary Ann
Ticklish Tillie
2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4141 Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland
4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy
4172 Wreck of Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet as Apple Cider

SACRED SONGS

4075 Church in Wildwood
Voice of Chimes
4046 Nearer My God to Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd
4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
Safe in Arms of Jesus

INSTRUMENTAL

4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff
4189 Drowsy Waters
Herd Girl's Dream
4162 Blue Danube Waltz
Skaters' Waltz
4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw
4136 Humoresque
Spring Song
4061 Listen to Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1
Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2
4218 Merry Widow Waltz
Lullaby From Ermine

RACE RECORDS

7021 I Need a Good Man Bad
Can't Be Worried Long
7033 Hit Me in the Nose Blues
It's All Coming Home to You
7032 Who Is Ya (1) Preaching
Who Is Ya (2) Preaching

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues

POPULAR DANCES

All With Vocal Chorus

1582 I'll Get By
What a Day
1540 Old Man Sunshine
Sidewalks of New York
1559 I Loved You Then as I Love You Now
Gee but I'm Blue Over You
1510 Ramona
If I Didn't Love You
1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues
7029 Mississippi Mud Blues
I'm a One-Man Gal
1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember
1463 My Blue Heaven
Found Best Girl of All
1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Carry Me Back to Connemara

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence
4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells
4211 Andy Goes a-Hunting
Andy Gets Learnin'

HAWAIIAN

4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4084 Alola Land
Honolulu Bay
4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB,
PU-44, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1 ..... 6 .....
2 ..... (Write Clearly) 7 ..... (Write Clearly)
3 ..... 8 .....
4 ..... 9 .....
5 ..... 10 .....

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

IMPORTANT ☐ **Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.**

Name .....
Address .....
(Write Clearly)
City..... State.....

SEND NO MONEY PAY ON DELIVERY FILL IN COUPON BELOW

Science Has Created the World's Finest Reproductions of $500 DIAMONDS!

At last! A new process is discovered. The result—we challenge experts to tell these from $500 Diamonds! Living fire plays over their diamond-cut facets—dazzling, sparkling, scintillating!

Choice of Six Rings, $1.98

When shown recently in New York City these new Jenkins Diamonds created a sensation. You, too, will be thrilled! Instant beauty for the hands!

GIRLS! MEN! Do not confuse Jenkins Gems with ordinary "imitations." Nothing has been found to compare with their lasting beauty. Every stone set in famous DEAUVILLE mountings, guaranteed 20 years. Put your faith in a ring that won't disappoint you!

SEND NO MONEY!

Just pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage when ring you choose arrives. No instalments to pay. Order by number. Rings No. 3 and 6 can be had in MEN'S style. Tie string around finger for size. **Buy for GIFTS! Act NOW!**

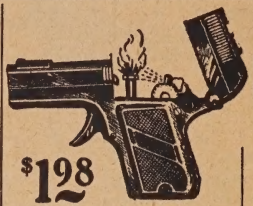
22 Cal. Six Shot BLANK AUTOMATIC $4.99

With Box of 100 Cartridges Free

No Permit or License Required

You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but **absolutely safe and harmless automatic.** Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—**a real home protector**—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearm at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame, a duplicate of internationally famous German automatic. Makes powerful loud report. Has **six shot** magazine that can be reloaded instantly. Uses 22 caliber blank cartridges. Checkered grip. **Box of 100 cartridges free with each automatic.** Convenient pocket size. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery** $4.99 plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER WITH EACH PISTOL



Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol $1.98

The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. **Built to retail at $5.00.** Our introductory offer $1.98. In nickel or gun-metal finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

'Famous' Skull and Bones Ring $2.39

Surprise your friends with this most original ring. Made of **solid sterling silver,** handsomely decorated. Worn for good luck by both men and women. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just specify size. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

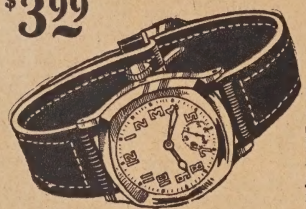
French 'Lucky' Art Photo View Ring $1.97

Famous "actress" views. Most sensational and newest. Set with world's most famous reproduction diamond with the blue-white sparkle of a $500 diamond. Besides, shank has view of French actresses seen through strong magnifying glass, 14 Kt. solid gold effect mounting. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

PISTOL SHAPE CIGARETTE CASE $1.79

Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

$3.99



LIFETIME PRECISION MEN'S STRAP WATCH

Worn by Practical Men Everywhere — Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof—Perfect timekeeper—**Radium dial**—tells time in dark—Fine imported **full jeweled movement**—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap **Absolutely a $15.00 value.**—**Fully guaranteed** to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

$5.34 TARGET PRACTICE AIR AUTOMATIC

With Box of Ammunition Free

The New Improved Air Pistol. No permit required. Endorsed by Pistol Experts as a truly—reliable—accurate—hard hitting pistol. Excellent for hunting small game, birds, rabbits, etc. The ideal automatic for target practice. Become a good marksman in short time at very little expense. Shoots lead pellets distance of 40 feet with accurate precision.

A wonderful weapon for Home protection—without the usual danger of having firearms around. Ammunition costs next to nothing—built and looks like a real pistol—**Usually sold all over for $15.00**—order today—Save money.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $5.34, plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below**

Genuine Diamonds $4.98

Set in 14 Kt.

Solid Gold Rings

No Instalments to Pay

Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K. **solid gold** rings set with **genuine diamonds,** only $4.98. Instalment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are **genuine diamonds** set in solid 14K. **gold rings** at only $4.98. Rings No. 1 and 2 for ladies, No. 3 for gents. **SEND NO MONEY.** State ring and size wanted. **Pay on delivery $4.98.**

NEWEST STYLE WRIST WATCH $3.99

With Two Bracelets

Really the Greatest Bargain in America Today.

Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—**We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.** Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, **fully jeweled movement.** Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and rolled gold effect link bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 4R72, 621 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C.O.D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired):

- ☐ **Six-Shot Blank Automatic** $4.99
- ☐ **Genuine Diamond Ring** 4.98
- ☐ **Target Practice Air Automatic** 5.34
- ☐ **Pistol Shape Cigarette Case** 1.79
- ☐ **Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol** 1.98
- ☐ **LIFETIME Precision Watch** 3.99
- ☐ **Newest Style Ladies' Watch** 3.99
- ☐ **Miscellaneous Rings. Specify size and kind desired** .....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Fayro, Inc. PFU—4-29
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

I GUARANTEE NEW HAIR

in These Three Places—

OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you *really* want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've *already* tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what *I* offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in *writing*, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost!"

My Method is Unique!

Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I *studied scalps*, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only *sleeping*, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

I Reach the *Roots*

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the *real* cause of baldness?

My treatment goes *below* the scalp, right down to the hair roots, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a *few* minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!

DANGER: One, two, three—BALD! And perhaps total baldness, say leading dermatologists, if you neglect any one of the three places shown above. But so gradually does hair depart, so insidiously does baldness creep up on the average man, that thousands fail to heed the warnings. But there is hope for everyone, no matter how thin the hair. Read my message to men growing bald. Study my guarantee. Then ACT!

I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true cause and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 13 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I *guarantee* to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'll look when *all* your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the FREE booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but scientific FACTS, and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon NOW! And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 484, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MAIL IT *TODAY!*

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 484, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(My age is....)

SCREEN SECRETS

The Prospect of Better Pictures

Captain Roscoe Fawcett
Editor

THE happy forecast for 1929, is fewer and better pictures. On this most of the giant producers are agreed, and, if it proves to be the case, the years that follow 1929 are not likely to show a return to the former flood of hasty, inferior movie fare. To do so would be unprofitable, because the movie fans have shown their preference for really worth while pictures—and have shown their ability to choose.

Right You Are!

THIS last is the important thing: The fans know good pictures when they see them. They have demonstrated their critical ability and sound judgment beyond all doubt, especially during the year just past. Because 1928 did bring forth good pictures, several of them, and the reward of these pictures was overwhelming success. No longer is it considered such juicy stuff for allegedly high-brow movie critics and commentators to crack wise about the low standards of public taste, to concoct near-funny remarks to the effect that only trash can win box-office success. Such hooey falls flat for the ridiculous thing it is when one considers the almost uncanny accuracy with which the public has selected the true and the intelligent on the screen, in unmistakable numbers.

Comely Comedy

ONE excellent omen, indicating that the new regime is almost upon us, is the plan for a series of elaborate musical comedies to be produced by Fox. An excellent omen, I say, because of the astounding strides forward recently taken by the Fox Company in the production of short sound subjects. Already this enterprising organization has laid before the public several short features of superlative excellence, intelligently, amusingly presented. It is Fox, for example, that is responsible for the public's opportunity to see Robert C. Benchley in his civilized but hilariously funny renditions of well-known types in ludicrous situations. Bringing this great humorist from his secure but limited position in literary circles, and placing his genius before movie audiences was a daring venture—rewarded by the overwhelming acceptance accorded his work by the public.

Lass But Not Least

THE marriage of Rosabelle Laemmle to Stanley Bergerman, Los Angeles business man, is of more than a little importance to the screen industry. She is the daughter of "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, of Universal, and has had a voice of no slight authority in the court of highest resort in that important film organization. If Rosabelle said a story was bum or an actor wasn't handsome, well, it was a bum story and he was out and that was that. If Rosabelle had said that *Hamlet* was a punk play, Uncle Carl would have dug up Shakespeare's bones and thrown them in the river. She is a clever girl with a remarkable power of theatrical intuition.

Being Herself

IN ADDITION to being a gifted actress, Lina Basquette inspires respect for her independence. According to popular report, she sacrificed her large inheritance from the estate of her late husband, Sam Warner, when she marched to the altar recently with Peverell Marley. And while other stars were hiding their children under the bed to conceal the frightful fact that they were mammas, Lina sent out her young daughter's picture as a Christmas card, and even appeared with her at the Montmartre, for luncheon.

The Heavenly Host

ALTHOUGH Christmas is long since past, Hollywood is still talking about the Christmas card which Betty Compson and Jimmy Cruze sent out. It was a cartoon two feet long and a foot high, representing the Cruze home under the perplexities of hospitality. Jimmie is one of the few movie Tycoons who remembers the friends of his early days of struggle and poverty, and they remember him. They come by troops and they come to board. They object to his brand of liquor; take away his books and clutter up his house. The whole sad story was told in this cartoon Christmas card. Not that it will do any good, of course; for, after all, Jimmy and his charming wife, Betty Compson, are most hospitable, the meals tasty and the chairs very comfortable. I know, for I have been there myself on more than one memorable occasion.

The Pathos of Glory

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is now engaged in making what looks to me to be the greatest picture of his career. I have heard the outline of the picture and I take off my hat to him. It sounds like one of the finest screen stories ever written. Perhaps it would be better to say concocted. Charlie never writes his picture. He makes it up as he goes along.

In this picture it looks as though the tragic element were to be stressed more than the comic. Charlie plays the part of a poor little street bum who befriends a blind flower seller. It is given to few artists to be able to portray subtle shades of humor and pathos as Charlie does.

Roscoe Fawcett

Portraits of the Month

Clara Bow as the life of "A Wild Party," her forthcoming picture.

—Gene Robert Richee

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, are to play together in "Girls Gone Wild."

—Max Autrey

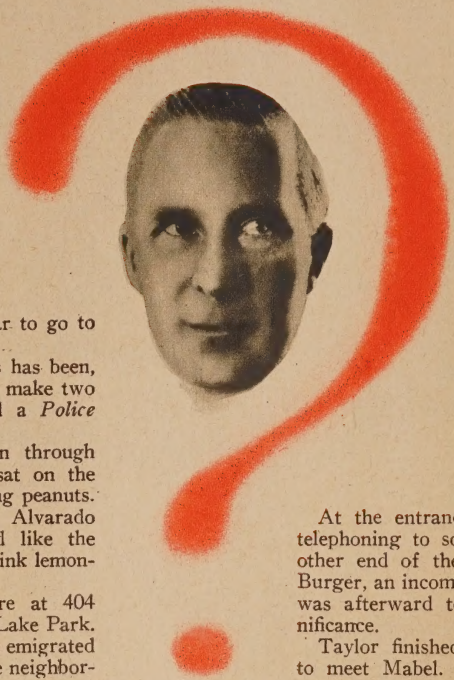
Peverell Marley and Lina Basquette are two charming cinema newlyweds.

—Russell Ball

Don Alvarado and Lily Damita; his armful in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

WHO KILLED William Desmond Taylor



THIS story begins with Miss Mabel Normand buying some peanuts.

She had had a telephone call from her friend William Desmond Taylor. He wanted her to come to his apartment to get a book he had found for her. Taylor was one of the greatest of all motion picture directors at that time. Mabel was a well-known and charming actress.

So, on this day—February 1, 1922—Mabel started in her big car to go to his apartment to get a book.

Impetuous child that she always has been, she stopped at a stand en route to make two purchases—a bag of peanuts and a *Police Gazette.*

While the limousine purred on through the Los Angeles streets, Mabel sat on the cushions of the back seat, munching peanuts. By the time the car got to the Alvarado Apartments, the limousine looked like the bleachers at a circus—lacking the pink lemonade.

The Alvarado Apartments were at 404 South Alvarado Street, near West Lake Park. This was before all the movie stars emigrated to Beverly Hills, and was a favorite neighborhood. At right angles to Taylor's apartment lived Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean. Adjoining was the apartment of Edna Purviance.

Taylor was at once the favorite and the mystery of Hollywood. He was a charming, self-contained, dignified, cultured gentleman. Every one thought of him as English, but he was Irish.

His real name was Tanner. His father was a squire of a great old Irish family. At sixteen, young Tanner ran away from home because his father wouldn't let him be an actor.

HE BECAME successively, a rancher in Harper, Kansas, a gold-rush miner in Alaska and a motion picture director. He had directed Betty Compson, Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Constance Talmadge, George Beban, Dustin Farnum, Wally Reid, Florence Rockwell, Myrtle Stedman, Edna Goodrich, Vivian Martin, Kathleen Williams, Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, House Peters, Elsie Ferguson, and many others.

Every one he had worked with was devoted to him; and a large proportion of the young ladies fell in love with him. But they all stood a little in awe of him. He was not the kind of man who told of himself or his private affairs, a fact which later complicated the police problem.

Even Mabel stood a little in awe of him; and Mabel is awed by few.

When the limousine drew up in front of the Alvarado Apartments, she requested her chauffeur, in a little scared voice, to clean up the peanut shells before *he* should see them. Then she went into the house.

At the entrance, she drew back. Taylor was telephoning to somebody. A woman was on the other end of the line. It was Mrs. Marguerite Burger, an income tax expert. That telephone call was afterward to have an important police significance.

Taylor finished his conversation and advanced to meet Mabel. He greeted her with well-bred cordiality and gave her the book he had found. It was a heavy tome on German philosophy. Taylor and Mabel Normand were among the few in Hollywood who did any heavy reading.

He asked her if she would stay for dinner; but she was tired and had an early call at the studio. As he said goodbye at the door of her car, he made a remark:

"Here you are—Freud and Nietzsche under one arm and the *Police Gazette* under the other."

"Yes," said Mabel, "and I wish I could get hold of an old Joe Miller's Joke Book. That would make the list complete."

As Mabel got into her limousine and rolled away, she waved goodbye. It was an eternal farewell. They were never to see each other again.

Taylor went back into his rooms and began working over his income tax returns. A soft step interrupted him. It was his negro servant, Henry Peavey. He had laid

1. Who wrote Taylor passionate love notes?
2. Where did Sands go after looting Taylor's apartment?
3. What enemy in the British Army had a score to settle with Taylor?
4. Why did Taylor closely conceal his past life?
5. Who received a large portion of Taylor's enormous salary?

The First of an Amazing Series of Unsolved Mysteries of Hollywood—by Harry Carr.

out Mr. Taylor's night things, turned back the bed and had come to say good-night.

"You may go, Henry," said the director without looking up.

HENRY softly closed the door and went out. Once in the street, he remembered something. He stopped at a drug store and bought some milk of magnesia for Mr. Taylor. He was accustomed to provide for Taylor's wants out of his own money. At intervals, Taylor would ask: "How much do I owe you, Henry?" Then there would be a settlement.

Henry bought the milk of magnesia and went back to the apartment.

Coming in, he saw a pair of upturned feet in the middle of the floor; then the body of Taylor lying near an upturned chair. He was stone dead.

The frightened colored boy ran out into the court yard and raised the alarm. It was about 7:45 at night.

The McLeans came; Edna Purviance came. A little later, Edna telephoned the news to Mabel that Taylor was dead of heart trouble.

As a matter of routine, the police came and also the undertaker. The first policeman turned in a report that Taylor had died apparently of heart trouble and turned the body over to the undertaker.

At the undertaking parlors, they undressed the body and prepared it for burial. Under the left arm, the attendent was astonished to find a bullet hole. It was almost closed.

An autopsy surgeon being hastily summoned, it was found that Taylor had been killed by a revolver bullet. It had been fired into his body at close range. The bullet had plowed nearly all the way through his body, passing just below the heart. It was fired slightly from behind and at the side.

In making a close examination of Taylor's clothes it was found that the bullet hole in the coat did not exactly correspond with the hole in the vest.

This was sure indication that Taylor's arms were not in the usual normal position. One theory is that he was holding up his arms above his head in response to a command; another theory that he was reaching for the chair that was found overturned near his body.

If he were reaching for the chair it would seem that a controversy had taken place and that, in all probability, he knew his assailant. If holding up his hands, it was considered more likely he had been taken by surprise.

Mabel Normand, close friend of William Desmond Taylor, unknowingly bade him eternal farewell, a few hours before his death.

Mary Miles Minter, whose autographed picture adorned Taylor's piano—was she the author of the flaming love notes written him in code?

WITHIN an hour, Hollywood was wild with excitement. Police swarmed into the place with the reporters. Unfortunately souvenir hunters swarmed first. Undoubtedly they carried away—in the opinion of police—what might have been the clew to the still-unsolved mystery. If the murderer left the gun, the souvenir hunters carried that off.

An investigation was made—first of his house; then of his life.

The only sign of disturbance was an upturned chair. On the piano were two framed photographs—of Mary Miles Minter and of Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford's bore the inscription, "To my nice director, William Taylor, the most patient man I have ever known—Mary Pickford."

On Miss Minter's picture was written: "For William Desmond Taylor—artist and gentleman. Mary Miles Minter."

On his desk was a half-finished income tax report. In a drawer his check book.

This check book was seized upon by the police as an important clew. It showed a bank balance of $6,653 cash. All the other assets that were ever found amounted to $24,001.24.

Taylor had been drawing a salary of $1,000 a week for a long time. What had he done with all his money? He lived very simply; made no important investments. He had been drawing large checks of which no record was ever found.

To the minds of the police, this could have but one explanation—blackmail.

AMONG other effects were found a woman's pink night gown of dainty and luxurious material. In a part of his mail were found a number of letters from Mabel Normand. She said she had been trying to get them back. They had no significance; they were just affectionate, witty, brilliant letters.

In one of his riding boots in a closet were found others —letters of love so warm they would leave blisters on an alligator's back. They were written in code.

Here are some of milder extracts:

"What shall I call you, wonderful man? I want to go away with you up in the hills, anywhere just so we could be alone."

"Wouldn't it be glorious to sit in a big comfy couch by a cozy warm fire with the wind whistling outside, trying to harmonize with the faint strains of music coming from the Victrola?"

"I would sweep and dust (they make the sweetest dust caps, you know). Oh, yes, and fix the table and help you wash the dishes and then, in my spare time, darn your socks.

Mabel Normand, as she appeared in a Hal Roach two-reel comedy at the height of her career as a comedienne when Taylor's death occurred.

"I'd go to my room and put on something scant and flowing; then I would lie on the couch and wait for you. I might fall asleep for a fire makes me drowsy. Then I would awake and find two strong arms around me and two dear lips pressed to mine in a long sweet kiss."

Another in the same code:

"I love you—Oh, I love you so. God, I love you so."

There was a P. S. with a butterfly crest saying: "I love you—I love you—I love you."

These letters were seized as a very important clew. They were signed "Mary." But they were not from Mary Pickford. Every detective has his own idea as to which Mary. Hollywood is full of Marys.

THERE is no intention to insinuate that she was necessarily the author of these letters, but Mary Miles Minter was in love with Taylor. Her mother said it was just a little girl love.

Anyhow, as soon as Taylor's death became known, Miss Minter went flying to the house with her mother—in a tempest of hysterics. Then she went alone to see Mabel Normand.

Mabel received her in a thoroughly Mabelesque manner. She dragged the weeping young lady into her bath room.

"Here," she said. "Turn on the water before you begin to talk. If somebody has a dictaphone concealed here, this will drown out the sound of our talk."

One set of detectives began exploring Taylor's past; another set snooped around the neighborhood. Both found important facts.

Taylor was discovered to have had an army record in the Royal Fusiliers—a British regiment. While in the army, like many officers, he roused the enmity of an enlisted man whom he had disciplined. Some one remembered Taylor's having pointed out a man on a Hollywood street, saying: "There is a man who says he will kill me if he has to wait a lifetime." From Tia Juana came the news that a war veteran had been boasting, after Taylor's death, that he had settled his score with one ————.

Among other things, it was discovered that Taylor had been married before; that he had a grown daughter. Also that he was supporting the wife of his brother who had disappeared.

One fact came out that was considered as having great importance.

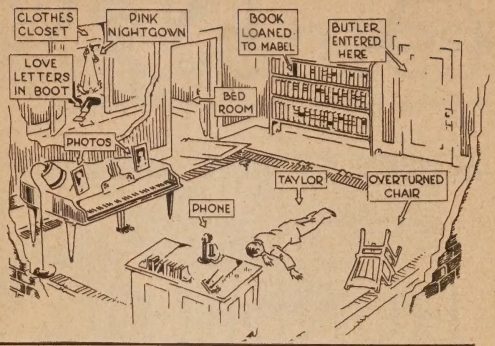
Taylor had had a secretary. His name was Sands. Mabel Normand described him as a quiet but very servile person. Taylor trusted him. Even with checks. About a year before the murder he had gone to England to make a picture. Edward Knoblauch, the British dramatist, was at that time in Hollywood. They made an arrangement whereby Taylor took over Knoblauch's London house and the English servants therein. Noblock took Taylor's apartment—and Sands.

When Taylor came back he found that Sands had given the place French leave. He had forged Taylor's name to a stream of checks. Among other things he might have bought with the bogus checks was the pink silk lingerie found in the Taylor apartment.

Just before Christmas—a month before Taylor was killed, there came a note from Stockton, California. The note was signed "Alias Jimmie Valentine" and inclosed some pawn tickets—for Taylor's stolen property. The tickets were in the name of Mrs. Tennant, Taylor's sister-in-law. In complaining to the police, Taylor said he was sure they were written by Sands as the latter always misspelled Mrs. Tennant's name.

Taylor lost in that burglary something that proved to be an important clew—a carton of imported cigarettes of unusual brand.

The police tried to find Sands after the burglary and before the murder. It is possible that Taylor heard threats from him during the pursuit. At any rate, Mrs. Burger, the income tax expert, told the police what she and Taylor were talking about over the 'phone when Mabel Normand came in. She said that Taylor said he regretted complaining to the police about Sands.



THEN Mrs. Douglas McLean came into the picture. She said that she had seen a man go quietly out of the door—just after the fatal shot was heard. The man was wearing a plaid golf cap. He stopped at the door; looked back; then shut the door very softly and left, quickly.

The Alvarado Apartments, at 404 South Alvarado Street, Los Angeles, where Taylor lived when he was murdered by his mysterious assailant. The diagram above shows details of the ghastly scene discovered by his negro butler. Note the nightgown and love letters which played such an important part in the investigation.

Mrs. McLean's maid said that, about the time Miss Normand was in the house she saw a man lurking around the back alley. The police searched the spot where she had seen the man. They found the half-smoked butts of six or seven of Taylor's stolen imported cigarettes.

A hot search then started for Sands. Looking up his record, it was learned that he had deserted from the navy and had worn various and sundry names. The police have never found him. A man of his description tried to get a job in Vancouver cooking for an expedition starting for a treasure hunt on Cocos Island. A man of his description committed suicide in a little town in Connecticut a year ago. A man of his description was shadowed by detectives in Chicago for trying to get hold of young girls by promising them movie jobs. But he was never found.

Meanwhile the Sands theory was seriously punctured by the confession of a crook named "Harry the Chink." To the police of Detroit, he confessed that he had acted as chauffeur for a gang of bootleggers who went in to Taylor's house to collect a booze bill and killed him when he refused to pay.

This confession was hardly cold when the runner for a narcotic gang was arrested in Los Angeles—and finally the whole gang. The discarded sweetheart of one of the hop heads said the gang had killed Taylor because he had rescued a famous motion picture star from their clutches.

This confession was in turn paled by the statement of a man who wrote to the police—forgetting to sign his name. He said that he had discovered that his wife was a sweetheart of Taylor's. To restore the amity of the family, they went together to Taylor's apartment that night. He went in the front door, she in the back. While he stood there, his wife went up to Taylor and said: "Well, William, dear, I see you still hold your fascination for women." Then she shot him. And they fled.

MEANWHILE the police began working on two other theories. That Taylor was shot by a film star who was jealous of Taylor because of Mabel Normand; by a boy who was jealous of him because of Mary Miles Minter.

Any of these theories is logical; to all there is objection.

(*Turn to page* 89)

A New $1500.00

SCREEN SECRETS offers

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN CASH PRIZES!

Here They Are

1st Prize . .	$400
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5 of $15.00 . .	$75
20 of $10.00 . .	$200
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110 Prizes—$1,500

One hundred and ten people will win cash prizes!
Are you going to be one of them?

Can you fit the picture together? Fun for all the family will be found in this novel new contest for 110 cash prizes.

WITH the announcement of the winners of the popular "Guess Who?" contest which appears in this issue of SCREEN SECRETS, a new contest offering $1,500.00 in prizes is offered for your delectation.

SCREEN SECRETS Magazine will give one hundred and ten cash prizes for the solutions to this new Cut Puzzle Contest, which begins in this number.

Four puzzle pictures will be published in this magazine, the other three to be similar to the puzzle which appears on the opposite page. Each puzzle picture will show, when properly assembled, a group of three well known motion picture stars.

The object of the contest is to cut out the puzzles, put them together by fitting the pieces, then name the stars. When this is done, choose one player from the group and write a short biography of him or her—just the briefest outline (not over one hundred words) of the player's life.

The winners will be those who send in to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine the four correctly assembled puzzle pictures and names of the stars, in the neatest arrangement, with the most interesting brief histories of four of the players.

Do not send your entries in until the close of the contest. *All entries must be sent by first-class mail, prepaid.* Parcel post will not do, since the contributions will contain written matter. Entries must reach the Contest Editor not later than July 15, 1929.

GET OUT your shears and test your wits now! It's all very simple. To get the best results, it is advisable to first paste the puzzle on stiff paper, then take scissors and carefully cut out the pieces. Next, paste the pieces together on cardboard.

After the puzzle is properly put together, you should have no difficulty in recognizing three well known stars. Write their names below the puzzle, and put the cut out away in an envelope until the last puzzle has been published. It will be easier to write the four brief biographies after all four puzzles have been assembled.

To help you in getting up your essays, SCREEN SECRETS Magazine will publish each month a short life history of various famous stars. You will find this new feature begun this month in the back part of this magazine. "Who's Who in Filmland" should make a valuable addition to any fan's scrapbook, for it will provide the only authentic and up-to-date biographical collection now available.

Watch for the next puzzle in the May issue, on sale April 10. It will be no harder to solve than this one. Get out your shears and paste now, read the rules, and get into the game. A few minutes with this pastime may bring you one of the big cash awards. Can you think of an easier way to get paid for having a good time?

Cut Puzzle Contest

Here is cut puzzle No. 1. The remaining three will appear in the May, June, and July issues of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine. Sharpen your scissors and try this fascinating game. The prizes are worth while, and the contest is open to everyone. Can you fit the pieces together? Try it!

Here are the Rules of the Cut Puzzle Contest:

1. SCREEN SECRETS *will award $1,500 in cash prizes, as listed, for the correct assembly of this puzzle picture and three others to appear in* SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine, for the neatest presentation of the puzzle and the best brief biography told in one hundred words or less, on one star in each of the four groups.*

2. *Contest begins with the publication of puzzle No. 1 in this issue of* SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine, continuing through May, June and July.*

3. *Contestants must keep all puzzles until publication of final set in July* SCREEN SECRETS. *Contest closes July 15, 1929. Anyone may compete except Fawcett Publications employees and their families.*

4. *There are no entry fees, and contestants need not purchase* SCREEN SECRETS *to compete. Copies may be inspected at public libraries, and it is permissible to trace the puzzles on plain paper.*

5. *All entries must be sent first-class mail, prepaid. None will be returned.*

6. *The verdict of the judges will be final.*

7. *Duplicate prizes will be given tying contestants.*

8. *Send your entry to Cut Puzzle Editor,* SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.*

Buddy Rogers entertains his sister, visiting him from Kansas, with a view of the jewelry made for Gloria Swanson, in France, for Madame Sans Gene—*which is nearly as nice as the view of her.*

So This is

CECIL B. DE MILLE surprised the local boys when he went to Broadway to choose the leading man for his new picture, *Dynamite*. Everyone did think C. B. would stand by the old-homers.

We met Charles Bickford, the lucky one, the day after his arrival. He has a shock of red hair, a rough and ready face—

"Why, you're a junior George Bancroft," we exclaimed.

"George Bancroft? Oh, yes, he's a good actor, too," was the modest answer from Bickford.

Perhaps De Mille was right and the kid does belong in this city.

Just a Modest Meal

BICKFORD arrived on his birthday. De Mille gave a breakfast for him and offered this toast in his honor:

"Here's to the Birthday Kid. May he always have as good a director!"

Anita Grand and Glorious Feeling!

ANITA STEWART had to go out of Hollywood to announce her engagement to George Peabody Converse. They went to San Francisco to do it. Anita had to go there for a personal appearance. George's betrothal present to Anita was a $10,000 automobile. Converse is the son of the late Edmund Cogswell Converse, ex-president of the United States Steel Corporation. They met at an attorney's office. Both have been divorced. They plan on marrying about July 4 of this year, when her divorce from Rudy Cameron becomes final.

For Pet's Sake!

STUDIO workers paid Mary Duncan a big tribute and when they do this it must be to a regular fellow. Miss Duncan has a Sealyham, and wherever she went about the studio the canine followed. So the men on the set got together and built a dog house for Miss Duncan—an exact replica of the ranch house in which Mary played in *Our Daily Bread*, the recent F. W. Murnau opus. It's just enough for the dog to live in. And was Mary happy? Now she knows who her friends really are.

Mex Appeal

LUPE VELEZ has a new screen rival. Delia Magana, the little girl who stepped into Lupe's shoes as the most popular actress in Mexico when Lupe went to Hollywood, has been signed by the Fox Company. She is four feet, eleven inches tall with eleven feet, four inches of pep and vitality. Her first role is the lead in Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the Desert*.

Well, Lupe has surely given Dolores Del Rio a run for her money. It will be great sport to watch this new Mexican baby go after the laurels of Lupe!

Stop, Lupe, and Listen!

LUPE was describing her new home to Laura La Plante. "Eet is gorgeous. It has a *top* and a *bottom*—"

Laura looked bewildered.

"I mean a top *and* a bottom. I mean you go up and

Between scenes of The Wild Party, *Clara Bow and Adrienne Dore give and take some good advice—our advice, however, is to keep on looking as good as Clara Bow and Adrienne Dore.*

HOLLYWOOD

By ANNE HOWE

down in it. Not just around like in most California houses!"

For future use, you mean an upstairs and a downstairs, Miss Lupe.

The Kitchen Cynic

CAMILLA HORN has settled down to a quiet, domestic life with her imported husband.

"I've found I can get any man in Hollywood I want, so why bother about them?" is her explanation of this return to domesticity.

Among Those Pheasant

CECIL B. DE MILLE, famous for his Oriental flair for exotic luxuries, is going to remodel "Paradise," his mountain ranch, into one of the largest pheasant preserves in the world. He is collecting all varieties of this fowl just for his own pleasure and with no idea of marketing them. The ranch is also to be stocked with other rare and gorgeous birds.

Rumor For One More

JUST *where* do rumors start in this city? For two months we heard, *as fact,* that June Collyer was to leave Fox. June heard it so often that she began to believe it herself and accepted sympathy from her friends about it. Then Fox renewed her option a month before it was necessary and sent her to New York for the Christmas vacation. And gave her a salary raise in the bargain.

So much for Hollywood gossip.

The Victor Record

WE ARE prone to call everyone featured on billboards "stars". In reality there are very few stars working for any company. For example, Fox has only one for 1929. And he is Victor McLaglen.

It isn't always beauty which wins the highest place and the highest salary in this business.

Yawn With The Dance

LIFE after dark has ceased to be a problem in Hollywood. All the stars perambulate down to the beach where a dancing marathon is in shuffling progress. At the writing, it has been going for seventeen days with no hope in sight for the sufferers. There are still half a dozen unwearying partners making the rounds of the ballroom floor.

Billie Dove was one of the interested onlookers. And so were Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, each in their separate parties. Of Billie a number of the participants begged autographed photos, obliging with like offerings of themselves, signed in scrawling hand as they slowly waltzed about the floor.

A Man of Litters

ARTHUR LAKE came home from the studio one day to find that his dog had a surprise for him. A whole new set of puppies. The next day on the set Arthur passed out the cigars in honor of the occasion.

So This is Hollywood

Maria Alba, a twinkling Mexican star, who is attracting a great deal of attention at the Fox lot.

Johnny Mack Brown and Mary Pickford realize an opportune moment when they see it, as in this scene from the forthcoming Coquette, *from the play of that name.*

Bearding the Lyon

BEN LYON was working on location at Riverside. He wanted to come home that evening to keep an appointment with Bebe Daniels. He had a plane fly up to location for him. The company was about ready to take the scene but Ben ran out onto the field to signal the flyer to land. The assistant ran after him and shouted: "Get back on the set—what do you think you're being paid for?"

Ben was surprised and indignant. "Just whom are you accustomed to dealing with?"

"Horses and actors," was the snarling retort.

"All right, get a horse to stand in there, then," and Ben took his plane for Hollywood.

Smacks of Familiarity

GAY circumstances at a christening. It happened when the Los Angeles Metropolitan Theatre was converted into the Paramount Theatre by changing the electrics and diverse other necessary things, to which you and I must plead ignorance. Esther Ralston, who had made a personal appearance, was waiting for her limousine, as stars do, when a frenzied fan, arms akimbo, shoved her face into Esther's and shrieked, "Just wanted to see what you looked like, that's all. Just wanted to see what you looked like."

Whereupon Esther smiled, tossed her a finger-tipped kiss and stepped into her car. The fan was overcome with the shower of graciousness, but not too overcome. No, not that. With a palm that but a moment before had been applauding Esther's stage appearance, she smacked that portion of the body that is used for sitting, and shrieked, "Aw, gwan!"

For Barking Out Loud

MAYBE you've heard the latest howl in the talking picture brawl and maybe you haven't. Anyway, Louise Fazenda, a Vitaphoner of repute, says she understands Warner Brothers are going to make a Rin Tin Tin picture, using a Fido-phone.

It Won't Be Mong Now

WILLIAM V. MONG, veteran character actor of the stage and screen, has an amusing way of explaining how he became a character actor with a reputation for skillful make-up. He says:

"In the old days I was what was called, in professional argot, a 'straight' leading man. I had no intention of learning make-up for character work, but it came in handy to evade landladies in theatrical boarding houses."

He is now engaged in a role in *The House of Horror,* at First National.

Came the Dumb

BILLIE DOVE and her husband, Irvin Willat, were celebrating their fifth wedding anniversary with a few friends when their chauffeur suddenly burst into the room. Willat tried to wave him out but the chauffeur persisted. They let him talk. He finally informed them that the Scotch terrier had just had five pups in the garage.

So This is Hollywood

Lewis Milestone, directing Emil Jannings' new picture, An Alpine Tale, *Gary Cooper and Esther Ralston are talking turkey in the hay.*

Sally Blane, newly elected Wampas Baby Star for 1929, exhibits some of the reasons why.

Rags and Titters

LUPE VELEZ met Beulah Livingston on the street. "Oh, Beulah, I am so tired of seeing you wear that old coat. Come down and shop with me. I'll—"

"But, Lupe, this coat is *real* snakeskin. Norma Talmadge gave it to me last year for Christmas. It's—"

"But, Beaulika, darling, even a snake sheds its skin *once a year.*" Lupe answered.

(P. S. Miss Livingston is now wearing a new self-purchased coat on her round of press agent duties.)

Fowl Play

GARY COOPER recently gave Lupe Velez an eagle, imported from his ranch in Montana. It is a mammoth bird with a wing-spread of nine feet and an eye as wild as they make them.

It arrived in a huge box. It took a carpenter three days to build a cage for it.

Lupe went to the meat market and asked what to feed an eagle. "Fresh meat and a couple of rabbits daily," the butcher told her. Two rabbits a day were put on order.

Then she discovered that none of her servants would go near the cage. So she feeds it herself. It takes an hour daily.

After ten days, Lupe was nearly frantic. Besides the time and the expense there was the commotion with everyone scared to death of the fowl. "I don't know what I'm going to do!" she cried, as she took a friend away from the cage after telling her the story. "I can't go away, I—"

"Telegram, Miss Velez!" the maid interrupted. Lupe tore it open. It was from Gary, in the north on location.

"Am sending you a mate for your eagle" it read. And for the first time in her young life, Lupe nearly fainted.

Caught Snapping

A CHORUS of beauties was on the sound stage doing high kicks, back bends, splits, and everything else in the repertoire of intricate steps. When the scene was played back for a test there was a peculiar noise at intervals. Technicians were puzzled, until one of the chorines fessed up.

"It is my joints," she said, "I'm stiff from rehearsals, and those kicks and bends just made them snap."

So This is Hollywood

W. S. Van Dyke, Renee Adoree and Dorothy Janis enjoy a quiet story-telling session during an idle moment while filming The Pagan, *in the South Seas.*

Max Reinhardt, celebrated impresario, who is to direct The Miracle Girl, *arrives in Hollywood accompanied by Lillian Gish, and is being welcomed by Douglas Fairbanks.*
—P. & A. Photo.

Fast and Lew's

HOLLYWOOD husbands are pulling a new gag these days.

"If you've heard this one, dear, stop me!" is their greeting when they roll in at an unmentionable hour in the morning.

They do say Lew Cody started it.

Little Knell

ESTELLE TAYLOR, wife of Jack Dempsey, has been broken-hearted. For shortly after her recent return from New York, where she appeared on the stage, her pet parrot died. Poll was quite accomplished and provided many a laugh for Jack, Estelle and their friends. Poll died of pneumonia and exasperation at the amount of attention the cook gave Chico, the bull terrier. A romantic burial took place under the weeping willow tree by the pond on the Taylor-Dempsey estate was chosen for the bird.

Who Are They?

A FAIR damsel finally consented to appear in pictures and came to Hollywood from Broad's Way, Big Town, to make her residence.

"Oh, hello, dear!" a *Follies* friend cried, on meeting her on Boul Hollywood one morn. "Are you having a good time? Have you met many picture people?"

"Hardly any," drawled the fair damsel.

"Have you been places?"

"Not very many. Down to Agua Caliente once."

"Surely you met some picture people down there. They all go to Caliente."

"Just one. Mr. Joseph Schenck. No other picture people, though. But he had some rather charming men with him. I think their names were Mr. Zukor and Mr. Louis B. Mayer."

Whereupon the *Follies* friend gasped and swooned.

Love Under Difficulties

ANITA PAGE is playing a second lead to Joan Crawford in *Our Modern Maidens*. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is cast as Anita's sweetheart in this picture.

What can I do in a case like that?" Anita timidly inquired. "I'm—why, I have to let him kiss me. I'm almost afraid to play it. Joan will be there every moment!"

Lily Decorates

LILY DAMITA pranced into Sam Goldwyn's publicity office and drew a heart on the wall with her rouged lips!

Al Santell sauntered in, looked a moment and remarked, "Well, you should be glad she put something there which you didn't have to hurry and cover up!"

Ah, yes, our Lily is a wild baby.

Their Plans

WHEN Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., finally get married they will divide their honeymoon between Paris and London.

"You see I want to visit Paris," Joan explained, "and

(*Turn to page* 106)

Mary Nolan, on her toes as usual, demonstrates what a Greek statue could look like if it had the clothes—and Mary's graceful figure.

CHAPLIN'S New Cinderella

Virginia Cherrill revels in her new existence in Hollywood as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady—her fan dreams having come true with a bang.

By CHARLES GRAY

GIVE us this day our daily break" is Hollywood's constant prayer—but this is the story of a girl so unfamiliar with all that pertains to Celluloid Boulevard that she doesn't know it *has* any prayers. Ever hear of Cinderella? Or Virginia Cherrill?

The fact has been rather widely commented upon that the first names of all Charlie Chaplin's leading ladies end with the letter *a*. Look at the list: Edna Purviance, Lita Grey, Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy—and the feminine foil opposite him in *City Lights* carries on the tradition. "Virginia" also terminates in the lucky letter. And so, it may be pointed out, does "Cinderella!"

"Speaking of luck!" I exclaimed. "Here you are—a girl who doesn't know a Kleig light from a yes man—stepping into a job for which four-fifths of the girls in pictures would give the marcel right out of their hair. Yesterday, a private citizen. Today, on the threshold of a career. And tomorrow—!"

VIRGINIA laughed. It was dazzling, youthful laughter. "Perhaps back to Chicago. Who knows? This is my first interview—maybe it will be my last!"

Maybe . . . but I scarcely think so. None of Chaplin's discoveries thus far have been forced to return home, dragging their hopes for fame behind them. And there seems to be little reason why this lovely newcomer should not share the good fortune with which he seems to have endowed the others.

"It's all so new," she answered my question, "that I don't know what to think. I haven't quite caught up with what's happened. It's dizzying. I'm so excited with the present that I haven't had a great deal of time to wonder about the future."

"Let's begin with the past," I suggested. "Just how did you happen to encounter Chaplin?"

"At the Olympic Auditorium—at a prize fight. As we were leaving, Mr. Chaplin came over and my escort introduced him. You undoubtedly know of his habit of using an unknown girl for his leading lady in each new picture? Well, he asked me if I would be interested in a screen test for the part in *City Lights!*"

She laughed again. "I thought he was kidding me! I had been down at the beach all day—at the Swimming Club. And as if that weren't bad enough, I had spilled salad dressing all over the front of my sweater. I was a fright! I couldn't see how anyone would be impressed with me as screen material. But Mr. Chaplin persisted, and the next day I took the test."

Virginia Cherrill was just a little girl from Chicago who thought movie breaks only came to lucky girls like Sue Carol—until Charlie Chaplin found her.

Here's Virginia with her pet pooch in the sort of a sweater she wore when Chaplin first saw her at a prize fight.

LOOKING at her, I readily could understand why Mr. Chaplin had persisted. She has genuine beauty, a beauty which needs no artifice of make-up or lighting—and which is too authentic to be impaired by such trivialities as sunburn and spoiled dresses.

She is a true ash-blonde and looks like Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"Everyone tells me that," she admits. "Naturally, because Miss Joyce was such a good friend of Charlie's, she has been around the studio a lot. Every day I meet some-

(*Turn to page* 109)

Letters of a Movie Extra

Dear Dolly:

Hollywood, California.

At last! Lasky's shocked me out of a year's growth by giving me a call and I took the jolt beautifully. I'm glad I went. In addition to the check I gotta lotta laughs. It was on the Nancy Carroll-Buddy Rogers set. And say, do they make a handsome team? I'm spreading the glad news that they do! Too bad it has to be just a screen romance but Nancy has her Jack and, I guess, Buddy has his Jill, too. Buddy is so tall and dark and handsome. He tries to act grown up but he's really just a kid. No wonder he is never referred to as "Charles." While Nancy has eyes that look as though they just dropped down from Heaven and her hair is red. Yes, really red, and if anyone doubts it, all he has to do is examine her eyebrows and then match colors. And s-sh—she has freckles, too. She's a very human sort of person, laughs at other people's jokes as well as her own and eats soup and sandwiches at the Studio Cafe instead of *cheese souffle* at Madame Helene's.

Then they have Skeets Gallagher, Matty Roubert and Harry Breen, all vaudevillians and they wise-crack all day long, each one trying to outdo the other and no one has won the contest yet.

Eddie Sutherland is directing—that is he is going to have the line on the screen that says "Directed by —"—but most of the actual orders are given by a tall, dignified gentleman called Cromwell. You see it's a talkie and one man directs the action and another the lines and in those little boxed up stages there is more talking than walking—hence Sutherland gets a rest.

Funny thing about that Sutherland. Honest, he looks about twenty years old and he has had two weddings and two divorces checked up against him. The first was Majorie Daw and the second, and last, was Louise Brooks. They were both brunettes. Now he should try what gentlemen prefer. And by the way, I understand that Paramount is taking tests of Marjorie—wonder if Eddie will have a chance, after all these years, to tell her what to do.

You asked about my pictures. Yes, I had them taken *but* you should see what that camera did to what Howard Chandler Christy once called the most perfect face in America! Really, I showed them to a casting director and he said, "Sorry, but we're not using any character women today."

Anyway, it's useless to lug pictures around to casting offices in this modern day. With all this talkie talk even extras have to carry portable victrolas with records of their own voices. I don't know what they will do when they finally get this odor business perfected.

I worked one day out in the sage brush with Ben Lyon. They were making a pioneer picture and he was acting. Not natural either. He had to play the part of a girl-shy boy! You know Ben is interested in aeroplanes and every time one crossed the field he would forget his business and look up. Finally the director said, "Say, you're acting like a sailor in Sea Gull Bay."

Well, write and tell me all about your new Easter outfit. Are you going to sing in the choir this year, too?

Love,

Francois Fern.

MAMMY!

Al Jolson views his prize, Ruby Keeler, with delight, surprise, and burnt cork on his face —she is his real reason for shouting "Mammy!"

Al Jolson's glorious career brought him only aching loneliness—until Ruby Keeler entered upon the scene, and love conquered Al.

By ERNEST HAYNES

TWO men meet, one a Broadway columnist, the other perhaps the most popular theatrical figure in America. The afternoon has worn on at a tedious press function. The two men have been talking, and one, the columnist, suggests that the other accompany him to a show that evening.

The actor is wary, acutely conscious of the world's enthusiasm for being seen in the company of celebrities, conscious of newspapermen's ruthless appetite for copy.

"No" the actor says, "I guess not tonight."

The columnist, mindful of the actor's sensitiveness, insists.

"Why should you want to go to a show with me?" asks the actor. "I can't give you a story."

"I don't want a story," says the other. "I've enjoyed this afternoon talking to you. I want to go to the show with you because you're a good fellow and because I like to be with you. That's all."

Al Jolson told me about the episode with real feeling. "We went to the show," he said, "and did have a swell time. It took me a while to relax, to get over that nasty feeling that it wasn't me he wanted to be with—that it was Al Jolson, the famous jazz singer. It's the hardest thing for me to believe that somebody doesn't want to try to get some news out of me or want to show me off to his friends. I just can't believe that a person wants to be with me because he enjoys my company—or my friendship. I guess that's because I've never had any real friend.

"Well, I finally *did* believe it. After the show we went somewhere and had a few drinks. We talked about everything under the sun and it was like medicine to me. I told him everything that was on my mind—things I'd stayed awake nights thinking about because I didn't have anyone to tell them to. Say, listen, I'd like to have you see the letter he sent me the next day."

Al Jolson went into the next room and brought out several typewritten sheets. He read them aloud. It was a long letter, the gist of which was the following: "Dear Al: I want to write you to tell you what last night meant to me. It showed what I believe to be the loneliest man in the world. Here was I, an insignificant newspaperman talking to the greatest entertainer of our time or perhaps of any time. But when drink, the almighty leveler, had made us just two human beings talking to each other, I want you to know how much I was touched, how happy I was to be in the company of a swell guy, a fellow who's real from top to bottom. I want you to know that, newspaperman though I am, if I ever stoop so low as to sacrifice a friendship like ours, brief though it be, for some lousy little piece of copy, I guess I'll just have to go and hang myself."

As I said, the letter was longer, for I have only summarized it as nearly as I can remember it, but when Al Jolson had finished the reading he looked up and said, "If he'd written another sentence, I would have cried, honest I would."

Thus Al Jolson before his marriage to Ruby Keeler, lovely Ziegfeld dancer, and the one person whose love and comradeship can give this great artist the sympathy and pal's support that he so sorely needed. Love has won a glorious victory over desolate loneliness in his heart—and a new Al Jolson has supplanted the old.

A MAN who responds quickly to the merest suggestion of friendship, a man whose laughter is on the verge of tears, whose success has meant only that his human side has been separated farther and farther from the very creatures who laud him, that is the real Al Jolson. The story of the man who hides his tragedy behind the comic mask of the Pagliacci, the clown who "laughs though his heart is breaking"—that story is trite, dull, and already laughable. But in its actual incarnation in the case of Al Jolson it is fascinating, moving, and tragic—because

Al Jolson and his bride, Ruby Keeler, breakfasting at Palm Springs, California, during their honeymoon—sunshine supplied by the happy pair.

it is true. Al Jolson's life on the surface is the very essence of "dreams come true." He is a man who is feted and praised wherever he goes, a man who has turned the amazing miracle of the talking picture into a consummate entertainment for the masses and intelligentsia as well. Where other speaking pictures often lay themselves open to derisive laughter by their falsity and amateurishness, Al Jolson has developed a technique which is always entertaining and never cheap. He has behind him the great achievement of having made sentimentality palatable. And this achievement is only his most recent one. Before Warner Brothers claimed him, he had established himself as the most popular male figure in the world of the musical revue. But this man who today is the highest paid actor in the movies, whose success in a popular field is second to none, this man has been the loneliest and most pathetic person to have achieved popularity.

FROM the very beginning, Asa Yoleson, the son of a Jewish cantor, fought against this loneliness as he fought against the traditions and demands of his family which militated against his ambitions. Years ago he used to sit in the synagogue in his father's class mournfully singing mournful hymns. His heart was in the jazz songs that were just beginning to be popular. He wanted to develop his theatrical talent, for already he had discovered that the voice which was so admirably suited to the sad hymns of the synagogue could be perfectly applied to the mood of blues songs. At a very early age, Asa Yoleson, later to become Al Jolson, had appeared in a performance in his home town, Washington, of Israel Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto.* Cantor Yoleson disapproved of any form of popular entertainment. To him, the songs of the people, unless they were of the church, were wicked. He wanted no son of his to be connected with an institution which appealed to anything but the souls of men. So Asa, his son, ran away from home and joined a circus. His resonant voice was admirably suited to the job of barker, a ballyhoo man!

AT THE turn of the century, young Asa Yoleson could be heard singing in a Washington café. Remember the scene in *The Jazz Singer*—the boy with the sweet, sad voice captivating his blasé audience, the boy intent upon satisfying his ambition of popularity and success. Little did he realize at the time that nothing could ever mean as much to him as the friendship of his comrades. Youth takes such things for granted. It is the full grown man who begins to take account of his gains and finds that none matters so much as the joy of genuine companionship. Remember how the cantor failed to realize the indomitable will of the youngster, dragged him from the cabaret, threatened and raved, intent upon the boy's following in his own footsteps? In general, that is all biographical. The cantor took his son from the café and placed him in a home so that the boy would be guarded and protected from the curse of jazz.

At this point young Yoleson showed his acting ability.

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It was a glad day for them both when Ruby Keeler left her show and joined Al Jolson in Hollywood, shortly after their marriage.

Our Modern

Gay, reckless, beautiful, she bent the world to her will! But what happened when that will encountered a force stronger than its own? Begin now the fascinating story of Joan Crawford's next picture. Read it, then see the picture.

Adapted by
DOROTHY H. CARTWRIGHT

From the story by Josephine Lovett

AS GIL JOHNS pressed against the throttle, the car leaped forward like a living thing, sliced a curve as it passed the other machine, and barely missed crashing into an embankment. One or two of the girls shrieked in terror; but the danger was over in a moment, for Gil, even when reckless with gin and drunk with fun at three o'clock in the morning, was a skillful driver. It was, indeed, his only noticeable accomplishment.

Billie Brown (Joan Crawford), captivating, modern daughter of wealth.

"Attaboy, Gil—let 'er rip!" cried Billie Brown, crouched down beside him.

Now as they sped around another curve a billboard loomed, gaudily decorated, brilliantly lighted. Billie leaped to the seat of the car.

"Stop!" she commanded imperiously.

The brakes screamed to an abrupt standstill beside the sign, while the occupants of the rear seat catapulted forward onto the floor in a crazy heap.

"'S orright," murmured a thick voice, whose owner began patiently to extricate himself from the scrambled-egg effect, somewhat puzzled as to which arms and legs were his, and which belonged to one of the others.

Billie, still maintaining her balance, the night breeze whipping her flimsy apology of a dress about her vital young body, swept her arm majestically toward the sign.

"'Join the elite!'" she read mockingly. "'Even one B. Bickering Brown Motor Car proclaims *class* louder than a Big Brass Band.'"

From the back seat came the wail of a piccolo. Billie, about to continue her speech, paused to look into the bottom of the car where Reg Darrow sprawled against the door, completely absorbed in his thin piping. Propped against him was his partner, lost to the commotion about her.

"Say, Blondie, can't you keep your boy-friend from ruining the night?" protested Billie good-naturedly, with fingers in her ears.

"S'long as it's just the *night* he's ruining, I haven't any kick," retorted Blondie, settling herself more comfortably against Reg, who continued his playing unconcernedly.

Laughingly, Billie tossed a rug over them. The piccolo suddenly stopped in the middle of a trill, then let out a protesting, muffled wail.

Suddenly from out of the wind-swept hills came a loud voice that startled the young pagans into silence.

"Mr. Brown, of the B. Bickering Brown Motor Car, knowing the yearning for music in the most untutored heart, has graciously caused to be broadcast the finest music by the finest bands to every spot of these United States . . ."

"What is it?"

"Who—?"

"Over there! The billboard! It's got a radio attachment!"

Maidens

THE CAST

Billie Brown ..... *Joan Crawford*
Glenn Abbott ..... *Rod LaRocque*
Gilbert Johns ..... *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
Reg ..... *Edward Nugent*
Blondie ..... *Josephine Dunn*
Kentucky ..... *Anita Page*
An M-G-M picture directed by Jack Conway.

As the daughter of B. Bickering Brown, fabulously wealthy and powerful motor magnate, Billie Brown's luxurious existence had led her to believe that, as she put it, the world was her football.

Now the crash of a big brass band filled the night with resounding melody.

"Radio advertising!" cried Gil, in amused admiration, when his first bewilderment had passed. "One up for your father! He doesn't believe in hiding his light under a bushel!"

"And I don't notice any dimmers on B. B. B.'s only child!" boasted Billie, snapping her fingers in time to the jazz. Suddenly she threw her arms about Gil's neck and cried gaily, "I want a last fling as one of 'Miss Stern's Select Young Ladies'! Let's make whoopee right here in plain sight of the dear old alma mater rearing its proud and stately gray head down there among the trees!"

A new prank! Delightedly the youngsters tumbled from the cars. There was a general move of the boys toward Billie, who held them off laughingly.

"Me, please, Billie!" beseeched Gil, slipping his arms about her waist and, with his head pillowed on her breast, looking up at her with a smile that she found irresistible. "Please pick me, Billie!"

"Oh, yes, take your pick, Billie!" drawled Blondie nastily, emerging from beneath the rug. "We'll have the leavings—as usual!"

From the depths of the car came the sharp "me-ow" of the piccolo.

Unembarrassed by Blondie's cattiness, Billie proceeded to choose, thrusting amorous hands and lips from her, and drawing Gil close, as she announced: "I'll trust my beautiful body to no one but Gil. As a friend of my youth, he'll take care I don't—trip."

From beneath the rug came a sour squawk, which was answered by shouts of laughter.

Flattered by Billie's choice, Gil lifted her from the car and held her close for just a moment before he set her down. The piccolo's lazy notes paused in midair as Blondie snatched it and began tugging at his arm.

GIL, holding Billie closely, his cheek against hers, danced her down the broad, moonlit cement road. When they had escaped from the others the boy whispered, caressing her hair with his lips, "Slip your hand into my pocket—s'prise for you."

By the size of the tiny box Billie must have suspected its contents; but as she saw the gorgeous square-cut diamond on its bed of velvet, she involuntarily cried out in admiration.

"Gee, Gil, that's some little headlight!"

"Going to put it on?" he challenged, grinning.

Billie cocked her pretty young head on one side and glanced thoughtfully from Gil to the ring, and back to Gil.

"Billie—please!"

Dancing seductively in his arms, she deliberately teased him a little. "Yes—no—well, I'm not sure. Maybe—" But finally she slipped it on her finger, laughing indulgently at his boyish anxiety.

"Sure, I guess so!" she agreed lightly. After all, a girl had to become engaged sometime, and she *did* like Gil.

The boy crushed her in his arms, his lips seeking hers in youthful passion. Coolly Billie responded, but broke away in the midst of a caress to lead the way to a sheltered spot beside the road. Seated there, absently watching the other dizzy, dancing couples, she seemed unconscious of his lips again brushing against her hair, caressing her throat, seeking for her lips.

"Gill," she said suddenly, slipping the diamond from her finger and eyeing it speculatively, "Let's keep our engagement secret until you get a decent diplomatic post."

Chilled as by a plunge into cold water, he released her from his ardent embrace and looked puzzledly into her unabashed eyes.

"Say," he grinned, half-aggrieved, "did you think all that up while I was kissing you?"

"Oh, no slur on your technique, Big Boy," she consoled, drawing his arms closely about her again. "I was only thinking of the swell publicity we could get if we waited a little while. 'The beautiful and fascinating Miss Billie Brown,' " she said stentoriously as if quoting from a paper, " 'is engaged to the rising young diplomat, Gilbert Johns. They will honeymoon in Paris, where Mr. Johns will take up his official duties.' "

"Oh, say, Billie, not so fast!" he protested. "Those things don't happen right off the bat. I'll probably be sent first to some flea-bitten desert isle. And by the way, B. B. B. will kick at the idea.

Billie looked at him quizzically. "B. B. B. is right, Gil. Little Billie was not born to bloom unseen."

"But it's only just at the start, you know—just while I'm getting experience. Afterward—"

"No! Billie doesn't like fleas. It's no use, Gil."

"Then what's the use of trying?" he asked despondently.

"Oh, don't be sil! You can't give up the fight before you've even entered the ring."

"Kentucky" (Anita Page), a lovely youngster longing to be one of the sophisticated set around her.

THE radio was blaring toward a smashing climax. Billie's eyes lighted triumphantly as she listened. Suddenly she threw her arms about his neck, burning with ambition and desire.

"I'm going to lead the parade with a big brass band!"

Gil hungrily watched her high-flung head and sparkling eyes. "God, Billie, you're beautiful!"

Unmindful of his worship, she went on, catching him to her in a gesture of defiant possession. "I'll give the world a show that will knock it cold—and dance to victory over the corpse!"

The boy took her shoulders and thrust her a little away from him. "Say, what do you think the world is, Billie—your football?" he demanded, half resenting, half admiring, her arrogance.

"Exactly!" she exulted cockily. "And what's more, *the world is going to like it!*"

Seeing Billie Brown at the moment, so alive, dominating, tempting and gay, one could easily imagine the world allowing itself to be flattered, even to be kicked.

The band broadcasting crashed to a bacchante finale. Then from the hidden microphone came the announcer's voice again. "When you hear the gong, it will be exactly four a. m. by B. Bickering Brown's electrically controlled chronometer."

With hasty but ardent farewells, the other girls broke away from their protesting boy friends and started toward the school.

Billie deftly slipped her vanity case from Gil's pocket, and dropped the ring into the coin purse.

"Parked, until brain, youth and beauty stop the show!"

"Oh, but Billie, please—"

She silenced him with a quick, passionate kiss. A moment later she broke away and, pantomiming a mocking farewell, plunged into the darkness of the trees sheltering the school.

WHEN Billie returned home after the close of school, she had at her disposal the luxurious private car of B. Bickering Brown, in which she and her friends

Billie threw her arm protectingly around Kentucky's shoulder and commanded, "Now lay off the Baby. She'll make the grade if we give her time."

managed to make themselves comfortable. For hours on end the phonograph ground out the hottest jazz; the youngsters sang loudly if not well, under the mellowing influence of the liberal supply of alcoholic refreshments; they danced the miles away dizzily; and finally, bored with everything else, they rustled up a crap game for stakes that would have staggered a normal man.

SOMEWHAT apart from the others Kentucky sat busily writing in a diary, her legs curled under her like a child's, her blond hair tumbling in pretty disarray about blue eyes that sometimes looked up from the page into some far-away dream world. Now and then she looked at Gil—handsome young Gil whom she had always adored from afar. Her romantic dreams must have included him, for always after studying his profile earnestly, she wrote down new thoughts in her little leather book, which she carried with her.

Gil Johns (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), fiance of dashing Billie Brown.

"Eleven! My haul!" exulted Billie, raking the money toward her.

"Hell!" cried Blondie, slamming a bill on the table, while Kentucky looked up quickly with a startled, half-admiring glance. "It just doesn't seem humanly possible always to be so damned lucky as you!"

Billie laughed good-naturedly, and mischievously hummed, "I'm sitting on top of the world!"

"Aw, you cats make me tired!" growled Reg. "Gimme the li'l ole ivories—my throw."

Billie, only casually interested in the game, looked toward Kentucky. How like the dear child to be completely absorbed in writing, while the rest of them made whoopee!

"What're you doing, honey? Let mama have a look-see!" commanded Billie patronizingly, as was her habit; for the world was her football. Nevertheless, she was really very fond of Kentucky, whom she mothered, and who fairly worshipped her.

"Secret!" warned Kentucky, trying to hide the book; but Billie deftly captured it.

"Oh, Billie—please—!"

But Billie, holding her off at arm's length, was already in convulsions of laughter.

"Listen, kids! Kentucky's writing about 'Men.' Men!"

"Hey, hot stuff! Let's have it!" cried one of the girls.

"Men!" laughed Blondie derisively. "Ever step out with a man who wasn't your father or an elderly unk?"

Reg silenced her with a firm kiss; but Blondie had been kissed by experts in her time!

Ignoring him, she snatched the book from Billie and, assuming a melodramatic pose, began to read tauntingly.

"'Love! Will it steal gently upon me, or sweep me away in a cloud of glory—?'"

"Duck the tornado stuff, Kentucky!" advised Gil humorously.

"Don't hold your breath waiting," cautioned one of the girls. "You gotta be like the big M. P.'s, and go right out after your man!"

"Yeh," drawled Blondie cynically, "it's a battle, sure

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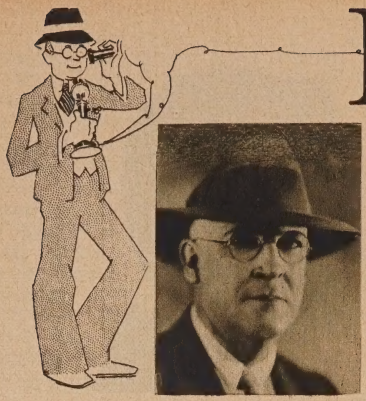
Harry Carr's



Harry Carr.

Harry Carr, who is responsible for many picturesque and colorful epics of the screen, has just returned from a jaunt through the heart of old Mexico. Perhaps his experiences and observations there will stimulate the creation of another successful picture. There are many inside angles on picture personalities and productions which you can get only over Harry Carr's Private Line. His monthly column of comment appears exclusively in SCREEN SECRETS among the fan magazines. In his long association with the industry he has watched players grow from extra roles to stardom and knows them all intimately.

GIRLS, take off your bloomers!"

This stern notice recently appeared on a set at one of the big studios. It meant what it said; but it didn't mean what low suspicious minds might imply.

The truth is that a strange rustling noise disturbed the making of a talkie which Harry Beaumont was directing. They hunted and searched and shut sound-proof doors. Finally it was noted that it made itself manifest especially when the lovely Anita Page drew near.

When the din from Anita's rayon what-d'y'call'ems was ameliorated, all proceeded in peace, quietude and art.

Scat for Airships

THE extreme susceptibility of the microphone used by talkies causes a good deal of distress in many ways. In one recent picture made in the Paramount Studio, they had to destroy half a day's work because the director's nervous habit of tapping on a table with his fingers wrecked everything.

King Vidor is in the depths of despair because every time an aeroplane goes over the studio all work on the negro talkie he is making has to stop. As the M-G-M Studio has three aeroplane pastures as neighbors, the sky is thick with them most of the time.

Lillian Comes Back

LILLIAN GISH is back from Europe with the great Max Reinhardt in her train. I think that United Artists feels a little bleak about the picture he is going to make with her.

Her Heroine

IN ONE of the Balkan countries there has been a girl who has been both a religious and a medical mystery. She is, in a way, a living miracle.

Upon the occasion of each religious anniversary having to do with Jesus Christ, she bleeds at the hands and feet—just where the Savior's wounds were at the time of the Crucifixion.

Anita Page.

This girl is to be the heroine of the Gish picture that Reinhardt will direct.

Too Ethereal

MISS GISH'S is a strange and interesting case. She has been recognized everywhere as the greatest artiste of screen acting; but her pictures have not been successful since *The White Sister*. She thinks that Max Reinhardt may turn out to be the Moses who will lead the talkies out of the wilderness.

Lillian Gish.

When he first came to America, Reinhardt poohed at the talkies, but he has become a sudden convert to noise. As the greatest stage producer of his generation in Europe—a producer whose productions have always made a special appeal to the eye, it would seem that her confidence might not be misplaced.

A Great German

COMING over here with the prestige of *The Miracle* behind him, Herr Reinhardt has a contract which will give him his own way in everything. He is already a cult in Hollywood. Men like Lubitsch and Joe Schildkraut learned their stuff from him and they think he tells the sun when to rise.

Although he does not speak English, he is a very charming personality.

"Prof" Fairbanks!

NOT Mr. Doug Fairbanks—

"Prof" Fairbanks!

The eminent father of Douglas, Jr., has become a professor in the University of Southern California. A class

Private Line

Douglas Fairbanks

in motion art has been installed there through the influence of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and Doug is the first lecturing professor.

It is unnecessary to say that the thirst for learning has risen to an alarming extent in California since this announcement was made. The university, in its effort to keep one jump ahead of the stampede, has found it necessary to make a rule that you can't take lessons from Doug unless you also take all the rest of it—geometry, Einstein theories and everything else.

I'd like to sit in the class myself. Of all the motion picture people I have ever known, Douglas has the most enlightened ideas—and looks farthest into the future. He is really the only producer who realized that he was dealing with a new art.

The Guest Book

MEANWHILE Doug's responsibility of feeding visiting royalty has not ceased with his new honors. The Italian countess—lady-in-waiting to the queen—made a bee line for Doug and Mary when she showed up in Hollywood. If they keep a guest book out at Pickfair, it has the most distinguished names ever between book covers.

The Champ

THERE is something extraordinarily interesting in the box-office survey made by one of the movie trade papers. It shows that Clara Bow has nosed out Colleen Moore as the greatest box-office attraction of the movies.

What Price Art

I TAKE it that every one admits that two of the greatest artists of the screen are Charlie Chaplin and Greta Garbo.

In this survey, based upon actual box-office returns, the fair Greta lags along a sad eleventh and Chaplin is not even in the running. Art doesn't seem to sell so well.

Hard Times

THE going is very hard in Hollywood right now. The talkies have brought in so many stage stars. I know of many cases where actors who were living in luxury a year ago are now panhandling for their next meal.

Pola

ONCE in a while I get a message from Pola Negri in Paris. She is making a picture over there, but wants to come back to Hollywood. She might get another chance now that the talkies have conquered us. She has one of the loveliest voices I have heard, very musical and filled with caressing cadences.

To the astonishment of her Hollywood friends, Pola has turned out to be a very domestic young lady since her marriage to the Prince Mdivani. She is one of the devoted wives who sees that the bath water is right and that socks of the lord and master are put away in the right compartment. She isn't what you would call blissfully happy; she will never be happy. She gets too much of a kick out of being miserable. But for Pola, she is doing very well. I like Pola. She is one of the most charming talkers to whom I have ever listened and she has a vast fund of the kind of culture that comes of meeting many people in many lands and of reading much from good books.

Pola Negri.

Walsh's Hard Luck

ANTICIPATING the disasters that might cross one's path, very few of us have lost much sleep dreading lest a rabbit jump through our auto windshield and put out the sight of an eye. Yet that is what has happened to Raoul Walsh.

Raoul Walsh.

Riding across the desert near Hollywood, a scared jack-rabbit, confused by the light, leaped through Walsh's windshield, breaking the glass, bits of which went into one of his eyes. He went to New York to consult a specialist, but it was no use. To save the good eye, he has had to lose the injured one. It will not affect his career as a director, but he will never be able to act again.

Helping Hollywood

Broadway's famous evangelist arrives in Hollywood with energy and plans for doing big things to that lively city.

By CHARLES DARNTON

HOLLYWOOD'S soul—that is, if Hollywood has a soul—may now be saved by "The Angel of Broadway," as old New York fondly nicknamed fair-haired Rheba Crawford when she was trying to put the fear of God into those sinners who rarely see the error of their way between Times Square and Columbus Circle.

Having wrestled with Manhattan actors, chorines, hoofers and the like, Angel is now girding up her step-ins to tackle Hollywood's movie producers, stars, extras and yes-men. Let us pray she may bring them to repentance, and well she may, for, glory hallelujah! She is just the type. Yes, a blonde. I, for one, have believed in blonde angels ever since I pumped a church organ. Somehow, a brunette angel doesn't seem to fit into the heavenly scheme of things. Angel not only is blonde, but she's young—looking. The only thing about her that's hard to believe is that she is twenty-eight. She says so herself, but maybe she isn't very good at figures and has put a *2* where a *1* ought to be. Anyway, she could easily pass for eighteen, morning, noon or night.

Ernest Torrence, character actor, is being admonished by Rheba Crawford against the sins of pipe smoking.

Rheba Crawford is popular with Hollywood's younger set. Miss Crawford is in the center. With her, from left to right, are, Dorothy Appleby, Carol Lombard, Jeanette Loff and Diane Ellis.

I saw Angel at night, and we had what might be called a night talk. That is to say, we talked of night life here and there, comparing Hollywood with New York, if there is any comparison. Angel happened to say that she had pulled off a wedding at one of the night clubs where a lot of Hollywood's best spenders hold evening services. It seems that a little dancer was to be married without benefit of clergy, so Angel stepped in and gave a justice of the peace the air. It was just a matter of sentiment, not of competition, Angel feeling the dancer should get a break inasmuch as this was the first time the poor child had been married. To make the ceremony a good one, Angel threw in a prayer.

"You know," she told me, "anyone can pray in a church, but not everyone can pray in a night club."

No, not out loud, but let me ask

Heavenward

Corinne Griffith with Rheba Crawford, the evangelist, who was greatly impressed by the intelligence and spirituality of the "orchid of the screen," as well as by her physical beauty.

you, brother, have you never been moved to silent prayer as out of the corner of your eye you watched the waiter adding up the check?

"And," pursued Angel, "night clubs are not so bad."

This stirred my sympathies to the point of recalling that Texas Guinan once assured me she had never taken a drink. The shock of this news gave Angel pause.

"Wait a minute," she begged, "till I check up on that."

She bent her pretty head, narrowed her even prettier blue eyes, and concentrated. The suspense was terrible. You could have heard a bottle drop.

"One night," she related, coming out of it, "I went over to Tex's club with Walter Winchell. Now let me think. Yes, Walter had a flask. Tex came over to our table and sat down. Let's see now, I want to be sure of just what happened. I remember. Walter poured out a drink for Tex."

"But," I sternly demanded, "did Tex drink it?"

"I—don't—remember," she confessed, for all the world like an angel on the witness stand.

"Very well," I agreed, "we'll say no more about it."

AND so we came back to Hollywood, where the erstwhile Angel of Broadway plans to build and conduct a Cinema Cathedral. But before we go into that solemn project let us learn what Angel thinks of Hollywood and its people. She had made the rounds of various studios and got chummy with a number of stars who don't easily get chummy with visitors.

"I was particularly interested in Lon Chaney—in his mind," she added. "He is essentially intellectual. And I liked immensely, too, Ernest Torrence. He was so jolly, had such a keen sense of humor, that I quite fell in love with him. He suggested we have our pictures taken together, and so we did, with him smoking a pipe. He borrowed the pipe."

Another Scotch story.

"And I was won," she went on, "with the sincerity of Corinne Griffith. I found her just as lovely inside as out. Beauty in women is more common than sincerity. People who are just sweet and pretty never impress me."

"What do you think of the pretty boys in pictures?" I anxiously inquired.

"I don't use language like that," chided Angel.

That being the case, I asked her how she had felt about pictures and picture people before coming to Hollywood.

"For a long time I was not interested in pictures," she replied, "because most of those I had seen seemed inane. But, among others, I liked Mary Pickford for her wistful charm. There is nothing in the world quite so beautiful as charm, but we see so little of it that we are more than

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Cupid's Bulletin Board

Constance Talmadge, who is reported as engaged to:

Townsend Netcher, wealthy Chicago business executive.

All For Connie?

WITH Townsend Netcher vigorously pushing construction of a new palatial home in Santa Monica, and apparently as attentive as ever to the lovely object of his affections, Constance Talmadge, Hollywood feels justified in predicting an early announcement of the engagement of the lucky pair.

Mr. Netcher is a member of a wealthy Chicago family, and a very prominent business man in that city.

More Building

VIRGINIA VALLI cheerfully admits that Cupid is in the offing in her romance with Charles Farrell. The cinema city believes that the mere matter of a contractor's hurrying up Charlie's new house is all that stands in the way.

A Daniels Come to Judgment

IT HAS remained for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon to give Hollywood, hardened as it is to sudden jolts, the solar plexus punch. These two attractive people, whose heart charts have provided the Bulletin Board with many juicy items from month to month, have now settled the matter once and for all (we hope) by announcing their engagement to each other. Bebe has been variously rumored engaged to Charles Paddock, Jack Pickford and Tommy Hichcock, while Ben Lyon's name has been connected with that of Dorothy Mackaill, Marilyn Miller and Marian Nixon, among others.

Nope!

IT SEEMS that Lefty Flynn came back to Hollywood and to his wife, Viola Dana, to bring about a reconciliation, but that something went amiss. And now Viola has decided that there are things that cannot be forgiven, and she will soon sue for a divorce.

More Sad News?

A REPORT from the East has it that all is not well in the Dorothy Gish-James Rennie menage. Too bad, indeed, if two such personable young folks have handed Cupid a serious sock in the eye.

The Doves

THE Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, Gloria Swanson's husband, spent a brief three weeks' vacation in Hollywood during the holidays, and has again gone to Europe to act as "glorified observer for F. B. O." Gloria's genuinely romantic parting from her titled spouse effectively put to rest the rumor that hostilities between them were impending.

Gloria Swanson bids regretful farewell to her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, and denies rumors of a domestic rift.

The Bells

AGNES LYNCH, film actress and sister of Helen Lynch (wife of Carroll Nye, the well-known screen juvenile), has also been nominated by Cupid, having just recently become the bride of Jason Robards, stage and screen actor. Mr. Robards was divorced from a previous wife a year or so ago.

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Lupe Velez, as a girl, dreamed of a career on the stage that would lead to stardom.

Señorita CYCLONE

How Lupe Velez faced her first crisis, and her amazing leap from convent seclusion to Mexico City's stage, is described herewith in her absorbing life story as told to Ruth Biery by

Lupe Velez

MY LIFE—it has been very strange. When your American kids go to school I am riding with my father in the Mexican army. I see mens killed when I am very young. It is while I am still a baby that I start to dance. I dance always. Dance and flirt—those are the two things I like to do best. I have my first sweetheart when I am seven. At thirteen I fall very much in love. One night he kiss me. I never forget that kiss. It is the sweetest in my life. I see him every day and night.

MY MOTHER is a very wise womans. She knows life and she want her girls to know also so they will not get into trouble. When my sisters is thirteen she take them to see about life just as she now goes to take Lupe. But it is a death secret. One girl can never tell another.

I know nothing where we are going until she take me by the hand one morning and lead me to a hospital where there are many sick womans. She take me first to a womans beautiful like the Madonna! Her skin is like the snow, and hands—ah, Lupe can never forget the hands of that womans. They lie like two beautiful flowers more white than the covers beneath them. She cannot raise them; this wonderful, beautiful womans. She try to talk. She make no words come from her mouth; only sounds. I stand there and I suffer. I never see anything so beautiful; I never see anything so terrible.

My mother turn to the nurse. "She will live?"

"No." The nurse answers and shakes her head very sad. "She can live only a little longer."

Lupe cry. It does not seem possible that the womans so young—she is not more than twenty—so beautiful, almost like the Virgin, can die!

Lupe turns to go away. She cannot stand it. But her mother, she grabs my arm and makes me stay and watch the womans try again and again to raise those lovely hands,

Lupe and Gary Cooper, whose romance is the talk of Hollywood.

try to say something. I cry out! I cannot stand it. My mother takes me away a little and asks me, "Do you know the matter with this womans?"

I do not know.

My mother tell me; tell me about womans who let mens get ahead of them.

"You want to go straight, Lupe?"

"Yes," I sob as I answer.

"You can do as you wish, Lupe. You can have beautiful jewels, beautiful clothes and be like this womans. Or you can have less and be a good womans. No one can do it for you. Go to hell if you wish, or live a good life. It is your life, and it is up to you to live it!"

Lupe with Douglas Fairbanks, who gave her the first boost towards stardom by choosing her for the lead in The Gaucho.

I OWE everything to this lesson from my mother. I feel sorry for the American boys and girls when I see them on the beach at night, parked in their cars taking drinks of whisky and petting one another.

In America I do not think the mothers tell their children. In my country mothers know that life is life and they make their girls understand it. I trust no mans, ever. I flirt with them but I do not trust them. I can never forget. It was a shock to a young girl. It took me long time to get over it. It is crude; it is rude; I cannot eat; I cannot sleep. I cannot forget the face of that womans or the faces of the other womans which my mother shows me. But I can never go away with a mans who do not marry Lupe. Never!

But I do not stop flirting and I do not stop seeing Mil-a-tone, the man who I wishes to marry. I am out every night and mother can do nothing with me. She is afraid that maybe the hospital is not enough lesson. I drive her nearly crazy. So she decide to send me to a convent with my sister Josephine.

We start for the Lady of the Lake convent in San Antonio, Texas. My mother go to the train with us. She cry and say, "Baby may never see her mother again." I am a devil. I just say, "Hurrah! I'm going away. I don't care if I never come back. I am going to the United States and see a different country!"

I hate the convent then. But I like to remember it now. It is the happiest time of my life. Someday when I get through making money in pictures I think I go into the convent forever. You know, there is another side to Lupe. Lupe never cry but sometimes she get sad and want to be back with the Sisters who seem always to have content and be so quiet and happy.

But all I learn at the convent is to write for one thousand times again and again, "I must be good!" I hate it. Everything I do is bad. We cannot chew gum in school. I loves to chew gum. One day a Sister takes the gum out of my mouth and sticks it on my nose. I am so happy! Gee, I am happy! For when she turn her back I take it off my nose and puts it in my mouth and when I see she is beginning to turn around I takes it out of my mouth and puts it back on my nose. That way I always have my gum with me.

I DANCE the hula and the shimmy. We go to a picture show every Saturday afternoon and I learns it from watching the actresses in the picture. The Sisters, they see me do it. I have to write again a thousand times, "I must be good!" But the minute the Sisters turn their back I stop writing and do over and over again the hula and the shimmy.

The girls all hate me. I take their boy friends from them. I do not mean to be bad. I love Mil-a-tone but Lupe just cannot help but flirt no matter how much she love somebody. He writes me. I write him. I love him like mad but I must flirt or I cannot live. I get sick if I do not flirt ever. I flirt with the girls' boy friends. They come up under my windows and sing, *Who's Sorry Now, Charlie, My Boy, Poppa Loves Momma* and *I Wonder What Becomes of Sally*. That's the way I learn to sing pieces. I send messages to the boys by my sister, Josephine. Nobody ever think, she is so good, that she will take them. She never get caught at it. But she better take them. I will scratch her eyes out if she don't take them!

There is a bridge in front of the school. We can go to this bridge when we play but we cannot go over it. One

"I cannot help but flirt," says Lupe. It would seem a shame if she didn't, with all those bewitching charms.

day I decide to run away. I ask Josephine to go with me but she is a skeered cat and will not do it. The first time, I get just across the bridge when the Mother Superior drive up in a big car.

"Stop!" she say to the chauffeur. She is very angry. "Where are you going?"

"I go to buy gum."

"Don't you know you aren't allowed to chew gum? Get into this car this minute."

So I go back and write a thousand times more, "I must be good!"

I WAIT three days then I try it again. This time I changes my clothes and sneak out and get into the city. I have some money and I buy some clothes like I always been wanting. High heels—way high like this. (Lupe's fingers indicated that her first French heels must have been at least eight inches.) I get a little dress which is high also—oh, when I come out of that store!

I am so happy. For the first time in my life I looks like a real flapper.

A boy wrinkles his eye at me. I says to myself, "I am making a hit." But before I get a chance to speak to him, three other mens come up to me. Then I *know* I am making a hit! But I am mistaken. They are three policemens, without uniforms, which the school have sent to find me.

When they take me back they say they are going to put me in the reform school because I am so bad. But I go

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JOHN GILBERT Gets His

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert as they appeared in A Woman of Affairs, *typical of the glittering romantics he is deserting for sterner stuff under the generous terms of his new contract with M-G-M.*

Bidding farewell to gaudy roles, John Gilbert embarks on a career of fewer, greater pictures reflecting the rugged, intense drama of real life.

By HENRY MACMAHON

GOODBYE great lovers, philancerers, "sap" heroes and sawdust-and-buckram romantics! John Gilbert tells me he has left them midst the ruck of program pictures and turned a new leaf with the calendar year 1929.

It came about through our Jack's *not* going with United Artists (though everybody predicted he would); a hurry-up visit of Nicholas Schenck to Hollywood—and presto! the genial great lover puts his name on the dotted line of a contract signatured by Irving Thalberg, and is transformed from the busy maker of four to six pictures a year to one of those quiet "immortals" of the films who expend 180 days on a picture and whose quota of productions therefore is only six works in a three-year term.

Did you know that Jack Gilbert has always had a yen to be his own producer? That he expresses disgust with many of the characters the various studios have ordered him to portray? That he fairly radiates novel, interesting picture ideas, and that his friend Thalberg, head executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is going to help him realize a number of them?

Most striking of all is the good-looking star's aversion to the soulful Adonises with which his enchanting smile and slight, elegantly-made person recently have been associated.

Gilbert doesn't object to plenty of "it" in his heroines, but he feels the unreality of continually playing the "sexy" male attraction. "I want to play honest characters!" he said to me, in an outburst of genuine feeling.

"What do you mean—*honest?*"

"Real, average human beings, no better and no worse than my Jim Apperson in *The Big Parade.*"

"Then you are a realist?"

"Of course. I don't want people to be thrown into extraordinary behavior by my presence or soulful eyes or so-called 'sexiness'; that isn't real life, and artistically it's trash. Rather, I want to be controlled by the situation, to let the situation—the course of events—take charge of me and impel me.

"For example, I wanted *The Cossacks,* but I wanted real Cossacks; stern, realistic, primitive, grim. Instead of that, they made it musical comedy.

"There is no particular interest to the public—or to the actor—in playing a succession of great lovers. I have no desire to do Lord Byron or Benvenuto Cellini. Yes, it might be good fun to play the young Hannibal in *The Road to Rome.* And in later life I might have a try at the superannuated romance of *Old English* or the old fellow that O. P. Heggie reenacted out of Galsworthy, because there's the genuine dramatic interest of the rake or roue or elderly Don Juan coming to the end of his tether. But philanderers—never!

WISH

TALK about power," he continued. "As the Russians have shown us, there's more power in the lives of ordinary people than in the great names or solemn events of the earth. A common soldier fighting for his country, singing *John Brown's Body* or *Dixie* as he goes —a trolley motorman, modern controller of the lightnings, returning to his hearth to find the fires ashes and his wife stolen by his best friend; what greater power than in such homely themes which have the touch of universal reality?"

"What progress have you made since *The Big Parade?*" I asked.

"Not much," he replied, "for the reasons I have cited."

"What about your new contract?"

"I did not get supervision of my product," he grinned. "But making only two pictures a year with protective clauses as to story, director and cast—under Thalberg's direct supervision—there should be opportunities. We won't start a picture until we are sure it is going to be good, and while occasionally we may be bad prophets, nevertheless the effort will represent the best and finest that is in us—"

"You might tell SCREEN SECRETS' readers the names of candidates for leading lady?"

"Ah! Who knows? Each leading woman will be selected specially for the particular role. There will be no teaming, but only consideration of dramatic values." Gilbert intimated that Greta Garbo was by no means out of the list.

His merry eyes lighted brightly and his well-known countenance took on tense eagerness when we started talking talkies.

"The talkies," he opined, "will make acting twice as important to the actor. If, for example, I go before the camera and do hardly anything and provided my personality happens to be agreeable, I can get by and I score what is commonly called a success. But when I have to *work* in acting, to convey dramatic insight and power by speech, then the thing becomes far more important and more fun—much more difficult, and with far higher possibilities.

"Can you imagine," he said in almost awestruck tones, *"The Big Parade would have killed people if it had been talkie?* The shock of the oralized scenes would have proven itself so terrible that the censors would have been obliged to forbid the presentation. You and I can realize what a terrific power the addition of speech to poignantly pictured scenes conveys, and what an instrument it will be in the hands of directors and players of genius.

"Before that time, some Griffith of the speakies will have to evolve a new technique of pictures-plus-speech. But the thing will develop, and we'll get great pictures—

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While United Artists vied with M-G-M for his talents, John Gilbert, at his palatial home and grounds, planned a future that would satisfy his artistic longings.

THESE SCREEN SECRETS

Here they are! A complete announcement of the winners of the big cash prizes in the "Guess Who" contest with a list of those who won honorable mention will be found below.

AT LAST the suspense is over! The judges in the big SCREEN SECRETS "Guess Who" contest have finally accomplished the great task of selecting the winners from among the thousands of unusually fine entries in time to make a complete announcement of the outcome in this issue.

This number brings not only joy to those who have won, but also consolation for those who were not so fortunate, because the response and enthusiasm shown on the part of readers for this contest have been so great that on another page will be found the announcement of a new and even more fascinating contest starting at once.

The contest is a cut-up puzzle and even more prizes will be offered so that those who did not win a prize this time will have a chance to try again. Further details will be found on pages 28 and 29.

Since midnight, January tenth, when the contest came to a close with a final deluge of entries, the judges have been hard at work at their colossal task of sorting, classifying and judging the entries.

First came the job of selecting the entries in which the stars had been correctly identified, thus satisfying the first rule of the contest. Surprising as it may seem in view of the fact that all of the stars selected have appeared often on the screen during the past few months, and there have been pictures of all of them in SCREEN SECRETS, more than half of the contestants failed to identify them correctly.

Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Buddy Rogers were easy. Marie Prevost was a little hard for some. Marceline Day and June Collyer proved to be the greatest stumbling blocks. Many mistook June Collyer for Laura La Plante.

The task of judging the respective merits of the essays was far more difficult. So many displayed such ingenuity of thought and sincerity of expression that it was almost impossible to choose the best.

Clara Bow and Janet Gaynor were favorite subjects for the essays. Some contestants offered their contributions in poetry, or in lines, the first letters of which spelled the name of their favorite star, but the greater number of entries were in prose. The most outstanding aspect of the contest was the care and thought shown in the form in which the entries were presented. There were miniature stages, toy movie theatres, beautiful lampshades, dolls, boats, butterflies, fans, screens, treasure chests, pillows, albums, baskets, stars and scrolls.

Here Are the Major Prize Winners

Grand First Prize of $750—won by Carmen Wood Marcelus, 96 Nelson Street, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Second Prize of $300—won by Iola Mae Isley, 3325 Memorial Ave., Lynchburg, Va.

Third Prize of $200—won by Mrs. E. C. Van Pelt, Marion, Kentucky.

Fourth Prize of $50—won by Mrs. Mattie L. Lamb, 2104 East Glisan Street, Portland, Oregon.

Lists of those who won honorable mention will be found farther back in the book. Here are the prize winning answers:

First Prize—Carmen Wood Marcelus:

"Those who light our pathway and lift us to a higher plane are our spiritual messengers of peace and brotherhood. In *Seventh Heaven* Janet Gaynor breathes, from her very soul, faith beyond all creeds. She proves to us the power of hope and courage, upon which is builded everything that is great. Her example of love and fortitude during one small hour in *Street Angel* reveals to us the real Janet Gaynor therefore Janet is my choice. She gives us the pure wholesome kernel without the husks."

(*This entry was a beautiful Christmas landscape scene on a toy stage worked out with complete symbolism of the essay. The essay itself was typed on birchbark and beautifully decorated.*)

Second Prize—Iola Mae Isley:

Child of clean comedy, chockfull of charm;
Little Lady of Love, laughter and life:
Ablaze with animation, awakening adoration,
Redolent of romance, radiant, refined,
Ace-high in her art—ADORABLE!

Bewitchingly beautiful—balm for the blues—
Outstandingly original, outshining others,
Winsome and wise and worshipful woman—WHO?
My Favorite—CLARA BOW!

(*A pretentious proscenium arch formed the background and setting for this entry. The pictures of the six stars appeared in jeweled frames on either side of the proscenium while the composition appeared on a movie screen in the center.*)

Third Prize—Mrs. E. C. Van Pelt.

"I like CLARA BOW because her hair is red and her personality just as vivid. She's got IT; whether dressed in a fascinating bathing suit, or in a "what-cha-ma-call-it," as at the right. Having known misery and loneliness in her childhood, she now makes living a gay curtain to cast over the drab memories of those early days. CLARA BOW is more than a movie star! She is the living symbol of the modern girl; the fulfillment of all that youth would like to be; of all that age wishes it might have been."

(*Mrs. Van Pelt's entry was a*

FANS WON $1500.00

Carmen Wood Marcelus

Iola Mae Isley

Mrs. E. C. Van Pelt

book of samplers, each page of which contained elaborate embroidery with names and pictures of the stars. The essay was embroidered on the first page.)

Fourth Prize—Mrs. Mattie L. Lamb:

"How can I choose my favorite star
From six who shine so bright?
It's hard for me to make a choice
Tho I try with all my might.

The girls are all so charming
And pretty as can be,
That to make a choice from them
Is difficult you see.

So I'll play safe and choose a star
Who well deserves his fame:
He brings us youth, clean-cut and fine—
Charles Rogers is his name.

He is the type we all admire,
Courageous, kind and true.
No other star can shine more bright—
I leave it up to you."

(This entry was a tabloid stage of a movie company making a pirate picture on the beach. Each star in the group was given a part in the picture and was represented by a doll.)

Following is the list of those who won $10 prizes, and favorite stars.

1. Dorothy S. Reese, 813 First St., Jackson, Mich.—Janet Gaynor.
2. Miss Deuse D. Bragg, 1285 8th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.—Clara Bow.
3. Mrs. Margaret Boardman, 633 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.—Janet Gaynor.
4. Mrs. Lottie Suchor, 2255 N. Monticello Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Janet Gaynor.
5. Sarah Nichols, 1421 E. 6th Ave., Topeka, Kansas.—Clara Bow.
6. Ethyl Gleason, 911 33rd St., Galveston, Texas.—Charles Rogers.
7. A. C. Engstrom, 726 2nd Ave., Two Harbors, Minn.—Clara Bow.

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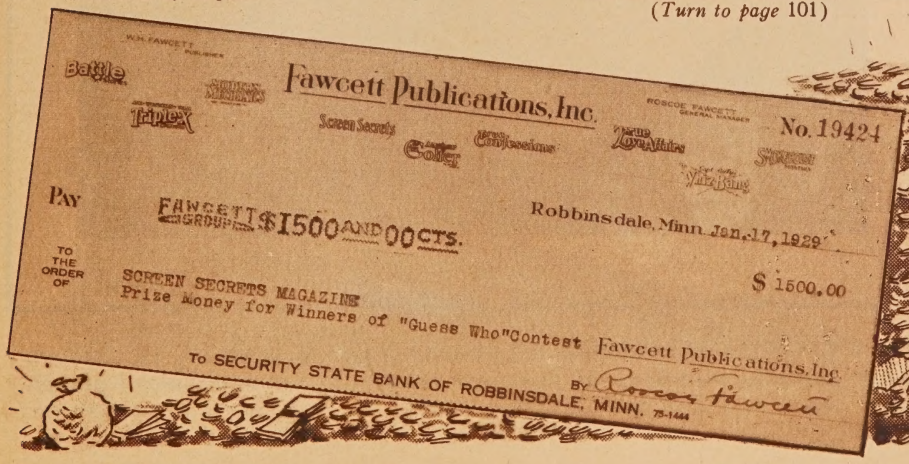

MORE SECRETS

Alice White in her tricky costume is a vision compelling the belief that a diary of hers would be crammed with masculine tributes to her saucy blond beauty.

from the Diary of ALICE WHITE

How Alice reached stardom—her new experiences with Hollywood's famous—and real love at last with its heartbreaking outcome—as told in this last installment of her famous Little Red Diary.

This is my permission to print my diary
Alice White

JUNE 9. Am to work in Billie Dove's new picture, *American Beauty.* Not very thrilled because it's a very small part. Left the studio in tears. Will I never get a good part? Sometimes this picture business is so darned discouraging.

June 13. I'm not doing right by you, Diary, old thing. Maybe this is love. Anyway, it's taking a lot of my time.

July 9. Spent Saturday at Leslie Fenton's mother's house at the beach. He has a lot of very nice brothers and we all went swimming and had a grand time. I love to swim with him. His arms are so strong and brown, cutting the waves. And his teeth are all glistening in his wet, tanned face. He says I swim like a mermaid. He should know. At night there are bonfires on the beach. We had one, in a little cove, and everything was cozy. Only the sea purring and the fire crackling. He told me a lot of things.

July 17. Wanted to see L. all day. Waited for a call. Then at night saw him riding with another girl. I dislike her very much. I never did like her type. She is trying to take him away from me.

July 21. Find out I am to do a part in *The Private Life of Helen of Troy.* Supposed to be a good part but one never knows by the time a picture is finished.

July 22. Getting official. Wot? Took many pictures today with Mayor Cryer and the girl who flew down from San Francisco. Still have a crush on L. Went out for a ride with P. just so I would stop thinking, thinking, thinking about Leslie. Saw F. and M. riding together. F. was looking at all the girls on the street. M. didn't seem to care. If any man started looking at the other chiffons on the street when he was with me, he could have his hat. For good, too.

July 23. Just leaped around all day. Felt very lost. Bored by lots of people.

July 27. Signed my third option with First National. Wouldn't it be grand if they would star me? Golly.

July 28. Out at night with B. Had a lot of fun. Down to Venice afterward. Rode on the roller-coasters and merry-go-rounds. Had my picture taken on one of those funny little tin-type things. Girl stopped me and said, "You look like the girl who played in *The Sea Tiger.*" I could have kissed her. At last someone recognizes me for Alice White and not Clara Bow.

July 30. Had my horoscope cast by international astrologist. Very strange but he told me things practically the same as the other did.

July 31. Went to the beach again. Spent a lovely day with Leslie. Makes me want to laugh at what the astrologer said about not marrying for a long time, when I'm with him. Maybe we're happier this way, though. Marriage is awfully final.

August 1. Home most of the day. Dinner at night with L. We went to the theatre.

August 4. Started to work on *Helen of Troy.* My costume is the original Turkish towel. One wiggle and you're out

"August 4—Started to work in Helen of Troy. *My costume is the original Turkish towel —one wiggle and you're out of it." Thus Alice records another stepping stone on the road to fame in her Little Red Diary.*

of it. I'm playing Helen's maid. Gosh, my hair looks funny. It's all curled up in tight little ringlets.

Aug. 6. Lovely dinner party at the Ambassador in honor of some writer who was going away. Had a grand time. Shirley Dorman and I put on an Apache dance. A lot of laughs. I got a couple of black and blue marks on my delicate anatomy from some hard falls.

Aug. 13. Went to a Richard Dix preview. Met Clara Bow again. She was very nice and talked of her intention to play "Dorothy" in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*

Aug. 14. Over at Dix's house. Much fun. A lot of nice people there. Richard is quite a regular person.

Aug. 21. Went out to Betty Compson's again. She's a peach. She surely knows how to entertain. Just lets them do as they want. Some of the guests went swimming, others played cards and some just sat and talked. After a while a big buffet was spread and everyone helped himself. It sure is "open house" out there. I know that Betty did not know some of the people who were there.

Alice White demonstrating that in spite of her new conscience contract, she has nothing to hide.

Aug. 22. Worked all day. Saw L., the darling, at night.

Sept. 16. Learned I am to do part of "Dorothy" in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Richard Barthelmess has wanted me to do the lead in *The Noose.* Sure is funny. You either get a lot of parts at once or you don't get any at all. I feel rather fortunate as I am the two hundredth girl to take a test for Dorothy.

Sept. 22. Started working in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Was very happy. I sure hope I'm good in the part. Went out to the Rosson's house to hear the Dempsey fight returns. That interesting Victor Fleming was there.

Sept. 23. Working. Victor came over on the set. He waited for me and took me to dinner. We spent a very lovely evening. He's fascinating in a great masculine, protective way.

Sept. 25. Dinner at Montmartre with Victor and Mary Astor and Howard and Kenneth Hawks.

Oct. 8. Mal St. Clair gave a "Lorelei and Dorothy" party. Everybody was there. We danced and fooled around. I went to the party with Victor.

Oct. 17. Had dinner at Howard Hawk's house. We ate the ducks the boys brought back from their hunting trip. I never did like duck but I had to eat some. Had a grand time playing bridge.

Oct. 18. Finished part in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* I think I'll be good in this picture if they leave some of me in. I think I'm out of love. Wish I would get a terrific crush on some one again. I get tired of these little flirtations where they take you to dinner and dancing and expect to board with you from then on.

Oct. 22. Went on a boating trip with Ruth Taylor and Madeline Hurlock. Had a nice time but I never did care much about boats. I suppose you might say I'm not nautical but nice. Oh, terrible!

Oct. 29. Party at Mrs. Winifred Westover Hart's. Had a lot of fun. Little Bill, Jr., is an adorable child.

Oct. 30. Spent the afternoon at dear Betty Compson's.

Nov. 6. Went up to Noah Beery's trout farm in the valley. It's very beautiful. Whenever I ride through that beautiful, beautiful country, I feel like I want to ditch pictures and Hollywood and everything and live there forever. Everything is so fresh and rugged. Probably

"Feb. 3—What if Dick should fall?" Dick Grace, Alice's aviator friend did crash many times as in the picture above, but lived to mend a broken neck.

I'd miss the bright lights in two days if I ever went back to nature.

Nov. 7. Had a terrible accident. Drove over an embankment, trying to avoid a smash-up. Just a miracle that I wasn't killed. Some kind fate saved me. I guess there are still things that I have to do on this earth.

Nov. 8. My darling pet monkey, Chico, died. He looked so sad, his eyes sort of half-open and his hands crossed. I tried so hard to keep him alive, but somehow I just didn't know what to do. Poor thing, he looked like a human being. I buried him in my prettiest candy box. Wept all over the place. First my little Ching goes on a rampage and then Chico dies.

Nov. 29. Went to the opening of *Sunrise*. Rather interesting picture. Went to a grand party at Murnau's house. Lots of celebrities there. Was mistaken by a noted motion picture writer to be Clara Bow. I'm getting darned tired of this sort of thing. I hope some people, *sometime,* will know that it's me.

Dec. 3. Started to work on *The Mad Hour* with Sally O'Neil. I was supposed to do the big part but my name wasn't big enough and they gave it to Sally. She's a lot of fun.

Dec. 19. Went Christmas shopping. Surely was tired out. Bought a lot of things.

Dec. 20. Started to work in Allan Dwan's picture, *The Big Noise.* It sounds like a very cute story.

Dec. 25. Spent Christmas at home with the family. At night went to a big Christmas party. The Christmas tree wasn't the only thing that was lit up. Never laughed so much in my life.

Dec. 31. Left for Tia Juana. Had a lot of fun on the way down. Spent day at Tia Juana. Won some money on the horses. Won some money in a crap game. It seems to be my lucky day. Lot of picture people were there, crowding down that funny little street that has music and beer and dancing in every stall. Drove home that night, crossing the border just before it closed. Got ready for my new picture.

Jan. 3. Working in *The Big Noise.* Chester Conklin plays my father. He introduced me to a rather interesting boy. His name is Dick Grace. He has nice crinkly eyes, that are very humorous. Quite an extraordinary person, too. He is an aviator. Does stunts and things, in pictures. I adore a man who *does* things, important things, I mean.

Alice White and Dick Grace, the aviator extraordinary, who supplied her with thrills in the clouds as well as on solid earth.

Jan. 28. Started to work on *Harold Teen.* It's a very cute picture. Arthur Lake and Mary Brian are in it, and Mervyn LeRoy is directing. I've been rushing around with Dick. I think I'm in love with that lad. Anyway, I haven't had time to write in my Diary, it's that hectic.

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SOCIETY in Cinemaland

This jolly group—Charles Farrell, Duane Thompson, Roy Brooks, Jobyna Ralston, and Richard Arlen—faced the camera at a recent Hollywood party.

BEBE DANIELS' party at her new beach home was a gala event in filmland. She was assisted in receiving by her mother, **Mrs. Phyllis Daniels**, and her grandmother, **Mrs. Eva Griffin.**

I noticed **Charlie Chaplin** danced with his pretty leading lady, **Virginia Cherrill. Matty Kemp** seemed to divide his attentions equally between his dark-eyed hostess and piquant **Lila Lee. Buster Keaton** dutifully danced once with his charming wife, **Natalie Talmadge**; then wrested **Harold Lloyd** from *his* spouse, **Mildred Davis**, and went off in a corner to talk over the solemn business of comedy-making.

Estelle Taylor, lovelier than ever, arrived with **Jack Dempsey. Betty Compson** came alone, declaring she couldn't make her husband (**James Cruze**) into a successful party man. **Anita Stewart** and her fiance, **Charles Converse. Lily Damita** and **Robert Castle** greeted one another joyfully—they played together in German pictures and had much to talk about.

Joseph Schenck was there, and **Robert Vignola, the George Fitzmaurices, Phyllis Haver, Roland Drew, Billie Dove** and **Irvin Willat, Carmelita Geraghty, Eddie Sutherland, Lois Moran, Marshall Neilan** and **Eileen Percy** with her devoted husband, **Ulrich Busch.**

Dance contests were staged, old-fashioned square dances were entered into in an hilarious spirit; **Charlie Chaplin** brought down the house with a skating dance, and impromptu sketches performed by **Lila Lee, Roy Brooks, Bebe, Phyllis Haver,** and **Dr. Harry Martin** were much applauded. The climax of the evening's jollity was afforded by a film feature made up of odds and ends of old starring vehicles of **Bebe, Pola Negri, Clara Bow** and **Wallace Beery.**

DIAS DORADOS, Beverly Hills home of **Carl Laemmle,** was the exquisite setting for the wedding of the film magnate's only daughter, **Rosabelle,** to **Stanley Bergerman,** May Company executive. The ceremony was performed at six o'clock by **Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin** in the presence of relatives and a few friends.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was gorgeously gowned in a moyen age period dress of white ivory chiffon interwoven with gold and edged with rose point lace; her veil was of tulle with a cap of lace and a pearl coronet. She carried calla lilies. Her four attendants—**Mrs. A. W. Berson, Miss Estelle Cohen, Mrs. Leo Keiler** and **Mrs. A. Stern**—wore gowns of peach taffeta and carried orange-colored roses. Little **Blanche Keiler** made a sweet little flower girl. **Carl Laemmle, Jr.,** was best man with **Thomas May, Leo Keiler, Ben Rosenbaum** and **Jerome Daube** serving as ushers.

A wedding dinner in the huge dining room where the tables were spread with gold cloth and centered with mounds of fruit and flowers followed the ceremony. Later a reception to over two hundred guests was held. Guests included **Messrs. and Mesdames Glenn Tryon, Reginald Denny, Rod La Rocque (Vilma Banky), Rudolph Schildkraut, Walter Anthony, Adolph Zukor, Paul Leni** and **Edward Laemmle, Misses Beth Laemmle, Carmel Myers** and **Lillian Brandt.**

A WEEK before the wedding **Miss Laemmle** was the recipient of a shower given at the Ambassador by **Miss Carmel Myers.** The feminine guests were invited to come early in the evening for dinner which was served in an alcove at Cocoanut Grove; the tables were tastefully decorated with silver candlesticks and yellow candles, and

Ruth M. Tildesley

The Screen Secrets Society Editor speaks of fashionable events.

the favors were miniature brides and grooms. Waiters brought in the shower gifts by the basketload, all of which were gleefully opened by the happy bride-to-be. At eleven o'clock, the men who had attended a stag party given by **Carl Laemmle, Jr.**, put in their appearance and dancing was enjoyed until the wee, small hours.

The feminine contingent comprised, besides the honoree and hostess, **Colleen Moore, May McAvoy, Bessie Love, Edith** and **Irene Mayer, Patsy Ruth Miller, Gertrude Olmstead, Laura La Plante, Carmelita Geraghty, Pauline Starke, Claire Windsor** and **Mrs. Ben Schulberg.** Among the men were **Stanley Bergerman, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Maurice Cleary, Bob Leonard, John McCormick, William Seiter, Buster Collier, Jack Warner, Ernest Lubitsch** and **Jack White.**

The surprise of the occasion came when **Miss Myers** announced that another wedding would take place in a few months time and the blushing little **Miss May McAvoy** displayed an exquisite diamond ring **Maurice Cleary** had placed on her finger the night before.

Rosabelle Laemmle, only daughter of Carl Laemmle, film magnate, and Stanley Bergerman, business executive, to whom she was recently married at one of Hollywood's most impressive ceremonies.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, who recently entertained the leading lights of Hollywood at a buffet supper.

It looks as if this is the month for cinemaland weddings. **Lina Basquette,** widow of **Sam Warner,** and **Peverell Marley,** cameraman for **C. B. De Mille,** were united before the altar of All Saints Church in Beverly Hills. **June Collyer** and **Arthur Edeson** served as maid of honor and best man, while **Ernest Belcher** gave his stepdaughter away.

PLANNED as a Mardi Gras, a carnival spirit pervaded the surprise birthday dinner to **Joseph M. Schenck** given by some seventy of his friends. It was a stag affair—**Arthur W. Stebbins,** financier of New York and Los Angeles, acting as host, and **M. C. Levee** as toastmaster.

An interesting feature was a 300-pound boat carved from one piece of ice and bearing appetizers, while the presentation of a four-foot birthday cake was greeted with cheers (the cake contained a false bottom which when removed disclosed ice cream in fancy molds). Each guest received a humorous souvenir of the happy occasion.

Bidden were **Richard Barthelmess, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, John W. Considine, John Gilbert, Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Ernst Lubitsch, Fred Niblo, Buster Collier, Edmund Goulding, Buster Keaton, Adolph Zukor, Milton Sills, Winfield Sheehan, Jack Warner, D. W. Griffith, Robert Z. Leonard, Louis Wolheim, Edwin Carewe,** and many others.

THIS month's Mayfair dinner-dance was marked with small-smart parties. **Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny** entertaining for the first time since their marriage, were hosts to the **Edward Clines** and **Lonnie Dorsas.**

Charles (Buddy) Rogers took advantage of a visit from his sister, **Mrs. John Binford** of Lincoln, Nebraska, to give a gay party at the home of **Mrs. Meda Boggs**

(*Turn to page* 113)

A Preview of The Bridge of San Luis Rey

Ernest Torrence learns dancing from Lily Damita.

Lily Damita, magnificent flirt.

Jane Winton heeds the ardent wooing of Paul Ellis.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder, one of the most popular novels of recent years, is shortly to be seen on the screen.

Whatever it may lack in a basis of melodramatic plot is more than made up in a wealth of picturesque background and setting and with characters to match.

The story is laid in Latin America and Spain of several hundred years ago.

Among the principals in the notable cast are Lily Damita, Raquel Torres and Ernest Torrence.—*M-G-M.*

A Preview of Queen Kelly

Gloria Swanson hears Walter Byron reveal his love.

Seena Owen is an unhappy Queen.

Gloria Swanson is being comforted by Walter Byron.

AGAINST a lavish background of European courts and in the steaming jungles of Africa develops this story of a convent-bred girl who is tried in the fires of experience. The story affords Gloria Swanson an unequalled opportunity for one of her fine bits of characterization. Walter Byron, recent arrival from Great Britain, is her leading man. Eric Von Stroheim directed the silent picture while Edmund Goulding succeeded him for the talkie version.—*United Artists.*

Nancy

Nancy Carroll's remarkable beauty elicits not only praise for itself, but exclamations of "Sweet!" and "Darling!" and "Naive!" as well—a rare tribute, but discouraging, when she sets out to act definitely wicked.

Would be Naughty

—but her baby face won't let her!

By HARMONY HAYNES

MISS NANCY CARROLL arose from her chaise longue to greet me. Her luxurious gown trailed behind her. She stifled a yawn as she languidly extended manicured finger tips and drawled, "I am so sorry not to be dressed, my deah—"

SHE did not! She bounced into the office at the Paramount Studio where I was waiting and said, "Hey, where's that pet abomination who wants the lowdown on me for SCREEN SECRETS?" I came forward to accept the challenge. "Outta my way, girlie—I'm looking for a writer." Zowie! Right on the tender spot. But I knew that writers are not to be baffled in such manner so I dug my toe into the carpet and said, "Aw, gee, Miss Carroll, ma couldn't come so she sent me. I hope ya don't mind."

She laughed. "Well, just stick that toe on the petrol, my dear, and let's get some soup. I'm making a talkie and if I am gone for more than an hour my voice may change."

She led the way through the back alleys to the Studio Cafe and I followed. We didn't have caviar, not by a check-book full; she had an egg sandwich and I had some soup and after that we both had a lotta laughs.

Nancy may be *screenish* but she isn't *starish.* She's just a poor little girl trying to get along in this Movie City without a maid, without a secretary, without a hobby, without aversions and without inhibitions. All that poor little actress has is a contract, a sense of humor and a husband. Her contract is a bit unusual. It is a frame-up between Fox and Paramount for twelve pictures a year and all the rest of the time she has to herself. If she is lucky she can get to bed by four in the morning, and she doesn't have to get up until almost eight. That is, unless she wants breakfast. Then she has to get up a little earlier, but, as Nancy says, "I'd rather sleep than eat and when that *owie* feeling hits my tummy about ten-thirty in the morning I console myself by saying that I am reducing." On holidays they let her have the evening off—say from midnight on.

SHE never said a word about her dear public—maybe she thinks it belongs to Pola or someone else who claimed it first. She doesn't talk about her future—she's so busy with her present. She doesn't live in Beverly Hills because it is too far from the studio. She doesn't have a chauffeur because she knows where the starter is herself. She doesn't have a maid because all her dresses slip on over her head.

Between sips of soup I said, "Tell me about yourself."

The blue eyes widened. "Whoa—is this a front page story?"

"It is if it's printable."

"Don't flatter me, infant, it'll be printable. No matter what I say you'll twist it around until is sounds nice and ladylike and about as interesting as a W. C. T. U. lecture. Oh, how I wish I could say something sensational! I'd get a big kick out of having people say, 'Oh, there's Nancy Carroll, the girl who—buzz—buzz—buzz—' and whisper the rest of it. But it's no use. I can't be naughty in print, not even a little bit, and if I do turn a neat little trick that should furnish material for *Zit's,* no one talks about it. They just say, 'Oh, that's Nancy Carroll. Isn't she sweet?' If they would just say I was wicked, dangerous, beautiful, dumb—anything but *sweet.* But my life is so colorless. I've never been successfully able to wield a paint brush.

"One time at a party I deliberately flirted with

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Nancy Carroll is a charming decoration to her home, and her husband—Jack Kirkland, the playwright—knows it.

Our Own Snap

Loretta Young tries her hand at deep sea fishing—She's the bait.

Corinne Griffith on location at Catalina Island. A real treat for men who go down to the sea in ships.

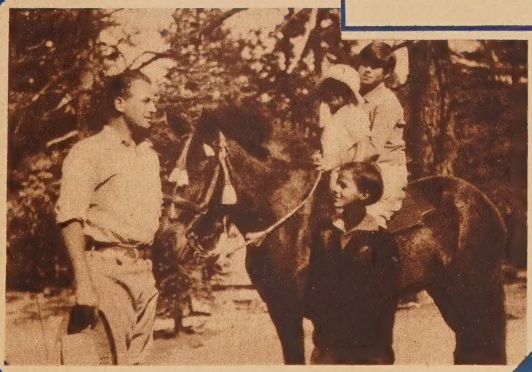
Dorothy Mackaill in Hawaii between scenes of "His Captive Woman", giving the sun something to shine on.

Shot Album

Screen Secrets' cameraman snaps some of the fan favorites at play and work.

Colleen Moore, aboard the yacht Aimee, handles steering as a matter of course.

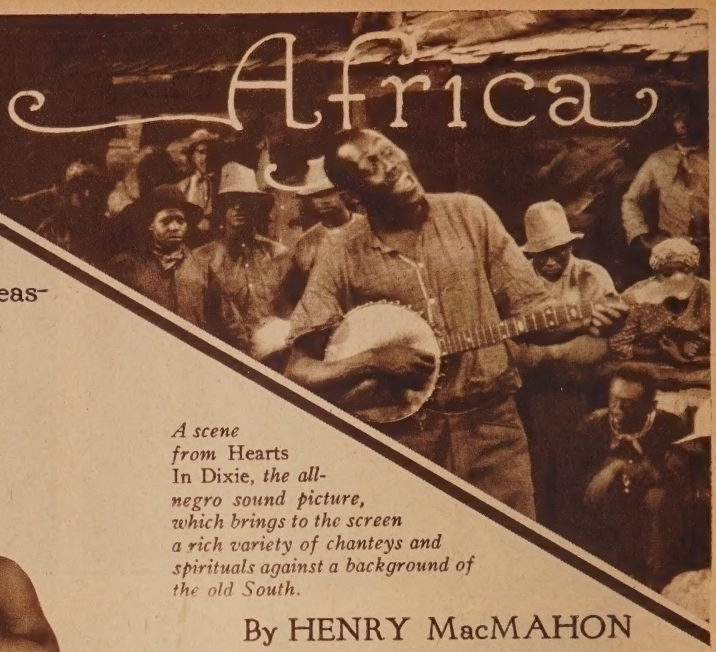
Richard Barthelmess, ready for a dip looks pleasant before he leaps.



Reginald Denny gives the neighborhood kids a treat at his mountain home.

Africa

Dixie's colored talent arrives in Hollywood with a promise of stirring spirituals, powerful racial epics, and treasures of Negro folklore.



A scene from Hearts In Dixie, *the all-negro sound picture, which brings to the screen a rich variety of chanteys and spirituals against a background of the old South.*

Nina May McKenney, a leading lady in Hollywood at the age of sixteen, and with an enviable stage record behind her, is fired with ambition.

By HENRY MacMAHON

De Nellie Bly am a mighty fast boat,
An' a mighty fast Cap'n, tuh;
He sits up dah on de hurricane deck,
An' he keeps his eye on de crew!

"Ah cain't stay here, fo' dey wuks me tuh hard;
Ah's bound tuh leab dis town:
Ah'll take mah duds an' tote 'em on mah back
When de Nellie Bly comes down!"

LED by the Four Emperors of Harmony from Harlem town, gaily-hued roustabouts heaved merrily and sang this chantey of the Mississippi urge as they heaved. Round the bend came majestically the good side-wheeler—Cap'n, Kyurnels, Natchez belles in calicoes, and all. Down came the plank, up went the gangway as the ropes were made fast; and then the negroes, bending to the severer labor of getting the quarter-ton bales of cotton aboard, lightened the labor by religion, singing with gusto of what the prophet Ezekiel saw in the sky:

Way up yonder in de mountain top
'Way in de middle of de air,
Mah Lord spake and de Chariot stopped
'Way in de middle of de air!

Little wheel run by faith,
Big wheel run by de grace ob God,
Wheel, O wheel!
Way up in de middle of de air!

Yes, this happened in Hollywood, and so did the following:

A preacher addressed the unrepentant at a colored "woods preaching" down by de Ole Swamp. He donned the locomotive stoker's cap and engineer's overalls, shuffling his feet like the noise of the locomotive starting. "Satan's express train is a-startin'," he cried. "It's

Invades Hollywood

destination is Hell. Tickets one-way only. It carries a full load, and there are only three station stops—"

"Oh, Lordy!" "Jesus kin stop dat train! Brudder, git off at de fust station—"

"Now the first station is called Faith. Here it is!" The shuffling feet ceased, and the ebony speaker dramatized the jump-off to salvation. "How many goin' to leave that train now?"

"Ah is!" shouted a bouncing wench at the very edge of the Swamp. "Glory be! Hallelujah!" came from the "saved," squatted in the front rows. "How about bringing your old man?" cried the preacher. The two-hundred-pound negress flew back and seized her weazened husband, who also came dancing with joy.

"Now the second station is Obedience," continued the worker of magicry. His thundering tones thrilled even the casual Caucasian with premonitory tremor and lively desire to escape the pit. "How many goin' to forsake hooch an' gamblin' an' join the Lord?"

By dribbles a dozen or more obeyed the call. The "saved" were getting frantic in their imprecations of the Satanic Railway. Down in the middle of the assemblage a woman was having the "power." The Devil indeed had her in his grasp, as a century and a half ago he exercised her great-great-great-grandma in some dim Nigerian forest. With shrieking voice, rolling eyes and many tossings and tumblings, she dramatized the exorcisement and victory.

"The third and last station is Repentance," announced the preacher.

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Daniel Haynes and Nina May McKenney in a scene from Hallelujah, *the negro epic in sound which tells the triumphs and tragedies of an evangelist and his temptress.*

Charles Darnton

SCREEN SECRETS Reviews

IN ORDER to assure our readers the most comprehensive digest of monthly screen entertainment available, written by one who is an authority on the subject, *Screen Secrets* has obtained the services of Charles Darnton, prominent dramatic and picture critic, as picture reviewer. Mr. Darnton, who was dramatic critic of the New York *World* for twenty-one years, will give his spicy, entertaining and informative comments monthly in this department.

Lily Damita and Ronald Colman brace each other for the fray (The Rescue).

Lowell Sherman interferes with Norma Shearer's telephone efforts (A Lady of Chance).

Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess in a tense but tempting moment (In Old Arizona).

The Rescue

When Romance Grows Stern

ALTHOUGH *The Rescue* is not one of the best of Joseph Conrad's novels, it has been made into a colorful motion picture which stands Ronald Colman in good stead for his first lone starring venture after his parting from Vilma Banky.

Colman looks the seafaring man who is a gun-runner for a Javanese tribe, and it is only natural, perhaps, that this man should take love, or infatuation, whichever you please, quite grimly when it comes to him in the form of an English lady who is bored with her commonplace husband on his stranded yacht. Perhaps it is natural, too, that the sea captain should put it aside even more sternly after it has led him to forget his vow to a rajah whose death is the penalty.

In these circumstances—almost strictly those of the book—we cannot expect throbbing feeling and fierce thrills, nor do we find them. But this romance has much of the vague beauty and mysterious glamour of the sea, and that may be just what Conrad was driving at. The picture shows also the blowing up of an old schooner and gorgeous tribal ceremonies.

Colman's mood is right and there is fine, quiet strength in his acting. Lily Damita is just a pretty woman, not at all the English lady, and, no matter what the time, the place or the state of weather, terribly dressed up.—*Goldwyn.*

A Lady of Chance

Angel Face Needs Lifting

A *LADY OF CHANCE* serves only to cheapen and vulgarize Norma Shearer. No further proof of the shameful waste of her charm is needed than the ugly fact that she is made a party to the notorious badger game.

They call her Angel Face, and she certainly looks it. But everything else is wrong with the picture. The confidence lady, paroled from prison if you please, goes from New York to Atlantic City and proceeds to trim a susceptible delegate to a tile and cement convention.

As this poor sap, John Mack Brown, dresses and acts like a rich young man. Thereupon, Angel Face marries him and heads south. Finding he is poor, she runs true to type by taking the night train to New York, but morning, lo and behold! sees her back with her husband.

This sudden change of heart in the cold-blooded grafter is no less amazing than her voluntary return to prison, to save the cement lad from her old partner in crime, and her final parole in the custody of her husband.

Lowell Sherman overacts amusingly as the male crook, and Miss Shearer tries exceedingly hard to save her face.

But anyone who could possibly believe these wild goings-on would readily believe Hollywood to be a virgin forest.—*M-G-M.*

In Old Arizona

Outdoor Talkie Refreshing

IF WE may judge by first results, the microphone takes to the open air like a duck to water. *In Old Arizona* just talks all over the place.

By way of relief from listening to actors, we may turn a grateful ear to the braying of a donkey, the squealing of a pig, and other simple delights upon which the gods have set no great price. Nor is the small boy

the PASSING SHADOW SHOW

THERE is strong indication in various pictures reviewed here that our screen heroines are in no eminent danger of becoming pigeon-toed by walking the straight-and-narrow path. Possibly Hollywood's humane producers feel the boys have been running free in gangster byways quite long enough and that it is now high time the girls should know they need not keep off the grass.—Charles Darnton.

John Loder and Ruth Chatterton demonstrate the glories of cooperation (The Doctor's Secret).

Fannie Brice being herself, and up to her amusing Jewish antics (My Man).

James Hall delivers his whisper-whisper to Esther Ralston's willing ears (The Case of Lena Smith).

who still lurks under the vest of every man-jack of us denied that thrill which leaps to life at hearing the old stage coach held up, not merely seeing it, but catching the sharp command, the startled cries, and then the heavy thump of the box of gold.

Running through all this excitement is a racy story acted against picturesque and often impressively beautiful backgrounds. Warner Baxter is the best bandit since Holbrook Blinn gave us *The Bad Man.* Edmund Lowe is a very cocky soldier, out to "get" the bandit and $5,000. Dorothy Burgess, fresh from the stage, is a Spanish girl—and no lady. She slithers around until she expects to get the reward. But the bandit fixes it so that she gets shot. The moral, if any, seems to be that the wages of sin is not a $5,000 reward.

No doubt this picture will be successful—but not with the Epworth League.—*Fox.*

The Doctor's Secret

Now It Can Be Told

WHEN a talking picture is bad it is very, very bad. You are more than likely to reach this conclusion on hearing—and often trying to understand—*The Doctor's Secret,* long-drawn-out from J. M. Barrie's *Half an Hour.*

Ruth Chatterton is quite unintelligible in early scenes of the picture and even in her later moments never altogether easy on the ear. The same may be said of John Loder, who is even more uninteresting as a lover.

There is a general effect of stilted artificiality. Miss Chatterton wins no deep sympathy for the bitter heroine who leaves her insufferable husband only to find within half an hour that the young man with whom she was about to bolt has been killed in a street accident. It simply remains for her to parley with the doctor who happened along at the time and then comes to dinner at her house, knowing her secret. Naturally, he is professionally decent enough to keep the secret.

In playing the doctor Robert Edeson has the best of the long talking match, especially as H. B. Warner is hopelessly miscast as the boorish husband.

But nothing really matters, for it's all as flat as a proverbial bride's first pancake.

—*Paramount.*

My Man

Fannie Saved By Sound

WHENEVER the plot thickens on her in *My Man* Fannie Brice sings it off. Wise girl, for the words without music given her in this part-talkie could not possibly be called a great help.

Most of Fannie's songs are good—they always have been—and make good entertainment. She sings *My Man* twice, once sadly as she did in the *Follies* when her husband, Nicky Arnstein, was a federal guest in Atlanta and she could easily work on the sentimentality of the Broadway mob, and again joyously at having the man in the present case finally restored to her.

This particular gent is a muscular simp, played by Gwinn Williams, who is vamped away from Fannie by a naughty sister, but realizes his mistake when the poor working girl is transformed into a gaudy Broadway star.

It's all well enough for Miss Brice to have *Second Hand Rose,* but with a second-hand story she can't possibly hope to become the feminine Al Jolson of the screen. She'll just have

Dorothy Mackaill refuses to be impressed by Milton Sills' argument (His Captive Women).

Phyllis Haver and Margaret Livingston go into conference on the man problem (The Office Scandal).

Anita Page singing one of the newer tunes in Broadway Melody.

to get along with her funny Yiddish songs and antics—and she does. —*Warner Brothers.*

The Case of Lena Smith

Militant Motherhood

HERE is an interesting, well-made and well-acted picture, but *The Case of Lena Smith* is so thoroughly continental in spirit that it doubtless will be more to the liking of Europeans than Americans.

In my opinion, it would be more true, and certainly more moving, if Lena were not married to the father of her child, for an aristocratic young army officer in the Vienna of 1895 would not be likely to make a Hungarian village girl his wife.

Nor can I believe the gay young officer would shoot himself after gambling away the money Lena let him have in the hope of his winning enough more to enable her to get her child out of a foundlings' home.

Lena's fight for her child is kept up against her professionally moral father-in-law, and neither a sentence to the workhouse nor the bleeding agony of climbing a high barbed-wire fence can stop her from regaining her own.

Esther Ralston gives an unfalteringly courageous performance of Lena. There is no hero, but James Hall makes the best of the debonair lieutenant.—*Paramount.*

His Captive Women

Her Catching Ways

IT'S PRETTY much all Dorothy Mackaill, and very pretty it is. With a face of rare photographic beauty, Miss Mackaill proves in *His Captive Woman* she is one of the most interesting of the younger screen actresses.

You see, Miss Mackaill embodies a jealous heroine wanted in New York for pumping lead into a Broadway rounder who picked her up one night when she was just a poor street walker with wet feet. So a supposedly woman-proof policeman, honestly acted by Milton Sills, is sent to bring her back from her place in the sun, and the two of them live on cocoanuts and romance when they are wrecked on one of those desert isles that come in handy for the movies.

Scenes made in Hawaii are really charming, and there's a thrilling one in which the kind-hearted murderess does a high dive and saves her surprised captor from an exceedingly businesslike shark. The tropical episodes are so picturesque and entertaining that they will make you enjoy this picture, provided you don't take murder seriously. Evidently the judge doesn't, for when the dear girl is tried and found guilty he gives her and the overjoyed cop a life sentence on their homey little island.—*First National.*

The Office Scandal

Sob Sisters At Work

THERE is still more murder in *The Office Scandal* and here again it is done by a woman. But Pathe has at least had sense enough to save its radiant star from doing it, keeping Phyllis Haver's skirts clean and letting Margaret Livingston do the dirty work.

The fair Phyllis is just the sort of girl reporter I've always wanted to see, but never have seen, in a newspaper office. Puffing a cigarette, she parks her feet on her desk and displays silk-stockinged legs of such disturbing beauty as would take the mind of even an old, near-sighted exchange editor off his work.

Otherwise, this newspaper office is quite real—that is, the copy desk and the rest of the furniture are convincing.

What causes the office scandal is the suspicion that the star reporter whom Jerry loves has killed a race track man whose wife had been trotting around with the innocent lad. All that Leslie Fenton has to do as the Lothario of the staff is keep his mouth shut. Miss Livingston obligingly keeps hers open. Really, Miss Haver has all the work to do, and she does it brightly and amusingly in her inimitable way.

This picture will never set Park Row on fire, but it may warm up a small neighborhood house.—*Pathe.*

CLASSIFIED PICTURE GUIDE

DRAMA

THE BARKER — Milton Sills is a carnival ballyhoo man and proud of it. But if his son, Doug Fairbanks,

Dolores Costello all manacled up, as she appeared in Noah's Ark.

Jr., joins the carnival, he will smack him down. The son does and he does, and things happen which are well worth seeing and hearing. Betty Compson is a hit as the hotsy-totsy Hula Girl.—*First National.*

WEARY RIVER—Dick Barthelmess breaks out with a nice tenor voice in this one. But he's still a convict. It seems they won't let him be anything else. Betty Compson does another nice piece of work. —*First National.*

THE DIVINE LADY—Corinne Griffith being very statuesque and beautiful as the Lady Hamilton who helped make history. If you like battle scenes there are some big ones here, but the movie is otherwise unexciting.—*First National.*

WEST OF ZANZIBAR—Lon Chaney up to his ears in black magic and blacker mud. Mary Nolan is delectable, though dirty-faced, as his daughter. All very grim, gruesome and grimy.—*M-G-M.*

THE BELLAMY TRIAL—Another one of these "guess who" pictures, although in this one we defy you to guess who did the murder. Well filmed and thrilling, with Leatrice Joy as usual, holding the spotlight. —*M-G-M.*

WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS—Although this picture will revise your ideas of a tropical paradise, you'll want to go there more than ever after hearing those native songs reproduced in sound. Beautiful scenery of which Raquel Torres is no small part.—*M-G-M.*

WOLF OF WALL STREET—Everybody who is dabbling in the market, and that's about everybody these days, will be fascinated by this smashing picture with George Bancroft talking some.—*Paramount.*

SINS OF THE FATHERS—Emil Jannings in a careful study of what prohibition did to one German restaurant keeper. All very well until the retribution theme sets in, which, like the bootleg which Jannings brews, is a little hard to swallow.—*Paramount.*

INTERFERENCE—A milestone in talking pictures, with actors speaking as though it came natural to them. Evelyn Brent is voluptuous, Doris Kenyon helpless, Clive Brook urbane and William Powell wistfully wicked in a mixed up story of poison, papers and perplexities.—*Paramount.*

SHOPWORN ANGEL—Nancy Carroll is an angel, but a fallen one in this cinema of sin among the chorus cuties. Gary Cooper is a pure-hearted country boy who finds out that his angel face has a sugar daddy.—*Paramount.*

NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER—A fairly entertaining film concerning rum and

Montague Love as Thelma Todd's weird suitor in The Haunted House.

racketeers with Robert Armstrong as the good-hearted bad man.—*Pathe.*

THE SPIELER—Alan Hale and Fred Kohler are racketeers working car-

Alice White all set to do her tricky stuff in a scene from Show Girl.

nivals until Renee Adoree interests them in the reform racket. Even Miss Adoree fails to lift this film from the ordinary.—*Pathe.*

THE GODLESS GIRL—Lina Basquette and Marie Prevost in sackcloth without the ashes showing what is supposed to go on in reform schools, with noise.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

THE WOMAN DISPUTED — Norma Talmadge agonizes over deciding which is more important, her honor or her country's, with Gilbert Roland and Larry Kent complicating the argument. A war picture with a German hero and an absorbing plot. —*United Artists.*

THE SINGING FOOL—It's Al Jolson in his biggest tear jerker, so bring an extra hanky. Showing that life sometimes looks blacker to a black-face singer than his own reflection in the make-up mirror.—*Warner Brothers.*

ON TRIAL—Here is the murder mystery stage play which long ago gave the movies the idea of using flashbacks. As a movie talkie it has its good moments, with Pauline Frederick, Lois Wilson and Bert Lytell in the cast.—*Warner Brothers.*

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LOVE is

That's what Bubbles Wilson, now Mary Nolan of the films, thinks about the popular ailment. And here's why.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

I'M IN LOVE!" cried Mary Nolan, tossing her corn-silk curls.

"I'm sincerely and desperately in love. Only one man in the world exists for me." She sat on her orchid-painted bed in her orchid-and-green room at the Ambassador, the violet cuffs of her green satin lounging pajamas falling back from her pretty arms, and she stole a side glance at the cabinet photograph in the frame beside her pillows.

"I believe everyone—the hardest-boiled man and the most commonplace woman—goes through life seeking for love. Whether they admit it to themselves or not, and no matter how much they scoff, in their secret hearts they are always expecting to meet the great love, the one perfect mate.

"All my life I've been in love—if not with an individual then with love itself.

"Oh, yes, I've been in love before, and love has gone. It is so fragile and elusive. You close your fingers on it and it is as if you closed them on a bubble. When love goes, it is not one's fault. Eternal constancy can not bring it back—and why should a bee hover over a flower after he has drawn all its honey?

"That is why I think marriage is cruel. I mean marriage as it exists today. I think that another five or six years will see great changes in our ideas about marriage. A freer and fairer code. Today, two people are tied together because, for a season, they are in love. The growth of one—usually the man—changes their relationship, but they must stay married unless one or the other provides a reason for divorce.

"So far as I have observed, married women rarely care for their husbands after they have been married five years, but they don't want any one else to have them. As for men, when a man has developed beyond his wife, he takes a paternal attitude toward her; she is a child and he must take care of her, although she bores him frightfully.

"I shall never, never marry."

Mary Nolan in the comforting arms of John Gilbert, in a scene from Thirst—*a very satisfactory place to nestle and ponder the fragile bubble that is love.*

a Bubble

Although she speaks so emphatically against marriage now, not so long ago Mary Nolan's one idea was to be a wife and mother.

Lina Basquette, Josephine Dunn, Betty Bronson and Mary—then known as Imogene Wilson—used to hold long, adolescent discussions on how to bring up children, how to hold husbands and what is the ideal man. Lina was then premiere danseuse of the *Follies* and the others were doing extra work in movies—Mary also dancing by night in Ziegfeld's chorus.

"We were all so wise then!" sighs Mary, from among her orchid pillows.

MARY ran away from the convent when she was fourteen and went to New York where Arthur William Brown, well known artist, seeing her pass on the street, was so impressed with her beauty that he urged her to pose for him. Fellow artists engaged her, and soon little Mary Imogene Robertson (the name on her birth certificate) looked out with wide-set blue eyes from covers of magazines circulating all over the world.

James Montgomery Flagg, the artist, discovering that his lovely model was studying dancing in her spare time, gave her a letter to Arthur Hammerstein, who placed her in a small part in his current production, from which she graduated into Ziegfeld's Follies, and as "Bubbles Wilson" began to be known on the Great White Way.

It was then that she worked as extra in the movies because she needed money. And it was then that she dreamed of romance and woke with a shock from that golden dream to find her world crashing around her.

Mary will not talk about this; she feels that she should be allowed to forget Frank Tinney and all the agony he caused her; and no two versions of the affair concur. It is agreed, however, that Bubbles had tried to put him out of her life and that it was because she refused to see him that he assaulted her. She brought suit but the suit was dismissed, and she fled from New York, where the whole town seemed made up of one mouth repeating her name, one pair of eyes staring at her. She cried until she was sick.

"But things can't hurt you unless you let them," said Mary, with the wisdom of bitterness, "that's what I've learned. When life is too terrible, you must laugh. Don't brood about the lies people tell, or the things people say. Just laugh! Don't wait for something to laugh at—laugh and presently nothing will seem so bad as it seemed before."

After the catastrophe, Mary was starred in Germany for more than two years. She made fourteen pictures and came to be called "The Lillian Gish of Germany."

"And now I suppose they call me a new Theda Bara," observed Mary, over the chocolate ice cream we were sharing on the orchid bed.

"Believe it or not, I don't flirt with men! I wouldn't know how. When I am in love, I am terribly sincere. I mean every word I say. Flirting is a sort of pretense—a kind of cheating, isn't it?

"I've watched women who were trying to vamp men. They sit with their legs crossed, so that their skirts are just a bit too high, and they look out through their eyelashes and smile, and they look so foolish that if I were a man I would run for my life—in the other direction!

Mary Nolan when, known as "Bubbles" Wilson, she was nightly proving a delight to critical Broadway eyes by appearing in the Follies.

"When I was a child, I loved to sit and dream all day; but now that I am grown up, now that I am a woman, I am interested in living, not dreaming; I want to get the best out of life."

Although the German people were very nice to the little blonde star and everyone she worked with seemed pleased

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On the Sound Stage

RUTH M. TILDESLEY

visits Universal's enormous new sound stage to bring SCREEN SECRETS readers the absorbing story of *Broadway's* production.

A SHORT buzz from a muted bell.

"Interlock!" commands Hal Mohr, camera man for Universal's $1,000,000 production of *Broadway*. His two assistants wait a breathless second until the magic synchronization is made with the recording apparatus above before closing the door of the soundproof camera booth on themselves and their instrument.

"Quiet, children," admonishes the calm voice of Frank Reiter, assistant director.

Two more short buzzes.

"Quiet, please," Dr. Paul Fejos' slight foreign [illegible] is almost lost as the large, booming "QUIET!" [illegible] from the unseen "mixer" in the recorder's cage [illegible]g high above on the largest sound stage in the world.

The little group of players who have been standing rigid on the set swing immediately into action.

"One—two—three—four! A little more pep, girls. One—two—three—four!" Glenn Tryon, as the conceited young hoofer, kicks and steps in unison with the five comely cabaret girls, attired in brief work-out costumes, who languidly follow his rythmic commands.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., delighted at the progress on Broadway, *his first big feature picture.*

Broadway, taken from the famous stage hit of that name, is a swift-moving powerful story of night club life in New York City. Rather, the story of bootleggers, gunmen and entertainers whose activities are essential parts of night club life. Following the sensational murder of Scar Edwards by a rival bootlegger, the back stage rehearsal room of a typical Broadway cabaret is the setting for a variety of exciting episodes ranging from booze conferences to the brilliant climax with discovery of the murderer producing unusual results and settlement.

"This act ain't bad—it's lousy," commented Nick Verdis (Paul Porcasi) from his vantage point behind Glenn.

"Go fry an egg!" gloomily advised Pearl (Evelyn Brent).

A padding of soft furry paws and a plaintive "mew!" comes clearly just as the hoofer starts to pick up his cue.

"CUT!" the director's sharp order rings out.

Miss Tildesley, our correspondent, looks on at the shooting of the cabaret scene with Hal Mohr, cameraman. To the right of the camera booth, Mickey Flynn.

All action on the set ceases as a property boy hurriedly gathers up the feline interloper and scurries away with her.

"You see—that is what sound pictures mean. Trouble—always trouble!" Dr. Fejos rose from his director's chair and paced the floor while the tedious business of preparing the scene was once more going forward. "If it is not a cat who spoils it, some one coughs or sneezes or a grip drops a tool. Or perhaps a fly settles on one of the microphones. Do you know what that sounds like on the recorded film? A buzz saw—yes.

"Again it may be one of the actors in the scene. Yesterday, Miss Brent tried to add realism by chewing gum but the recorder phoned down that it sounded like a waterfall. Then Otis Harlan had to pound a desk with his fist; on the first take, they tell us it was like a cannon shot. All newspapers used have to be dampened as their crackle is more like bomb shells. We soled the dancers' shoes with rubber to prevent squeaks but when they turned quickly, the shoes made a squishy noise . . . yes, trouble—always there is trouble."

YET Carl Laemmle, Jr., is one wide, expansive smile over this, his first big production as associate producer.

"We paid $225,000 for the rights to *Broadway*. We built the biggest sound stage and engaged an expensive cast and director and—*did* you see our $35,000 camera

Filming "Broadway"

Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Betty Francisco, and Dudley and Ruby McCoy are all ready for the recording of sight and sound, waiting for the signal that will set camera and sound apparatus in motion.

crane?" eagerly inquired "Uncle Carl's" son and heir who has just attained his majority.

As a matter of fact, the day I talked to him he was so excited about his sister's wedding and the knowledge that he was to wear his first full dress suit that his associate producer's duties were relegated to second place. However, Edward T. Lowe, who wrote the silent script for the picture as well as the dialogue for the talking version, supplied the missing details.

"Mr. Laemmle and I worked everything out together before production began," explained Mr. Lowe, seizing a fleeting moment between sound shots. "The stage play runs two and a quarter hours. We could, of course, shoot it exactly as it was played but it wouldn't be a success. Monotony is not as apparent on the stage as it is in pictures so we must change the set. They say one picture is worth 10,000 words. The screen doesn't talk about it—it shows it. Also, we have a wider range than the stage.

"For our talkie version, we can use only fifty per cent of the play dialogue, so cutting it down and deciding what was most important was one of our hardest jobs. The silent script—"

He stopped abruptly as the magic word "Interlock!" reverberated throughout the stage. The electricians perched up in the flies settled themselves, carpenters ceased hammering, a group of actors huddled around a salamander stove paused in the middle of a hectic discussion, Otis Harlan (who plays Porky) tiptoed elaborately with his burden of hot soup and toast to a convenient chair.

On the stage, Pearl (Evelyn Brent) offered to buy the other girls a drink.

"My God, it can talk!" came sarcastically from Grace (Ruby McCoy).

"CUT!"

Mr. Lowe joined Dr. Fejos and Thryza Nelson, the capable script girl, for a brief conference before returning to explain this latest development.

"Another difference between the stage and screen—here we cannot use profanity. I tried to eliminate everything of the kind in my adaptions but a few escaped me. All our 'My Gods' are changed to 'gosh,' 'golly' or 'gee,' our 'damns' are 'darns' or 'the devils'

(*Turn to page* 114)

Murrel Finley, a gorgeous statue of classic beauty in Whoopee *at the New Amsterdam Theatre, the elaborate Ziegfeld musical show.*

SCREEN SECRETS is happy to present Ernest Haynes who will give our readers each month the latest lowdown on film folk on Broadway, and other news of the Great White Way. Mr. Haynes is a clever writer and an intimate friend of stage and screen celebrities.—*The Editor.*

Bidding for

Richard Barthelmess remains loyal to films—Phyllis Haver squashes a myth—Dorothy Parker returns from Hollywood and John Gilbert—Lily Damita's tough stage luck—something new about Adolphe Menjou—William Powell speaks of himself and others—and other news from New York.

By ERNEST HAYNES
SCREEN SECRETS New York Correspondent.

FOR A few hectic moments it looked as though the East were to win an important battle over the West. Florenz Ziegfeld was on the war path for one of the favorites of the screen, Richard Barthelmess. And, considering the nature of the flattering offer, it's a wonder that Dick continues to be on the list of actors devoted to what was once jokingly referred to as the silent drama.

Ziggy has been a Barthelmess fan for some time, but when he witnessed a New York preview of *Weary River,* in which Dick sings two songs, *Weary River* and *It's Up To You,* he determined that he had found the star for his forthcoming musical production of Fay Bainter's erstwhile vehicle, *East Is West.* Immediately, he offered to buy Dick's contract from First National, convinced that sooner or later Barthelmess is sure to be a big success on the legitimate stage.

Remembering a conversation I had with Dick at a studio party opposite Carnegie Hall some time ago, a conversation which indicated conclusively that he talks, thinks and dreams movies, and that they are nothing if not a disease with him, I wasn't surprised at the final outcome of this first important conflict between the talking movies and the legitimate theatre.

Dick's formal answer went as follows: "I must decline with thanks and appreciation Mr. Ziegfeld's most generous offer to return to the stage. The offer I have received is most flattering and tempting, but I cannot play in opposition to myself on Broadway. Besides, I am under contract to First National Pictures, Inc. for two more years and the arrangement is a most happy one for me."

The stage has lost Al Jolson, George Jessel, Eddie Cantor and many another to the talking pictures, if only for a few months at a time. A matter of some conjecture to the gossiping New Yorker: who will be the first star to reveal his hitherto hidden talents to musical comedy producers by successful appearances in the speakies and singies? After all, it's just a great big game of give and talk.

Frolicsome Phyllis

AS FAR as I'm concerned, movie stars have entered the purple cow class. Considering the carefree manner in which news mongers marry them off by means of several ferocious pecks on the Corona, I certainly should rather see than be one.

It's a sort of fever for the New Yawk gentry. News comes over the wire that Bebe Daniels is going to marry

Barthelmess

Ben Lyon any moment, that Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have published the bans, that there are any number of impending splicings among the Hollywood wedlocksmiths. "No such news in New York? Horrible! Let's make up some!" In some such manner the story developed that Phyllis Haver was marrying none other than Bert Lytell, who's playing a dual role in the Broadway show, *Brothers*. One day, one of our Main Stem playboys published the news. A week later he announced that it was all over. He was quite right. By that time it was all over the country.

After a delightful luncheon with Phyllis Haver in her apartment at the Savoy Plaza, I came to the conclusion that the proof for the item is that Phyllis and Bert are both in the motion picture industry, and happen to be in New York at the same time.

She disposed of that matter briefly. "It's really very embarrassing," she said. "Of course, I've *met* Bert, but I scarcely know him at all."

The conversation soon turned to D. W. Griffith, whom Phyllis eulogized as one of the pillars of the movie industry. "The old-timers hold him in so much respect that they sit around the lot in dignified silence attentively waiting for orders. The young gang thinks a lot of him, too, but—well, I just wasn't used to such seriousness as existed on that lot when we started making *The Battle of the Sexes*. I tried sitting there in my chair with my hands folded on my lap looking like a good little girl. After a while I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went up to him and said, 'Mr. Griffith, would you mind awfully if I play?' 'Play?' he said. I told him: 'Yes. I can't do a thing unless I can play around and laugh and be natural. I wonder if you mind if I run over once in a while and bite you on the ear?'

"We became great friends and he used to be an entirely different person playing around the lot with me like a kid. One day, when we'd almost finished the picture, he said, 'This picture has been more fun than any I've ever made. You've killed every shred of dignity I ever had but I've enjoyed myself! And by the way, Phyllis,' he said, 'this afternoon we'll have a couple of hundred extras down there and—well, er—say, Phyl, I guess maybe you'd better not jump up on my lap and bite me on the ear this afternoon.'"

During her brief stay on Guzzler's Gulch, Phyllis got a big kick out of attending the annual brawl at Webster Hall for one hectic hour, another big party given in her honor, and a performance of that show that's got New Yorkers on their blase ears: *Follow Through*. "It's a honey," said Phyllis. "But gee, I don't think you ever relax in New York. I don't see how you stand it. Out home when we work on a picture from early morning 'till late at night it's impossible to do anything in the evening except sleep. In New York everybody stays up no matter how hard the work during the day." Right, Phyllis. New York's hymn is "Sleep no more, my lady."

Incidentally, it developed that Phyllis judges character and forms her likes and dislikes by a person's nostrils. No joke. The lucky gentleman who wins her will be able to boast to his grandchildren that he won the great matrimonial race by a nose. Heh, heh.

Hazel Forbes, a luscious morsel who also helps to make Whoopee *a delightful education in what the well un-dressed woman won't wear.*

The Gal is Back

AT ONE time there was much insidious whispering about the amazing coincidence that Dorothy Parker, the poetess who wise-cracks cynically about broken hearts, was heading for Hollywood to work on the same lot which

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SCREEN SECRETS' Monthly Biography

WHO'S IN

Marion Davies

Marion Davies

MARION DAVIES, born with the name of Douras, is plain American with a dash of Irish. She claims New York City as her native heath, and the date of her arrival as January 3, 1900. She was educated there and at the Sacred Heart Convent at Hastings. Her eager stage aspirations were fulfilled when she appeared in *Chin Chin.* At the same time she posed for prominent artists. Eventually she was discovered by Ziegfeld, and she remained with him for several seasons, singing and dancing. Her first screen appearance was in *Runaway Romany,* for which she wrote the scenario. Today she is the most popular girl in the motion picture colony.

Hobbies: All outdoor sports.

Harold Lloyd

Harold Lloyd

HAROLD LLOYD was born in Burchard, Nebraska, on April 20, 1893. He was educated in Omaha, Denver, and San Diego. The most remarkable trait in young Harold was his keen business acumen; for he was constantly hustling after the American Eagle by selling newspapers, peddling popcorn, and appearing in "amateur night" vaudeville. Finishing school, he headed for Hollywood, where five dollars a day as an extra looked like big money back in 1914. His small-time experience as an actor with various stock companies, in which he was adept at carrying the proverbial spear, helped him leap forward in films. His ambition was to become a character actor; and his first pictures, carried from one casting producer to another, outrivaled Lon Chaney's most astonishing efforts at disguise. Harold Lloyd is married to Mildred Davis, and is the proud father of small Gloria Lloyd.

Hobbies: His collection of Great Danes, handball, swimming and golf.

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson

GLORIA SWANSON was born in Chicago, on March 27, 1898. Her father was an army agent, and Gloria's early education was gained in many scattered places, chiefly in Key West, Florida, and Porto Rico. When she was sixteen, she was enrolled in the Chicago Art Institute. It was at this time that Gloria, with an aunt, paid her first visit to the old Essanay studios, and promptly decided she would like to go into pictures. She was offered a job in the old Keystone Comedies, under Mack Sennett. It was shortly afterward that she married Wallace Beery, from whom she later obtained a divorce. An offer from the Triangle Company gave Miss Swanson an opportunity to transfer her art from comedy to drama, and a De Mille contract, followed by a Paramount contract, helped make her one of the leading dramatic stars of the screen. She is now married to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray.

Hobby: Sculpture.

WHO FILMDOM

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Emil Jannings

ALTHOUGH Emil Jannings is hailed as the greatest German actor in America, he is an American by birth, having first seen the light of day in Brooklyn, New York, in 1886. However, when he was only a year old, he was taken to Germany, his parents' fatherland, where he lived until two years ago when he joined the Paramount ranks and made as his initial American picture *The Way of All Flesh.* Jannings received his education at the Gerlitz Gymnasium, but at the age of sixteen he joined a small theatrical troupe and began a career of one-night stands which lasted for twelve years. Visioning motion pictures as the coming expression of art, he played in *Fromont, Jr., Riessler, Sr.* This was the forerunner of many U. F. A. successes, including *Passion* with Pola Negri; *Deception, Peter the Great, Quo Vadis, The Loves of Pharoah, Othello, The Last Laugh, Variety,* and *Faust.* He himself directed *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.*

Hobbies: His prize collection of Chows and his pet parrot.

Emil Jannings

Phyllis Haver

DOUGLAS, KANSAS, got some high-powered publicity on January 6, 1899, when Phyllis was born with the good old Irish name of O'Haver. When she was at the pigtail age, she moved with her family to Los Angeles, where she received her education. On graduating from high school with no especial career in mind, she decided that as the motion picture studios were so near at hand she would try her luck as an actress. She was immediately accepted as an extra girl at the Sennett Studios. In a very short time her naturally comic tendencies were evident, and she was elevated to stardom. Tiring of comedies, she branched out into serious productions, the most notable of which was *What Price Glory.*

Hobbies: Raising pedigreed cats, swimming and dancing.

Phyllis Haver

Charlie Chaplin

THE "King of Comics" was born in Paris, of English parents. His father is said to have been a music hall entertainer in France. Charlie Chaplin himself played in English music halls when still very young, and was finally engaged by Fred Karno to tour America with his vaudeville act, *A Night in an English Music Hall.* In this he played the part of a drunkard, and his many humorous antics and falls brought him to the attention of the motion picture producers when the act reached Los Angeles where it played at the Orpheum Theatre. He began work with the old Keystone Comedy Company under Mack Sennett. It is said that Mabel Normand was the first to recognize his natural humor, and to suggest that he be given a job in pictures. Starting as her leading man, Chaplin was soon starred. *The Kid,* which brought Jackie Coogan to the films, was his first great success. Chaplin has been married twice—to Mildred Harris, and to Lita Grey, both of whom divorced him.

Hobbies: Tennis, the violin and pipe organ.

Charles Chaplin

THE FREEDOM OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Janis in a scene of idyllic tropic beauty from* The Pagan. *Surrounded by South Seas scenery, almost anything he might point to would be well worth looking at, including Dorothy. Below, in a costume and mood she wears in this forthcoming feature.

~but when I started to play the lauqh was on them!

"Well, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Somebody spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a melody of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased. It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions . . . "How? . . . When? . . . Where? . . . did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

* * * *

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Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Postal Pouch

The Postal Pouch Editor will answer your questions on this page. For a personal answer, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

RUTH W.: Watch out for Jack Mulhall in *Ritzy Rosie*, opposite Alice White. He was born in Wappinger Falls, N. Y., October 7, 1898, is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five, has brown hair, and blue eyes. Yes, married. He was on the stage for several years before going into pictures; and you may remember him as an actor in the original Biograph Company.

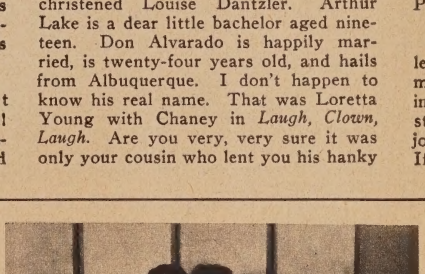
PEARL F.: Write my answer on paper, Pearl? Shure, and did you expect me to chisel it in stone? If you meant send a personal reply, you omitted one delicate detail—the stamped, self-addressed envelope. Here are some of the addresses you wanted, and the rest you'll find under H. N. D. and elsewhere in this department. Billie Dove, First National; Leatrice Joy and Greta Garbo, M-G-M; Laura La Plante and Reginald Denny, Universal Studios, Universal City; Rod La Rocque, De Mille, Culver City; Dolores Costello, Warner Brothers, Hollywood. It takes about four months for answers to appear in the Postal Pouch—but even this is shorter than most magazines! Oysters may be mum, but apparently Pearls are not.

MARY AUGUSTINE, I almost joined the choir when I saw your name! Clara Bow is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten, has red hair, and brown eyes, and was born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1905. Alice White is five feet, three inches, weighs one hundred and ten, is twenty-one years old, has blond hair, and dark eyes. Ramon Novarro is twenty-nine years old, weighs one hundred and sixty, and is five feet, ten inches tall. All are very much single. Your other questions appear elsewhere in this column. Bring that pretty name back and stay awhile, Mary Augustine!

J. G. W.: That was Barry Norton who was killed in *What Price Glory* and *The Legion of the Condemned.* No he doesn't have to die in all his pictures. He just gets jilted by the lady he loves in *Mother Knows Best.* Only I understand Fox is making the picture with two endings, one happy and the other sad. So Barry either gets his girl or he doesn't. She either dies as she does in the original Edna Ferber story, or lives happily ever after.

CATHERINE S.: Bless your generous little heart, I'm not requesting free-will offerings of a two-cent stamp with each letter, except when a personal answer is desired—and then it's got to be a self-addressed envelope. As you did not give your full name, I couldn't write you exclusively. See? Dolores Costello has blond hair, unbobbed. She is twenty-one years old, and married. Write for her picture at Warner Brothers, Hollywood, where she is under long-term contract.

STATION REDLIPS: Boy, and how, I'm tuning in with a loud speaker! You say it doesn't matter exactly who I am, as I'm just a machine to answer questions. Well, you'd be surprised what a well-cranked machine can do, Redlips! Leatrice Joy's little girl's name is Leatrice Joy II, and she is about three years old. Mary Brian was christened Louise Dantzler. Arthur Lake is a dear little bachelor aged nineteen. Don Alvarado is happily married, is twenty-four years old, and hails from Albuquerque. I don't happen to know his real name. That was Loretta Young with Chaney in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* Are you very, very sure it was only your cousin who lent you his hanky in the sad scenes? Gosh, I never realized before what a lucky brute a mere cousin could be!



—P. & A. Photo.

Jean Lorraine, Clara Bow, Alice Adair and Adrienne Dore make an attractive study in black and white in their costumes for Clara's picture, The Wild Party.

FRANK O.: Thomas Meighan is six feet tall. Write to Al Cooke at the Darmour-F. B. O. Productions, Hollywood. Billie Dove was born on May 14, 1903, and is five feet, five inches tall. Those were pretty capital letters in your note. Are you studying commercial art? If not, why not?

CHARLINE: Here's a new name for the Postal Pouch, and a pretty one, too. Write to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell at Fox Films, Hollywood. William Haines, Nils Asther, and Ralph Forbes are at M-G-M, and Don Alvarado at United Artists, Hollywood. Thirty pictures of famous stars! That's quite a harem, Charline! Sorry, but we have no list of addresses; but if you'll just go through the Postal Pouch carefully, you'll find a lot each month; and besides, you can come as often as you like with your own questions. We especially like old friends in the Postal Pouch.

ANN C.: All the big stars have at least one secretary to read their fan mail. Clara Bow has three. The most interesting letters are sorted out for the stars to read personally, but the majority are answered by the secretaries. If you mean do the stars receive the gifts that are sent to them, most surely, yes. Also letters that are really personal, such as those from dear old friends. But letters asking for money, clothes, or what-not, or claiming spurious relationship, or endeavoring to sell something, are relegated to the wastepaper basket, where they belong.

DOROTHY ANN: Write to Jack Daugherty at Universal, Universal City, and to Gary Cooper at Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Hollywood. Well, I'd never guarantee that they'll write you personal letters. After all, they get hundreds of letters a day, and if they replied in person what would their secretaries do for a living? I'll bet you are attractive to the opposite sex. Me, I'm wild about "romantic babies" like you.

(*Turn to page* 91)

. . . The Book That Zealous Reformers Once Burned in Public!

At Last!

Censorship No Longer Denies You This Thrill of Thrills—

Tales from THE GREAT DECAMERON...

YOU'LL never know life until you've read this greatest of all forbidden books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on the most fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books — the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Before your very eyes is unfolded the glittering pageantry of a golden age now vanished—an age when passion, intrigue and high-riding romance held full sway. Past you, in a breath-taking parade, sweep some of the most beautiful, yet unprincipled, women of all time—women whose intense fascination fired men's blood and even altered the fates of empires . . . Here you will find tales of scarlet days, when a robust world drank of life and love to its very dregs!

Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth-century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation nor fear!

These Great Writers Have Taken Plots From the Decameron

Shakespeare took parts of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet* from these stories. Lessing took the plot of *Nathan der Weise*, Chaucer the idea of his *Canterbury Tales*, Dryden, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson wrote poems—all based on these great tales, which have outlived thousands of manuscripts written since their day.

Mystery No Longer Shrouds This Brilliant Masterpiece!

Perhaps no other book ever written has had such an amazing history. Written in so vigorous a style as to be actually *startling*, it has long been a storm center of fierce controversy and even persecution. Critics and the *haute-monde* have acclaimed it with unstinted praise for its sparkling vividness and subject matter—while prudish zealots and tyrannical reformers, aghast at the utter frankness with which Boccaccio exposed human life and love in the raw, resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation. At one time they actually went so far as to gather all the available copies and have them publicly burned!

But all that was yesterday! To-day the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. This is the age of *reason*—and the peerless word-artistry of genial old Boccaccio has come into its own at last! . . . Now, for a short time only, you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing in your own home for five days, without obligation!

A Literary Treasure-House

Rich in fascinating plot, tense with action and vibrant with human passion—the Decameron has furnished plots for the world's great masters of literature. Longfellow, Keats, Dryden, Chaucer, and even the great Shakespeare himself sought these immortal pages for inspiration. In no other volume are the morals and customs of Italy of the fourteenth century so graphically laid before you—the way people lived, the hovels and palaces they dwelt in, the fantastic pleasures they indulged in—all are told with both wit and pathos that are indescribable. Thus the stories not only amuse and entertain, but constitute a landmark of literature which must not be passed over if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

SEND NO MONEY —5-DAY'S FREE TRIAL

And now we are enabled to offer you these great classics—thirty-five of the best stories from the famous Decameron—for the amazingly low sum of only $1.98! Send no money—just fill out and mail the coupon below. When the package arrives pay the postman $1.98, plus few cents postage Inspect this great book for five days, then if you are not delighted return it and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon this instant before this low price offer is withdrawn! Franklin Publishing Company, 800 No. Clark St., Dept. D-170, Chicago.

Franklin Publishing Co.,
800 No. Clark St., Dept. D-170, Chicago.

Please send me a copy of The Tales from the immortal Decameron by Boccaccio. When package arrives I will pay postman only $1.98, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I am at liberty to return the volume within five days and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside U. S., send cash with order.

Ten Years Ago

Lon Chaney rode the rough ones—independent pictures got their start—the first batch of famous writers reached Hollywood—Eric Von Stroheim jumped from extra to director—directors and stars stemmed a flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid were announcing the arrival of their baby.

Priscilla Dean, at the height of her glory, and Wheeler Oakman, were honeymooning in San Francisco.

Cecil B. De Mille was celebrating his fifth anniversary in pictures by making *The Squaw Man.* The picture made Katherine McDonald a star, afforded Monte Blue a wee bit and gave Alice Terry work as an extra.

He followed this picture with *Don't Change Your Husband* and gave a girl whom he saw throw a custard pie in thirty feet of a Mack Sennett comedy, a break. Her name was Gloria Swanson.

Lew Cody was being pulled from obscurity to urbanity in the same picture.

The Lasky Studio was still a group of disconnected buildings on Vine Street with duck boards between them to keep the actors' feet out of the mud in the rainy season.

Lon Chaney was being raised from five dollars a day as an extra at Universal to twenty-five dollars a day as a rider of wild horses. Some few weeks later he was put on a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week in *Nell Morgan's Girl* because it seemed cheaper to his producer.

Eric Von Stroheim was stopping Carl Laemmle on the Universal lot and talking German with him. Von Stroheim was immediately transferred from a seven dollar a week extra to a director for *The Devil's Pass Key.* Which is said to be the exact time that producers started to worry about money.

Edward Sedgwick, today a director, was playing the fat boy in Lubin's comedies and getting seventy-five dollars a week for it.

Sergeant Major Buster Keaton was changing from his overseas uniform to overalls and starting work in Fatty Arbuckle's two-reelers.

King Vidor was directing his wife, Florence Vidor, in *The Honor of His House.* Eleanor Boardman was an unknown in New York City. William S. Hart and Snowey Baker were taking time off from the movies to give the first big rodeo at Newhall.

Bessie Barriscale was the big star. Janet Gaynor and Sue Carol were playing jacks together in front of their homes in Chicago; Anita Page was in the second grade; Joan Crawford was keeping care of kiddies in a boarding school in Kansas City to pay for her own education; Lois Moran was studying the ballet in children's classes in Paris.

Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd in the throes of one of the famous Lonesome Luke *comedies, which did so much to establish them about a decade ago.*

William Seiter made the first two-reel independent picture and released it through Sam Goldwyn. The birth of independents!

Gloria Swanson was between husbands, namely Wallace Beery and Herbert Sonneborn.

Jimmy Cruze was making the big change from acting to directing.

Sam Goldwyn was bringing the first carload of famous writers to Hollywood—among them were Joseph Hergesheimer, Blasco Ibanez and others. Before the year was up they had quit Hollywood.

William Seiter refused to buy a lot on Hollywood Boulevard for fifteen hundred dollars because it was *too expensive!*

Bill Hart was marrying Winifred Westover.

Bennie Seedman was starting the long line of free-lance press agents.

Tom Mix is the only movie star who has maintained that standing for ten years. He was first starred in *Cupid's Round Up.*

Fan Clubs

(*Continued from page* 12)

this club and the yearly dues are still 50c or $1.00 if you want a goodly supply of the special club stationery.

The Gary Cooper Fan Club

ANNOUNCING the birth of the Gary Cooper Fan Club! This club is a new one, although it already has quite a large number of members enrolled. It is a different club, too—it does not ask any member for any dues at all; just a self-addressed, stamped envelope every time you write, so that a prompt answer or news may be sent to you. Miss Helene A. Martin, of Chicago, is the founder and secretary of the club, and she writes: "If only the fans will write and tell us they want to join, and promise us that they will boost the name of Gary Cooper every chance they get, we will be only too glad to put their names on our club list, as well as on the list which will be sent to Mr. Cooper. All news and comments are very much appreciated and they will be sent on to our star."

This club is an independent one—Mr. Cooper, owing to his contract with Paramount, cannot sponsor a Fan Club or be the honorary president of one, but just the same, he appreciates all the good this club is doing him.

Valentino Memorial Guild

A VALENTINO Memorial Guild has been established at London, England and Miss Annine Okerman, of Minnesota, has been appointed the American representative. She writes that she will be glad to send all details of the Guild to anyone who writes her. And she says if they enclose a stamp their reply will be so much prompter.

About John Gilbert's Club

THE John Gilbert Club, run by Joseph Varhalak, now has a membership of three hundred and ten. Dues are 50c per year, and upon joining, the club members will receive a membership card, list of other members, and Mr. Gilbert will send them one of his latest, large, personally autographed photos. The club also has pins and the price of them is one dollar. They are especially fine looking and well worth the price. A club journal isn't issued yet, but they are planning to have a fine, large one in the very near future.

Boosting Louise and Doris

HAROLD E. NASH, JR., has started The Star's Friendship Club, and dues are 25c a year. This club boosts Louise Fazenda and Doris Kenyon, both of whom are much interested in it. Mr. Nash says there will be some attractive prizes for getting new members, which will be announced to members as soon as they join, and also to each member he will send a list of all other members.

"Delicate to discuss this,

yet smart women should know"

—Says a society leader concerning this phase of feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEREVER women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at certain times. Learning this, they become unhappily self-conscious. Carefree pleasures are impossible. Now, a discovery of Kotex Laboratories makes worries of this sort unnecessary. Each sanitary pad is scientifically treated, by patented process,* to end all odor. The last problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

That "conspicuous" feeling

The other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is also eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

Yet every advantage remains

You can so easily adjust it to your needs. It is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture—5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won't you try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

IN THE THEATRES OF MOSCOW

AND NOW for YOU THE SECRET BEAUTY CREAMS · CREATED BY THE SHULDBERG GUILD · for FAMOUS RUSSIAN ARTISTS ·

Picture the Imperial Theatre in Moscow. Soft music . . . the lights playing on a famous dancer . . . her beauty and art enslaving the great audience. Constantly in the spotlight of public fancy, artists of the stage know well how important is the care of their skin. In pre-war Russia, the artists of the Imperial Theatres, many of whom are now world famous, used only the secret creams prepared especially for them by the Shuldberg Guild. ¶ Today, for the first time, these secret beauty creams are available to the women of America. In Tsaretsa Toiletries, Meyer Shuldberg, last of his Guild, brings you the priceless Shuldberg formulas. Ask your druggist for the three Tsaretsa creams designed for daily use. One cleanses, one nourishes, and one gives your skin an invisible protection. If your dealer is not yet supplied, send one dollar to Meyer Shuldberg and he will mail you jars of these three essential beauty creams.

MEYER SHULDBERG.

TSARETSA TOILETRIES By Meyer Shuldberg

MEYER SHULDBERG, 602
Meyer Shuldberg Building,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Please send me your three Tsaretsa Beauty Creams. I enclose $1.00 in payment.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

Dealer.....

GETTING PERSONAL

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

BILLIE DOVE'S dog, "Lassie," made her an anniversary present of puppies. Cary Wilson's Scotch Terrier was the father.

Clara Bow wore the shortest dress at the Mayfair party; Marion Nixon, the longest.

Mrs. George Fawcett gave a party for her dog the other day. One of the guests wrote him a piece of poetry and presented him with a doll. Blackie didn't seem to think so much of the verse, but he carries the doll in his mouth everywhere he goes.

Jean Arthur

Hollywood has developed a fad for live flowers as ornaments on gowns and coats. Baclanova wears red geraniums on black velvet, Mary Brian favors demure daisies on white organdie, Florence Vidor prefers a single chaste gardenia on her street costumes and Esther Ralston selects the docile sweet pea for afternoon.

Cecil B. De Mille is now using a safety razor. One of the last to discard the old strop-exercise.

Mary Duncan recently underwent an operation for appendicitis—and all the newspapers carried the story gratis.

Marion Davies received a package of red carnations from John A. Person, London horticulturist, recently. The trip, via Mauretania, air mail, special delivery, took eight days and the flowers were fresh on arrival!

Rowland Lee is the proud possessor of an Oxford dictionary that cost $455. His wife gave it to him for a birthday present. Now Rowland will know all the big words.

George Bancroft has promised himself one good close haircut during the coming year. He's getting tired, he says, of looking like a hair tonic ad.

Buddy Rogers plays the piano, trombone, trumpet, drums and saxophone, and has recently taken up polo as a pastime.

Esther Ralston has been seen lately carrying a large purse covered by a doll. The doll's hair is as blonde as Esther's and she affects the same mode of dress as her mistress.

Adolphe Menjou has a fine collection of pedigreed Sealyham dogs, which are his one hobby.

Greta Garbo completely ignores the existence of her double—or stand-in girl—on the set.

If anybody's looking for Rita Carewe and her handsome husband, Leroy Mason, he would do well to search the furniture shops first. This happy young pair have recently bought a new home in Hollywood and are having the time of their lives furnishing it.

Lois Wilson is planning to build a room on her house in Beverly Hills to take care of her new ping-pong set.

Dale Fuller is wearing a wide smile these days. She has a bumper crop on her orange grove near Covina.

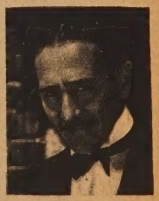
Louise Fazenda is having her beach cottage at Malibu painted green.

Eddie Horton's two dogs, Pal and Bill, are suffering from the current malady, the flu.

Through the purchase of a magnificent home still in the course of construction, Colleen More became one of the first picture stars to have a residence equipped for the projection of talking motion pictures.

Anita Stewart's baby Angora kitten is a prize winner.

Clara Bow's hobby is photographing her constantly increasing family of pets—dogs, cats, birds, and most recent of all, a wombat or Australian honey bear.



Adolphe Menjou

George Fawcett is quite the sheik, sporting a fancy wrist watch.

Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue are the proud parents of a young son who made his appearance this month. Richard Monte Blue is his name and his sister, Barbara Anne, calls him her baby.

Jean Arthur has a huge St. Bernard dog as a pet.

Jack Dempsey left recently to attend the whippet races in Florida. His wife, Estelle Taylor, did not accompany him since she is playing an important part in Lon Chaney's *Where East Is East.*

Who Killed William Desmond Taylor?

(*Continued from page 27*)

A sleuth reporter for a yellow newspaper got an inspiration that the murderer was Henry Peavey, the devoted colored valet. What happened was like the scene in the play *The Front Page.*

Henry was enticed into a fast automobile and kidnaped. They took him out to the cemetery, at the stilly hour of midnight and left him alone at Taylor's tomb. Then a figure in a white sheet gallivanted around making grewsome groans and saying to Henry: "You did it! You did it! Confess you did it!".

Everybody got goose flesh—except Henry. Henry only got bored and wanted to go home.

The fact that Sands stays out of sight of the police, a skulking fugitive, is not conclusive proof that he killed Taylor. A man with a deserter's record and facing state's prison for forgery and two burglaries is not anxious to meet up with the police.

Every detective on the case knows exactly who killed Taylor and why. Only no two of them agree.

They say:

That he was killed by a dope gang because he knew of their dealings with a wayward film star.

That he was killed by the bootleg gang.

That the soldier who hated him in the British army got him.

That the jealous admirers of either Mary Miles Minter or Mabel Normand wreaked vengeance.

You can take your choice.

Cupid's Bulletin Board

(*Continued from page 48*)

One Method

WHEN you have a husband who just won't give you a divorce, announce your forthcoming marriage to someone else and that will bring him to time. That is about what happened in the case of Sue Carol, whom Allen Keefer of Chicago did not want to grant a divorce. Sue was in love with Nick Stuart anyhow, so she told the world that they were engaged, and friend husband, chagrined, has now stated that "divergent interests" have caused a break and he is suing for divorce.

Tested Romance Only

A LITTLE memo for those who are keeping a journal on Hollywood romances. Janet Gaynor has promised her mother that she will never, never marry anyone whom she has not known for at least a year. It will be just that length of time, come the first cherry blossoms, that she met Lydell Peck, the young San Franciscan.

If all rumors are to be believed, Janet and Lydell will indulge in a spring wedding.

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

. . . THIS NEW *MODE* OF PERSONAL HYGIENE . . .

THE modern American woman is envied by the other women of the world today because of her independence. She knows how to take care of herself . . . to preserve far beyond the allotted years the bloom and buoyancy of youth. The modern American woman has learned that this depends largely upon a subject too often ignored . . . upon *personal hygiene.*

Heretofore, personal hygiene has been achieved at great discomfort. Seldom convenient . . . under some conditions it was impossible.

No Water - No Accessories

Now, however, through the use of a harmless antiseptic in *tablet form,* which requires no water or accessories, American women are fast learning the *convenience* of personal hygiene. Wherever smart women gather, you will hear enthusiastic recommendations of this antiseptic.

These tablets are known as Pariogen tablets. For a long time prescribed by the medical profession, Pariogen is *not a poison,* contains no carbolic acid, cresol or bichloride of mercury, *yet destroys the most pernicious germs in a few seconds.*

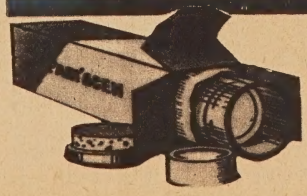
May Be Carried in a Purse

Pariogen tablets come twelve to the tube - a tube about the size of a fountain pen. The price at any drug store is $1.00. Pariogen tablets may be carried anywhere in a purse, making hygienic measures possible almost anywhere, no other accessories or water being required.

Sent Anywhere by Mail

If your druggist is unable to supply you, or if you prefer to send direct, the coupon below and a dollar bill will bring you a full size tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use.

If, for any reason you do not wish to keep them, just return whatever remains and we will promptly refund your dollar and postage. Tear out the coupon now.



American Drug & Chemical Co., 613
420 South 6th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for which please send me under plain wrapper one tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use, under the money-back guarantee stated in your advertisement.

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT

Address.....

City..... State.....

TALKIE TALK

A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

Extras Not Doomed

IT WAS freely predicted in the beginning of the new era that the "talkies" would do away with the lowly extra, however there were four thousand extras used in the productions of *The Wolf of Wall Street, Wolf Song* and *Tong War* which were the first sound pictures using many extras. Since then, *The Desert Song* used a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices all the way through the production, and there were over five hundred extras used in the Fox picture *In Old Arizona.* During the month of January 1929, Warner Brothers Studio issued checks to six thousand extras used in all-sound productions. During the early part of February, two thousand extras were used in *The Sap* alone. Over eight hundred extras were called in Richard Barthelmess' first sound venture *Weary River.* So it would seem that the extra player is not altogether doomed as yet to be excluded from the ranks of motion picture actors.

Three in One

A COMPLETE new recording system has been achieved at last augmenting the several systems or channels already in use. The new unit is described as Channel Three. After months of research and hard work, engineers and electrical scientists have extended the range of photo-audio-frequency, preserving the natural overtones of music. Now full orchestras may play accompaniments for vocal solos, duets and choruses.

Hello Broadway

CECIL DE MILLE says that it will not be long before sounds in New York will be recorded on microphones in Hollywood, via electricity. In other words, if they build a set representing Broadway on the M-G-M lot they will be able to get the real sounds of Broadway 3,000 miles distant.

Differing Dialects

DIALOGUE writers of dialect are the latest to spring forth since the era of talking pictures. For those who wish to prepare themselves for this new field, the best medium for learning the art is to attend the "talkie" theatre when dialect pictures are shown. Among these making use of dialect are *The Trial of Mary Dugan* which contains a rich assortment of different dialects, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* and *In Old Arizona* are also good examples. Naturally the Octavus Roy Cohen stories being filmed cannot be beaten for their portrayal of negro dialect, *Hot Stuff*, the Alice White extravaganza, is quite rich in colorful American slang.

New Wrinkle

A NEW time-saving wrinkle has been introduced whereby dialogue can be recorded on three or more sets simultaneously on the one recording apparatus, though three or more cameras are required to shoot the corresponding action. The recording apparatus is built in the center of the stage with the various sets built in two and three story formation around it; then, the dialogue is writtten to follow each other so that it can be successfully placed in each production during the cutting of the film. Incidentally the new method makes for econòmy, too, since only one record and one operator is needed for the various units being synchronized.

Johnny Mack Brown listens to assorted pathetics from Mary Pickford, under the watchful eye of Director Sam Taylor—and the watchful ear of the microphone—for her next picture, Coquette.

Flea Market Set

AN ACCOUNT of the magnitude of the set used in *Innocents of Paris,* forty microphones are being placed in strategic positions, and constitute the largest hook-up so far in talkie production. The set is a reproduction of the Flea Market district of Paris and as all microphones are linked electrically, engineers term it the most complicated wiring installation made in the brief history of the "talkie."

The "IT" Shock

WHOOPEE."

This one word became an expression of sorrow at the Paramount Studio sound stage when it caused an electrical crew an hour's work, a large picture company an hour's delay and the company the price of a set of delicate sound tubes.

The joyous word was in Clara Bow's first line for her new all talking picture *The Wild Party.* When she turned the full force of the Bow personality on the microphones the damage resulted. The sensative electrical system could not stand the "IT" shock.

Force of Habit

NOW IT can be told. Alice White's first words into the microphone when her voice was being tested were: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

She explains thus:

"Picture my confusion. There were all my nicely learned and carefully rehearsed lines for the test, when my mind suffered a flash back and I had to break out with my old stenographic exercises."

The test was a very good one anyhow.

ALICE WHITE is one star who refused to take vocal lessons.

"The public wants to hear *my* voice, not any *rawther* as spoken by some high-brow teacher."

Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page* 84)

LYDIA L.: Now we're beginning to get Camilla Horn fans—and no wonder! She's the cutest little pretzel in America. Born at Frankfort-on-Main in 1908; is five feet four inches tall, weighs 108, has beautiful golden hair, and big blue eyes. You might say she won by a leg when she went into pictures; for the understandings of most frauleins greatly resemble the Arc de Triumphe. But Camilla's—well, take your opera glasses, sit on the front row, and see what you can see!

A SUBSCRIBER: Oh, I know you! You're the one who keeps SCREEN SECRETS going! Just for that, I'll tell you all I know about James Hall. He was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 22, 1900. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred fifty-eight, has brown hair and eyes, and is still single—which, you may be sure, causes a panic in Hollywood. He spent most of his childhood running away from home to join travelling theatrical troupes, and he finally got himself a nice little part in a stock company. By 1915 he was in the Ziegfeld Follies, glorifying the American Man. Came the War, and Jimmie went to meet it. Back from "over there," he returned to revues until 1926, when he took a test for Paramount

P. K. E. Named for the chewing gum, P. K.? Colleen Moore and Ken Maynard are under contract to the First National Studios, Burbank. Ken was born in 1895, and is married. Colleen is twenty-six years old, ditto. Ken's latest picture is *Cheyenne*, and they say it's a humdinger. He has been in pictures four years. So you're crazy over Tarzan, his horse? Well, just don't make Ken jealous!

CARMON L.: No double for Rudolph Valentino has yet been found, and I think the idea has been pretty much abandoned; for who wants a substitute for one of the most beloved actors on the screen? Most people feel that nobody can ever replace him. Agnes Ayers divorced S. Manuel Reachi in June, 1927, and is now appearing in occasional pictures made for Technicolor, at the Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood. She is twenty-seven years old.

NORMA L. K.: Oh, that was Marie Prevost in *The Racket*—and maybe you don't think she's a popular young lady! How do you like her new blonde hair? Cute, yes? She ran rings around *The Godless Girl*. Sorry, but I didn't see Evelyn Brent in *The Dragnet*, so I can't tell you much about her hat. It was probably three hats, not just one trick bonnet. Aw, say, Girlie, this isn't a fashion department! The nearest I come to a lady's chapeau is when my wife and seven oldest daughters send me the monthly milliner's bill . . .

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

Find 5 Objects

Starting with the Letter

"C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,800.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
3. Victor Orthophonic Victrola.
4. Shetland Pony.
5. Seven Tube Console Radio.
6. Fibre Living Room Set.
7. Electric Vacuum Cleaner.
8. Apollo Motorbike Bicycle.
9. 100-Piece Dinner Set.
10. Ladies' or Men's Elgin Watch.
11. 29-Piece Silverware Set.
12. Portable Phonograph.
13. New Haven Banjo Clock.
14. Wrought Iron Bridge Lamp.
15. Ladies' Overnight Bag.

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Sirs: Rush to me without charge copy of 32-page book, "How to get U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions obtainable, and full particulars telling how to get one.

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Address.....

Lupe Velez tells in June SCREEN SECRETS of the events that started her toward Hollywood and her meteoric rise to stardom.

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IN every woman's eyes slumbers enchanting loveliness that awaits the magic touch of this smart lash dressing to flower and bloom gloriously. For when the eyes are framedin a bewitching fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes they look their loveliest. And waterproof Liquid Winx achieves this sought-for effect without the slightest hint of artificiality. It is easy to apply and remove. It is safe. Where you buy your beauty *aides* purchase Liquid Winx. Only 75c, complete. Two shades, black and brown.

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Mammy!

(*Continued from page* 39)

He became very ill. His father brought him home. Almost too soon, Asa fully recovered and joined Al Reeve's burlesque show. A little while later he had persuaded his brother to join him, along with a mutual acquaintance. The three appeared in vaudeville as Jolson, Palmer and Jolson.

Asa Yoleson had become Al Jolson. But this attempt was by no means a success. Salaries were very low, Al had not yet discovered the advantages of black face, and the troup barely got by.

AL GETS a big kick out of the recollection of how he first came to black up. Although he couldn't afford a regular dresser, he occasionally had an old Southern darky to assist him. Al had always had a fondness for darkies and had often imitated their talk. One night, this old dresser came to him while the troup was playing in Brooklyn.

"Boss," he said, "if your skin's black, they always laugh."

"I got some burnt cork," says Al, "and blackened up. I rehearsed before the old negro and when I'd finished he chuckled and said, 'Mister Jolson, you's just as funny as me.'"

It is to that darky's suggestion that Al Jolson owes his success. Up to that time he had been one of the many second-raters. Now, for the first time, he had discovered the touchstone which would lead him to great popularity. Al Jolson in blackface became an overnight hit.

That was exactly twenty years ago. He joined Lew Dockstader's Minstrels as end man and olio artist.

Two years later, during the performance of the minstrels, J. J. Shubert was in the audience. The Winter Garden had just been opened, and Shubert was seeking talent.

Al Jolson was hired for the Winter Garden revues, *Bow Sing* and *La Belle Paree!*

In 1913, Al was co-featured was Gaby Deslys in *The Honeymoon Express.* In 1914 he was featured alone in *Dancin' Around.* In 1916 he was starred for the first time in *Robinson Crusoe, Jr.* Followed stardom *Sinbad, Bombo,* and others.

Al Jolson had proven the truth of the modern version: "The voice with the sob wins!"

BUT Al Jolson's success had not yet reached its apex, nor has it, probably, today. Warner Brothers were yet to take him and make him one of the leading figures in the field of the talking movie. *The Jazz Singer* was the biggest box office success of the year. The story didn't matter to the public. They wanted to hear the famous mammy singer to their hearts' content. Al Jolson's first movie satisfied that demand perfectly.

A fine singer of popular songs, a man who knows better than anyone else how to put a song over big. But an actor?

Just before *The Singing Fool* appeared, I talked to Al Jolson about the relative merits of the two pictures. We were all anxiously awaiting the opening night of the new film, for which Al had come East especially. Al Jolson expressed his opinion frankly.

"In *The Jazz Singer,*" he said, "I was stiff. I walked through half the scenes. I didn't know what it meant to really put myself into a scene and make something of it. It was all too new to me. That show was a box office wow, and maybe my producers were satisfied with it. But I wasn't. I thought I was terrible.

"Everybody was wondering whether *The Singing Fool* would live up to the record of my first. I found myself in that film. I'd had time to learn something about the movies, about how to put a scene over. I was natural. I knew what I was doing. And, if I say so myself, I had learned how to act."

EVERYONE who has ever seen Jolson is looking forward eagerly to his next picture which is to be called *Mammy,* founded on the song which he made so popular. The story is now in the process of construction. After his honeymoon in Waikiki Beach, he returned to Hollywood, then took a flying trip to New York to see the opening of *Johnny Spielt Auf,* the German jazz opera at the Metropolitan Opera House which features a negro jazz singer in the leading role. Now Al Jolson has returned to Hollwood to settle down to hectic activity on *Mammy.*

This man who has worked his way up to the biggest box office success in pictures, who has been received by presidents and senators, kings and dictators, including Mussolini, who has been lavishly entertained at Palm Beach and at Asheville, who has quelled a strike riot in Montana, who has had theaters, night-clubs, and babies named after him, this man appears untouched by fame. He takes more joy in the warm glow that friendship and comradship give him than in all the adulation that man can give. He is the highest paid actor in the business. He has increased his fortune by investing in the stock of his own producer. He lacks nothing that money can buy him. But until he recently undertook his third marriage, Al Jolson was a man who went his way alone, hungry for the little human touches which are the wealth of poor men. The human equation matters more to him than all the riches that can be gained by popularity and success.

Given the comradeship he so earnestly longs for and so richly deserves, love will conquer the loneliness of Al Jolson, the great jazz singer.

Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page 73*)

ROMANCE

OUTCAST—Corinne Griffith is a girl of the streets who gets uplifted by Edmund Lowe and does a bit of uplifting on her own, just to show her appreciation.—*First National.*

THE NIGHT WATCH—Billie Dove might have known what she was in for when she went to sea on a French cruiser, even though she was the Captain's wife. But she didn't find out until too late.—*First National.*

NAUGHTY BABY—Alice White is a Show Girl in a different sense in this one. She shows her lingerie and wins Jack Mulhall. You'll gasp when the wild waves wash away her bathing suit. Some good laughs in this.—*First National.*

THE AWAKENING—Blessed are the pure in heart for they win nifty looking cavalry officers—seems to be the moral of this film. Vilma Banky suffers as the p. i. h. and Walter Byron is the officer.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

MASK OF THE DEVIL—John Gilbert is a debonair Baron of old Vienna. But he's two-faced, and believe it or not, one face looks like the Devil. Just as Eva Von Berne is about to find him out he turns the other cheek.—*M-G-M.*

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS—*The Green Hat* in a slightly different shade. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in a screen version that follows the Arlen novel with surprising faithfulness. Best shot; the ring symbolical of convention slipping from Greta's finger.—*M-G-M.*

DREAM OF LOVE—Joan Crawford and Nils Asther in that different picture about a mythical kingdom you have been waiting for. Settings are just simply elegant, and the romantic amours will delight you.—*M-G-M.*

SOMEONE TO LOVE—A merry mixup in a music shop in which Buddy Rogers, a mean saxophone player on and off, wins Mary Brian by blowing his own horn. All very happy and harmless.—*Paramount.*

COMEDY

SHOW GIRL—Alice White goes Whoopee as one of Broadway's nifties in a nifty picture of backstage and back talk. Warning! This film may shake your faith in tabloids.—*First National.*

DO YOUR DUTY—Charlie Murray, now a star, wears one on his bosom in this picture. As an officer who is misunderstood although he's as true blue as his uniform, he provides the familiar Murray hokum.—*First National.*

SHOW PEOPLE—Marion Davies and Bill Haines kidding themsleves as movie stars. All about Hollywood as it might be if it were that way. Comedy and heartbreak skillfully mingled.—*M-G-M.*

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Bill Haines cracking wise and cracking safes with equal nonchalance in a revival of the popular stage play.—*M-G-M.*

I Knew I'd Forget Something!

As usual, I'd packed in a hurry. It was just a week-end trip with my husband, and there wasn't much room for those accessories of the toilet which every modern woman possesses for the practice of feminine hygiene.

Fortunately, I had a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's feminine cones with me, ready to supply instantly, without inconvenience, all the requirements of the most fastidious for cleanliness and prevention of infection.

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Alice White's Diary

(*Continued from page 59*)

Alice White is subjected to hostile stares in a scene from Naughty Baby, *but with a figure like hers one need never be embarrassed.*

Feb. 3. Dick wants to make a long flight. I can't let him do that. What if he should have engine trouble? Or fall? No, I can't let him go. Never to hear his voice again! Oh, no.

Feb. 14. What a thrill to go sky-riding with a lover! Better than all the joy rides in the world.

Feb. 26. Dick and I went to a bridge party. At last I'm getting to be a good bridge player.

Feb. 27. Took test at M-G-M for a grand part. At night went to a *Harold Teen* party at the Grove. Dick was rather annoyed at my not taking him with me. Maybe I should have. Was I just being ornery?

Feb. 28. Supposed to go to the Wampas Ball, but didn't.

March 8. This can't be me, promising to give up all my boy friends for Dick. But that's just what I did. Gosh, how jealous he is. And I of him. I surely am surprised to find myself giving up my other men friends for any man. Can this be love?

March 30. If this is love, it's torture. First a scrap and then we make up. That's not bad. Then another scrap and more making up. They say true love never runs smooth. This must be a sample of it. Oh, but he's really a darling.

May 11. No entry for a month. Blame it on Dick. I haven't had time to write. Went to a very lovely dinner party with First National officials. They told me I was going to be starred. Starred! Imagine. Oh, gosh! It's almost too good to believe. I sure am thrilled. I saw Dick later and we had a quarrel. This must not be the beginning of the end. But these quarrels—they wear one out. They destroy me.

May 12. Everything is nice and placid again. We went over to Pauline Garon's house and played cards. Oh, can't it always be this way?

May 13. Had a grand time today. Went airplaning with Dick. We flew to Riverside and had dinner at the Mission Inn. It was rather romantic. Rather!

May 14. Took lots of pictures at the studio. Went to a preview of *Harold Teen.* Was very disappointed when I found that they had cut me out of the picture a lot.

May 23. Well, I'm a star now. And I don't feel any different. Started to work on *Show Girl* with Al Santell directing. I hope it's a good picture. It means so much. Have been taking dancing lessons. Will do a mean tango in the picture. I hope they leave enough of it in the picture to make it interesting.

July 25. Been working like a dog in my picture. It's got to be good. It's nearly finished. The rest of my time has been Dick's.

July 28. It is hard to write this. Dick and I have decided not to see each other any more. He is leaving to visit his family for a couple of months. We will see if absence does make the heart grow fonder. We've had beautiful times together, very beautiful, and I shall never forget them, but I feel I am a bit too selfish to devote my whole self to one man.

Aug. 24. Went to preview my first starring picture. It is very good. I was thrilled at the reception given me after the picture. Crowds waited for me and asked me to autograph books and things.

Sept. 5. Started *Ritzy Rosie* with Mervyn LeRoy directing. I know this is going to be a very happy picture, as Mervyn really knows me and understands me, and I am sure he will get the best work out of me. Jack Mulhall is to be my leading man.

Sept. 30. The man who forecast my future was right. No marriage for a long time. I'll go dancing, dancing on. Sometimes—but, gosh! Why get sentimental? Love is all right as long as you don't take it too seriously. I'm a star now. That should occupy my time. And Molly O'Day's birthday party is tonight. The London boy friend will soon be calling for me. . . .

Dec. 27. Haven't done right by you, Diary. Months without a single entry. I've been barging around, going to a lot of whoopee palaces, parties, shows and what-not. My third picture, *Hot Stuff,* is sizzling along. Mervyn LeRoy is directing, and that means a lot. Now that Christmas is over, I'll try and do better.

Dec. 28. Lots of hoopla. The Georgia Tech boys are here to play at the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day. And I'm going to be their mascot. Isn't that gr-r-rand? Some awfully nice fellows with fatal southern drawls. One is particularly attractive—a young doctor, black-haired, who slays all his "r's." The kids told me I was solid with the south. Democratic of them, no foolin'. Heh, heh!

Jan. 1, 1929. Never had such a grand time. Went to the game. Sat right down on the field with the Georgia boys and wore one of their sweaters. Had lots of pictures taken and then talked over the radio. Graham McNamee was the official announcer. He was quite surprised when I made up my own little chatter instead of reading the speech prepared for me. Party that night at the Aroyo Seco Hotel in Pasadena. Danced a "robber's dance" and I nearly had my dress torn off. Had to leave early because I had a six o'clock location call in the morning.

Jan. 2. The studio gave me a New Year's gift. Can you feature it? They gave me a Conscience Clause to attach to my contract. Talk about ready-made resolutions. It's all signed, sealed and sworn to by Hermann Starr, president of First National Productions Corporation, and Alice White. It remains to be sworn at, now. Diary, did you know I had a Better Self? Me and Elsie Dinsmore. Yes, sir! Mine is white with pink edging, washable, non-shrinkable and fireproof. No foolin', my conscience is my stride from now on. Part of the clause reads "Artist shall not commit any act or conduct herself in a manner that shall substantially offend against public decency or morality or shall hold her up or tend to subject her to public ridicule, hatred, scorn or contempt . . ." Wonder if I can chew gum in public? And, too, it says "She will constantly consult and take counsel with her conscience and will in good faith and to the best of her ability follow the dictates of her conscience and better self both in her private and personal and public and professional life and conduct." Not only that, if I succumb to one of those weaker moments, there's a penalty. If "she may have done anything or committed any act in violation of the dictates of her conscience," for instance, I've got to run and tell my producer and then "take such steps as may be prescribed by producer to

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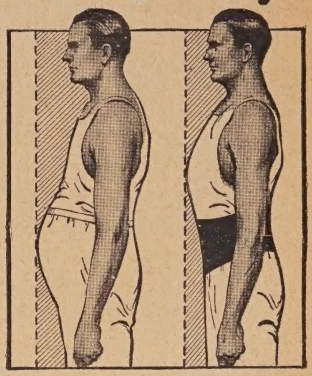

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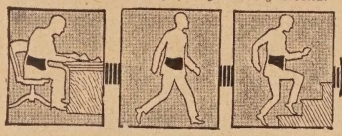

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cure said default and re-establish artist in good standing with her conscience and at peace with her better self." Can you imagine my chagrin?

Jan. 4. Worked hard today in *Hot Stuff*. Billy Bakewell is playing opposite me. He is cute and very collegiate. Charlie Delaney came over on the set and kidded me about my Conscience Clause. Said it was the 1929 version of the morality clause in players' contracts. Charlie said after he signed his morality contract, he blushed every time he kissed his wife. Well, I don't mind a blush now and then.

Jan. 7. Worked at U. S. C. campus all day. Met a lot of cute boys. Some of them tried to date me. Mervyn kidded me. "Don't forget your Conscience, Alice!" I think a conscience is entirely a matter of the individual. Some consciences are better developed than others. Everyone has a certain amount of conscience, even if it is warped. Mine has always been plenty husky.

Jan. 9. Quite a thrill. An admirer sent me a beautiful embroidered Chinese robe. He's an engineer in the Army and saw *Show Girl* in some little out-of-the-way native theatre in a town on the equator. Just think of little me being seen 'way down there! He also sent me some views of Panama as he was passing through the Canal.

Jan. 10. Lots of work on *Hot Stuff*. Met Louise Fazenda. She is a grand person. Nothing artificial about her. I like her immensely.

Jan. 11. Flocks of flowers arrived this morning with a blank card. Very mysterious. Wonder who they are from. F. didn't like it. He was waiting to take me to the studio when they came, and glowered, faintly, when I opened the box.

Jan. 12. More flowers—gardenias. More mystery. Worked at the studio all day. Went to *The Front Page* with Ivan Kahn at night. My Better Self sure had a terrific wrestle with those rowdy words. It's an intense play, though, and I loved it.

Jan. 14. Discovered the flowers were from a rather adorable boy. Well, well. At the studio today doing some cute scenes. C. called several times before I reached home. Asked me to dinner. Haven't seen him since he was married. I asked him if it was going to be a threesome. He said no and I certainly justified my Conscience Clause that time. C. said it was too bad my Better Self was so relentless.

Jan. 17. Wonder what the studio *would* do if I violated that Clause just a little? What sort of penance would they impose?

Jan. 18. Decided that old Bill Shakespeare knew his chatter. Been reading that stuff from *Hamlet* "to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Aren't I getting high-brow? But that's about what the Conscience Clause amounts to. And isn't that enough? I ask you!

THE END.

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Love is a Bubble

(*Continued from page 75*)

Mary Nolan, whose wistful beauty won for her the title of "The Lillian Gish of Germany."

at her success, Mary was desperately homesick, so homesick indeed that she thought she would die.

"I had cried too much—and then not enough," she explained, "I was bleeding inside and frozen outside, I was so ill that the doctors in the hospital where they had taken me thought there was no hope of my recovery."

But while Mary lay wishing for death on her hospital cot, Joseph Schenck, in his New York office, picked up a magazine, saw her photograph and cabled his Berlin representative:

"Understand Imogene Robertson is an American. See if she will consider Hollywood contract."

Mary had made up her mind never to set foot again in her homeland, but the chance to come back set her to trembling with eagerness. Miraculously, she got well.

Herbert Brenon cast her as Molly in *Sorrell and Son.* He also gave her her name. "Imogene Robertson is too long," he contended. "Mary is your real name—you look Irish—how about Nolan?" And Nolan it became.

Universal bought her contract from United Artists, but save for parts opposite Norman Kerry and Reginald Denny, they have not used her on the lot, preferring to loan her to other companies who eagerly seek her services. She has played with Lon Chaney, Nils Asther and Jack Gilbert.

"A flirtation with a leading man would be impossible to me," declared Mary. "Outside he is a different person, in whom I may have no interest."

She sighed and then smiled, and stole another glance at the photograph beside her bed. It was the likeness of a good-looking man whose dark eyes looked out challengingly. It was *not* a photograph of Jack Gilbert.

"Oh, I'm in love!" she laughed, and blew a kiss to the picture.

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Helping Hollywood Heavenward

(*Continued from page* 47)

grateful when it flashes into our lives even momentarily. I don't know Greta Garbo, but in one of her pictures she did something to me that no one had ever done before. When I saw her in *A Woman of Affairs* she threw over me such a spell that it lasted for an hour after I had left the theater. No, I don't know what it was, I can't explain it. Perhaps it was her vital force, or it may have been something in her soul too deep for the eye to see. But she is such a gallant creature on the screen that she cannot fail to rouse my admiration."

OBVIOUSLY a gallant creature herself, Angel admires the woman who, right or wrong, puts up a fight. But more than anything else she apparently hates commonplace mortals.

"I can understand big faults and big virtues," she said, more to herself than to me, "but I have no sympathy with little faults and little virtues. I despise pettiness."

"Did you come here because you believed Hollywood to be a wicked place?" I asked.

Angel flashed a look at me that made me feel I had been struck by lightning, then gave me to understand:

"If Hollywood is more wicked than other cities, then it's the place for me."

I hastened to add that I thought so, too, and that undoubtedly she would do it a lot of good. This seemed to help matters, for Angel proceeded to go into further detail. Listen:

"Hollywood today is like California in the days of the gold rush. It has the same excitement, the same extravagance, the same profligacy. This is only natural. Hollywood has a great cosmopolitan crowd, and the magnet which has drawn that crowd is gold. To be in Hollywood is to be a gambler, and so the people here are gamblers all. They are all waiting for the big chance. But this is true of theatrical people everywhere, for their whole existence is a gamble. Being a gambler myself, a gambler of life and opportunity, I can sympathize with them. As for the rest it should be taken with a pinch of salt. I mean Hollywood as it may seem to the outside world. Any place which has the spotlight forever turned on it is likely to look wicked. All the black spots stand out. But I like looking for the white spots, and there are quite as many white spots in Hollywood as I have found in other cities."

Angel put a punch into her opinion, then backed it up with:

"I think Hollywood charming, fascinating. I feel that anything could happen here, and that when it did happen it would be interesting. Hollywood is a city of dreams, and everybody is waiting for those dreams to come true. You can see this in the faces of the people, faces alive with the spirit of adventure, expectant, hopeful faces. But most of all, Hollywood is the city of youth."

I WAS interested to know what Angel thought of the hordes of young girls who flock to Hollywood. Her face drew down gravely—a striking characteristic of this girl-woman—as she said:

"It is a terrible thing. I see so many girls without work, without even the chance of work. This is the tragedy of Hollywood. There is no knowing to what end it may lead. For one thing, a girl is easily lost in Hollywood. If she happens to be so inclined, or let us say that poverty, perhaps other misfortune, drives her too hard, she may hide herself away where those who really love her cannot find her. Here, away from her home and family, she finds a lessening of restrictions which she may not be strong enough to withstand. This is the great danger."

Again the blonde head went down in heavy thought, but a moment later it bobbed up lightly, and Angel, once more bright-eyed, alert, enthusiastically declared:

"I'm tremendously interested in girls! And this is a wonderful field for me! I'm very impulsive myself, so it is not hard for me to understand girls who impulsively come to Hollywood. For that matter girls generally today are drunk with freedom. But they will regain their equilibrium. The pendulum always swings back. We simply happen to be living in an age given to the accenting of sex. It is a stage of adolescence which will pass just as it passed with the French.

HOLLYWOOD is full of girls," she reminded me, "and it is this fact which makes me hopeful of building my Cinema Cathedral. At present it is, of course, only a dream, but I hope to make it a realization within two years. My plan is to have a six-story building that would be both a home and a community center for extra girls of the movies, together with other business girls just getting a start. It would be possible to provide a girl with room, breakfast and dinner for eight dollars a week. It can be done, for it has already been done by the Salvation Army. On certain nights of the week the church could be turned into a theatre, where extra girls would have the opportunity of appearing in plays. In this way they could be seen by studio executives and helped, according to their ability, to get positions in pictures. In short, the Cathedral would be a clearing house as well as a home—without the stigma of charity."

A youthful rival of Aimee McPherson seemed to be showing her blonde head over the Hollywood horizon, and as I took my hat to go I inquired whether her plans included any walking tours through the desert. Like a flash, Angel came back with:

"I wear high-heeled shoes."

And so at the door we both laughed that off.

Africa Invades Hollywood

(*Continued from page 69*)

"Come to Jesus!" "Git offen dat train, quick!" "De Debbil don't make no moah stops! Brudder, sister, ain't you gwine repent now?"

They came to him en masse, filling the "mourner's bench" ten kneeling rows deep. He had imaged the instant alternative of Hell or Heaven so terrifically that there was no denying of him. Amid the hallelujas and hosannas and "Praise Gods!" of triumph, a priestess on the platform started singing—

"Glory to God, I'm free at last!"

and the children and grandchildren of slaves, their sin-wrestling forgotten in their victory over the "Sperit" of Evil that has immemorially pursued their race, unanimously joined in the paean, giving a 100 per cent score of achievement to young Zeke, the "woods preacher."

HONEST, students of SCREEN SECRETS, the above aren't old tales out of books or Broadway-and-Forty-second-street dramatization of the negro, but rather instances of the new riches that the sound device is bringing to the motion picture.

One of its most striking results is the colored invasion of Hollywood. The blacks have come, and they're a problem. Equally so for the white actors who have survived the "foreign" irruption from overseas, and for the masters of the game.

Nina May McKenney at the mature age of sixteen finds herself a leading lady of Hollywood. Lightsome as a feather, pretty, with expressive eyes, almost every pose as graceful as a fawn's, she could make most any of the famed "yellow gals" of New Orleans envious of her charms. Nina has high hopes.

"I was instructed," she told me, "by Lou Leslie, who brought out Florence Mills and made her famous here and abroad—"

"Chance for you in Paris after you finish this speakie?"

"Perhaps," she laughed. "I'm trying for the top, anyway. You see, at sixteen I haven't much to tell of what has happened excepting that I was a chorus girl in *Blackbirds of* 1928 at the Eltinge and sang contralto in Leonard Harper's revue at the Lafayette. My father went to New York from Lancaster, S. C., a good many years ago. He's one of the big men of Harlem's night life—Mack McKenney his name is—and I've never had anything to do but sing and dance."

Who wouldn't want to put the glorious "spirituals" of the colored race into filmed melodies?

That's the real reason for *Hearts In Dixie,* a big feature in Movietone, from which *Nellie Bly* and *Zeke Saw de Wheel* have been quoted.

And who more inevitably than King Vidor would sense the possibilities of negro life told in song and dialect as well as pictured?

The purpose of Hallelujah (of which I have roughly transcribed the camp meeting scene) is to reveal the heart of the race in a sort of rural *Peer Gynt.*

Trailing behind these come the burlesquers and comedians. The Melancholy Dame is the first of a series of Paramount all-ebon comedies in which Mr. Christie gives colored players the chance to embody the characterizations of Octavus Roy Cohen. Soon everybody in Hollywood will be doing it—the colored drama, I mean—unless the public puts its foot down and says "No!" to African pictures-and-music. About two thousand dusky actors are now finding employment—regular or occasional—in Hollywood.

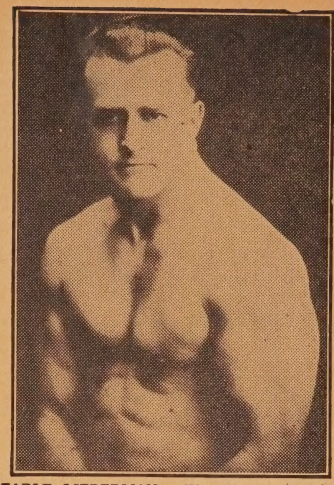
YOU can't help being interested in these people," remarks Paul Sloane, making *Hearts in Dixie,* and who learned his anthropology at New York University and thinks from an international background. "One day we had a negro wedding ceremony in the picture, and that night, the couple, to attest their sincerity, went out and got married in real life!

"On location Thanksgiving Day, we provided a turkey dinner 'n everything, and you ought to have seen the response! A preacher up from Los Angeles to exhort and pray—singing that brought the tears to my eyes—speeches the wit and fervor of which would delight anybody. I tell you, Mac, they live in their emotions, with the art to express them.

"This picture wouldn't be anything at all without the voice," he confided. "It's just a bit of musical impressionism of the Old South, no plot complications or dominating love romance, merely a simple theme of a cottonpicker's parental love that ties the threads together. It is what they will hear as well as see—especially the twenty-seven grand spirituals and chanteys, some of which have passed into classics and others that are but dimly remembered from the Fisk Singers—that will, I am firmly convinced, endear *Hearts In Dixie* to the hearts of the public."

ACROSS the hills from Fox Movietone—in the "bottoms" of the M-G-M lot, in sound-proofs and on location—King Vidor is completing a different kind of job in *Hallelujah.* For Vidor is a realist, and his principal interest is the reaction of environment and character. For hero he has chosen a preacher type that can rise to the heights and sink to the depths, is unwittingly involved in racial tragedies, and mightily torn betwixt the passion of a gay yaller gal and the serious affection of a fine home wench.

Daniel Haynes, the fine singer of the stage production of *Show Boat,* was chosen for the role of the roving preacher, with the frolicsome Nina May McKenney as Chick, the yellow



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A DOCTOR WHO TAKES HIS OWN MEDICINE

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the factories and mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They ruined their hearts or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed.

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charmer, and Victoria Spivey as the sedate Missy Rose.

Chick "gets religion" at the camp meeting and a chance to hug her baptizer wildly during immersion in the creek. She stows away in the gospel box car which, next day, is bearing her pastor to pastures new, with the result that they flee to a stolen honeymoon in a sawmill clearing where Zeke, forgetting his call to preach, works valiantly as a mill hand.

The climax comes when a negro "sporting man" (who had tricked Zeke before and slain his younger brother in a fight) reappears and the fickle Chick tries to sneak off with him. After tragedy and convict camp the story ends with Zeke's great deed on the Mississippi flood levee and the homecoming of the black Peer Gynt.

On talking with the polished Mr. Haynes I was interested to discover that he is more than half Red Indian, a Choctaw and a Cherokee strain combining with his negroid heritage. He received his education from universities in Atlanta and Chicago, has been in more than a dozen various "white collar" occupations from insurance agency to music publishing and from boss printer to the ordained ministry. His show career was started in *The Bottom of the Cup,* after which he played the leading role of *Rang Tang* at the Royal Theatre.

"I am too good to be a preacher," he replied in answer to my query as to why he left the ministry. "In making that statement," he continued, "I am not patting my back as having extraordinary talents, but simply saying that I am too morally good to go in for the religious sensationalism that seems required to make an outstanding success in pulpiteering." Haynes is deeply religious.

An hour's talk with this tall, slim, erect Illinois chief of mime and song opens up many novel viewpoints. Proud of his dark blood, he has specialized at college and later in negro history and anthropology. He contends that negroes are "just folks," with all the virtues, vices, weaknesses, capacities of other kinds of folks. "All they require is a chance, and they're getting it now."

Right next to him the vociferous Mammy of the production who had just gyrated like a dervish as she led the congregational singing—

"Gib me de old-time Religion,
Gib me de old-time Religion!
'Twas good enough for de Hebrew chilluns
An' it's good enough for me!"

turned out to be Fannie Belle de Knight, ex-seventh grade teacher of Public School 89, New York City. Curious, isn't it, how the "cullud" professors and professoresses, and their bright pupils, too, are flocking to the boards!

With proper guidance in Hollywood, and granted almost certain hearty acceptance by the public, Africa's invasion of the movies may well net the world stirring and novel treasures in song and story.

Screen Secrets Prize Winners

(*Continued from page* 55)

8. Mrs. John Malone, 1525 Grand Ave., Racine, Wisc.—Clara Bow.
9. Janice M. Swarner, 5641 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo.—Clara Bow.
10. Ena Churchill, Box 316, Carson City, Nevada.—Clara Bow.
11. Miss Mabel Millspaugh, 120 W. 4th St., Anderson, Ind.—Janet Gaynor.
12. Elizabeth Wayman, Box 331, Ellsworth, Wisc.—Charles Rogers.
13. Jeanne C. McDowell, 1216 N. Lincoln St., Aberdeen, S. D.—Janet Gaynor.
14. Mrs. Berniece Jackson, 520 West Elm St., Ludlow, Ky.—Clara Bow.
15. Alice B. Campbell, 2418 Payne St., Evanston, Ill.—Charles Rogers.
16. Edgar M. Murney, 207 Turner Bldg., Clinton, Ia.—Janet Gaynor.
17. Frances E. Heggstrom, 1160 Oak St., Red Wing, Minn.—Charles Rogers.
18. Mrs. Sara W. Burwasser, 2408 Pacific Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.—Janet Gaynor.
19. Mrs. Pearl Hinshaw, Windfall, Ind.—Janet Gaynor.
20. Robert Edwards, 3477 East 152 St., Cleveland, Ohio.—Charles Rogers.

Here is the list of those who deserve honorable mention, although they did not win a prize.

1. Edward Lennon, 200 Ballow St., Woonsocket, R. I.
2. Theresa Lubon, 6862 Fountain Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
3. Miss L. Cadieux, 69 Souvenir Ave., Montreal, Canada.
4. Helena F. Lottarelli, 3245 Bradford Rd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio.
5. Solon S. Bloom, 3503 Morris Ave., Baltimore, Md.
6. Jules Troyana, 4420 Cayuga Ave., Fieldston, N. Y.
7. Barbara Willson, 347 W. Leonard St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
8. Mrs. L. B. Mitchell, 639 31st Ave., Meridian, Miss.
9. Julie Haley, 1226 E. State St., Rockford, Ill.
10. Dorothy Wallis, 1449 E. 3rd St., Long Beach, Cal.
11. Miss Alice West, Hotel Riviera, care J. T. West, Newark, N. J.
12. Marian Drysch, 1352 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill.
13. Miss Genevieve Erickson, 680 Hyacinth St., St. Paul, Minn.
14. Josephine Grimwood, 121 Broadway, Pawtucket, R. I.
15. Jon Currie, 2307 14th St., Lubbock, Tex.
16. Rebecca D. Guthrie, 6548 Regent St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.
17. Thelma Werner, 810 Boston St., Los Angeles, Cal.
18. Joe Hayes, 1233 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
19. Grace Margaret Jones, 3304 E. 10th St., Kansas City, Mo.
20. Mary Donovan, 599 W. 176th St., New York City, N. Y.
21. Mrs. Don Tinker, 905 N. El Centro Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
22. Virginia Thomas, 715½ Plum St., Logansport, Ind.
23. Mrs. Lillian Kennion, 2113 5th St., W., Calgary, Alta, Canada.
24. Irma Jean Jackson, Box 1475, Bartlesville, Okla.
25. Eugene Gross, 2417 East Carter Ave., Ashland, Ky.
26. Joan Wethern, 162 Barlow St., Fall River, Mass.
26. Julie Backstedt, 1905 S. Millard Ave., Hawthorn Station, Chicago, Ill.
27. Leah Switalski, 3033 Woodburn Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
28. Harold Green Hansen, 33 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
29. John F. Mudge, 63rd St., St. John, N. B., Canada.
30. Lucille Gross, 1277 Bonnie View Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
31. Waller R. Burns, 752 S. Kostner Ave., Chicago, Ill.
32. Rose Harris, 2193 Cambridge, Los Angeles, Cal.
33. Anna J. Brophy, 7721 Elmgrove Drive, Elmwood Park, Ill.
34. Miss Barbara Mueller, 8418 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.
35. Charles Ryden, 1039 Center St., Johnsonburg, Pa.
36. Emma Cherrie, 19 Charon St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.
37. Edward S. Grater, 511 Bergen St., Gloucester City, N. J.
38. Willeta Shafer, 238 Hope St., San Bernardino, Cal.
39. Miss Billie Wampler, 31 Mason St., Hammond, Ind.
40. Bernard Novak, 21-46 49th St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
41. Miss Emily B. Gruber, 143½ South Main, Tulsa, Okla.
42. Miss Gladys Milligan, Box 679, Hot Springs, Ark.
43. Marie Chevrolet, 410 W. 10th St., Indianapolis, Ind.
44. Kathryn Winrod, 122 Magnolia Ave., Modesto, Cal.
45. Miss Balbina Koscielski, 8367 Baltimore Ave., Chicago, Ill.
46. Dorothy Conn, Box 409, Brookhaven, Miss.
47. Miss Mildred Tormey, 3 Wheeling Ave., Princess Bay, S. I., N. Y.
48. Ruth Willion, 1436 W. 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
49. E. C. Ruhaak, 3907 E. 39th St., Kansas City, Mo.
50. Mrs. El Dorado Haller, 223 West Shepherd St., Nashville, Ark.

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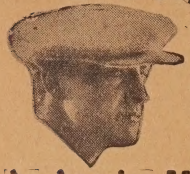

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Bidding for Barthelmess

(*Continued from page 79*)

harbors a gentleman who was seen often with her in New York. That little boy was John Gilbert. But it was not to be. (*Hearts and Flowers*, Adolphe). Dorothy, she of the fountain pen last name, couldn't agree with her co-workers in the creation of a certain film to be called *Dynamite*, the only report from which is that the theme song was to be called *Dynamite, I Love You.* It was a bit too much for Dorothy, according to a columnist's account, and now she's back amongst us in time to have new stories told about her and to pay five berries couvert at The Rendezvous to see the ridiculous but uproarious antics of the inimitable Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, who have also been hitting it up as Keith headliners.

Stage Stuff

EVEN Syd Perelman, who does the cuckoo drawings and stories for the fun-making *Judge*, claims that he won't pay that much even to see those three hellions whom he considers the funniest men in the world. Maybe it's because he's saving up for the big event next fall. He's engaged to be married to Laura West. Instead of seeing his pals, Durante and gang, he drops in on his friends, the Marx Brothers, Groucho in particular. Groucho is the gent who got Walter Winchell back stage for a performance of *Animal Crackers* by dressing him up as an old something or other. It seems that Walter is strenuously banned from all Shubert productions because of some disparaging remarks he made in his *Evening Graphic* criticisms. But there's very little that Walter Winchell can't get in on if he puts his mind to it. He once remarked that it didn't really matter if the Shuberts kept him out of their theatres to see their shows open, because he could wait three days and see them close. It's a snappy street, this here now Great Wit Way.

Painting The Lily

LILY DAMITA has been making personal appearances at the Rialto theatre here in connection with her performance with Ronald Colman in *The Rescue*. Lily does the temperament act. singing "Madelon" to try to kid us out of our assurance that she's German. Quite a contrast. In the show, she's sedate, prepossessing, poised. In her personal appearance she goes hoyden on us by giving an imitation of a cyclone. She announces in what seems to be a Teutonic girl's impression of what an American audience thinks a French accent ought to be: "I have come to New York to make whoopee," and waits for a laugh. Lovely girl, and it's a shame that some press agent in the midst of his bull throwing gave her a bum steer.

Lily has also just appeared in another film on Broadway—*Forbidden Love*—in

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which she is seen in a glass bath tub. No, Oscar, not in person.

Whazzat!

HERE'S a weird bit about Adolphe Menjou who's just appearing in *Marquis Preferred* at the Paramount. It seems that two farmers up in Rhinebeck, New York, claim that Adolphe used to work on their farms up there before he hit the movie racket. He was fired from both farms. Maybe it was there that he first learned how to play the part of a rake. Don't shoot.

Bill Powell Comments

WILLIAM POWELL hit the town the other day in his most suave and matter-of-fact manner. I dropped in to see him at the Ambassador, where Richard Barthelmess slums in an apartment de luxe, poor fellow, when he comes east. William Powell, after a ten-minute conversation, becomes Bill. Bill is fast on repartee, up to the minute on books, plays, and ideas, and sports a copy of the *American Merk*. He's just finished work on *Four Feathers* and the part of Philo Vance in *The Canary Murder Case*. He says that there's a possibility that he may continue with S. S. Van Dine's popular series of detecka-tiff stories. Believe it or not, fans, but Bill sat at ease in a light blue kimona-smoking coat and delivered a panegyric on a fellow star. Richard Arlen, it seems, is a swell fellow, and he and his wife Jobyna Ralston are one of the most charming couples in Hollywood. Jobyna makes her own furniture now and Dick shows it off proudly to visitors.

Bill Powell's reason for being in town is to look around for possible plays. His rave of the moment is *Street Scene*, which is generally considered one of Papa Knickerbocker's best stage offerings of the season. However, Bill seems to have no designs on the play for a production of his own. Perhaps Lon Chaney will take it and portray the part of a street. Everybody could step on him then.

One thing is certain, says Bill. He is now to be exploited in sympathetic roles, the first being that of Philip Voaze in *Interference*. His villian days are over. No more curling of moustachios or insidious exhaling of cigarette smoke through distended nostrils.

Jottings

TEXAS GUINAN who's up in court on charges of maintaining a nuisance after the squelching of the conspiracy charge is still down on the movie industry . . . Jane Winton was in town and gave a lunch at which she greeted all visitors by their correct names whether she'd met them before or not... Carlotta King playing a lead in *The Desert Song* sang for us up at the Dover Apartments with her hubby at the piano . . . special morning pre-view of George Jessel's *Lucky Boy* shows him walking along the Al Jolson road.

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33x4	3.45	1.85	30x5.25	4.00	2.50
34x4	3.50	1.90	31x5.25	4.25	2.60
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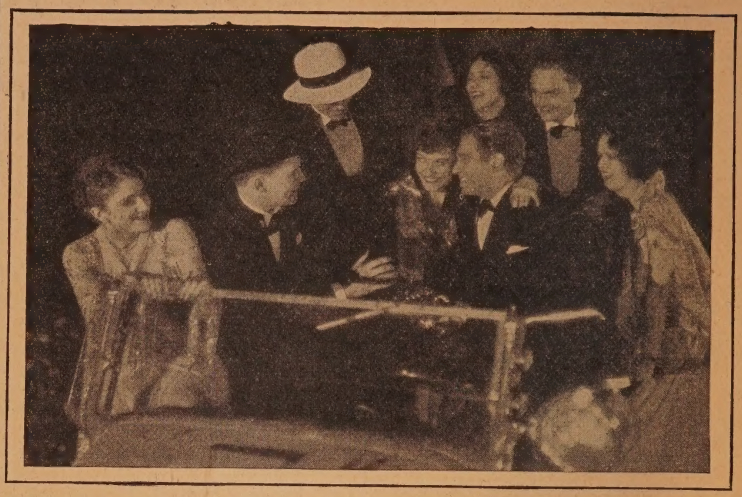
Our Modern Maidens

(*Continued from page* 43)



Suddenly she threw her arms about Gil's neck and cried gaily, "I want a last fling as one of 'Miss Stern's Select Young Ladies'!"

'nough—and don't go wasting your ammunition, or you'll be just a little unplucked rose in No Man's Land!"

"Hold fire until you see the whites of their eyes," cried Billie, "and then aim low!"

Now Reg topped the hilarity by leaning amorously over Kentucky and playing shrilly on his piccolo, "Mamma loves papa, papa loves mama."

Kentucky struggled to keep back the angry tears that persisted in filling her eyes. This was the first time Gil had ever seemed even to notice her—and he was laughing!

Billie must have suspected that their good-natured banter had touched a sensitive spot in Kentucky, for she threw her arm protectingly around her shoulder and commanded, "Now lay off the Baby. She'll make the grade if we give her time . . . come on, kids, it's my turn again to roll the bones!"

BILLIE found a moment to glance at Kentucky when the others were once more absorbed in the game. The girl caught Billie's hand and pressed it ardently.

"Oh, Billie, you're just marvelous. I wish I could be a little like you!"

But sweet, romantic little Kentucky could never hope to possess the magnetism, spontaneity, and carefree clutch on life that imbued Billie Brown.

The train was just pulling away from a station after a brief stop when a young man jumped from a taxi and ran forward. He reached the tracks as the B. Bickering Brown car rolled by. By a scant hairsbreadth he managed to leap onto the step. A moment later he was banging peremptorily at the locked door.

An astonished porter appeared. "Sorry, Suh, but dis am a private car—"

"I'm passing through it!" announced the stranger with finality; and as he was a man of athletic build, with muscles obviously of steel, Sam did not press his objections.

The youngsters were about to toss off a second round of drinks, when Billie was suddenly aware of the intruder. Coolly, disinterestedly, disdainfully aloof, she stared at him. To her discomfiture, he stared as indifferently back at her. She was not used to that! Billie even wondered uncomfortably if his eyes were not cynically amused.

Now a draft from the open window blew some of her winnings to the floor. Silently the stranger gathered them up and held them for a moment as he looked questioningly into the sea of flippant young faces about him.

"Mine!" said Billie, coldly.

Without a word he gave them to her, his glance fixed on her extravagantly jeweled, beautifully useless white hands. His own were strong, muscular, clean, but not fastidiously manicured; hands that were accustomed to work—to fight, if they must.

"Thanks," murmured Billie haughtily.

As the man passed on—amused, contemptuous, and by no means overpowered by the snobbishness of her crowd—Billie struggled to recall where she had seen him before. He had already passed into the car ahead when she remembered his photograph in the latest *Vanity Fair*, with the paragraph:

"We nominate to the Hall of Fame: Glenn Abbott—Because he fought his way from the muck to a place of political power; because, though scandal

dogged his steps, it never caught up; because he flung everything away to live in primitive lands; because, though he has returned at his party's call, no one knows whether he will remain; finally, because he is an enigma, nicknamed 'Dynamite.'"

Billie's quick brain was working. Here was a man she should tackle—for Gil's sake . . . a power in the political world! . . . That intriguing hint of scandal suggested that he was clever, too—a worthy match even for her! Besides, his arrogance had met her own without flinching. Here indeed was a man worth conquering!

In sudden determination, she abandoned the game of craps, sweeping aside the protests of the others. Feeling deftly of her hair, and twitching at her rumpled skirt, she sauntered after Abbott.

"Billie's out stalking new prey!" remarked Blondie venomously. "Some day she's going to fly so damned high there's going to be a mighty crash—and don't I long to see that day!"

"Aw, quit razzing her!" growled Reg. "We're getting near the end of the long trail. Better gather up your lip-stick and roller skates and get ready to get off the train."

"All right, Boy Scout. Here, fix my shoulder strap, won't you—I've broken it."

KENTUCKY watched the repair of Blondie's lingerie intently, enviously. How casual they all were, even about—such things. If only she could be like them.

"Mr. Johns," she called shyly.

Gil turned toward her, smiling. Now that Billie was no longer in view, he could see that Kentucky was really a very pretty, sweet youngster.

"Will you—my wrist watch has come unfastened—could you fix it for me?"

"Sure—if you'll call me Gil."

"All right—Gil," she replied in happy confusion.

"Here you are," he remarked. "Gosh, you're a funny kid!"

Reg had finished anchoring the shoulder strap. Now Blondie pulled his lips to her shoulder.

"Thanks, old darlink."

And Reg kissed her shoulder dutifully.

Kentucky was all athrill. She wished Gil would do that to her; but he released her hand without any demonstration. Reluctant to miss any of the little nuances of the others' love-making, she pressed the palm of her hand almost to his lips.

"Thanks, old dar-link," she said, imitating Blondie to the best of her ability.

Gil, amazed, took her palm in his hand and kissed it gallantly, before turning away. Kentucky felt as if the world had suddenly become clothed in rainbows. Slyly she pressed the kissed palm close to her, as if afraid she might lose one atom of its thrill. Gil, noticing this naive little gesture, was amused; but he was interested, too. For what man is not flattered by a pretty girl's adoration?

BILLIE had no idea how she was to force another meeting between herself and Abbott. Certainly she had not made an impression on him that would induce him to seek her again!

Lurching accidentally against a door, she got an idea. She could simply stumble into every compartment until she found him!

Her first two efforts were fruitless. But as she approached a third door the train shot unexpectedly around a curve and threw her violently into the room. Abbott leaped to her side, solicitously inquiring if she had hurt herself.

"My head—oh! Nasty crack!" she replied ruefully, rubbing it tenderly.

"Sit down a moment, till you get over the shock," he urged.

"No, I'm really all right, thank you—Mr. Abbott."

He looked at her in surprise, wondering if they had ever been introduced. It wouldn't be like him to forget a face—and figure—like hers!

"Oh, I know you!" Billie laughed, opening the magazine she had brought with her, and displaying his picture. Abbott glanced at it casually. Vanity was not his weak point.

The train lurched again, throwing Billie forward. As Abbott caught her with one hand, she felt as if she were caught in a steel vise.

"I guess," she remarked, "that I may as well *sit* down as be *thrown* down." But, unwilling to let him suspect that she was intentionally making a social call on him, she perched on the arm of the seat, as if she were but pausing a moment.

"Please don't stand," she told him. Reluctantly he released her. As he sat on the seat opposite her, she swung an expensively shod foot and pretty leg into the seat near him, apparently to help maintain her balance more easily. Wise in the ways of sex, she knew that he was completely conscious of her seductive young body.

"You many as well know who has dropped in on you!" she said importantly. "I'm B. Bickering Brown's daughter."

Abbott smiled politely, no slightest hint of reverence for that magic name betrayed in his face, or in his casual reply, "I met him before I went to the Andes. Even there one reads about him constantly."

Billie threw back her pretty head and laughed impudently. "Well, if you didn't, his whole publicity staff would get the axe. His slogan is B. B. B.—the same in all languages!"

Abbott laughed at her audacity. What a girl she was! He remembered the money piled on the table, the dice, the drinks . . . Yes, what a girl! . . . And *what kind* of a girl was she, anyhow? His very inability to catalogue her according to types he had met before intrigued him.

"Well, I've got to toddle along," she remarked a moment later. She held out her hand with a frank young smile. Abbott took it in his own, conscious of

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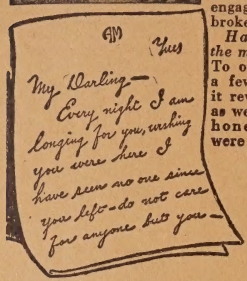

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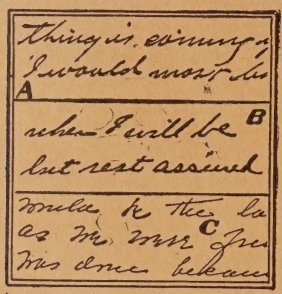

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how small and soft it was—how nice to hold. He retained it much longer than was necessary.

"Of course, as you know Dad, you must come to my birthday party," she said, looking into his eyes and flashing all the well-known sex-appeal in her possession. "I'm a Fourth of July baby —which gives a little class to that day!"

Abbott, staring down at her with full realization of her alluring young presence, shook his head slowly.

"What? You won't come?" she demanded, unable to believe his silent refusal.

"I may be unscrupulous," he answered slowly, coolly, "but I'd be a lamb led to the slaughter among you youngsters!"

Billie did not know how to take this. She was spared the necessity of repartee by a porter, who entered to announce, "Your station next, Mr. Abbott."

"Why, it's my station, too!" cried Billie triumphantly. "Resign yourself to Fate! You simply can't escape!" Then, with a quick little pressure on his fingers, she drew her hand away, and ran from his compartment.

Abbott stood looking after her uncertainly. Why had she talked to him? Why had she asked him to her party? Was she just a young modern who liked his looks, and had gone after him? Or had she some kind of an axe to grind? As he recalled his past, he remembered that he had never known a woman who had not played him for a sucker. Most of them wanted money, jewels, cars, luxury; but Billie Brown had wealth and enviable position. *Why* did she seem interested in him . . . why?

As he turned to assemble his luggage, trying deliberately to erase the memory of her, Billie—impudent, alluring, inviting—seemed to be always before his eyes. He had refused to see her again; and yet, she was the most desirable girl he had ever known!

(To be continued)

Billie, engaged to young Gil Johns, decided to play Glenn Abbott for a diplomatic position for her sweetheart. Abbott, accustomed to being worked by women, and scorning their petty gold-digging, believed Billie a desirable, frank, young modern. What would be his reaction when he learned the truth? Don't miss the next installment of this whirlwind romance in the May issue of *Screen Secrets*, on sale April 10.

So This Is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 34)

Doug wants to see London, so we are going to compromise and go to both places—but not at the same time."

For Better Transportation

NILS ASTHER met an acquaintance who appeared to have been imbibing a little too much.

"You should not do this," Nils warned his friend. "You should take a ride on the—er——what is it in English?"

The friend scowled.

"Do you mean a street car?" he asked.

"No, no. You know what I mean. This big thing that goes down the street making a swish—swish—swish—noise."

The friend thought a minute and then smiled.

"You mean the water wagon?"

"Yah, that is et," replied Asther.

Arthur Lake Explains

HAROLD TEEN'S fans will certainly remember that during one part of his career in the funny papers he had a colored chauffeur driving Leaping Lena to pay off a loan for a gambling debt. Hollywood's Harold Teen, Arthur Lake, has been seen in Hollywood with a chauffeur driving his coupe. It did look kind of silly at first and Arthur was made the subject of much joke, but he was forgiven when he explained that it is kind of maddening driving home after a hard day's work at the studios.

The Plot

WILLIAM HAINES was observed one afternoon playing with his new bulldog on the front lawn of his home. He was shaking an old boot at the dog and using it as a tug of war.

"What are you doing?" one of his friends asked.

"Teaching him to bite directors," was Bill's tart reply.

He Wanted Practice

MAURICE CHEVALIER, known as the Al Jolson of France and who is making a Paramount talking picture, *The Innocents of Paris*, certainly is a lucky guy. He had a scene in the picture where he had to be kissed by the entire chorus of a smart Parisian revue as a reward for his triumph in his debut as a singer. Chevalier wanted to rehearse the scene a number of times. Richard Wallace the director, turned thumbs down.

Nancy Would be Naughty

(*Continued from page 65*)

Nancy Carroll's flame-colored velvet robe trimmed in white marabou enhances her childish beauty, but, alas, fails to make her look naughty.

the husband of a supposed-to-be jealous woman. I thought to myself, 'Aha, Nancy, now you're out of the saccharine class,' but instead of smashing the statue of liberty over my head she invited me to dinner because I was so *sweet!*

"I've never been arrested for speeding. I'd like to be. I think it would be fun. I tried it once. I saw a copper and I stepped on the gas and shot past him. He chased me for a few blocks and ran me into the curb. Gee, I was excited! But did that officer give me a ride in the patrol wagon? Not on your life. He took one look at me and said, 'Hurry home, little girl. It's getting late.'

"Gosh, I was so disappointed I couldn't keep my chin from quivering. I said, 'But aren't you going to arrest me?' He looked at me so surprised and then said, 'Just who do you think you are? A Bebe Daniels? Now step on it. Your mother will be worried.'"

SHE'D like to *go gay*—she says so. She envies the whoopee girls. She'd like to be a Clara Bow, an Alice White or a Joan Crawford, but she always winds up by being just Nancy Carroll.

Even when she was a Glorified Chorus Girl in a Shubert Show, the baby face cheated her out of headlines. She and Joan Crawford were in the same show but it was Joan and not she who caused all the racket. Just a case of Sugar and Spice with Nancy furnishing the flavor and Joan, the savor.

Joan came from Kansas City and Nancy, from Tenth Avenue. They both made the front line and the front page—but how differently!

"I always envied Joan her sensational publicity. Why, if that girl was late for rehearsal they had it in *Broadway Brevities*. I guess it's partly my own fault. I didn't bother with any stage door Johnnies. I just went with Jack. When I saw his hungry eyes waiting for me after the show my chorus girl appetite shrank to normal and we just ran over to my uncle's—Billy La Hiff's—for a bite to eat. Jack was a cub reporter then and he used to tell me about his plans and I used to listen. I thought he was *just wonderful* and I still think so and all his plans came true.

"Then I came to Hollywood with a show. Now show girls aren't supposed to be gullible but I was. A studio official saw me and gave me a screen test and a promise—the screen test came out O. K. After a dozen screen tests and a hundred promises, I decided there wasn't any Santa Claus and was all ready to go back to New York. But Hollywood, it seems, just delights in breaking little hearts for the sheer joy of mending them. It got out adhesive tape and stuck my heart together with a contract for twelve pictures—I've already made nine. I made two at Fox—the rest here.

"I think screen tests are cruel. They pick out someone for a part and then test everyone else for it, knowing all the time that only that one has any chance. I know that now, but I didn't then. Every time I had a test I nearly died waiting for the outcome. Why, when I first came out here all I did was to sit by the telephone and wait for a call to come down and be starred. I was on salary but I wanted to work. Work, it seemed, consisted of nothing but publicity stills. I was photographed in every position imaginable, both pos-

Make Marriage a Success!

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Make Yourself Fit

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if dissipation and excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. They can never remove the cause of your weakness and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through nature's basic law.

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sible and impossible. Every costume in the wardrobe was draped on me. Every mayor, diplomat or pineapple king who visited Hollywood was snapped with me.

"Just about the time I had my mind all made up that movies were stills they called for action! And I've been acting every day since. I've often heard that stars over-acted but this is a case of where they over-acted a star! Well, I struggled along, learned to put action into my face instead of my feet and finally learned that when the director told me to register 'anger' he wanted me to look daggers instead of stamping my feet—and then they sprang the talkies on me.

NOW TAKING talkies differs from taking silent pictures. In fact, it should be reversed. The silent drama is a noisy business. The scenes are taken with hammers pounding, orchestras playing, electricians screaming and directors bellowing. If they want you to laugh they play something lively and you feel like dancing and singing and laughing; if they want you to weep they play something sad and the flood starts. I had a terrible time crying for a talkie. I tried to think of everything that was sad—I thought of my mother, my childhood, my Broadway experience. None of it was sad enough to make me cry—in fact, much of it was laughable. Then I thought of the telephone I sat by when I first came to Hollywood and all the promises and the screen tests and I made that scene look as though the Pacific had suddenly backed up."

"Well, what do you think of the talkies looking at them from the inside?" I asked.

"I never will forget my first one. I stood shaking and quaking, waiting for the lights to change. They flashed, I took a deep breath and stepped up to the mike; 'Oh, Jimmy—' 'OH, JIMMY' my voice bounced back at me like a bolt of thunder. I forgot my lines entirely and said, 'Oh, my God! Was that my voice?'"

"And then,"—I thought I knew all the rest of it—"I suppose the director forgot all about the colored lights and expounded a little of his choice vocabulary on you?"

"No, he didn't. He certainly made it plain that it was my voice, but he used only the nicest words in saying so."

Of course he did. In fact, no one is ever nasty to Nancy. She doesn't know what struggle or hardship or harsh words are. Even her husband kisses her rosebud mouth and calls her "Baby." She gets even by shaking her little red head and saying, "He's such a nice boy." And he *is* a nice boy, and he isn't Mr. Nancy Carroll, either. He's Mr. Jack Kirkland, the playwright! And Nancy is proud of him and he's proud of Nancy and Hollywood is proud of them both. And we don't actually give a darn if they do get along like a pair of love birds—we'll always have our gossip about them, anyway.

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THE OLIVE CO. Dept. C Clarinda, Iowa

Chaplin's New Cinderella

(*Continued from page* 36)

one who remarks on the likeness, both here and all through Hollywood."

"Hollywood certainly is interested in you. I suppose that you've been going around a lot, meeting all the people you used to watch on the screen?"

"Yes, and it thrills me frightfully. Being introduced to Gloria Swanson was one of the big days of my life, and I don't think there's anyone quite like Bebe Daniels. I spend a lot of time at her beach home. I always was crazy about moving pictures in Chicago. I used to go to them all the time. I read all the magazines like SCREEN SECRETS, and whenever anyone would ask me what I would like to do, I'd say a picture-show. Oh, I was a dyed-in-the-wool fan! And now, just a few months later, I'm meeting all the stars, face to face in real life!"

"I had no intention of going into pictures when I came out here from Chicago. I merely was on a visit to my best friend, Sue Carol. We had gone to school together at Kemper Hall, in Kenosha, Wisconsin. My marriage had turned out unhappily, and I decided to take a trip out to the Coast to see Sue. I intended to stay six weeks, and here I am—I hope for good!"

BY AN odd coincidence, her case strangely parallels that of her friend. Sue Carol also came to Hollywood on a short visit from Chicago, was discovered by a comedian (Douglas MacLean), and remained to take up a screen career. Both girls come of good families in the Windy City, both have had unfortunate marriages—and both have admired Charlie Chaplin since they were schoolchildren.

"It seems so odd to be working for this man whom I've always so admired. Sue came out to California on a trip when she was at Kemper Hall, and was introduced to Charlie. She came back with a snap shot of him holding her by the hand—she reached almost to his waist—and wouldn't deign to notice the rest of us girls for weeks. We envied her until we were green! And now I'm playing opposite him!"

"How is he to work with?"

"Simply wonderful. When I took the first tests, I was scared half to death. He has such a reputation as a genius, and I had never appeared in anything theatrical in all my life. But he was so kind and patient, that there wasn't the slightest reason for nervousness or fear. He's the most considerate of men, always taking things so easily and naturally that it doesn't seem like acting at all. I imagine that with a more brusque director, I wouldn't have been able to go through a single scene. But with Charlie, it really seems that everything will be all right."

Everything will be all right! The Cinderella war-cry! But how could it be anything else? I recall that in *City Lights* she plays something of a Cinderella role, a blind waif of the streets. It is an intensely sympathetic part, to which the soft, rounded curves of her face should lend themselves admirably. It would be unfortunate, however, to lose the spectacle of her eyes. I asked her if the script required that she keep them closed.

"No, I keep them open—just as Mary Pickford did when she played a blind girl in one of her earlier pictures. She gave me a good deal of training on how to get the best effects. You see, I had to go back to Chicago to ask my mother if I might accept the contract which Mr. Chaplin offered me after the test. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were on the train coming back, and all the way out she helped me. She was busy with all the problems of *Coquette* then, but not so much so that she didn't have me in to her drawing room every day to explain screen acting to me. The Fairbanks and Charlie have been very kind to me."

"You like Hollywood?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered quickly. "It is so much nicer, so much more informal, than Chicago. In a city like that it's almost impossible to have a home; hotels and apartments are a general rule. But out here everyone has a house and is able to entertain so much better. One gets tired so easily of going to hotels and cafes to see friends. It's much pleasanter at private houses. Through Sue and Charlie I've been to those of most of the picture people, and I think that their owners are among the best hosts in the world. I guess they get a lot of practice," she smiled, "living where things close up at twelve o'clock!"

Her smile is a charming, delightful affair, the smile of a girl who is thoroughly enjoying all that life is so lavishly pouring into her outstretched hands. And yet behind it there is a wisdom beyond her years, a mental poise indicated by the splendid proportions of her forehead.

Unlike the usual Cinderella, however, if she fails in *City Lights* her golden coach will be switched to no pumpkin. She merely will return to her former role as the daughter of Mrs. B. W. Cherrill, the Chicago social circles in which she formerly moved, and the Drake and the Blackstone as places of entertainment rather than the homes of movie stars. But if she wins . . . !

Who can tell what Prince Charming will fit upon her foot the slipper of continued good fortune?

—o—

Listing Celebrities

DIRECTOR AL SANTELL has the most unique guest book in Hollywood. It's an inside chimney of white plaster in his library where the names of Corinne Griffith, Clara Bow, Dick Barthelmess, Evelyn Brent, Fred Niblo, Robert Armstrong, Vilma Banky and the rest of Hollywood's famous have been written.

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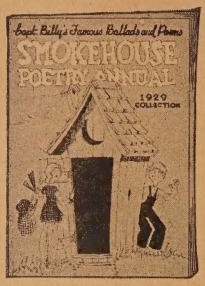

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John Gilbert Gets His Wish

(*Continued from page 53*)

John Gilbert as Jim Apperson in The Big Parade, *the sort of role he will seek in the future.*

great talking pictures that will lift the art to heights undreamed of at present."

Of the many players I've cross-questioned on this talkie subject, Gilbert is the first to view it purely from the angle of the film's great adventure. It is characteristic of him that he is courageous for the new, without a qualifying thought regarding personal fortunes. Will the speakies make him or break him? For that, apparently, Jack Gilbert cares not a fig. Very likely, he argues that the talking pictures will better the business and thus bring him his long coveted opportunity as producer-director. Or does he? Very calmly, almost indifferently, he told me that he had had some speaking tests made, but had never appeared in a speaking picture.

"Did the Brothers Schenck—Joseph and Nicholas—battle over you like the Brothers Barnabas in *Methusalem?"*

It was my final shot, for an office boy plopped in and called: "Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Mayer is waiting for you in *your* office!" and another, a red-headed messenger, brought the fateful words: "Mr. Thalberg asks you to join a story conference of *Redemption!"*

GILBERT didn't bat an eye. The days of quick-moving program star were done and gone forever! He hadn't been "sold up the river," and he was proud of it. Placidly he answered me:

"Not at all! Who ever heard of Joe and Nick battling—they couldn't and didn't. But I might as well lay the cards on the table and show how I arrived at the present fortunate position:

"You see, last summer Joseph P. Kennedy signed a contract to star me in First National pictures, to take effect at the end of my current arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which expires next May. But the directors, who had certain other differences with Mr. Kennedy, refused to ratify his plans, and his resignation as First National's business advisor ended our understanding.

"On hearing of this Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Samuel Goldwyn and other friends in United Artists approached me and wished me to be with them in the role of a unit producer. The change would have enabled me to carry out my own ideas of production to the fullest, unhampered by studio requirements and demands. A form of contract to that effect, agreed to by all the United Artists board here, was placed before Joseph Schenck who was then in Europe.

"At this time the Association of Motion Picture Producers intervened with the plea that it was unethical to tie up a contracted star of one organization (M-G-M) with another before the end of the agreement and without giving the first organization an opportunity to make tenders. Joe Schenck finally declared: 'If M-G-M does not tie him up before December 31, we will!'

"Thus it came about that Nick Schenck, president of M-G-M, came out to the Coast and arranged for an entirely new contract with me whereby most of my ambitions for proper conditions are satisfied. The contract is between Irving Thalberg and myself, and is for two pictures a year for the term of three years after next May when my two remaining program pictures will have been completed.

"This goal of fewer and better pictures is one to which I have steadily been aspiring since the immortal *Big Parade*, and I have great confidence in Mr. Thalberg's wisdom, resource, and desire fully to co-operate."

Then he went, leaving me to ponder the extraordinary artistic ambitions of this popular idol, as well as his extraordinary success in realizing them.

Senorita Cyclone

(*Continued from page* 51)

Lupe Velez being dressed for her first stage appearance, in which she proved to be the overnight sensation of gay Mexico City.

to the Mother and I cry and I cry! I just make the tears, and I say, "Oh, please. I be good. I promise, if you don't do this to me." She cannot stand to see Lupe cry so I just have to write a thousand times more, "I must be good!" The girls all run up and say, "How it feels to run away?" They are too dumb to try it, but they want to know all about it when someone else almost goes to the reform school to do it.

I GUESS it is lucky for Lupe that soon after this my mother sends for us. My father is gone for six months. He is missing. They do not know if he is killed or what is happened. Mexico is very bad. We take a train which is shot at all the way to our home. My sister, Josephine, is to take care of me. One day she cannot find me. For three hours she go through the train sobbing and crying, "Has anyone seen my baby sister, Lupe?" No one has seen me; no one can find me. I am up in the front driving the big machine. I crawl up over all the coal and I say to the machine mans, "Can I get in your machine?" He say, "No! Girls cannot come here." Then I act like a little girl and I cry and wrinkles my eyes at him and say, "Why not?" like I am a baby.

He laughs and pulls me in beside him and I help drive the machine for him. I flirts with him like I flirts with all mens and he wants me to stay up there with him. The bullets come all around us but they never hit Lupe. I am not afraid. I live with the bullets since I am a baby. The wind blows and we go fast and I forget I am living. I like that. I like to go fast, especially when I have a nice mans with me. When I get tired I crawls back and finds the whole train hunting for me. I laugh. It is so funny. I am all black with the coal but they cannot see it is funny. It is so hard for some peoples to see what is funny.

When we get home there is no more money. My mother is crying. Everybody cries but Lupe. They are going to sell the piano. I say, "If every tear was gold then I cry all day long. But why cry when tears are only salt water?"

MY FAMILY have always been lazy. They do not know how to work. They do not want to know how to work. I know somebody have to do something so I ask my mother to introduce me to some mens who own the theatre.

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This ad also appears in the April issue of BATTLE STORIES Magazine.

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BATTLE STORIES is published by Fawcett Publications, Inc., publishers of True Confessions, Triple-X, Screen Secrets, and Modern Mechanics.

If your dealer is sold out, send 25c (cash or stamps) to BATTLE STORIES, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

While we are away at school my mother have moved to Mexico City, so it is easy to meet the mens that take me to the Principal Theatre. The boss says, "She is pretty. Show us what you can do." I never have no lessons, but I jump up and I dance the hula and the shimmy like I dance in the school for the girls and I sing all the songs the boys have sing when they come to serenade us. I sing *Charlie, My Boy, Poppa Loves Momma* and *I Wonder What Becomes of Sally.* There is a big show from Paris and the boss say he gives me a little part in the chorus. I scream at him, "No! I don't care about the chorus. I want to be a big star. I want my name the biggest on the front of the theatre. I want you to tell all the newspapers about me."

He say he do it!

Everybody else in that theatre is mad. Marie Contesa, who is the star, make fun at me. She say it is all right to fool the boss but I cannot fool the public. My mother thinks on the first night I will be frightened. She tell me not to see the people.

They do so well what I tell them and write so many wonderful things about me that every seat in the theatre is sold on that night I opens. My knees shake when I stand outside waiting to go in but I look at Marie Contesa and I stick out my tongue at her and I run on the stage and throw out my arms and say, "Hello, everybody! How is you?" Then I jump into my dance and I let myself go wild in the hula and the shimmy and I sing *Charlie, My Boy* and the other songs for them.

Do they like me? They go crazy. They throw their hats on the stage. They yell; they shout; they whistle; they call, "Hurrah for Lupe."

But the actresses, they are all jealous and say many mean things like a cat that I have to get even with them. I put on acts and I imitate all the other actresses in Mexico City. That is the way I get really famous—my imitations! But it does not make me all happy.

The mans I love, he does not like to have Lupe kick her legs in front of the public. He say I must choose between him and the theatre. It break my heart. It is what makes over the life-story of Lupe. It is what sends me to Hollywood. But I shall talk about that next time—no?

(To be continued)

Faced with this bitter choice, which does Lupe take? Don't fail to read the next installment of her gripping life story, in which she describes this heart-breaking decision and the rush of events that swept her to Hollywood and a future beset with uncertainty.

Classified Ads

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Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page 61*)

where he resides. **Dean** and **Elva Boggs** assisted the young star in receiving.

Buddy, with **Charles Farrell** and **Jack Bennett**, entertained on various musical instruments during the evening and Buddy also sang the song he composed called *Someone to Love*. The guests included **Mary Brian**, **Claire Windsor**, **Mary McAllister**, **Barton Hepburn**, **John Considine, Jr.**, **Lansing Brown** and **Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall**.

CINEMALAND'S younger set enjoyed the party given by **Miss Martha Sleeper** at her home recently. **Sue Carol** with her faithful cavalier, **Nick Stuart**, **Mary Brian** with **Buddy Rogers**, **Merna Kennedy** and **James Hall**. Others noted were **Marian Nixon**, **Marjorie Bonner**, **Ann Christy**, **Josephine Dunn**, **Barbara Kent**, **Violet La Plante**, **Thelma Todd**, **Lois Moran**, **Arthur Lake**, **Charles Farrell**, **Jack Stone**, **Lincoln Stedman** and **Buddy Wattles**.

The twentieth wedding anniversary of the **Welford Beatons** was celebrated with a buffet supper dance attended by many of Hollywood's elite, including **Ronald Colman**, **Ian Keith**, **Lois Wilson**, **Sue Carol**, **Ralph Lewis**, **Marian Nixon**, **Montague Love**, **Daphne Pollard**, **Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess**, the **Earl Foxes**, **Jean Hersholts** and **Jack Gardners**.

Then there was the very exclusive mountain party given by **Dorothy Sebastian** and **Josephine Dunn**, attended solely and simply by their two selves. The girls declared they were so tired of regular parties so the combined hiking and camping trip into the nearby California mountains was a grand success.

Among those who enjoyed the hospitality of **Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman)** were the **Messrs. and Mesdames Lionel Barrymore**, **Samuel Goldwyn**, **Raymond Hackett**, **Arthur Hornblow** and **Benjamin Glazer**, **Misses Dorothy Parker**, **Bebe Daniels**, **Carmelita Geraghty** and **Messrs. John Gilbert**, **Lowell Sherman**, **Ben Lyon**, **Sidney Howard**, **Edmund Goulding** and **Robert Benchley**. After a buffet supper, cards were the order of the evening.

Open house at **Mrs. Doris Dean Arbuckle's** charming home afforded pleasant visits from her many friends. Among those who called were **Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft**, **Dorothy Dwan**, **Mrs. Irene Day** and daughters, **Marceline** and **Alice**, **Mrs. Ona Brown**, **Al St. John** and **Tom Miranda**.

And still another wedding . . . **Agnes Lynch** became the bride of **Jason Robards** in the lovely little Church of the Flowers in Glendale. **Mrs. Carroll Nye (Helen Lynch)** acted as her sister's matron of honor while **Carroll** served as best man.

The bridal dinner was given in Pasadena with only relatives as guests and directly after, the happy pair motored to Riverside for a brief honeymoon.

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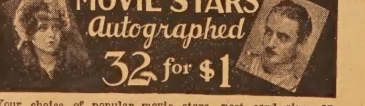

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On The Sound Stage

(*Continued from page 77*)

(for some reason, 'devil' is permissible), and 'hells' are changed to 'hecks'."

Once more the scene began but had scarcely progressed beyond Ruby McCoy's expurgated "Gee, it can talk!" before the recorder phoned down that Ruby's tones were not tough enough for a cabaret chorus girl.

"Oh, come, Miss McCoy, don't be so coy with your voice!" wheedled Dr. Fejos, jocosely. "Shriek, scream, yell—anything so I may hear the voice."

THE young Hungarian director is very popular with all the members of his large cast. Between set-ups, he invariably gravitates toward the piano to play duets with the studio pianist while Glenn Tryon seizes the cello and demands a lesson from the obliging cellist. (Everyone thought the day of the set musicians was at an end with the advent of sound pictures since they cannot play for scenes, but now they are more in demand than ever to pep up the company between shots.)

Paul Porcasi, who played in the New York production of *Broadway*, speaks feelingly of the difference between the stage and talkies.

"There is only a certain small range for the voice; I find myself continually repressed," he complained. "On the stage, one can let go; in anger scenes, one's voice can boom out to its full extent, but not so in the talkies. If the voice goes up too high or down too low, it does not register."

At this moment, Hal Mohr came over to invite me to watch a scene from the inside of the camera booth. This was very exciting as he assured me that I was the first scribe to be so honored. Inside the "butcher's ice box," as it is affectionately called, the two assistant cameramen—Stanley Cortez (brother to the actor Ricardo) and Willie Cline—stood on both sides of the camera; a small three-legged stool was wedged in back of Mr. Cortez for me.

After the signal of interlock, Mr. Mohr shut the heavy door upon us. Not a sound penetrated. All I could hear was the steady whirring of the camera as it automatically ground out the scene. Through the narrow, glass window in the front I could watch Maizie (Betty Francisco) at the telephone struggling to get "Pennsylvania 5000" and see the other girls at the bar ordering their drinks, but not a word could I hear . . .

Emerging once more on the set, we heard the welcome call for luncheon hour.

ANOTHER day—a week later—I approached the now familiar sound stage once more. Frank Reiter suggested that I take a look at the $35,000 camera crane invented by Dr. Fejos and used for the first time in *Broadway*. This was designed to take the place of makeshift wooden platforms from four to forty feet high on which cameras have been mounted heretofore in filming big scenes. The apparatus consists of three units: a set of motor generators furnishing electricity by which the crane is operated, a truck upon which the crane with its forty-foot boom is mounted and the crane itself.

Back on the set, we found a rehearsal in order. Steve Crandall and Dolph had just killed Scar Edwards and were dragging his body to the door when Billie and the young hoofer come out on the stair landing above. Billie gives a startled cry and her partner demands to know the trouble. Steve explains that it's only a drunk they're helping out. The hoofer laughs and the murderers continue their nefarious way.

The director watched the scene critically.

"I think it would be more natural if you two men murmur together just as Glenn asks what's the trouble. And then, Glenn, you and Merna talk coming down stairs. Remember, I don't want to hear what you say—just the sound of the voices."

This was tried out with sound equipment but the unseen recorder's voice came in a sonorous objection.

"Better let them be understood, Dr. Fejos. This way it sounds as if the equipment is out of order."

More rehearsals. Another test with sound. Then the buzzes, interlock and succession of "Quiet, pleases." Halfway through the scene "CUT!" . . . an airplane was winging its way far above us but the drone of its engines spoiled the take.

Patiently the actors began again. The first take was successful but the second was ruined by an inopportune sneeze from Marian Lord.

A deep sigh of relief echoed throughout the length and breadth of the stage as the final "CUT!" released us from our long, cramped silence.

"No more sound today!" cried the distracted director. "Trouble—always there is trouble!"

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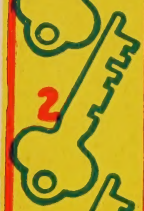

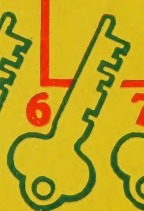

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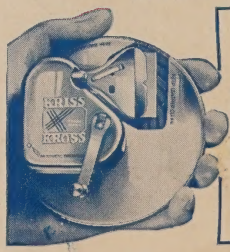

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The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 an hour either spare time or full time.

READ!

One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—W. L. GODSHALK, Pa.

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Another amazing, knock-'em-dead, household specialty. Every housewife needs it. Puts a razor edge on anything that cuts—knives, tools, etc. The queerest thing you ever saw! A real money maker! The coupon brings full details.

Generous Free Trial Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about $75 to $150 a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

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Dept. E-2192, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

TEST OFFER

Central States Mfg. Co.
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. E-2192, St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE TEST OFFER.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if interested only in one for your own home.

"LOOK.... he's imitating a pianist!"

.....someone shouted Then a queer thing happened

JACK had strummed some "Blues" for us on his uke and Nan had just finished her screamingly funny burlesque on the "Kinkajou." We were all set for dancing, when—the radio refused to work!

No amount of jiggling brought it to life, either. In spite of our best efforts, all we could get from that confounded radio were such desolate howls that the girls begged us to leave the poor old thing alone.

Someone made a half-hearted suggestion of bridge. But Tom had a better plan. Pulling Joe on his feet—good old "sit-in-the-corner" Joe, whom everyone liked to pick on—he cried in a loud voice.

"Just a minute, folks! The party is saved! Joe, here, has kindly offered to enliven the proceedings with a piano solo . . ."

Loud cheering drowned out the rest. This promised to be good—for, as we all knew, Joe couldn't play a note. Naturally, we expected him to clown. . . .

Just as he sat down at the piano, Tom called out.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'—that's a hot dance number!"

I couldn't help smiling at the thought of Joe—who had always taken a back seat at our parties—playing "hot" music. Excited whispers came from all parts of the room. "Wonder what he's going to do!"—"He doesn't know one note from another!" Suddenly someone shouted.

"Get this! Look—he's imitating a pianist!"

A Queer Thing Happens

Raising his hand melodramatically, Joe waited a moment to command silence. Then, without any more preliminaries, and to the complete amazement of us all, he struck the first bars of—"The Varsity Drag!"

And how! With all the verve and expression of a professional! No wonder Tom's eyes almost popped out of his head! This wasn't the clowning he had expected Joe to do!

Unable to resist the tantalizing music, couple after couple glided around the floor. When Joe stopped playing the applause could have been heard around the block—only to be instantly followed by requests for more numbers.

All evening they kept Joe busy at the piano—playing jazz, popular songs, sentimental ballads, even classical stuff—everything the crowd asked for, and they asked for plenty!

How that lad could play! I was dumbfounded. Why, it was incredible! Joe had always seemed to be a "born wallflower"—he had never displayed any talent for entertaining—yet now . . . I determined to solve the puzzle. On the way home that night I drew Joe aside and demanded,

"How on earth did you do it?"

He laughed. "Why, it was very easy!" I simply took that home-study course in music your cousin told us about. . . ."

"You don't mean that course that was supposed to show you how to play without a teacher, do you?" I interrupted.

"That's it! Say, it's a great course, all right!" he enthused. "There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours for study. In fact, I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Why, almost before I knew it, I was playing simple pieces by *note*, and . . ."

"I guess you don't have to tell me how thorough it is," I broke in. "Your performance tonight was a knockout! And you used to say you had no 'talent'!"

"I haven't," he insisted. "Anybody can learn to play the U. S. School of Music way!"

You needn't know a thing about music to take this pleasant, rapid course

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men and women who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music as simple as A-B-C.

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. Without any long hours of practice—dull or uninteresting scales—from real notes.

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Guitar
Organ	Hawaiian
Violin	Steel Guitar
Piccolo	Mandolin
Clarinet	Sight Singing
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
'Cello	Cornet

Drums and Traps
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(Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Saxophone
Voice and Speech Culture
Automatic Finger Control
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Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how *anyone* can learn to play his favorite instrument by *note*, in almost no time, and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

Remember—it's not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon *today*, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 365 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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365 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Name .....
(Please write plainly)

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City..... State.....

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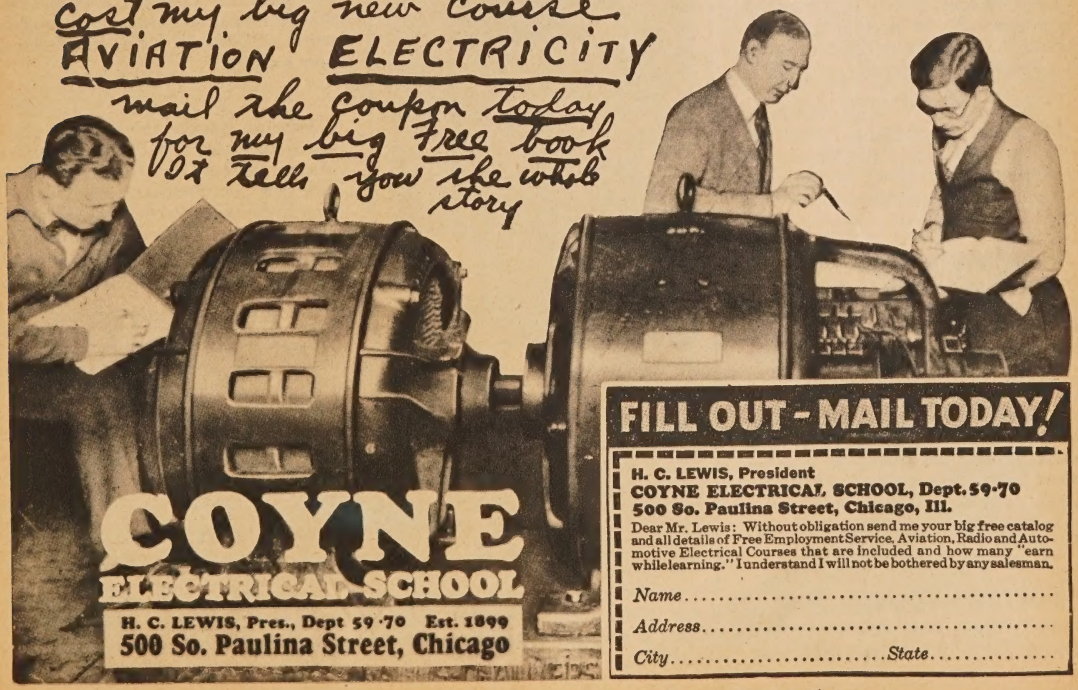

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WHAT	X
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NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD — CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute*
RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets*
FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

Olga Baclanova, Russian star, was arrested for speeding near San Bernadino recently while on a secret wedding trip with her newly acquired husband, Nicholas Soussainin.

Ina Claire, diminutive stage actress, who has been famous for her high comedy roles, arrived in Hollywood to start work with Pathe under her new contract.

Edmund Lowe, his wife, Lilyan Tashman, and Marian Nixon, have all slipped away to New York for a brief vacation between pictures.

Oscar Shaw, Broadway musical comedy favorite, is also a new arrival in Hollywood. He will play opposite Marion Davies in her next picture titled *Marianna.*

Lon Chaney's only disguise will be a mustache in his next picture, *Thunder,* in which he plays the part of a locomotive engineer.

Margaret Livingston, who has been vacationing at Palm Beach, recently returned to Hollywood to start work on her next picture.

Stepin Fetchit, a young colored actor who made a tremendous hit in the all-colored production, *Hearts in Dixie,* has been placed under a long term contract by Fox.

Leatrice Joy, who is now on tour on the Keith-Orpheum circuit, will make an appearance at a London music hall before returning to Hollywood. She is to appear in a series of talking pictures for First National-Vitaphone.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will make another bigger song and dance production following the overwhelming success of *The Broadway Melody.* It will be entitled *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Revue of Revues,* and will have an all-star cast directed by Christy Cabanne.

June Collyer has been chosen for the leading role in *Behind That Curtain,* a movie version of the popular mystery story, to be made by Fox.

Lupe Velez looking over Chicago during a personal appearance in that city. —P. & A.

Ronald Colman has just finished work on *Bulldog Drummond,* his first talkie. It will be released soon.

Louise Brooks will probably take another trip to Germany before long to play a part in a German film.

Irene Bordoni, popular stage star, will arrive in Hollywood shortly, to make a talking picture version of one of her famous stage plays.

Lila Lee is another old-time favorite who is staging a big comeback in the talkies. She has been assigned the feminine lead in Warner Bros.' musical comedy *Rainbow.* John Boles has been given the male lead. He will be seen soon in *The Desert Song.*

Fannie Hurst's *Back Pay* has been purchased for Corinne Griffith. She will star in it as soon as she finishes work on *Lilies of Field,* which she is now making.

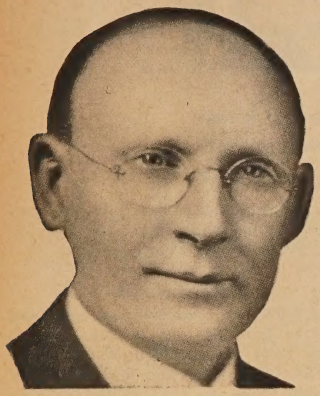
Edwina Booth, who has been playing small roles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has been chosen for the feminine lead in *Trader Horn.* W. S. Van Dyke will direct. The company left recently for the African jungles where they will spend several months shooting scenes on location.

Charles Chaplin has just resumed work on his latest picture, *City Lights,* after two delays caused by illness.

Lupe Velez will appear next in a story of the Argentine.

Grand opera will be brought to small towns all over the country next year by means of sound pictures, according to plans recently announced by producers. Pathe will put five grand operas into production in its New York studio before long.

I'll Pay Your Bills!



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if you will take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work, can be handled in spare or full time.

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I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. I will make you my partner in my fast growing, established business—but I don't ask you to invest a single penny. Everything is furnished to you FREE—just look after the established business in your locality and we will split all the money 50-50!

Partner may be either man or woman. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

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"Made $117.50 first five days. Your products are marvelous. Anyone can easily make money with Health-O."—A. Pelletier, Massachusetts.

ALWAYS SURE OF $10 A DAY
Mrs. Bower, a W. Va. housewife, writes: "I am always sure of $10 a day profit with Health-O products."

$31.65 FIRST DAY
"Just received sample case. Started among acquaintances and first day made $31.65."—D. L. Simmons, S. Carolina.

$101.25 FIRST WEEK
Ruth Hoffman never sold a thing before in her life. She proved that experience was not necessary—she writes: "Made $101.25 first week!"

$24.85 IN TWO EVENINGS
T. J. Osborne two days after receiving sample case, enthusiastically writes: "I have been out only two evenings and have taken orders for $24.85."

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I don't want you to take any chances. I GUARANTEE your income. This is the most amazing guarantee ever made for a steady year 'round income. I can make this guarantee because I know you can do as well as my other partners whose letters are shown on this page.

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YOU STEP UP TO A BIG JOB WHEN YOU MAIL THIS COUPON

(C) 1929 by C. W. V. D. M.

A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

WHAT with musical shows and vaudeville acts coming to the screen there is every good reason that the language of the footlights should also come to Hollywood. It has, too, and in a big way. The studio workers never before have been bothered so much by a different lingo.

Whereas, in the past, it was difficult to keep track of "broads," "gobos," and "turtles," purely movie expressions, now they wonder what is meant by "grouch bags," "snakes," "cake money" and "hoofers."

The picture player will tell you that a "broad" is a large light throwing broadside beams, or that a "gobo" is a heavy black cardboard set up to cut off light from a certain section of the set, or that "turtles" are squat boxes covering connections for electrical cables, but they can't tell you that a "grouch bag" is the thing in which the trouper carries his savings or that a "snake" is a contortionist or that "hoofers" are dancers or that a "humpty-dumpty" is an unintelligent being, etc.

An Actor of Polish

HOLLYWOOD has a unique academy for picture acting. It has one regular student, and yet it boasts a faculty of some of the greatest names and minds in the film industry. The academy is a shoe shining stand at Paramount and the student is Oscar Smith, negro bootblack. Oscar now has a contract. He won his spurs when called on to do a bit in *The Canary Murder Case;* he stuttered so well and did the bit so well he was given a contract. Yes, he is still shining shoes on the side, too.

Speaking of Contracts

WITH the advent of sound pictures, musical instruments have come into their own.

M-G-M has signed a contract with a real Stradivarius violin made in 1722, which belongs to Henry J. Von Pragg. And its owner is to be allowed to play it. Reminds us of the dog contracts of silent days when the master was allowed to supervise the canine behavior at a salary which would have—but why try to estimate movie salaries!

Incidentally the pedigree of the violin was all properly recorded in the contract just like the pedigree of Rin Tin Tin, Flash or dog-what-have-you.

SCREEN SECRETS offers five dollars each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies. Here is this month's winner:

Dear "Talkie" Editor:

Please don't let them hang the baby before he cuts his teeth! He may live to be President if he gets the chance. That's the way I feel about these poor, much abused talkies. People seem to have expected this rather premature child to arrive as well developed as the older members of the same family. When I pause to recall what the first motion picture I witnessed looked like!

The effect at the present time is felt more among the actors than the public at large. A pretty face and figure no longer suffice. This new thing is putting them all on their toes.

Then the question arises, which shall it be now, the really silent drama, or talkies? *Why not both?* In time the sound features will grow to seem indispensable and what a boon to music lovers! Won't it be great when they revive some of those good old musical comedies? Let's go!

HELEN FIELDER LOPEZ.
4013 Clifton Street, El Paso, Texas.

Cecil B. De Mille, seated in front of the camera booth containing Peverell Marley, cinematographer, directs his first talkie, Dynamite.

Ladies Worst

RECENT experiments have disclosed the fact that the feminine speech is the most difficult to interpret due to the fact that they have only one half as many tones as a man and the majority of these are of nasal resonance. Special training and watchfulness, however, may develop the throat muscles so that this handicap is partially overcome.

Two New Ones

TALKING pictures create a new language. "Bungalow" and "garage" now have become a part of the chatter on the sound stages.

A bungalow in this language is a sound proof cover which fits over the movie camera, while a garage is the nearby housing for the motors which drive the cameras.

Shut Up, Shirt!

SHIRTS that talk back ruined some perfectly good scenes on the sound stage at United Artists, where *Bulldog Drummond* is being made with Ronald Colman. The stiff glazed bosoms of the shirts worn by the men proved to be sounding boards and this was found to be the cause of disturbance in the microphone. New shirts were obtained immediately.

Welcome Home!

TALKING pictures are doing strange things in the movie industry. A hurried check the other day revealed that at least four feminine stars of the early days are making their return. Florence Turner, doing a bit in Universal's *Broadway*, was once known as the "Vitagraph Girl." Barbara Tennant, once the beauty of the Eclair and World companies, also in *Broadway*. Eugenie Besserer, another of the former Vitagraph stars, is in *Madame X* at M-G-M, while Ann Schaefer, who showed Corinne Griffith how to don her make-up for the first time when Corinne was a scared kid, is playing Corinne's chaperon in the star's latest at First National.

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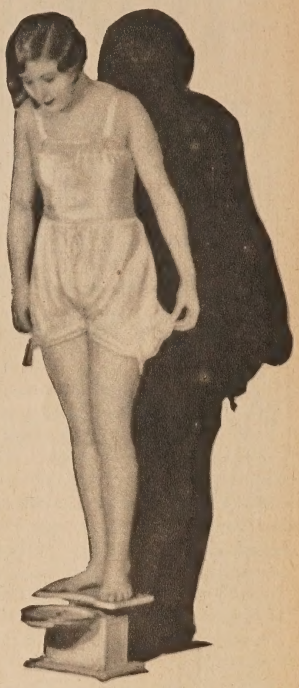

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Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

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"WHAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics . . . every woman should know. True! Make-Up is magic . . . but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

Joan Crawford, M-G-M Star of "Our Dancing Daughters" discusses with Max Factor her color harmony in make-up for evening wear.

Josephine Dunn, Warner Bros. Star of "The Singing Fool" finds glorious beauty in her own color harmony make-up suggested by Max Factor.

If you would double your beauty . . . listen . . ! In Hollywood, leading screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and evening wear It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor's genius developed it, as he only could . . . for no other one person has had the unique and valuable experience of being beauty advisor to the stars since the days of one-reel features. From this experience has come faultless beauty in make-up. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, life-like beauty effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too—just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual self—suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

And now, good news for Screen Secrets readers. Max Factor offers to send to you your own individual complexion analysis and make-up chart; also a copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up". A priceless gift . . . for it will give to you the way to a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood.

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HOLLYWOOD
"Cosmetics of the Stars"

Lupe Velez, United Artists Star featured in "The Gaucho" enthuses about the mystery and fascination Max Factor gives to the eyes with make-up.

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Learn how you yourself can create a natural, alluring beauty of almost indescribable charm by working wonders with everyday make-up. Mail the coupon now to Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, today . . . now!

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Mr. Max Factor,—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"* and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

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Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

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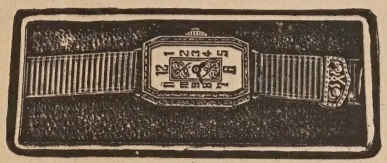
$3.99

Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

Really the greatest Bargain in America today. Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—*We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.* Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, *fully jeweled movement*—Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and Rolled gold effect *link* bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **Send no money. Pay on Delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**

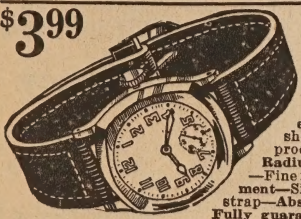


$4.96

New Design Rectangular Shape Wrist Watch

Everyone will admire this elegant and artistically designed small and narrow shaped 6-*jewel wrist watch.* White Rolled Gold Effect Case, handsomely engraved platinoid finish top, gracefully carved sides. Fitted with *genuine Swiss movement* of the finest quality, *guaranteed* for accuracy and dependability. Every wheel, spring, screw and jewel flawlessly finished. Furnished with *two bracelets:* a black *silk grosgrain* ribbon for day wear and a *white gold effect* link bracelet for evening and party wear. *A real $20.00 value.*

SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.



$3.99

Lifetime Precisions Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men everywhere — Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof — Perfect timekeeper — Radium Dial—tells time in dark —Fine imported full jeweled movement—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap—Absolutely a $15.00 value. Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on Delivery. Fill in coupon.**

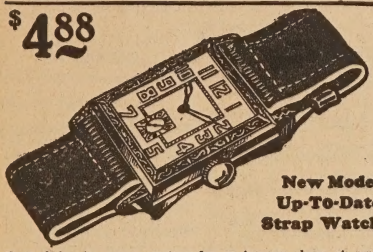
ONLY **$5.98**

The "Princess Mary" Ladies' 6 Jewel Wrist Watch

Complete With Extension Link Bracelet

A new creation of the jeweler's art, representing the latest style in watches. Combines exquisite beauty with the highest quality. Case elegantly engraved, white gold finish in platinum effect. Fitted with a wonderfully perfected 6-Jewel movement, tested and adjusted accurate, and having a two years' written guarantee. Supplied complete with ultra-modern extension link bracelet to match the watch. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.98.

SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.



$4.88

New Model Up-To-Date Strap Watch

Your choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. White Gold finish richly carved case, with *extra-fine Swiss 6 Jewel movement,* shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate time-keeping. *Regular $18.00 value.* Radium dial and hands. *SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.*

$7.59

"La Parisienne" 6-Jewel Wrist Watch

$9.49

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Wrist Watch

"La Parisienne" 6-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinois effect, and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 6-Jewel movement, guaranteed for a lifetime. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet to match. $41.00 value. Our price $7.59.

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinoid effect, and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 15-Jewel movement, guaranteed for a lifetime. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch, and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet to match. $41.00 value. Our price $9.49.

$3.59

This Men's Pocket Watch — Knife—Chain and Pistol Cigar Lighter Combination, sold separately would retail for over $15.00.

Here's an opportunity to buy this combination for only $3.59. Pocket Watch is an extra thin model —Beautifully engraved case, white gold finish —Handsomely designed dial with vision letters—jeweled movement and really a perfect timepiece. Comes to you with the latest style of Waldemar chain and a fine gold plated knife.

The Cigar Lighter charm at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigar lighter and will delight you because of its oddness and of its usefulness. Order this $15.00 combination today at the Bargain Price of $3.59.

SEND NO MONEY
Pay on delivery. Fill coupon

REAL VALUE

$7.99

The "President" Men's 15 Jewel Strap Watch

There is the watch for the real he-man. Built for real service, shock-proof, dust-proof and weather-proof. Mounted in an elegant 14 Karat Rolled Gold Plate case in green or white gold, in rectangular, square, tonneau or oval shape. Specify which shapes desired when ordering. Fitted with a genuine FIFTEEN JEWEL movement, carefully tested and accurately adjusted; will give lifetime of dependable service. Two years written guarantee with each watch. Each watch complete with newest style non-tarnishable metal bracelet, to match the watch with patented buckle adjustment. Regular $25.00 value. Our cut price $7.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 5-S-72, 621 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C. O. D. the following advertised articles. (Check articles desired.)

- ☐ Newest Style Wrist Watch.....$3.99
- ☐ New Design Rectangular Watch 4.96
- ☐ Men's Watch, Chain, Knife and Pistol-lighter 3.59
- ☐ 6 Jewel "La Parisienne" Watch 7.59
- ☐ 15 Jewel "La Parisienne" Watch 9.49
- ☐ Lifetime Precision Men's Watch $3.99
- ☐ New Model Up-to-Date Men's Watch 4.88
- ☐ 6 Jewel "Princes Mary" Watch. 5.98
- ☐ 15 Jewel "President" Men's Watch 7.99

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

I Sell Records a Queer Way

So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want.

Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand the postage expense both ways, unless the records are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, at any price.

I have built a million-dollar business in records on just these "queer" methods, trusting absolutely in the honesty of my customers, and making them the sole judge of whether or not the records will cost them even one cent.

I've built these records to give you pleasure, enjoyment and some real honest good times for months and years to come. I've tried to study the wishes and tastes of the great music-loving public and I've collected in this list below, the very CREAM of my entire catalog. All the records are electrically recorded—and nearly all of them have been done within the last few months, and are in the very latest and best style of the present day. They are all in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph, just like 75-cent records. They include the most recent hits, as well as famous old favorites, and I'm willing to stake my last dollar that they are GOOD.

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

Special List of BEST Sellers

Sonny Boy — Hallelujah I'm A Bum
Girl of My Dreams — My Angel
Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Wreck of the Old 97
Ramona
Rovin' Gambler
My Blue Heaven — Red Wing

Any 10 Records $1.98

Send No Money

10 Days' Approval

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon
4228 Hallelujah, I'm a Bum
The Dying Hobo
2398 Ramona
Valley of Memory
4232 Button Buster (the Laughing Record)
Common Bill
2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal
2437 There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie
4167 The Preacher and the Bear
The Sting of the Bumble Bee
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4185 Picture That's Turned to Wall
White Wings
4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember
4227 Climbing Up Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou
2426 Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time
Come Back to Romany
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in Lane
4133 Jesse James
Butcher Boy
2394 Mary Ann
Ticklish Tillie
2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4141 Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland
4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy
4172 Wreck of Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet as Apple Cider

SACRED SONGS

4075 Church in Wildwood
Voice of Chimes
4046 Nearer My God to Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd
4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
Safe in Arms of Jesus

INSTRUMENTAL

4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff
4189 Drowsy Waters
Herd Girl's Dream
4162 Blue Danube Waltz
Skaters' Waltz
4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw
4136 Humoresque
Spring Song
4061 Listen to Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1
Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2
4218 Merry Widow Waltz
Lullaby From Ermine

RACE RECORDS

7021 I Need a Good Man Bad
Can't Be Worried Long
7033 Hit Me in the Nose Blues
It's All Coming Home to You
7032 Who Is Ya (1) Preaching
Who Is Ya (2) Preaching

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues

POPULAR DANCES

All With Vocal Chorus

1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1582 I'll Get By
What a Day
1540 Old Man Sunshine
Sidewalks of New York
1559 I Loved You Then as I Love You Now
Gee but I'm Blue Over You
1510 Ramona
If I Didn't Love You
1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues
7029 Mississippi Mud Blues
I'm a One-Man Gal
1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember
1463 My Blue Heaven
Found Best Girl of All
1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Carry Me Back to Connemara

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence
4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells
4211 Andy Goes a-Hunting
Andy Gets Learnin'

HAWAIIAN

4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4084 Alola Land
Honolulu Bay
4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB,
PU-45, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1 ..... 6 .....
2 ..... 7 .....
3 ..... 8 .....
4 ..... 9 .....
5 ..... 10 .....
(Write Clearly)

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
1 .....
2 .....
3 .....
(Write Clearly)

IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name .....
Address .....
(Write Clearly)
City ..... State .....

WANT HAIR? SAY WHERE!

If I Can't Give It to You....
I don't want your money

By Alois Merke

To Those Afflicted with Thinning Hair, Dandruff, Itchy Scalp

YOU want HAIR . . . plus quick relief from scalp troubles! And in seeking both these things, you demand:

Reasonable assurance that you won't be fooled out of your money or take chances on injury to your scalp!

Oh, I know what you're up against. For years I've been in touch with thousands of scalp patients. They all said the same thing: "We don't want rosy promises; all we ask is reasonable assurance of scalp safety and new hair."

Now, follow me closely! I give you *infinitely more* than reasonable assurance. I give you this iron-bound *guarantee*—

New Hair On Your Head in 30 Days . . . . Or You Keep Your Money

And I give you this guarantee in writing! Besides, I positively assure safety to your scalp.

I leave it to your good judgment. You're fairminded. Think for a moment: How could I make such a guarantee if I didn't have absolute confidence in my treatment? Why, I'd be out of business in a week! I'd lose my reputation. I'd ruin the professional standing of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, a scalp research bureau established 13 years ago and known from Coast to Coast.

But I can safely guarantee new hair . . . or no cost. For patient research showed me what others either purposely ignore or just *don't know:*

Falling hair cannot be stopped by ordinary surface treatments!

Leading dermatologists agree with me on that. Years of investigation taught us all that scalp troubles originate *below the scalp!*

Simple as A . . B . . C

Here's what happens. Modern habits rob the hair of normal nourishment. Dandruff appears, itching begins. Soon roots weaken and hair falls out. But in countless cases those roots, far from being dead, are only temporarily inactive. Surface treatments can't reach them. A carload of so-called "cures," ordinary tonics and oils won't make sleeping roots wake up. But my treatment, the essence of scientific research, wakes these sleeping roots to active life. I get down BELOW THE SCALP, stimulating little blood vessels; rushing nourishment to the roots themselves. That's why I can safely GUARANTEE NEW HAIR . . . OR NO COST! So could you if you had done my research.

Don't Buy a "Pig in a Bag!"

What a shame it seems that so many dollars and hours are wasted on useless surface treatments. *Not only that,* but hair is actually removed and scalps injured by doubtful salves and tonics. If a man came up to you in the street and said, "Here's a tonic that'll grow hair!" . . . would you buy it? Of course not. You wouldn't know the maker, the ingredients, nor would you have any redress in case of injury.

In other words, when you buy ordinary "hair-growers," you buy "a pig in a bag." You GAMBLE! Not only with scalp health, but with *your* hard-earned money. And you take a chance on discouraging for all time, your efforts to regain new hair.

Thousands Know Me

My treatment is based on scientific facts . . . facts that you can check up with your family physician or medical reference books. My treatment is backed by years of research, and the gratitude of thousands who invested a mere few minutes a day in my effective treatment.

Very important, too, I have the Merke Institute behind me, an ethical institution known everywhere for its accomplishments in growing hair. And last of all, I say in the strongest way I can, I DON'T WANT A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY IF I FAIL TO GROW NEW HAIR! Quite a difference, isn't it! I assume the burden of proof, not you!

Before It's Too Late

Run your fingers through those thin spots on your head. Then reflect: What will happen if you let yourself become actually bald . . . changed appearance, lost prestige, years older-looking. Is indifference worth the price you eventually pay? No! *Decide now that you're going to act!* Tear out the coupon and MAIL IT TODAY for my free booklet filled with complete details of my treatment, and scientific facts. FACTS, mind you. Not theories—but convincing, guaranteed statements backed by leading dermatologists. Send for the booklet NOW! It's yours by return mail. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 485, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 485, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Portraits of the Month

MARY DUNCAN is a fair co-ed who graduated from college to the stage and from the stage to the screen in rapid succession. You'll see her soon in Our Daily Bread *and* Through Different Eyes.—*Fox.*

—Max Mun Autrey.

ESTHER RALSTON, who seemed doomed to play the beautiful blonde in frothy comedies for the rest of her days, has suddenly blossomed out as an emotional actress in The Case of Lena Smith.—*Paramount.*

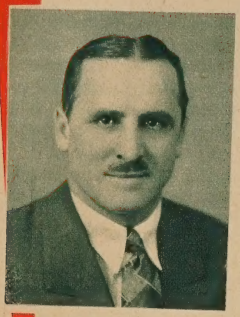
—Hommel.

MARCELINE DAY is all ready to meet summer half way in this simple sports costume built for comfort as well as style. She is a popular ingenue with a gift for high comedy.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

The Editor's Opinion

Hollywood Revisited



Captain Roscoe Fawcett
Editor

THE writer has just returned from a two-months' trip to sunny Hollywood to escape the blustering spring breezes of the Northland. My visit has convinced me beyond all doubt that in a few years we shall be referring to silent pictures with the tolerant complacency with which we now look back on the crude horse operas of an earlier era, as a necessary step in the evolution of the drama of the screen.

I predict that within two years every town and hamlet will be wired for the showing of sound and talking pictures. All-talking pictures will probably never come to occupy the attention of movie producers entirely. But many pictures will have bits of dialogue interspersed at effective moments and all pictures will have sound effects.

Hear Ye!

DURING my rounds of the studios I had a very pleasant chat with Douglas Fairbanks over at United Artists where he had recently finished *The Iron Mask*. There I learned news that will be a joyous surprise to every fan. Doug and Mary definitely have decided to make their next picture together and, according to present plans, it is going to be a picture version of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

They say out there that Mary's next release, *Coquette*, in which she plays the part of a wily flapper, quite different from anything she has essayed before, is destined to be one of the sensations of the year in pictures. Mary not only has a charming voice, but does a remarkable piece of emotional acting as well.

Whoopee Velez and White

OVER at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, recently acquired by William Fox, ye editor spent thirty or forty minutes chinning with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez who were just completing a Polynesian picture together, *Where East is East*.

Keep your eye on Lupe Velez. This young lady hails from Mexico where they print earthquakes and revolutions on their menus like lutefisk and soup. She is the pet and joy of Hollywood and is going to furnish us with some of the best acting in the history of the screen. You need only to see Lupe in *Lady of the Pavements* to realize her possibilities. I suspect that most of the comedy business of that picture was of her own invention.

Lupe's secret is in being natural before the camera—even if not so much so off the lot. It is plain in her every move that she never had anyone to curb her high spirits—to impose upon her the artificialities of our civilization. She is, therefore, delightfully human and appealing, and not a punishment to the eyes, either on the screen or in person.

At First National is another youngster of great promise—the vivacious Alice White. She is off to a great start, with everyone of her recent pictures a hit at the box-office. She has beauty of the saucy, wise, but wide-eyed type which is in such vogue today.

"Uncle Carl's" Luck

AT UNIVERSAL the writer met a young executive who puts the wonders of fiction to shame. He is Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of the famous "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, who has slipped off to New York leaving the whole works in the capable hands of his son. Although not yet twenty-one, young Laemmle has already been intrusted with the expenditure of over a million dollars. When I called, he was supervising production of Universal's super-production of the year, *Broadway*. There is nothing of the officiousness in Carl, Junior, that you would expect to find in a young fellow elevated to such a position at his age. He has an extremely pleasing personality and is as likeable as he is efficient.

Hospitable Hollywood

I FOUND Hollywood the same, delightful, hospitable place as ever, at heart. I am deeply indebted to Billie Dove and her husband, Irvin Willat and to Madge Bellamy, Claire Windsor, Mildred and Harold Lloyd, Dolores Del Rio, Betty and Ham Beall, Jane Winton, Don and Ann Alvarado, and many others for their hospitality. Here they make a visitor feel at home.

Outwardly, however, I found Hollywood a changed town. The influx of the new talent pouring into Hollywood from Broadway has done it. Hollywood Boulevard which formerly rang with a midwestern twang, has adopted a Broadway accent. Night clubs are springing up like mushrooms. Apartment houses are rearing their heads against the brown hills along the quiet streets of bungalows and palms. It is a busier, more bustling city, with a more metropolitan air. But it is still Hollywood at heart.

Roscoe Fawcett

RONALD COLMAN is the sort of man who speaks for himself. His voice will be heard on the screen for the first time shortly in the talking picture version of the famous stage play, Bulldog Drummond.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*

NANCY CARROLL and Buddy Rogers are two worthy representatives of the younger generation on the screen. They will be seen and heard together soon in Close Harmony, *an all-talking picture.—Paramount.*

They're Funny

Hollywood celebrities' assorted whims, oddities, and eccentricities give dash and surprise to movie existence—here's who does what and why!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Carmel Myers simply must have her first name embroidered on all her undies and what-nots.

ECCENTRICITIES? Dearie, you haven't heard the half of it.

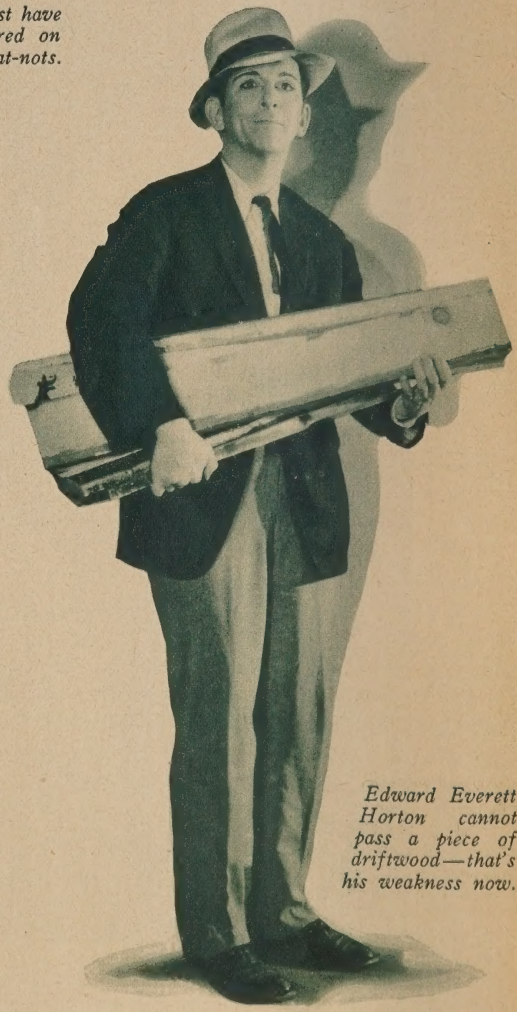
There are those who like 'em hot and those who like 'em cold. There are those who like 'em young and those who like 'em old. And then there are those who prefer it with ginger ale, heaven forbid.

Eccentricities? My dear, we reek of them. Hollywood does. But then, aren't we all? Doesn't each one of us verge a little, just a very little, from the plane that is prescribed as normal? Eccentricities? They jump from behind doors and waggle their fingers. They pop up at the most unexpected moments. They prance in glee on every occasion. No social gathering is complete without them. Neither is a housewarming, nor a week-end. Dr. Sigmund Freud should know. Oh! And so should Dr. Adler. Food for psychiatrists. Throwbacks to atavism. Reversions to type. Childhood fears. Complexes. Behaviorism. Food for thought. Fun for all.

DID you know that Charles "Buddy" Rogers never sits down to his morning toast and coffee without first bending to the piano to play Liszt's *Liebestraum,* which, translated for only you and me, spells "Dream of Love"? And sometimes he varies the procedure by tooting it forth on his saxophone. And that Norma Talmadge prefers satin sheets, or crepe de chine? And that Ronald Colman refuses to have the interior of his home photographed, stating flatly, in that good old English way, that he is entitled to one hundred and forty square feet of privacy, and, by God, he's going to have it?

Did you know, for instance, that Dolores Del Rio carried a waffle iron all over Europe and waffled here and there, with coffee, as the urge commanded? She waffled in Paris and pancaked in Berlin. And that she even introduced waffles to Dr. Karl Voellmoeller, he who wrote *The Miracle,* and he pronounced them, too, as such? And that Mary Pickford saves her old hankies and makes things—like aprons—of them?

Eccentric? Of course we are, but don't be silly, who isn't? Didn't Elagabalus, the boy emperor of Rome, invite the seven fattest men in all the ancient city to dinner, and didn't he tempt them with hors d'oeuvres, with sausages, pea-hens' eggs, olive and dormice with honey and poppy seeds? And didn't all the delicacies turn out to be glass and ivory and marble? And didn't the seven fat fellows clumsily arrange themselves on huge, and deceptively comfortable, cushions, and didn't 'Gaby, the little devil, order the air immediately removed, and the seven fat fellows find themselves wallowing, like so many whales, on the marble floor? Didn't he? Well, don't look at me that way. I wasn't there. Ask Morris Bishop.



Edward Everett Horton cannot pass a piece of driftwood—that's his weakness now.

And wasn't it Edward Wortley Montagu, Jr., who had wigs made of iron and wigs made of twisted wire, and collected snuff boxes by the hundreds? And wasn't it the Duchess Mazarin who put ink in the holy water and fenced, in her nightie, with Lady Sussex?

That Way!

Eccentricities? Well, you can't tell Hollywood anything about them.

CAMILLA HORN must have her feet rubbed five hundred times every night —two hundred and fifty strokes to each precious extremity; and collects moonstones along the Palisades Del Rey beach and has them polished and made into trinkets. Gilbert Roland started a fad by using red tennis balls, because they are easier on the eyes. And Alice White doesn't wear stockings, which is hard to bear. And pity the poor silk worms.

Richard Barthelmess will never wear dinner clothes unless he has a gardenia for his buttonhole, and Corinne Griffith must give balance to her missives. When she stamps an envelope she always uses two green one-cent stamps instead of the orthodox red two-center that honors the Papa of this rugged land. Milton Sills will not tolerate jazz on his set and prefers a phonograph record of a classic to all the goshdarned gilded derby bands in the country. Bebe Daniels will never read a review or a criticism unless her mother reads it first and prepares her for any derogatory comments. And Clara Bow won't wear a hat.

Estelle Taylor has a yen for white orchids, loathing their usual lavender hue, and every time Felt, the florist, receives a shipment he has a standing order to send her a corsage. Baclanova never made a stage appearance without having, somewhere on her person, a slip of paper on which are written encouraging words by Vladimir Nyemirovich-Dantchenko, of the Moscow Art Theatre, with whom she studied. And Clive Brook has a penchant for buying hats which he never wears. He has fifteen, unworn.

And did you know, while we are getting personal and papa and the cat are out, that for lunch Lon Chaney has his daily iron in the shape of a raw spinach sandwich on graham? And that, despite everything, Edward Everett Horton cannot resist a piece of stray firewood in the road? And that Carmel Myers has her first name embroidered on every single piece of lingerie she owns? But, of course, there are some things you couldn't expect to know. And that John Holland writes love letters weekly to his mother? And so is your old Oedipus.

Al St. John, so rumor has it, has a collection of twenty bicycles and rides at least one of them every day for fifteen or twenty minutes to keep in practice. And Bill Powell's middle name is Horatio, which he prefers to keep a dark secret. And Adolphe Menjou hates big houses and has his built on a hillside with groups of rooms on different levels to give the effect of compactness. And John Ford, the director, chews his handkerchiefs to shreds when directing a scene.

EVELYN BRENT will never permit a gown of her own to be photographed; and Anna Q. Nilsson, instead of flicking her cigarette ashes into a tray, as you and I, prefers to purse her lips and blow them into thin air. Wally Berry goes to bed at nine each night and arises promptly at six—the next morning—a very eccentric thing, indeed. And Victor McLaglen has an Arab valet whom he addresses in his native Arabic. And the valet understands.

Alice White's stockings do not choose to run because she eschews them altogether.

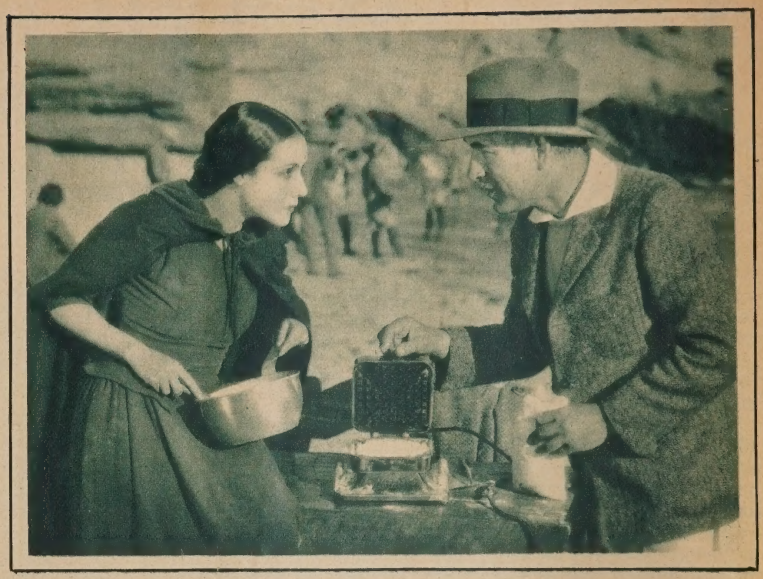
When it comes to chasing fires, Grant Withers would rather do that than sleep, eat or what will you? And when it comes to sleeping he pays a bell boy at the Hollywood Athletic Club to awaken him by shaking him, because the sound of a bell in the morning ruins his day. And Jose Crespo of Madrid, who is the first actor of Spain, and you should know, has his own *bottier* and never wears ready-made shoes. And that Dorothy Dwan cannot get to sleep at night unless a glass of sparkling water is at her bedside, to which she resorts occasionally during the long hours of the night.

George Bancroft and Al Santell are not happy unless they are living by the water's edge, separately, of course, with their respective families, and George Fitzmaurice has a penchant for colored pencils. Red for one mood, blue for another, black for still another, and you can fit them to your own moments. He always has four or five stacked before him when working on a script. Ken Maynard refuses to be photographed without his broad-

brimmed hat, because it's his trade mark; and Lila Lee, the sweet child, will not sleep in the dark. There must be a low light blinking at her bedside.

Life is not complete to Bela Lugosi, the Hungarian actor, unless he has his daily walk in the hills; and William Cowen, the RKO director loses his appetite if every course of his dinner appears on the same service. Lenore Coffee, his wife, has solved the problem (and it is difficult, isn't it?) by serving the entree on Venetian glassware, the salad on flowered china and the main course on gold-banded china.

Claire Windsor will not open a letter without using a small dagger-shaped paper cutter, treasured for sentimental reasons; and Jacqueline Logan, believe it or not, saves all her pennies and buys, not bonds, but postage stamps. She also keeps a troublesome appendix, now divorced, afloat in a bottle of alcohol



Dolores Del Rio's breakfast diet is simply waffle. Whether traveling in Europe or working on location she can't be without them.

For seven or eight years Harold Lloyd has kept on his person a roll of money held together by a rubber band, and Harold would rather walk home than break into that "lucky wad." Colleen Moore has an old pair of soft kid dancing shoes that she wouldn't part with for all the downy slippers given her by John McCormick; and Georgia Fawcett, daughter of George Fawcett, declares her father's greatest eccentricity is never leading trumps in bridge. But that depends entirely on your Work or Whiteside.

Sam Hardy's clothes are all on the square. He can play checkers on his coat, pants or vest, any time, anywhere.

JIMMY WALKER, Mayor of New York, now that we are getting into personalities, always makes his own cup of White Rose tea in the bright morns; and a member of his party carried his own feather bed with him when he visited Hollywood. Louise Fazenda dotes on driving, on Saturday night, to the huge produce market in downtown Los Angeles, and filling her car with succulent vegetables; while Ruth Taylor is the kind of girl who always hangs her clothes on hooks, with precision, no matter how late the party has been.

Jim Cruze's eccentricities of dress—soft cap and softer collar, and Conway Tearle's premiere garb of golf sweater and knickers are well known; but did you know that Sam Hardy's wardrobe contains the loudest checks in Hollywood and once, in a Writer's Club playlet in which he did not appear, he was given program credit for the loan of one of his passionate bennies? And that Walter Byron's chief eccentricity is driving on the left hand side of the road, as we do in merrie olde England? And why not? He has had six smash-ups from that trick.

When it comes to doing things in the manner of other people, Vilma Banky is obdurate, whether it be peeping through a tennis racket for a still or doing a bit of business in a picture. First there is an argument which Vilma starts with, "Everybody does that. Ve do it some other way, yes?" And Lily Damita has her dressing room plastered with mirrors before which she spends plenty of time a day, posing in this way and that, to advantage.

Did you know, now that we are really getting into the spirit of the thing, that James Gleason cannot write at the studio but must pound the keys at home, adjacent to a picture of his wife; and that Mona Rico's fondness for bright colored scarves has become almost an obsession, so her momma says? And that Lupe Velez cannot enter a room in which a picture hangs awry without walking to it and straightening it? And that Ernst Lubitsch cannot work without a good black cigar in his face and plenty more in his pocket; and that his good friend, Emil Jannings, becomes all bothered when coffee which has careened over onto the saucer, is served him? And I don't blame him.

REGINALD DENNY detests the modern fad for colored hankies and always uses plain white linens. Lloyd Hughes drives his own motor, which he insists is an eccentricity in chauffeur-ridden Hollywood; and Evelyn

Camilla Horn must have her dainty tootsies massaged five hundred times every night before she can relax. Dr. Geoffrey Grace has the job now. Who wants to be his successor?

Brent, whom we again mention, refuses to have her chauffeur dressed in puttees and knickers. It is much too servile, she explains, democratically, and orders long-trousered uniforms instead. Jetta Goudal wears white wash kid gloves which she launders herself; and Robert Ellis' cuffs are held together by different links. A time ago, one link broke and he was forced to wear another of different pattern. He liked the effect. And that's that.

Al Jolson hates being alone. He likes to be surrounded by three or four cronies who can be called upon, frequently, to indulge in a game of hearts; and Lois Wilson cannot stand the sight of imprisoned birds and gave away a parrot, once, because she could not tolerate its being

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Bessie Love and Charles King receive from Harry Beaumont (center) discs that recorded some of their work in The Broadway Melody; *Movietone photographs sound on film, these records also are made for test purposes.*

Talk's Not Cheap

Talking and sound pictures have sent production costs soaring—here's what costs and how much.

By HENRY MACMAHON

YOU'VE often heard that two or three minutes of a multi-millionaire's office chat are worth as many thousand dollars, and you no doubt know of folk who talk to distant correspondents by radio or cable at rates of five to ten dollars a word—

Yet the golden words in the picture studios today are more costly than any other vocables in the world, even more so than the coloratura diva's high C in the Metropolitan Opera House or the famed lyrical hero warbling *Oh Promise Me!* into the horn of the phonograph.

Love pleas at $100 or even $50 a word are awfully expensive! Seems like a rich defendant's breach-of-promise case brought to trial. But it isn't. The "sound" actors make 'em, and no doubt if they had to pay for 'em, would gladly return to dumb show. Even a Scottish couple, if obliged to voice their feelings, could hardly get by on less than $100—$50 for the love and $50 more for the "Yes" or "No".

It's got so far that you must study the script with a stop watch, time the enunciation of each word.

Conversationalists can't say more than a thousand or twelve hundred words in an eleven-minute reel. Figure six reels to the picture. The outside limit of talking has got to be 6,000 or 7,000 words.

From the modest talking "cheapie" costing $60,000, where the hero and heroine bill and coo at a "sawbuck" per coo, the rates ascend dizzily through the expensive courtroom and mystery stories to the great singing spectacles like *The Desert Song* or *The Broadway Melody,* on which $500,000 or better is spent, and each beautifully cadenced word costs the management around $100 to fixate it on sound track or disc.

You can't—simply can't—squeeze the pennies in talkies. Some producers brag they make the talking versions for an added amount equivalent to one-third to one-half the

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Josephine Dunn applies the powder to her shapely limbs, for she knows that the wages of shin are high—and refuses to leg behind in the march of beauty.

—Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Madge Bellamy Tells the PAINFUL TRUTH

Bobbing her hair was a symptom that the real Madge Bellamy was coming to the surface after a bitter struggle—a struggle described candidly

To HARRY CARR

IF FRANKNESS is good for the soul, I must have done a lot for the soul of Madge Bellamy the other day. I was frank; she was frank.

We learned a lot about each other—presumably to the great benefit of our souls.

We were sitting in the huge baronial hall which is her living room. Under the influence of a big open fire with eucalyptus logs that purred and sputtered, and many cigarettes, we grew to a genial warmth where we began asking each other disagreeable things.

"Madge," I said, "you are a very strange girl. You are so beautiful that you get me all mixed up when you look at me."

Miss Bellamy purred.

"But you used to be so insincere that I wanted to slap you; I wish I had."

Miss Bellamy looked shocked.

"There wasn't one sincere thing about you. When they gave you a part to play and put you out on the set, you never gave a thought to the part. All you thought about was: 'I wonder if I am now looking beautiful.'"

Miss Bellamy looked more shocked; then she giggled.

"Then," I added, judiciously, "you suddenly became sincere. In *Mother Knows Best,* you were sincere; you were real."

ARE you sure you are not flattering me too much?" asked Miss Bellamy, sarcastically.

"Quien sabe?" I said. "But anyhow, I am not through.

"I have always felt, when I talked to you, as though I were not talking to the real Madge Bellamy. I always felt that behind the very lovely and entirely insincere young lady in front of me was a real Madge Bellamy somewhere. I always wondered what she might be like. In *Mother Knows Best,* I found out."

Madge Bellamy representing (almost) the naked truth which she tells in this story.

"Well," said Madge, "and then . . . ."

"Happy to meet you," I said. "The real Madge Bellamy."

"How do you like her—now you know her?"

"I am not sure; I haven't found out."

"I am not sure that I have, either."

"Something must have changed her suddenly."

"Not so suddenly as you think."

"In all probability it was bobbing her hair. I think when she cut off her hair, the barber must have snipped right down to the real Madge Bellamy."

"You are wrong—you are wrong so many times. The bobbing of the hair was not the cause of the change in the Madge Bellamy you used to know. That was only a symptom."

"Then you admit it?"

"I admit it."

"Good; tell me about it."

IF I HAD taken Miss Bellamy's breath away, she got revenge. She took my breath away.

"I don't mind; I'll tell you the whole truth about it," she said.

"You were right—for once. I was insincere; that is to say, I gave the effect of insincerity. You were also right when you say that I was not thinking about my parts; that I was thinking about how to be beautiful. That is just exactly what I was thinking about."

"How come?"

"When I was a little girl, I lived in Texas, I had a great hanker to be an actress. I persuaded my people to let me go to New York and try to break in. The first break I got was getting into the chorus. I was then fifteen years old.

"I only tra-la-laed about two weeks. With some girls I was in an act at a theatrical benefit. There I happened to meet Daniel Frohman. He was a lovely old man. Incidentally—although this has noth-

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Madge Bellamy, who—believe it or not—once spent some time worrying about whether she was beautiful enough! All because this lovely creature happened to be equipped with a sensitive, artistic, but over-critical faculty for self-analysis. The world has decided an emphatic "Yea!" regarding her beauty.

So This Is

Raquel Torres, Fay Webb, Mary Doran and Blanche Le Clair are tuning up their roller skates and getting ready for spring at the M-G-M studio.

A TYPICAL American scene serves as the locale for the new Borzage-Gaynor-Farrell picture, as yet untitled.

A bit of New England spread over one entire stage. Two shacks snuggled in far corners with a big hill between them. Grass, shrubs, mountains, real trees in the foreground and in the distance. A waterfall gurgling its way down the hillside behind Charlie's house; an old oaken pump which really works before Janet's.

And the houses—real ones with three rooms each. The work bench where Charlie salvages junk in his; a staircase which carries Janet to her sanctuary under the eaves in the other. The stoves, the old clocks—and outside, the chickens and the cows wandering in perfect freedom behind their picket-fence enclosures.

No wonder location trips are getting less and less frequent. Why go to New England when you can bring New England to Hollywood?

Charlie Farrell is climbing telephone poles in spiked shoes to prepare for his part as a linesman. And learning to wheel himself up and down hillsides in a wheelchair for that part of the picture where he is a victim of paralysis.

Janet Gaynor is practising with her chickens so they will know her and come to her when she feeds them in the picture.

Bessie Love spends three hours daily on dancing lessons.

Page Two

ANITA PAGE, the Wampas baby star, who usually goes to bed at nine o'clock every evening after she has helped mother wash the supper dishes, is being seen going places with Harry Crocker, the millionaire play boy of Charlie Chaplin. Of course, the next step will be a rumored engagement.

Radio-do-deo-do

ALICE WHITE gave a short talk on the radio when she was mascot at a recent football game, whereupon four idle gentlemen lounging in a club at Harvard hurriedly sat up, gasping, and made a concentrated dash for the telephone and placed a long distance call for Hollywood.

Getting, after the usual time limit, Miss White, they invited her to be their guest of honor at a June rowing regatta or whatever you call those shell games in which they compete with a rival college.

That is the best tribute to a Vitaphone personality that has yet been told.

The Barrys

TOM BARRY, a clever playwright, as *Courage,* now on Broadway, will testify to, has been several months on the Fox lot writing stories and dialogue.

HOLLYWOOD

By
ANNE HOWE

John Gilbert enjoying a moment of relaxation with his Chow dog in a secluded corner of his Beverly Hills estate before starting work on his next picture.

Tom was in Raoul Walsh's office and a headline in a local paper intimated that Wall Street was getting after William Fox due to his many merger schemes.

Tom read the article and said:

"They better lay off Bill Fox. The first thing they know he will get sore on Wall Street and go down there and buy the street and put up a few more theatres."

June Speaks Up

DEMURE June Collyer is the last girl one would suspect of wisecracking, yet she pulled a nifty one morning recently.

On the set they were discussing the newspaper reports of Lindbergh crashing his plane and injuring himself and his fiancee, Miss Morrow.

"Lindy," crooned June, "seems to have forgotten that one needs two arms to drive an airplane as well as a car."

Speed

WE HAVE companies out here who make quickies. But this is the fastest producer I ever heard of.

They began work on the picture at nine in the morning. At noon the producer walked up to the director and asked:

"How many scenes did you get?"

"Nine," was the reply.

"Well, you got to do better than that. We are three days behind shooting schedule now."

On the Cuff

I HAD a nice speech written on my cuff," said Eddie Nugent over the radio at the *Broadway Melody* opening. "But they sent my shirt to the laundry. Next time I'll have it tattooed."

Another Mix-up

SINCE Lupe Velez deserted Tom Mix for Gary Cooper, Tom has been doing a bit of free lancing. Clara Bow one night; Dorothy Dwan another, sometimes, appearing places with both ladies. But now, well, Gwen Lee doesn't brook interference, so you may see Miss Lee and Mr. Mix alone at the Ambassador, the Montmartre and all the other places dedicated to Hollywood celebrities.

Prim and Prop Her

MAYBE you've heard it and maybe you haven't. Anyway, Hollywood is chuckling over the latest antic of its favorite flamboyant charmer. It seems a prim and proper interviewer from Boston went to chat with the girl and found her in scanties and a certain form-containing garment worn on a lady's upper extremities. The reporter was considerably shocked.

"I am sorry, I cannot interview you in a brassiere," she said firmly.

"Ah, that is what you think, too! And it is too blamed tight. I take it off!"

And with a valiant gesture, off it came.

The lady from Boston made a hurried exit.

A Suitable Suitor for Sue

NICK STUART rushed down from Santa Barbara where he is making a picture and escorted Sue Carol to the courtroom each day, while she was appearing as a defendant in a suit brought by Douglas McLean over her contract. Nick lost considerable sleep over his cavalier act as he had to rush back to Santa Barbara to his location daily. Sue won the suit.

Tears in Arrears

SPEAKING of Nick and Sue, they were working all night. At five o'clock one morning they were taking exteriors on Western avenue. They were supposed to cry. It was so cold that tears just wouldn't come. Even onions could not help the situation. The company had to quit—to return at nine o'clock the next morning. And yet people sometimes think these people do not earn their thousand-a-week salaries!

Simply Killing

THEY say, so they say, that exceeding difficulty was met in finding a suitable theme song for Norma Talmadge's *Woman Disputed,* and it was only after supreme convolutions of whatever convolutes in a song-writer's bosom that *Woman Disputed, I Love You,* was brought to light.

What, is what I want to know, are they going to do when the time comes, and the cherry blossoms bloom, and Baclanova's *Woman Who Needed Killing* needs its tender theme song? There is not even a Chopin alive to write a funeral march.

But, tut! Let Mr. Zukor worry about that.

Lois Moran is a miss who misses her winter sports in Hollywood, so she goes up in the snows when on vacation.

R'n't We All?

CHANCE for a million or one infatuated Southern misses to teach Gary Cooper to drop his *r's* and broaden his *a's.* He declares that for his forthcoming talkie role as Owen Wister's *The Virginian* (oh, girrls!) he is going to take a few lessons from a Southerner so he will know their slow, drawling dialect.

A Host of Good Cheer

JOBYNA RALSTON and friend husband, Mr. Dick Arlen, are becoming famous for their informal entertaining. And when I say informal, I mean it. It doesn't make any difference whether they're home or not. Their guests just find notes to order their food from the attendants. And if

Dorothy Sebastian keeps a good-looking eye on the weather, and shows why scrubbing the deck has become a popular pastime on this ship.

they are home, and busy—they go right on with their work and say, "There's the tennis court and there's where you go swimming. Tell the cook when you're hungry!" They've even fixed up a guest room always ready with pajamas in one cupboard and nighties in another.

"That's because I lost so much sleep driving guests home in the evening!" Dick told us. They have their menage at Toluca Lake, twelve miles from Hollywood.

Gobs of Fun

WILLIAM HAINES, who learned to play football, baseball and other sports for his pictures, is now learning to keep his mouth open while guns roar. He's busy these days, firing a cannon on a destroyer, in his new picture, *The Gob.*

"You have to keep your mouth open when you fire," he says, "so the explosion won't hurt your ears."

Vilma Banky in her trick new bathing outfit, including a short coat lined with a removable Turkish towel, makes the beach worth going to. —P. & A.

Accents Beguiled

JESSE LASKY called Baclanova in recently and demanded that she fire her English instructor. Baclanova fans have written that they are entranced by her accent. Instead of being a drawback, it is proving one of her greatest assets. Lasky has also instructed Maurice Chevalier to safeguard his speech and keep it unadulterated by American influences that surround him.

She Faw Down

LOUISE FAZENDA dressed herself up in her newest ensemble and drove out to the old Vitagraph Studio to call on friends who were working on one of the stages there. The company were sunning themselves outside as she drove grandly up. Louise stepped out of her car and into a manhole—disappearing completely!

Every Lydell Helps

SPEAKING about the romance between Lydell Peck the wealthy young San Franciscan, and Janet Gaynor, it seems that young Peck was halted in traffic while driving his car on one of San Francisco's main streets.

A newspaper woman was halted alongside of him and being quick on the trigger she took advantage of the momentary lull to yell at Peck:

"Is it true you are going to marry Janet Gaynor?"

The traffic bell sounded just then and as both cars moved forward Peck answered the girl:

"I may!"

The next day the girl crashed the front page of her paper with a story which told that the young couple were to be married in May.

Voice Insurance

IT WON'T do for Laura La Plante to attend many ball games or prize fights. Not if she cheers, at any rate. Universal has just insured her voice for $200,000; they are preserving a movietone test of her voice "as is" so that in case of injury, the test would show to what degree her voice had changed.

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Hollywood's popular lovers, also were at The Broadway Melody *opening.*

Mary Brian goes in training with the punch pillows for her role in The Man I Love, *a story of the prize ring*

Just the Place for Spoons

THE mess hall, pardon me — the commissary — at M-G-M is becoming a popular place for spooning. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, have all been working there in pictures and advertising their deep affection by public noon-time demonstrations. Well, these folk are used to performing for their public. We can't blame them for a few luncheon-time kisses and caresses.

Modesty is the Vest Policy

MODESTY, like a mantle, is cloaking Lupe Velez—to a certain extent—and all that Hollywood can suspect is that love and Gary Cooper are, in their own quiet ways, working wonders.

The other day, for instance, Lon Chaney in a paternal manner put his hands on Lupe's shoulders. She was wearing a flimsy trifle for a scene in *Where East Is East.* Lupe turned abruptly.

"Meestair Chan-ey, do not do that. I moost ask you to keep your hands off my personal appearance."

Hollywood's Four Hundred

ONE thousand guests were invited to the Ruth Roland-Ben Bard wedding which took place on a day dedicated to lovers, so it remains for one Hollywood wisecracker to titter forth with, "Yes, I am one of the Four Hundred . . . one of the four hundred who was not invited to the tying."

Billie Dove and Gwen Lee are twins for the day dressed in these novel outing costumes for a day at the beach.

Merrily She Rolls Along

BETTY COMPSON is heralded as one of the wealthiest women in pictures. No wonder! This girl has an eye for business. She has two Rolls-Royces—one of which she rents out for pictures. Last year it netted her nine thousand dollars. A hundred dollars a day for regular work and more for special action! And there's scarcely a day when it isn't being used.

Hide and Sneak

YES, these stars do really try to have one place where they can go into seclusion. More and more of them are buying camp sites, ranches, or what have you —where the public and fan writers cannot reach them.

Wallace Beery has a hideaway cabin on Silver Lake, high up in the Nevadas.

Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon are trying out a few new steps between the scenes of Broadway.

Clara Bow has a cottage at Malibou beach reached only by special invitation.

Harold Lloyd has eighty acres in the Santa Monica mountains with a mere shack upon it. He prides himself that no one can reach him without the minutest instructions.

Evelyn Brent has a hide-out in Kern county which she discovered on a location trip three years ago.

John Barrymore uses his yacht and his honeymoon trip in Mexican waters was uncharted.

Sweden's Greta Attractions

GRETA GARBO seems to have knocked her usually phlegmatic home-town for a row of Swedish anchovies.

In a cartoon in a Stockholm paper, street cars were depicted running wildly through the sides of buildings, skyscrapers bending over and the whole pop-eyed population in hysterics as the imperturbable Garbo strolls down the avenue. It was captioned.

"Greta passes by!"

Joyce Murray is marking the toe—the toe which helped her make the leap to fame. She is filmdom's newest find.

What Was the Name?

MARIE PREVOST was working at the Columbia studios. One day she was late for work. A whole fifteen minutes. The assistant director felt it was his duty to do the reprimanding.

"Miss Prevost, when we give a nine o'clock call that don't mean nine-fifteen!"

"I've never met you," said Miss Prevost, "and I never talk to men whom I've never met."

Ways and Means

IT WAS the lunch hour and the long counter at one of the eateries hard by the Fox Studios had every seat occupied.

A pair of late arrivals were Joe Egli, casting director at Fox, and Eddie Grainger.

"Let's go some place else," suggested Grainger.

"I'll get a pair of seats in just a minute," argued Egli.

He whispered something in Grainger's ear, Grainger nodded that he understood, and then in a loud voice, Grainger said:

"Did Jack Ford get those three blond girls?"

"No," said Egli, "my assistant, Dave Todd, is searching everywhere for four blonds."

In less than two minutes there were four vacant seats previously occupied by four extra girls—blonds.

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Valentino's Hidden

Rudolph Valentino, the greatest lover the screen has ever known, in his role as The Sheik, *which made him beloved of women the world over.*

Loves Revealed!

Some of the great lover's most touching affairs revealed for the first time by an anonymous friend of the dead actor in an effort to explain the real Valentino and his life long quest.

THE complete story of the loves of Rudolph Valentino will probably never be told.

He was, so to speak, always in love. Valentino himself could hardly have said where one love left off and another began. As the warmth of the sun's rays caress and envelop each tender flower, so with Valentino's affections.

Since his death, however, fact has emerged from rumor. New loves have been revealed and new light cast on those loves which have been the talk of the world with eager gossipers making up in fancy for deficiencies of fact.

Many are the women who could truthfully say that they were loved by Valentino. Not all of them are known. Not all of them will ever be known. Yet with all of them the statement could be only an idle boast, for Valentino's life was a tragic quest for the perfect love which he never found.

Near the end of his life he confided in an old Italian woman that his quest had been hopeless, that he had never found his ideal . . . the devotion of a beloved wife who would bear him children and give him a home.

Having known but little of women in his youth, and endowed with an almost abject reverence for femininity, Valentino always returned the slightest appreciation shown him with a deep, if transitory, affection.

COMING as a boy to a country famous for luscious and fascinating women, Valentino appears to have lost no time. He fell in love coming over on the boat, with a young American girl, a dancer. Her name was Marion Hennion. He does not appear to have made much impression upon her heart; but she used up the spare time between deck tennis and shuffle board teaching him to dance, thus laying the foundation for the greatest of all screen careers.

Jean Acker, Valentino's first wife, who was also one of his greatest loves.

Shortly after his arrival in New York, Valentino was plunged into the maelstrom of a hectic affair which, although it left a lasting imprint of unhappiness on his life, remained enshrined in his heart as one of his closest approaches to elusive perfection. Her name was Bianca. Valentino met her in a cabaret where he had obtained a job as a dancer.

Rudolph, with Natacha Rambova, his second wife, on a trip to Europe. It was her name that he mentioned most frequently on his deathbed.

She was a South American—cultured, well educated, charming. Whether or not she was moved by the ardent Italian boy, it wasn't for long. She married a famous athlete, Jack Desaulles. Their marriage was very unhappy and she appealed to Rudolph to help her win a divorce.

His chivalry resulted in one of the most dismal chapters of Valentino's life. The enraged husband had the house where Rudolph lived raided by the police. He was arrested on a groundless charge. When freed, he was refused admission to his club and was cut—and to the heart—by many of his best friends.

That was why he turned to Hollywood—the Hollywood that was to make his fortune.

After he left, the lovely Bianca—driven to desperation—shot Jack Desaulles; was absolved by the jury and went abroad to live. In time she married a worthy gentleman and presumably lived happily forever after. On his last visit abroad, Valentino tried to telephone to her; but she gently hung up the receiver of the phone. Later he entrusted to a friend a message to her in South America; but the message was never answered.

Valentino always referred reverently to this affair as "the purest love of my life."

Before he got into the films, he spent a good many hungry days in Hollywood, looking for dancing engagements or anything else that would mean a square meal.

During these days he worshiped from afar the scintillating stars of the screen. He would appear at Gloria Swanson's house with armfuls of flowers, it is said, but never gained an audience with her. He fell in love with the golden head of Mary Miles Minter and carried on a

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Society in Cinemaland

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS' SOCIETY EDITOR

A group of Hollywood celebrities at a luncheon given by Mrs. W. H. Fawcett and Mrs. Roscoe Fawcett at the Montmartre. Those in the picture are: (Last row) Pat Rooney III, Helen Starr, Doris Dawson, Anne Alvarado, Mrs. Finis Fox, Sharon Lynn, Jetta Goudal, Claire Windsor, Bebe Daniels, Polly Young, Helen Twelvetrees, Sally Blane, Mrs. Hammond Beall, Belle Bennett, Jackie Saunders, Priscilla Dean, Daphne Marquette, Mrs. A. J. Rough. (Second row) Camilla Horn, Grace Simpson, Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, Lily Damita, Rita Carewe, Jane Winton, Mrs. W. H. Fawcett. (On floor) Mrs. Roscoe Fawcett, Billy Joy, Doris Arbuckle, Ona Brown, W. H. Fawcett, Mrs. Geo. Stewart, Mrs. De Tarr, and LeRoy Mason.

TWO hours before the celebrities arrived for the first annual Actors' Equity Ball and midnight revue, the long corridors of the Biltmore Hotel were packed with people waiting to glimpse their favorites.

The ball was a huge success. **Taylor Holmes** acted as master of ceremonies during the midnight follies, and members of the various committees were **Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, Reginald Denny, Conrad Nagel, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, George Fawcett, Ben Lyon, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy** and **Belle Bennett.**

Marion Davies, representing the Spirit of Equity, was trundled out in a large gold frame and declared it was her most embarrassing moment as she expected momentarily to flop out of the frame. Applause greeted **John Boles'** rendition of the Equity song.

Among those who reserved boxes were **Estelle Taylor, Irene Rich, Louise Dresser, Mary Duncan, Ronald Colman, Ernest Torrence** and **Frank Keenan.**

JACK GILBERT made his debut as master of ceremonies at the premiere of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Broadway Melody* at the Chinese Theatre. Jack's snappy "Let me present Bessie Love" or Harry Beaumont or Charles King made an instantaneous hit.

It was **Bessie Love's** big night. Prolonged and sustained applause was accorded little Bessie when Jack brought her on the stage. A touching scene occurred in the lobby afterwards when **Blanche Sweet** and **Carmel Myers** wept for sheer joy as they hugged Bessie. The three actresses were chums at the old Fine Arts Studio with **D. W. Griffith** and have remained friends ever since. Utterly oblivious of the throngs around them, the tears fell as Bessie sobbed: "You girls being so happy over my success means more to me than anything else!"

Lovely **Anita Page,** who also scored a hit, was accompanied by her beaming parents and **Harry Crocker. Charles King** was host to a group.

Virginia Cherrill was escorted by **Jack Gilbert. Lily Damita** was a member of **Max Reinhardt's** party. **Lupe Velez** and **Gary Cooper,** who are staging a "Joan and Doug," were prominent during the intermission (Gary looks as if a puff of wind would blow him away). Quiet **Fay Wray** and her devoted spouse. **Dorothy Dwan** and **Matty Kemp. Ruth Roland** and **Ben Bard. The James Gleasons** and **Robert Armstrongs. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jackson** chaperoning a crowd of the younger set—their daughter, **Ethel,** wide-eyed **Nancy Drexel, Billy Bakewell, John Darrow, Cecil Revey** and **Charles Eaton.**

ONE of the successful affairs of the winter was the luncheon given recently at the Montmartre by **Mrs. William Fawcett** and **Mrs. Roscoe Fawcett** in honor of **Mrs. Ona Wilson Brown.** The affair, which was held in the French room of the cafe, is the first of a series of parties planned in compliment to Mrs. Brown who is leaving for Europe soon. An atmosphere of spring was created in the floral decorations of jonquils, narcissus and maidenhair fern, which formed a centerpiece of the U-shaped table, the decorations being repeated in garlands of the same flowers arranged at each end. Bidden were: **Mesdames Charles Kenyon (Jane Winton), Hal Willis (Louise Fazenda), Don Alvarado, Finis Fox, J. Ward Cohen (Jacqueline Saunders), William Mann (Daphne Marquette), Doris Dean Arbuckle, Leroy Mason (Rita Carewe), Leslie Arnold (Priscilla Dean), Fred Windemere (Belle Bennett), Irvin Willat (Billie Dove), John McCormick (Colleen Moore), William Seiter (Laura La Plante), Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford), Harry Hammond Beall; Misses Claire Windsor, Mary Brian, Lily Damita, Camilla Horn, Grace Kingsley, Helen Twelvetrees, Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Sharon Lynn, Jetta Goudal, Bebe Daniels, Phyllis Haver, Louella Parsons, Marion Davies** and **Helen Starr.**

PRISCILLA DEAN was as excited as a child at her first birthday party on the occasion of the housewarming given her by **Peggy Hamilton.** Priscilla, as you know, recently married **Leslie Arnold,** naval aviator, and the charming apartment on North Vine Street is their first real home since their marriage.

Peggy Hamilton is an accomplished hostess. While waiting for the rest of the hundred invited guests to arrive, she set us all to puzzling out a clever auto game. **Ruth Clifford** distinguished herself by burlesquing her answers. **Doris Dean Arbuckle** and **Mary Ford** won the prizes while **Louise Fazenda** mournfully declared that any questionnaire made her realize that she properly belonged in a home for half-wits as she could never answer more than one-tenth of the questions.

Three singers from the concert stage flooded Priscilla's living-room with beautiful song. Little **Sharon Lynn's** eyes shone. "I'm so thrilled," she whispered, "I just discovered that I have a voice. I sing in Fox's new *Follies* and the director said that my voice was quite remarkable so now I'm having it cultivated."

After a delicious tea, we all sat in a circle around Priscilla while she opened her house-warming gifts. Her delighted shrieks of appreciation warmed the hearts of the givers; never once did she run out of enthusiasm. The chief present was a full set of Titian ware from a group of her closest friends. Many of them gave individual gifts.

Vera Reynolds, whose marriage to **Bob Ellis** in 1926, was just announced, agreed with **Pauline Starke** that secret marriages weren't so good after all. **Lila Lee** told her not to think another thing about it—she'd give a shower for Vera this very month.

Others who enjoyed **Miss Hamilton's** hospitality were: **Laura La Plante, Evelyn Brent, Leatrice Joy, Betty Compson, Margaret Livingston, Kathlyn Williams, Lois Wilson, Phyllis Haver, Jackie Saunders, Ruth Taylor, Grace Gordon** and **Mary McAllister.**

MISS EDITH RYAN entertained a few of her many friends at her home this month. **Mrs. Dorothy Reid** and **Walter Lang,** one of filmland's perennially engaged couples; genial **Harry Gribbon** who said his wife had been so long publicised as an excellent cook that even he had come to believe it; **E. Mason Hopper,** popular director, who knows *he's* a good cook; **Dale Fuller** with absorbing tales of her orange and walnut groves; **Louise Fazenda** carefully counting her calories, and **Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett.**

A SUCCESSION of birthday parties formed a bright chain of gaieties. There was the surprise affair planned by **Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett)** in honor of her consort. Afternoon tennis was followed by an informal buffet supper with bridge and billiards forming the evening's entertainment.

The Niblos' many friends gathered to do the popular director honor—**Messrs. and Mesdames Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Conrad Nagel, Antonio Moreno, Louis B. Mayer,** with their daughters; **Harry Rapf** and **Sydney Franklin; Misses Lois Wilson** and **Catherine Bennett; Messrs. Ronald Colman, Alec Bennett** and **Fred Niblo, Jr.**

The **Eugene** and **John Fords, Mr.** and **Mrs. Charles Sollars, Bebe Daniels** and **Dorothy Dwan,** formed a select group to surprise **Tom Mix** on his natal anniversary. The birthday cake they brought bore less than forty candles and in its center rode a cowboy made of caramel on a chocolate pony.

Ruth Roland and Ben Bard standing by the wedding cake at the reception following their wedding which was one of the most impressive social affairs of the year in Hollywood.

Spring Style

Nancy Carroll presents something very nice in undies. Just a simple creation of lace over satin.

Joan Crawford, in one of the popular ensemble suits for spring of gray kasha cloth with the jumper showing red and gray stripes.

Doris Dawson has chosen for every-day-wear this lovely dress of three-quarter-length foulard piped in white.

SPRINGTIME . . . warm sun . . . blue skies . . . all nature decked out in new gowns . . . and thousands of SCREEN SECRETS readers lamenting, "But I haven't a thing to wear!" The winter furs and heavy wools must be laid away; for it is time to plan the summertime outfits you want to buy or make.

The outstanding characteristic of the new French models is their essential femininity. Gone are the extremely boyish sports outfits and the severe tailleurs. Gowns are more formal and less sporty than before, while tailoring in its true sense has definitely returned. Clothes this season must be decorative, *chic*, of beautiful, soft material, luscious shades, and charmingly trimmed in fine lace, perky bows, or sparkling rhinestone ornaments.

Fortunately, the simplicity of the newest costumes makes it possible for the girl who is even the least bit clever with the needle to make her complete spring wardrobe with the help of any reliable pattern and, perhaps, a willing friend to aid in those little necessary adjustments in the fitting.

Paris and Hollywood have both enthusiastically chosen the three-piece ensemble as the most practical and flattering outfit of the season. Of the new sheer woolens or light-weight tweed mixtures, or of the still-very-good jersey, it is the ideal costume for "from nine to five." The jacket, which may be removed, gives that extra warmth that is so necessary in the early morning or evening. This jacket may be of hip length, or of the now popular three-quarter length—whichever you prefer. Many of the most attractive ensembles display the new three-color combinations—for example, a navy suit trimmed with bands of beige and red, or a costume com-

Revue

By
DOROTHY
H. CARTWRIGHT

Mary Brian's newest evening wrap is of white velvet and cloth of silver with a collar of white fox fur.

Carol Lombard shows off the new suspenders which are the rage in Hollywood, lending a touch of color to her ensemble suit.

Jean Arthur's gray suit is set off with a blouse of daring design in black and white. Slippers and hat are gray.

posed of three shades of green or blue. If your trimming is placed diagonally, you will be right up-to-the minute; for zigzags, tucks, and all appliqued bands are smartest when following this new line. Pleats, particularly small ones, are even more popular than before; while many of the newest skirts have a fold of goods falling from the side to several inches below the hemline.

SPEAKING of hems, in spite of all efforts to lengthen skirts, they remain short—in spots. Evening gowns are perhaps longer than ever, while many of the most delightful new models display little trains! Sometimes these are really only a trailing end of ribbon from the swanky big bow at the hip, or a casual drape. The bow effect is particularly smart for the young girl who does not want to look sophisticated, yet wants to cater to the newest fashion note. Most of the long bouffant skirts are transparent from the knees down—which is the one certain way of eating your cake and having it! The long-in-back line continues to be a favorite, not only for strictly formal wear, but on all costumes except the sport. Those of you who want to remodel last-summer's dance frock might give the skirt a quarter turn so that the long part is at the side. Yes, this is quite the latest style! Many skirts are up to the knee on one side, but touch the floor on the other! Incidentally, the bouffant skirts are even wider than those of previous seasons, if you can imagine such a thing!

The most eccentric novelty in the new styles is the tuck-in blouse. If you want to be as smartly dressed as your favorite movie star, don't wear a "hippy" slip-on!

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Love Lingo of

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, two hearts that drink as one.

Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford are the eavesdroppers' despair with their own private language, but here's how it's done—translate for yourself!

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

WHOPAT wopill yopou hopave, Roputh? Opi mopust opeat lopight opand Dodo mopust hopave hopash," said Joan Crawford, as she slipped into the seat beside mine in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's studio cafe.

"Dopid yopou sopay hopash, doparloping?" murmured her ever-faithful swain, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., bending over her for one of these fade-out osculations before seating himself. "Opi lopove yopou."

Just like that. As clear as mud.

The much publicized lovers beamed upon me and burst forth again with a torrent of this strange jargon. No one else on the sun porch of the cafe turned a head—the directors around the long table continued to shake dice to determine which should pay for lunch and the small groups of actors and writers went on with the business of eating or ordering. Only the waitress smiled and whispered to me, "Ain't love grand?"

"Shopall wop-e topell hop-er whopat wop-e sopaid, Dodo?" queried Joan, cuddling his hand in hers.

Doug's reply was another long kiss which ceased only at the arrival of the waitress with our orders.

For the next few minutes, Joan was maternally busy preparing her "baby's" food. "Mamma junk it for baby?" she murmured lovingly, as she deftly removed Doug's chicken and potato hash from the service dish to his plate and poured his glass of certified milk. "Opi lopove yopou," yearned Doug.

NO THEY hadn't gone mad. They were merely engaging in their famous love language.

From time immemorial lovers have longed to be alone. Months ago when Joan and Dougie fell into Cupid's trap, they experienced this special need. Motion picture sets are crowded places at best and everyone, from director to the lowliest prop boy seemed all eyes and ears when the dazzled young lover slipped in for a few words with his adored one.

Worn out with constant whispering, exhausted from weeks of searching for secluded nooks, the harried sweethearts decided that *something* had to be done about it. They would have to learn to say "I love you" without being forced to listen to the nearest cameraman's foolish snicker or see the significant smiles of their fellow actors.

So they put their loving heads together and evolved the language of "op." The principle of it being the use of

Joan and Doug, Jr.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., present the most important words in their private love language ("I love you"); below are others, with translations.

Opi lopong topo kopiss yopou, doparloping. (I long to kiss you, darling.)

Dopid yopou sopay hopash? (Did you say hash?)

Shopall wope topell hoper whopat wope sopaid, Dodo? (Shall we tell her what we said, Dodo?)

Opi wopill bope bopack opin opa mopinopute. (I will be back in a minute.)

"op" in every pronounced syllable with a few natural exceptions. Thus: "I long to kiss you, darling," was completely hidden behind the voluminous "Opi lopong topo kopiss yopou, doparopling," and they could casually say, "Opi lopove yopou" (I love you) without causing the usual sly chuckles.

"Of course at first we had to speak it very, very slowly to be able to understand one another," explained Doug, earnestly. "Didn't we, mamma?"

"Yes, baby," Joan stopped toying with her pineapple salad and they melted into each other's arms . . . .

Calmly, she smoothed her ruffled hair and patted on fresh make-up.

"We had to study awfully hard but it was worth it. Now *nobody* can understand us!" she announced, triumphantly, her blue eyes sparkling. "Adrian, the costume designer, did manage to discover the root of the language but he can join in only when we speak slowly."

"Not that we care—it doesn't matter *who* knows it now!" put in Doug, taking the mayonnaise dressing away from his beloved with a firm, "No, no, sweetheart, it makes you thin!"

Joan looked up at him, poutingly, with a child's hurt eyes.

"A cigarette, then!" she demanded.

Young Doug assumed a grown-up air and consulted his wrist watch. "All right. Just one. But no more for two hours."

Carefully he selected a cigarette from an onyx and platinum case with its inscription, "My Sweetheart, I love you. Joan." beneath her tinted likeness (Joan's latest gift).

"Joan's lost seven or eight pounds lately and it just won't do," worried Doug. "She has so much dancing to do in this *Our Modern Maidens*. It's her first starring picture and it's our first together, too. I *wish* she'd eat more!"

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The Mystery of the

The gruesome murder of Eddie Diggins in a setting of hilarious gaiety is described as the second of a series of famous Hollywood murder mysteries.

By HARRY CARR

THE lights went off.

Sounds of scuffling feet.

A woman's scream in the thick darkness.

The lights flashed on again.

There lay Eddie Diggins. He was bleeding to death. On the left side of his dress shirt was a ragged hole edged with red. From this little hole the blood was pumping with a soft horrible regularity—with a little plop, plop, plop sound as it pumped.

It was a final irony that he was dying in the arms of a man whose business in life was to make the world scream with laughter. He was dying in the arms of Lloyd Hamilton.

They begged him to speak; to tell what had happened to him. But he only moaned and the light faded out of his eyes. And so to this day, no one knows to a certainty who killed Eddie Diggins—or why. Only here and there have come vague hints. As, for instance, that woman's voice over the telephone. . .

It remains and probably always will remain one of Hollywood's strangest murder mysteries.

EVERYBODY in Hollywood knew Eddie. Yet no one really knew him. As is the way of Hollywood—a city of glaring publicity—yet a city of mysteries.

Lloyd Hamilton, jovial comedian who faded from the screen shortly after the Diggins tragedy and is just now staging a comeback.

Eddie Diggins, the murdered actor, with Bull Montana, famous heavy. The photo was taken shortly before Diggins met his death under circumstances which have baffled Los Angeles police.

Eddie's real name was Edward Ayer Diggins. He was born in San Francisco about twenty-four years ago. He was one of those little Irish tads born "south of the slot," in the Mission district.

That district breeds prize fighters as a country road breeds jimson weeds. Eddie Hanlon, Abe Attel, Jimmie Britt, Jim Corbett and a hundred more famous boxers were all reared in the same rough-and-ready school that produced Eddie Diggins.

If you didn't know how to fight south-of-the-slot, you spent most of your time hiding in the cellar and going home from school on a dead run. Eddie didn't hide in the cellar and he went home from school with the leisurely grandeur of the champion of the neighborhood. As naturally as little boys in Pittsburg grow up to be puddlers in the steel mills, so it was a matter of course that Eddie should become a fighter.

He started out at first as an amateur boxer in the Olympic Club—where so many champions have started. His fists were so talented in those bouts that he turned professional.

It wasn't blood lust that drove him to fighting for money. Eddie wanted to make money. He wanted to be married.

HIS school days were spent in a Mission school run by the Catholic fathers. Near by was a convent school. There was a little shy Irish girl who used to find Eddie waiting on the corner when school let out; and they would walk shyly home together. Eddie was a smart, clever, wisecracking boy with a true Irish wit; but he was tongue-tied when he talked to girls.

Eddie—and this is the only real clue to the murder mystery—was an old-fashioned boy—in spite of his wisecracking and his jazz dancing. His romantic Irish an-

Murdered Actor

cestors had left him with a chivalry that belonged to the old days of knighthood rather than to the days of girls with short skirts and cigarettes. One of his characteristics was his almost awe-stricken respect for women. Perhaps he inherited that from his Irish grandfathers who were in California in the old 'Forty-nine days when men would ride for days—to stand hat in hand—just to look at a woman.

Anyhow, if you wanted to start a fight, all you had to do was to make some smutty remark about a girl in Eddie's presence. The next you knew, the world began sailing around; you heard the birdies singing; and you finally came out of it to hear Eddie saying as he lifted you up: "Feel better, old man? Sorry I had to clip you. Somehow I just can't stand it to hear a fellow talk about a girl."

EDDIE did pretty well in his early fights. The money rolled in very nicely. One day he and the Irish girl walked up to the altar together. Eddie looking at her as though she were sugar likely to melt away at any moment. It just didn't seem reasonable to him that any young lady could be so awful sweet and last.

He might have lived to be a great ring fighter if something hadn't happened to him.

One of his ring engagements carried him to Los Angeles. There the wonderful portals of Hollywood opened to him. He got acquainted with a great many screen people. They liked him for his shy, witty, almost bashful Irish ways. They suggested to him that he tackle Hollywood himself.

The little Irish bride leaped at the idea. She didn't like prize fighting. Her honest little Irish heart never quite got over being shocked. Also she didn't enjoy sitting at home on fight nights, praying and twisting her handkerchief while somebody in a ring down town was trying to

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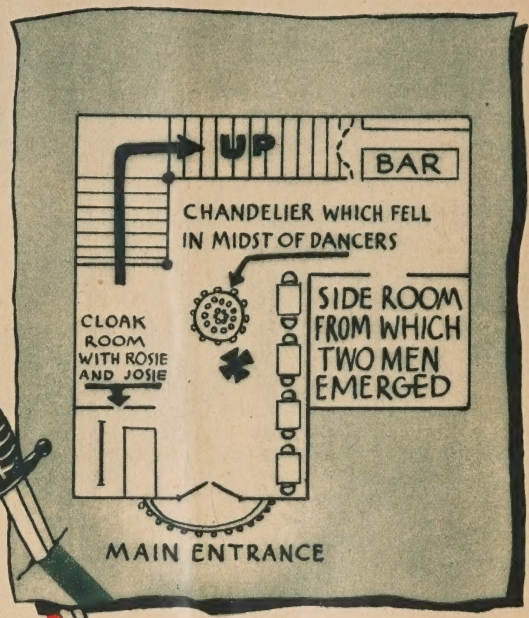


Diagram of the night club known as the Crescent Tea Room on Cherokee Avenue, where Eddie Diggins was found dying in the middle of the dance floor, following a free-for-all fight. Was Diggins fatally cut by the falling chandelier or stabbed by an unknown assailant?

The interior of the Crescent "Tea Room," fashionable rendezvous of movie folk, taken shortly after the scuffle in which Eddie Diggins met his mysterious death.

Begin Now! $1500

SCREEN SECRETS' greatest contest is in full swing—offering many liberal cash prizes for competition in a fascinating game! And it's all about the stars you love so well—sharpen your wits and scissors!

FUN, information about your favorite stars, and money—that's what this great contest offers! Simple, fascinating, and rich in rewards.

The first puzzle picture, reprinted at the bottom of the opposite page, appeared in the April issue of SCREEN SECRETS; the second puzzle picture appears (top half of opposite page) in this issue, and the issues of June and July will contain the third and fourth puzzle pictures, respectively.

The object of this contest is to cut out the puzzles as they appear, fitting the pieces together and naming the stars shown in each assembled picture; then to write a brief biography of not over one hundred words on one player from each group—four biographies in all. The prizes will be awarded to those who send in to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine the four correctly assembled puzzle pictures and names of the stars, in the neatest arrangement, with the most interesting brief histories of four of the players.

For best results, first paste the puzzle on stiff paper, just as it appears in the magazine. Then carefully cut out the pieces, put them together so as to reconstruct the original picture, write the names of the stars underneath the picture, and save this part of your entry until the last puzzle has been published. After all four puzzle pictures have been assembled you will be ready to write the four brief biographies.

For aid in preparing these biographies, be sure to consult the life histories of famous film players given in the department "Who's Who in Filmland," a feature of SCREEN SECRETS that you will want to use in this contest and then save for your scrapbook.

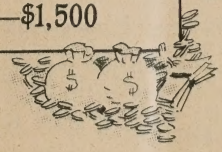
Hold all puzzle pictures and biographies until the publication of the puzzle picture in the July issue of SCREEN SECRETS; when you have completed your preparation of your entry according to the rules given below, send it in by first-class mail, prepaid, so that it reaches the Contest Editor no later than July 15, 1929. One hundred and ten people will win cash prizes—and will have had an enjoyable fascinating time arranging their entries and securing information about their favorite film stars. Are you going to be one of them? A little effort on your part now, will place you in the competition for rewards. Watch for the next puzzle in the June issue, on sale May 10—and meanwhile, get into the game with the two puzzles already published!

One Hundred and Ten Cash Prizes!

AS FOLLOWS:

1st Prize . .	$400
2nd Prize . .	$200
3rd Prize . .	$100
4th Prize . .	$75
2 of $50.00 . .	$100
4 of $25.00 . .	$100
5 of $20.00 . .	$100
5 of $15.00 . .	$75
20 of $10.00 . .	$200
20 of $5.00 . .	$100
50 of $1.00 . .	$50

110 Prizes—$1,500



Here are the Rules of the Cut Puzzle Contest:

1. SCREEN SECRETS *will award $1,500 in cash prizes, as listed, for the correct assembly of this puzzle picture and three others to appear in* SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine, for the neatest presentation of the puzzle and the best brief biography told in one hundred words or less, on one star in each of the four groups.*

2. *Contest began with the publication of puzzle No. 1 in the April issue of* SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine, to continue through June and July issues.*

3. *Contestants must keep all puzzles until publication of final set in July* SCREEN SECRETS. *Contest closes July 15, 1929. Anyone may compete except Fawcett Publications employees and their families.*

4. *There are no entry fees, and contestants need not purchase* SCREEN SECRETS *to compete. Copies may be inspected at public libraries, and it is permissible to trace the puzzles on plain paper.*

5. *All entries must be sent first-class mail, prepaid. None will be returned.*

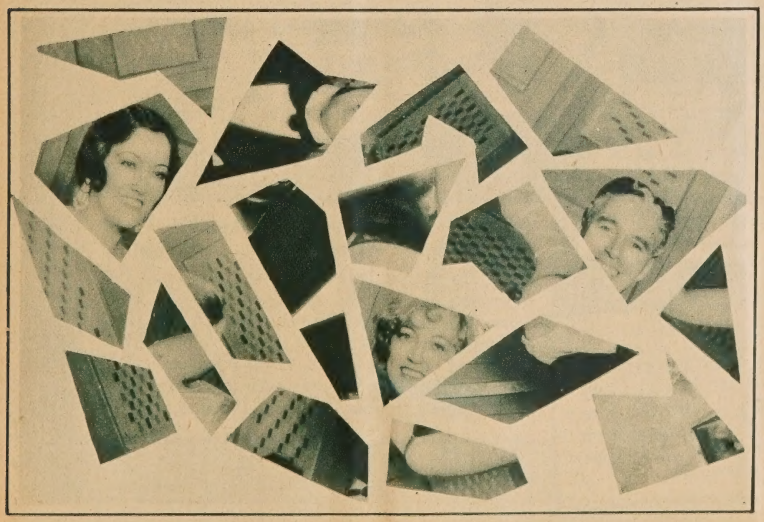
6. *The verdict of the judges will be final.*

7. *Duplicate prizes will be given tying contestants.*

8. *Send your entry to Cut Puzzle Editor,* SCREEN SECRETS *Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.*

in Cash Prizes!

Here is cut puzzle No. 2. When put together these pieces will form a picture of three stars that you know. Two more puzzles will appear in the June and July issues of SCREEN SECRETS. *Get out your scissors and try this fascinating game.*



Here is cut puzzle No. 1, reprinted from the April issue so that those who failed to secure it can begin the contest now. Save this puzzle, along with puzzle No. 2, above, until all four puzzles have appeared. Then write your biographies and send in your answers.

CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

Wedding Bells

EILEEN SEDGWICK, well known on the screen, has just wed Clarence Hutson, real estate operator. Miss Sedgwick divorced Justin McCloskey, in 1924.

Doris Complains

ALTHOUGH Doris Deane and her husband, Fatty Arbuckle, appeared to be friends up to a few weeks ago, Doris is now in court telling a tale of neglect and asking for alimony.

More Scissors

RENEE ADOREE has joined the Hollywood divorcees. Renee was once before a member of the colony after she parted with Tom Moore. Her latest husband, William Gill, went up to Reno and stated to the court that too much temperament and temper wrecked his home life.

Forecast

PAUL KOHNER is going to return to America in June to wed Mary Philbin, he writes his friends. It is rumored in Hollywood that family objections to the match have kept Mary from crossing the Atlantic to wed Paul.

Joan To Marry

JOAN MEREDITH who was a Wampas Baby Star of 1926, is going to marry Harry Kiener, president of the Big Bear Land and Water Company of California. Miss Meredith recently made a personal appearance tour of the country.

Hugh, Too

HUGH ALLEN is going to be married this summer. A few months ago he met Catherine Hoffman when she came to interview him on his opinions on love. Hugh Allen must have scored for his romantic interview, for Miss Hoffman is wearing a large diamond.

She Fooled 'Em

VERA REYNOLDS electrified the film colony just lately by telling her friends that she has been Mrs. Robert Ellis for some time. The film colony now knows that she wed Robert Ellis in Paris about three years ago.

Marjorie Marries

BIG Bill Tilden, national tennis star, used to be attentive to Marjorie Daw, but this attractive screen player has just wed Myron Selznick, film producer. Miss Daw was formerly the wife of Eddie Sutherland, the director.

Another Crash

PRETTY blond Jeanette Loff, who learned all about the movies from looking at the screen while she played a theater organ in Portland, is separated from Harry Roseboom, a jewelry broker whom she wed three years ago.

Back To Buddy

ALTHOUGH Claire Windsor was going about a great deal with Grant Withers and everyone scented a romance, the pair had a little difference of opinion, it seems, and Claire went right back to her former flame, Buddy Rogers.

Dorothy's Engagement

DOROTHY BURGESS, the gypsy girl of the stage version of *The Squall* and the feminine lead in the photoplay, *In Old Arizona,* has announced her engagement to Lieut. Adolph Oswald of the U. S. Navy, at present stationed on the *U. S. S. West Virginia.* It is believed the wedding may take place when the fleet returns this spring from Panama.

All the World's in Love with Love

Bessie Love's present overwhelming success is the climax of countless movie ups and downs—and here's what they taught her.

Bessie Love, whose wistful appeal has at last won the reward it deserves.

By HARRY CARR

BESSIE LOVE must sneak up to her stocking on Christmas morning with a trembling heart. She never knows whether Santa Claus has left her a Rolls-Royce or a poison pill.

I have never known any girl in Hollywood who has had so many ups and downs. She has been "discovered" more times and discarded more times than patent "form reducers." Bessie Love is like flappers' skirts. She seesaws up and down with every fashion.

And the irony of it is that she is the one real trouper in Hollywood who can be absolutely relied upon to deliver a tiptop performance—whether as a weeping, deserted young mother—or the innocent daughter of the house—or a song-and-dance girl—doing both the song and the dance.

The latest market quotation shows Bessie at the top of the heap again. They gave her a little part in *Broadway Melody,* the talkie put out by M-G-M, and, as usual, she proceeded to steal the picture.

She and I had a long talk the other day in the studio lunch room. It was a good place; it had an atmosphere of success. Frances Marion sat at a near-by table with a young musical composer who has made a hit in the talkies. Norma Shearer, gowned as a grand lady of a past age, swept in and sat down close at hand. Ramon Novarro was lunching with a friend. Cecil De Mille was consulting his scenario writer over in a corner. Bessie and I were among the face cards.

She looked, across the table, like a little girl—just as when I had first known her.

When I first knew her, she was a little girl in high school. Her name then was Juanita Horton. She was "nice people." Her father was a physician—a man of charm and education.

In the high school, she had a pal from whom she was inseparable. She was the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Her name was Carmel Myers.

These two little girls took it into their heads to become actresses. And between the two of them, they managed to stumble more and climb more than any other two girls in Hollywood. Bessie and Carmel were both discoveries of D. W. Griffith.

Mary Pickford had just walked out on Griffith's company because he wouldn't pay her the enormous salary she wanted; I think it was $500 a week.

Griffith decided to make another Mary Pickford out of the little blond one with the big wide, blue eyes. Only Juanita Horton didn't sound like a name to him. "Your name," he said, "will be Bessie Love from now on."

It was a cruel test—to ask her to be Mary Pickford. It would have been easier if he had asked her to be Lon Chaney or Wally Beery or Tom Mix. But, unlike the others, Bessie got away with it.

SHE made a hit as Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in one of his first pictures. It doesn't do any girl much good to make a hit as Doug's leading lady. He changes them too fast. She knocked a home run; and then found herself cast out upon a cold and unfeeling world. Since then she has been a soldier of fortune.

She encountered a very peculiar whim of fate. It was her luck to do wonderful and unforgettable scenes in pictures that failed. She did one of the finest pieces of acting in the entire history of the screen in a picture called *The Eternal Three*—directed by Mickie Neilan. It was the scene at the door—where a little girl comes home from her first adventure. And you know without a word the

Charles King, the famous stage actor and singer, with Bessie Love as they appear in The Broadway Melody, *and score a resounding smash hit.*

tragic thing that has happened to her. There is to her credit another scene of pure genius in a picture made by Thomas H. Ince. It slipped so quickly into obscurity that I do not even remember the name of the picture. In this one she played the part of a deserted young mother.

THEN the next thing you would hear of Bessie was that she was looking for work and not finding it; having the torture of seeing other girls come up from extras and pass her—knowing that they had not a gleam of her talent or ability. I asked Bessie what she learned from all this.

"A lot," she said, without a shade of bitterness.

"As—for instance . . . ."

"As, for instance, that about two-thirds of success in life consists of getting the breaks. And that the breaks do not come until they get ready to come. You can't claw them down. Sometimes the harder you try, the more you postpone the day when the breaks come your way."

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Night Letter of an Extra Girl

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DEAR DOLLY:

Would have written letter but phone rang all the time stop could refuse to answer it but being in profession it would be foolish on account it might be a call to work however so far it has merely been a call to arms stop get very tired of turning down dates especially if for lunch or dinner stop a girl in Hollywood has to consider these things when answering phone because we would have hard time living here if all the play-boys werent also pay-boys as friend Dot says quotes Beggars must be chewsers quotes stop

You have heard of Sam Wood havent you Dolly he is given credit for lots of discoveries and his discoveries usually turn out to be pretty accurate and right now are getting plenty footage in the film industry well this discoverer wanted to locate three young people to parallel ability of Anita Page, Buddy Rogers and John Mack Brown for a new picture called College Days well he seemed really serious about it even advertising for players so although I had sworn I was through with trick contests and trick ads that have a catch somewhere I actually fell for this racket as gullibly as if it were my first day in Hollywood stop well I dressed as Pagey as possible and trotted over to studio and what shock greeted my eyes every Mamma with daughter between ages of twelve and thirty had brought precious lamb to the slaughter well they had either never seen Anita Page or thought Mr Wood never had there were blondes mediums red-heads and brunettes but not one Page in the bunch so thought I might do but having no Mamma to push through the crowd for me I lost out in the scramble and left without seeing Mr Wood or his seeing me which is really more important since he is making the choice stop

Right now we are having more than usual run of divorces but enough weddings are promised to even things up stop met Hoot Gibson and Ruth Elder recently never let them tell you high altitude ruins the complexion she is a wow stop havent said much about work because havent done much stop I made up with my yes man because I think he is going to produce pictures stop love

Francois Fern.

Bebe and Ben embarking on one of their frequent sky rides at Caddo Field.

Why We Are

Ben Lyon is the first man I have known who has given me companionship instead of jealousy—and that's just one of the reasons why I am going to marry him—

Bebe Daniels

Bebe Daniels began by playing a practical joke on Ben Lyon and ended by falling deeply in love with him.

IT SEEMS all very strange to diagnose my love for Ben Lyon. There is something about love, to me, that should be kept sweetly sheltered.

I could not imagine myself, as in a laboratory, using Ben as a clinical example, saying, "Gentlemen and ladies, please note the attributes which make this specimen quite perfect—the strength of character—the will."

I have never before felt that I could trade my independence for love, because that is what every other man I have ever known has demanded of me. My career has always meant too much to me. Almost more than love, itself. But here is a man who understands, so perfectly, that independence to me is as much a part of life as love itself. He applauds my independence—and gives me his adoration.

This may sound silly, what I am about to say. But never in my life have I felt so utterly contented, blissful. I am tranquil, and as placid as a Florentine madonna. Always before when my heart has been entangled, I have been nervous, wretched, my emotions frayed and jagged. I have been tortured on the rack of jealousy. Not my own, but senseless male jealousy.

I met him in New York about four years ago, very casually, at a party. Frankly, I thought he was rather conceited. Perhaps I thought he was a bit smug. I can understand now, how wrong I was. I met him very casually and am glad we did not fall in love then. Four years ago I could not have appreciated him as I do now. I have met and had friendships with many men since that time and it is by comparison that I realize how fine Ben is.

Always before I have looked for frankness and good-fellowship and truth. And found jealousy.

FOR instance, there was a man in New York who called me at three and four in the morning, when I was due at the studio at seven, just to see if I was home. He called my dressing room every day at twelve, too. If I had not come in from the set, if I was out of the dressing room for a moment, he was furious. He was sure that I was in love with the leading man. I got so I ran from the set to wait for the ring of the telephone. I ate my luncheon in my room, never venturing forth, waiting, every moment, for that metallic ring.

You can see that I would not have appreciated Ben if I had known him then. Today, if I promise him I will call him at twelve, and twelve-thirty arrives and I am not near a 'phone, I don't get faint with anticipation at how furious he will be. I know he will understand.

Four years ago I would have looked upon his saneness as disinterest.

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Going to Marry

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon as they arrived for a recent premiere.

Bebe Daniels thinks like a man although she has all the grace and charm of a woman—she understands and sympathizes with all my hobbies—but don't get me started—

Ben Lyon

When Ben Lyon started doing loop-the-loops in his plane and Bebe didn't squeal, he knew she was the girl for him.

THERE are times when I wish I could strum a lute, or at least a guitar. This is one of them. Then, at least, I could grow lyric about Bebe. As it is I am tied to the printed page; bound, at the left, by cold white paper, at the right, by bold black type.

In the first place, I am glad that this is no first love on either Bebe's part or mine. We have both been in love before, severally. We are not recruits at the game, and for that reason our love will last a great deal longer.

Our previous associations have made us appreciate each other more—have drawn us closer together, by a common bond of knowledge that is stronger than any passion. And by the same bond we do not find it necessary to discuss any events that have gone before.

I have never known a girl quite like Bebe. All the women I have known have been fragile—so feminine. An admirable trait. But here is a girl who thinks like a man and has all the grace and charm of a woman. They tell me that at the studio she was writer-actress-everything on her pictures. She made suggestions to the director which were accepted. And made them in such a way as not to arouse antagonism. It takes nothing short of genius to do that.

Bebe is not only a great artist in her work. She is also a marvelous business woman and I know will be an inspiration and help to me in my work. She will be more than a wife—infinitely more. She will be a helpmate and a companion, one who will advise and aid me, and whose counsel will be friendly, not marked with authoritativeness. Above all it will be tempered with Bebe's superb humanness.

I HAVE never known a girl quite like her—never known a girl who was so truly and deeply loved by her friends. Nor who had so many sincerely devoted friends. All of Hollywood is unanimous in the sincerity of its friendship, its admiration, for Bebe.

No place where I go do I hear anything but the warmest, most heartfelt comments on the girl I am to marry. I hear her spoken of in glowing terms on every side. By players and producers and writers. It fills me with great pride and happiness to think that my opinion has been so well substantiated. After all a man gets a mighty good feeling in knowing that his judgment is so highly complimented.

Bebe, too, is practical, and so am I. My interest in sports is as great as hers. She is as distinctly interested in aviation as I am. I can talk to her about a loop and she won't think I'm referring to a roller coaster. She knows the uncertainty of aviation and its hazards and never once has she said "Be careful, Ben!"

I took her for a flight the other day. It was the first time I had taken Bebe up, although I have used my U. S. Government pilot's license on other occasions. There was only one parachute on the ship. Of course, I wouldn't

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Lily Discovers

Lily Damita, in a curve-revealing bathing suit as sprightly as is the lovely foreign star herself, could hardly be blamed for thinking she was the only pebble on the beach.

America

Lily Damita prefers big city life to the Hollywood she finds too small, but is determined to stay and win success in spite of all obstacles.

By HELEN STARR

ALL THE foreigners here—they are not so happy." Lily Damita was grave. In fact, almost lachrymose as she accounted for this state of soul. "Hollywood is so lee-dle!"

And so, when Sammy Goldwyn, her boss, thought America should see Lily in person, and proposed a personal appearance tour of the east, Lily exuberated. Like a blithesome canary she chirruped.

"New York! A beeg town! Where it is near the ships. Boats and boats from Europe every day!"

So they put a guard over Lily. A lady sentry. The country's maritime commerce did not look so good to Sammy.

"They tell me she be secretary," relates Lily. "But she is up in the morning when I take shower—puts me to bed, turns out light—always with me, even to parties."

No impulses for Lily. Couldn't indulge a moment's chance whim to run for some wharf and go home to Europe. Sammy is not only a good showman but appears to be an astute psychic.

"Now I will have some fun pretty soon," confides Lily, lambent gold-brown eyes sparkling with mischief. "I will go to San Francisco where there are more big boats and stand on the piers and frighten Mr. Goldwyn."

It is already some months since Lily arrived in this country. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, saw her dancing in the cafes of Paris and was immediately struck by her gorgeous beauty. He placed her under contract and brought her to this country.

Lily was the toast of the boulevards, the favored dancer of all Paris, the object of admiration of princes and potentates. But she was also a veteran in pictures, a favorite on the French screen and also well-known in Germany, where she had made a number of pictures for the Fellner Company of Berlin.

In her flying trip across the continent, Lily only glimpsed America through train windows. It was not until her personal appearance trip that she really discovered it.

SEVEN mayors gave Lily Damita big golden keys to their cities. She has the seven golden keys hung over her dressing table mirror.

"Policemens with sirens meet us at trains," narrates the star. "Then gentleman in frock coat and silk hat hand flowers, hold French and American flags and make a solemn say about his city and give me gold key."

In some of the towns, Miss Damita feels she paid for her golden key.

"Club ladies in Providence give a luncheon just to ask questions," she relates with wide and extravagant gestures. "They wore, oh, so funny hats and ask how different it is to kiss Gary Cooper than Buddy Rogers.

Lily Damita steps off the train at the conclusion of her personal appearance tour of American cities, —during which she battled influenza constantly.

"I say I never kiss either these gentlemen which cause them deep regret. Then one at the end table raps loudly on her glass with fork and strain her voice 'Then how is it to kiss John Gilbert?' Soon everyone is tapping on glasses and beating plates to shout questions louder than the other. They are so curious about morals in Hollywood they do not care to notice I have no chance to eat my luncheon."

IF LILY can't get back to Europe right now, she is temporarily going Chinese. She has chosen a Hollywood house all gorgeously furnished in Oriental things. Her chiffonier and her dressing table are imperial affairs —huge, ebony black, austere and richly carved and handsomely mirrored. Her bed is also of carved Chinese woods, low and wide and luxuriously deep, its intricate carving brought out in bold relief against a sumptuous bed cover of golden yellow.

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Harry Carr's

Harry Carr

Harry Carr, in his long years of association with the motion picture industry, has formed many intimate friendships with the stars of Hollywood. These connections make it possible for him to give you through SCREEN SECRETS every month many intimate, personal sidelights that can be obtained from no other source. Harry Carr's Private Line is charged with sparkling, intimate, vivacious gossip and authoritative comment on Hollywood and its personalities.

ONE of the anomalies of this new year is the splash that has been made by two girls who had been given up for lost; nobody even knew the location of the graves. These girls are Bessie Love and Betty Compson. Bessie fairly swept out the works in *The Broadway Melody*. Betty Compson is probably the most in demand of any free-lance star in Hollywood. All of which goes to substantiate the prediction that grown-up stars would supplant cherub children on the screen.

Anita's Luck

FATE hasn't been so cruel to Anita Page. The day I am writing this she has gone to court to have the judge give her legal authority to sign a long-term contract, the child being too young to sign a contract in her own name.

Anita came to Hollywood with about the bleakest prospects I have ever known. She came as one of two girls who were to be picture actresses under the able direction of Harry Thaw.

Harry was promptly chased out of town. The poison label was put upon the two young ladies. One of the girls went back home in dismay and tears. Anita had the courage to stick it out and made a great hit.

Greta Came Home

I HAVE a letter from Sweden telling of the reception to Greta Garbo when she went home to lay a flower on Stiller's grave.

Greta Garbo

There happened to be some high and mighty Swedish celebrities on board the same steamer; so Greta hung back, thinking to escape the excitement. The crowd let all the princes and shoguns pass on. They mobbed Greta. She managed to make a dive into a taxi cab that was standing nearby. The mob surged around and smashed in all the glass of the cab.

The taxi driver failed to be impressed. "I dunno who you are," he said in his most icy Swedish. "But who ever you are, you gotta pay for all this glass that that crowd broke."

Margaret Gets Up

MARGARET LIVINGSTON, who has made a hit in several recent pictures —*The Canary Murder Case* among others, is a young lady with a cool attitude toward her art. She is the only girl who tossed away a chance to star after one week's soaring.

Margaret Livingston

Margaret was, at that time, in the old Ince Studio. They made her a star on a Tuesday. On Saturday night she telephoned the studio that she didn't think she would be down again. Somebody in Salt Lake City had left her a legacy; and she said it was too much trouble to get up in the morning early enough to be a star.

Her legacy oozed away; and now Margaret is getting up in the morning.

How Embarrassing!

I HAVE always insisted that Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are already married and have been for some time.

"It isn't any use denying it to you any more," says Doug, Jr., "but you are going to get an awful funny feeling when you receive an invitation to our wedding."

Renee Relents

RENEE ADOREE, with another busted-up marriage on her sad heart, was supposed to be about to go home to France and forsake the movies forevermore. Either her heart was mended or the money sounded too good. She has just signed another contract and will appear soon in another picture with John Gilbert.

Another Mexican

ANOTHER little Mexican girl has invaded an excited film world.

This one is a tiny little senorita, fifteen years old. She goes by the simple name of Armida. She has hot burning eyes in a baby face. Fanchon Royer, a young producer, found her dancing down in "Sonoratown" in Los Angeles. M-G-M has taken over her contract and she is on her way.

Private Line

The Westerns

THE Hollywood producers are in a state of mind about the drama of the wild and untrodden West. They were selling off the horses and the saddles when along comes *In Old Arizona,* and makes a crashing hit. Now they don't know what to do. The horse sale, however, is continuing. If any one who reads this is ambitious to own a nag that has leaped down cliffs, kicked villains and rescued heroines from the villains, here is his grand chance.

Grown-Up Stars

SOME time ago, I predicted in this column that the next hit of the screen would be made by a stage star. It has happened.

Ruth Chatterton

Ruth Chatterton landed with a wallop in *The Doctor's Secret.* It won her a big contract with Paramount. I thought she was very, very good in that picture—at times and at moments — but she wouldn't have gotten to first base had *The Doctor's Secret* been a silent movie.

You are going to see a new type of actress on the screen—a much older woman and probably one less beautiful than the movie stars we have known.

It always follows—as certainly as night follows day—that the type of stories will change with the actresses.

The next stories will deal with women of more mature experience. Until now, the typical screen story has been a children's bed-time story relating how a refined, innocent and beauteous young gal happened to be kissed. The story always closed with a proposal and a clinch—with the villains retiring in a body, biting their nails.

The next crop of stories will at least faintly resemble real life.

Palaces For Sale

BIG houses seem to be going into the discard in Hollywood. After all, a palace evidently isn't so hot to live in. Tony Moreno is giving his enormous mansion to a children's home, and Frances Marion is advertising her house on the hill for sale—for a mere $750,000.

Fighty Dick

DICK ARLEN is, at this writing, soon to play the lead in a prizefight picture. He has been going through a course of training that would really enable him to step into a professional ring.

In these days, directors will not permit actors to stall in these fight pictures. Dick Barthelmess was well battered up in *The Patent Leather Kid.* I think it was in this picture that they hired Leach Cross, the old fighter, to do a part. When it came to the place where Leach was supposed to take a poke and go down for the count, he indignantly refused.

"That stiff knock me out? No; it ain't reasonable. Nobody would believe it."

Wasted Fists

THERE are a half a dozen actors who could win belts, tin ears and unmeasured glory in the prize ring. Richard Dix is a fine boxer and asks no favors of any real fighters who are hired to go into the movie rings with him. The boxers who have acted with Doug Fairbanks weep at the thought of a possible champ being wasted on acting. Fred Thomson could undoubtedly have been heavyweight champion of the world.

Who Said Greta?

GRETA GARBO has an indignant friend who has written to me in care of SCREEN SECRETS. She objects to something I said. She can't get up a quarrel with me. Me and her think just alike.

To my mind, Greta is not only the most interesting actress on the screen; she is the most interesting personality who has ever been on the screen. Also she is a delightful, unique and original person.

Sunsets and Horses

THE other day, Greta went to visit my friend who lives on a hill and keeps a large stable of fine horses in the back yard.

Greta looked for a while at the magnificent sunset that emblazoned the sky; then she looked around the horse corral and sniffed.

"I'll tell you what I like to do," she said, briefly. "I like to look at sunsets and smell horses."

That's where the charm of Greta lies; she does what she wants and says what she wants. I would like to hear, however, what the lady thinks of Hollywood. Her scorn is considerable.

Ramon Novarro

Ramon Insists

RAMON NOVARRO, talking pictures or no talking pictures, is bound to lay off for three months to study music in Berlin.

They thought when they gave him a chance to sing in the talkies that that might turn him from his ambition; but Ramon was firm. He has grand opera as his goal; and we are probably seeing the last of him as a picture star when his present contract is finished.

Viola Again

WHEN Viola Dana's divorce suit came up in the courts recently, it was like a voice from the dead past. I have never known any star to pass out so completely as she—unless it be her sister Shirley Mason.

Where Viola hit the bumps was in trying to re-make a

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Our Modern

Life was a game to Billie, a carefree, lovely daughter of modern sophistication. But when she pitted her charms against the iron will of a man who always took what he wanted without scruple, what happened?

What has gone before:

BILLIE BROWN, carefree, sophisticated daughter of B. Bickering Brown, wealthy magnate, is the leader of a set of a headstrong young moderns who believe in cheating the devil of his due.

In the thoughtless, devil-may-care spirit in which she takes life in general, she accepts the proposal of Gil Johns, an attractive young man of wealthy family, but wishes to keep their engagement secret until he gains some post of value in the diplomatic service.

On the train returning home from school with her gay crowd, Billie meets Glenn Abbott, whose rise to political power has become a national byword. She is instantly attracted to him, and leaves the crowd to become better acquainted with him. While she is gone Kentucky, a younger girl of the crowd who is greatly enamoured with Gil, succeeds in monopolizing Billie's fiance. As Billie talks with Glenn Abbott and finds she is gaining his interest, she suddenly decides that she will win his friendship which might prove very valuable in helping Gil ahead in the diplomatic corps. With that end in view she invites him to her birthday party.

Now go on with the story:

PART II

WHEN Billie Brown had a birthday the whole world knew about it, thanks to B. Bickering Brown's high-powered advertising. The famous Brown estate was a veritable carnival on the night of her party, and Billie was the acknowledged queen in the Court of Youth.

All about the exotically furnished room young folks sprawled on cushions and low divans. Couples danced unsteadily between constant trips to the cocktail table.

Most conspicuous in this gay and rowdy crowd was Billie herself, mounted on the orchestra platform and playing the drums with wild energy, her seductive young figure swaying to the syncopated tempo. Head thrown back, scarlet lips parted, her beautiful body alluring in a daring gown, she was a sight to stir men's blood.

Glenn Abbott, returning to the States after years in the tropics—years in which he had unconsciously idealized women of his own world—had been shocked and disgusted to find the modern maidens little different from their primitive sisters. And of the youngsters, Billie Brown was the most modern. Yet in their very brief encounter Abbott had sensed that beneath the arrogant and reckless exterior was a girl he had sometimes dreamed about in the loneliness of tropic nights—a girl he might some day love and want to possess, not as a mistress, but as a wife.

He had bluntly refused Billie's mocking invitation to her party; but constant memory of the strangely mag-

Maidens

Adapted by
DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT
From the original story by
Josephine Lovett

Do you remember how you were stirred by *Our Dancing Daughters*, Joan Crawford's recent starring success? It isn't too late to begin now the story of *Our Modern Maidens*, her next picture.

Waving gaily to the couples on shore, Gil and Kentucky drifted away from the lights and the crowd into the darkness beyond.

netic, generously carefree young girl had caused him against his restraining caution to change his mind. He argued with himself that as an old friend of B. Bickering Brown, he could not without unpardonable discourtesy snub his provocative young daughter.

Abbott had judged rightly that he did not belong with the jazz generation. Now he stood apart from the hard-drinking, hard-playing, hard-loving crowd of moderns, looking on at their antics, half disgusted, half amused. To one who had plumbed the depths of passion their vicarious thrills and attempted sophistication was ludicrous.

BORED as he was by the affair, his eyes lingered with interest on Billie. He was not aware at first that B. Bickering Brown had joined him. The millionaire was in his element. Genial, shrewd and luxury-loving, his only vice was his insatiable greed for publicity. For fully a minute he stood beside Abbott, beaming expansively on the crowd of young people whose names represented wealth and position.

"This party ought to put Billie over!" he boasted, puffing his dollar cigar with relish. "And—'You ain't seen nothin' yet!'"

Glenn Abbott, recalled from his dazzling vision of Billie, nodded absently. Again his eyes followed the girl, still beating the drums, tossing her bright locks, her eyes shining, lips parted in excitement.

"Look at her now!" cried Brown proudly. "Leading the band—a chip off the old block! She's going to be my biggest asset."

Abbott was silent, secretly marvelling that Brown could regard this vital, gorgeous young creature as so much publicity.

"Yes," he replied, "she is—an asset."

"Takes after the old man, eh, Abbott? Well, I must be toddling along—got to see that those newspaper chaps are having a good time. It will be worth a full page in the Sunday papers!"

The orchestra was blaring toward a triumphant finale. Perched atop the piano was Kentucky thumping a banjo and looking down at Gil playing the accompaniment, her eyes half-closed, lips parted sensuously, consciously trying to imitate Billie's natural seductiveness.

Under Billie's spirited direction the music raced to a deafening chord and was still. It was just like her to lead the wild applause, even as she bowed to her enthusiastic audience. In any other it would have been insufferable egotism; but in Billie it was good-

natured and amusing. Flushing with success, she seized Gil and Kentucky and made them take a bow with her.

"Give the little boy and girl a great big hand!" she commanded gaily, leading her guests into another roar of applause.

She had not seen Glenn Abbott come in. Now for the first time that evening she became aware of him looking up and smiling more to himself than at her. Billie wondered uncomfortably if he were not secretly amused by her childish fun. Defiantly she turned toward him and ducked Gil's head like a little boy's in his direction.

"Come along, Gil—stunt's over," she whispered, throwing her arm familiarly about him.

ABBOTT'S smile faded. Inscrutable he watched her, his brows levelled, his eyes calculating, almost sinister. For a moment Gil caught the expression and suddenly recognized the power—the ruthlessness—in the older man.

Glenn Abbott turned away abruptly and seated himself where he could not see the handsome, carefree young couple. Billie, who had been deliberately playing Gil against Abbott, was puzzled to find her method—so very successful with boys of college age—failing. She wanted to attract his attention, to command his interest; but the crowd was clamoring for more music, and Billie, a gracious hostess, was obliged to lead the orchestra in another rousing number. In spite of herself, her eyes wandered toward Glenn Abbott indifferently reclining on a low divan.

Uncomfortably Gil Johns watched her until, unable to forget that fleeting cruel glance, he bent over and warned her, "Watch your step with that fellow, Billie!"

A little shiver of excitement ran down her spine. Yes, here was a *man*—sophisticated, ruthless, a match even for herself! Billie shook off the uneasy feeling and boasted, "I'll train him to come to heel! If you let me handle him in my own way, our honeymoon in Paris will be more than just a dream!"

For a moment she neglected the traps to lean seductively against him, her cheek pillowed on his shoulder. "Okay, Gil?" she coaxed winningly.

Gil paused just long enough to kiss her provocative red lips swiftly. "Okay," he agreed finally, turning back to the piano.

Kentucky saw their stolen kiss and looked away unhappily. For years she had worshiped Gil with all the ardor of first love, but somehow he had never noticed her—he had eyes only for the dazzling Billie Brown. Poor little Kentucky!

Blondie had also witnessed the kiss and its reaction on Kentucky. "Don't be a sap, Babe! If you want your man, *go get him!*" she said.

The girl flushed painfully. She had not meant for her heart to be so cruelly exposed to the jibes of Blondie; and besides, her loyalty to Billie forbade even the thought of competition.

THE encore came to a close at last. Billie, turning from the crowd, noticed Kentucky laying aside her banjo with a tired gesture. Impulsively she threw her arm about the child, who responded fervently, as if to banish the very memory of Blondie's cattiness.

Billie was piqued that Glenn Abbott's first interest in her had obviously waned. She was not accustomed to being slighted. She would force him to notice her—and like it! With a whispered word to Kentucky and Gil she slipped away to carry out plans of her own.

Now that the alluring Billie was no longer in sight, Gil became lazily aware of the

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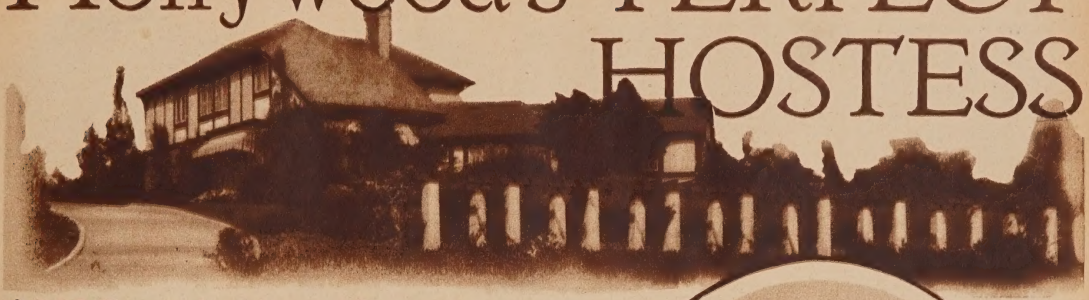
THE CAST

Billie Brown ..... *Joan Crawford*
Glenn Abbott ..... *Rod La Rocque*
Gilbert Johns ..... *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
Reg ..... *Edward Nugent*
Blondie ..... *Josephine Dunn*
Kentucky ..... *Anita Page*
B. Bickering Brown ..... *Albert Gran*

An M-G-M picture directed by Jack Conway

Billie, stirred to the depths for the first time in her life by unconcealed passion, relaxed in Abbott's arms. "You're wonderful, Billie," he murmured, his head close to hers.

Hollywood's PERFECT HOSTESS



All Hollywood acclaims Marion Davies the perfect hostess, and in this article she tells how she keeps the guests coming back for more.

By JANICE DAILEY

PLACE your guests properly at the dinner table. Serve good food.

Make your parties short; have your guests leave not later than midnight.

Don't be too solicitous a hostess; give your guests credit for self-entertaining.

Be original; have games which require thought as well as humor to execute them.

Have a variety of amusements; something for guests of different temperaments.

Even though your party is formal give it an air of informality.

SUCH are the few, simple rules for entertaining laid down by Marion Davies, Hollywood's most popular hostess.

And since this is not a publicity story, but one which is simply to tell facts as Hollywood sees them, we can say this without fear of sounding like press agents for Marion Davies. She is, without doubt, the queen of Hollywood's social circles. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may collect more princes and dukes and ladies—although Marion is constantly having one out-of-the-city celebrity after another—but the home folks—well, Marion is Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Morgan all rolled into one to these people.

Billy Haines says she keeps the best boarding house in the city; Polly Moran declares that everyone wipes his plate clean at the Davies table; Dorothy Mackaill says there's more fun in one of her parties than at the Bijou and Coney Island thrown together.

Marion recently took a long vacation in Europe. Hollywood—well, Hollywood wasn't Hollywood without her. Saturday night without a dinner at Marion's! Sunday afternoon without swimming and tennis and ping pong at her weekly open houses—why, the town was just like any other plain, everyday American city without them.

And when they learned she was returning! It was to Hollywood what the return of the Prince of Wales is to England. A surprise dinner party in her honor made history for our Cinema City. There'd been dinners before for *visiting* celebrities. Mayor Walker had one; Texas Guinan had one planned in her honor. There was the reception for Lindbergh and a Mary Pickford dinner for Prince George, incognito. And they were visitors, while Marion was merely a home towner. Yet none of them were accorded a welcome comparable to that given Miss Davies. Everybody who is anybody was present at the Ambassador on that evening when Marion arrived thinking she was to sup informally with Charlie Chaplin and a few of her intimates. They rose to their feet—these two hundred—and cheered and yelled when she entered the room.

Lovely Marion Davies, whose beauty is one of many attractions that make her entertainments the delight of film folk; above, the home where her charming personality reigns.

I DON'T say it's her parties only that have made her the toast of the city. It's a lot of things together. Her simplicity, her modesty—and perhaps above everything else, her ability as a general, for Marion just happens to be

the kind of woman who would have made a success as a diplomat, a Joan of Arc or a Queen Elizabeth.

"You aren't born a perfect hostess, you are trained by experience to be one," she tells us. "The rules I follow are simple. I prefer to entertain motion picture people because they are so self-entertaining and because they have so much in common. But even here, how you place them at the table is all-important. If I am having sixty or sixty-five folks for one dinner, I don't use small tables; I place them all at one, old-fashioned banquet board. I think they get better acquainted, get more enjoyment from it. I try to put the French folk together. Harry D'arrast, Count Limur, Lili Damita, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, and so on. Then there's Billie Dove and Bebe Daniels and Dorothy Mackaill and that crowd. Folks who know one another well enough to pass jokes and understand each other. The writers who have things in common.

MY COOK really deserves a lot of credit. If your food is right your party is right from the very beginning.

"I know women who go around asking their guests if they are having a good time. I think that's a mistake. Take it for granted they are enjoying themselves and you'll find that's what they are doing! Watch out for their comfort but don't worry about it.

"I think long parties are a mistake, also. Of course, picture people are working people. But most people work in this world, for that matter. I make it a rule that my guests leave by midnight, sometimes sooner. After you once establish that precedent, they understand and appreciate it. At first it may be a little difficult. I can remember one night some years ago when I excused myself and retired. That was a gentle hint and they took it. Then, you can send your orchestra home early. When the music is gone there is something missing. They will start to go whenever it ceases.

"Games are always good entertainment. Charades, dancing contests, competition in guest-entertainments—anything that's good fun and will keep everyone interested.

"We often write down the name of a song, the name of a person to be imitated, the name of a piece, a dance—put our selections into a hat and draw from them. Each guest must do what his little slip of paper tells him to. That's good practice for stage or picture people and high fun for the others. One night Bebe Daniels drew Al Jolson's name. In the twinkling of an eye she was out of the room and in the same space of time back again in one of my nephew's dress suits, ready to sing 'Mammy' in perfect imitation."

MARION didn't tell us all of her games but they are legion. Once Bob Leonard was brought in blindfolded. His wife, Gertrude Olmstead, kissed him. He was told to "Guess Who." He couldn't hit upon the right woman. Imagine his good-natured consternation when the handkerchief was removed and he *saw* whom he had been kissing.

Another time the men were brought into the room blind-folded. They were placed on their knees on the floor and told to turn over three pages of the telephone book with their noses. The first three or four times they tried it—it was great sport. But the fifth or sixth, when

Marion Davies, Nils Asther, and Jetta Goudal, assembled to divide whose garments belong to whom—a scene from Her Cardboard Lover.

a pan of syrup was substituted for the book—well, the gal friends went into hysterics.

Dancing contests are frequent and Marion tells us that Dorothy Mackaill and Charlie Chaplin are always top-notchers. Not only the steps such as the Charleston, Blackbottom and Varsity Drag, but the old-fashioned waltzes and two-steps and the Civil War day cotillions are among the competitions.

Variety is another of Marion's rules. She has bridge in one room, other card games in another. So if there are those who prefer to be segregated they can have their choice of entertainment.

"For small, intimate dinner parties where only close friends are gathered, I do not plan anything special. We just sit around and discuss current events and the day's happenings in pictures. Nor do I prepare anything for my Sunday afternoons. There are the tennis courts, the swimming pool, the shaded seats and refreshments. Sunday is a day of recreation and each one should make his choice of what is most relaxing."

Then, of course, there are Marion's inimitable imitations. Her mimicry—well, Maurice Chevalier, the French actor, newly imported from Paris is the latest. And do you know, Marion has the most natural French accent in this city? It was discovered through these imitations and has been turned to practical use by her producers for talking pictures. You can never tell, in the movies, just when social graces will be advantageous for business.

Billy Haines, a favorite of Marion's parties, says she's a perfect hostess because she lets her guests alone—doesn't

Marion Davies' home is equipped with many means of keeping fit, and if you doubt their value, just look at Marion.

fuss over them. Others say it's because she is so spontaneously full of wit and good humor. Others—

BUT who can describe Marion Davies? A million miles of publicity must have been printed about her. Her abilities have been heralded over and over and yet, I still have to see the real Marion Davies put on paper. It's like an artist trying to paint the soul of a woman. Even on her picture sets she manages to remain the perfect hostess. Most any day there you will meet practically every celebrity in town who is not working. They just naturally drop in to greet her. She holds open house even when working.

And the electricians and prop boys, the directors and their assistants, the lesser actors!—"Oh, I'm working in a Marion Davies' picture!" They go all over town bragging about it. Perhaps it's the luncheons she serves them in her gorgeous bungalow dressing-room which is in the center of the M-G-M premises. But, somehow, I don't think so; I think it's because she's Marion Davies—the woman who greets one and all in the same jovial, hail-fellow-well-met manner.

OF COURSE, some may say. "But this woman has everything! There's no reason why she should not be the perfect hostess."

Yes, yes, we'll grant all of that. Her home at the Santa Monica beach is a palace worthy of the lamp of Aladdin. Gold plated hardware, ballroom, card rooms—everything which your imagination might picture. But you have never seen a picture of it. She will not allow a photograph to be taken. She doesn't like publicity on her good fortune.

In Hollywood her charities are legion. Yet, again, you never read about them. I think Marion would bar a writer who talked about them. She feels it's her duty to help others, not a short cut to heaven or a chance to have her name heralded among the *kind women.*

And no matter where she goes, it's always the same Marion Davies. When she went to Europe, well—she met Frances Marion and George K. Arthur and a half hundred others who make up her coterie at Hollywood parties. And the gang hangs around her just the same whether she's in a hotel or in her palace. And if she were in a hall bedroom—well, I'll wager she'd be surrounded with followers and be handing them out cheese sandwiches in just the same manner that she now serves caviar and strawberries-out-of-season. In the same way that she dashes to Venice and goes on the merry-go-round or the ferris wheel and gets as much kick out of it as the ten-cent store clerk on her annual weekly vacation. Marion has a gang who attends these beach parties and the Los Angeles dingy little restaurant slumming escapades with her. Charlie Chaplin and Harry Crocker, Billy Haines and George K. Arthur, Seena Owen and Dorothy Mackaill, Gloria Swanson and others. And there'd be the same crowd no matter whether they started from a palace or a cottage as long as they were led by Marion Davies.

This sounds like a pretty glorious story, but Marion, with her dear little near-stutter, her frank, sparkling blue eyes, her "Hello, there, everybody," is a glorious person. She

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GARY'S LIFE OF

Gary at the age of eighteen, romantic monarch of a mountain kingdom.

Despite his active career of motion picture success, Gary Cooper is still the dreamer he was when as a boy he knew the solitary splendor of a Montana ranch.

By HARMONY HAYNES

HOW did you happen to become an actor?"

A question, innocent enough in itself, and so often asked in Hollywood, seemed to be almost a challenge in this instance.

"An actor!" The piercing blue eyes, the straggly hair, the wrinkled brow, the square jaw and the firmly set mouth all seemed to say: "Smile when you say that, stranger!"—and I smiled and the stern face above me changed and smiled down from its height of six feet.

Back in Montana one would have said the smile belonged to Judge Charles H. Cooper's boy—here in Hollywood it belonged to *Mr. Gary Cooper!*

"Oh, you mean how did I happen to get into pictures? That's different. You see, to me the term 'actor' means the finished product and I'm only in the making, so when someone refers to me as an actor I often wonder just what they mean. I guess I'm a bit sensitive. I know very little about the world and its people and Hollywood is so different from Montana.

"You know I was born in Montana—at Helena. It's the capital of the state but it is only a small town. We knew everyone—everyone knew us, but the world beyond, that was an unsolved mystery. My father owned a ranch near there in the Belt Mountains about fifty miles from the Continental Divide. I always spent my vacations on the ranch. I liked to mess around the stock, to ride over the range and through the mountain trails day after day, to help with the round-up in the fall, to hunt and fish—and all I knew about the outside world was what I had read in books or seen from a Pullman window going back and forth across the continent.

"Back in 1909, by father took me to England and placed me in school. Well, to be truthful, I was so young at that time that no one was worrying about my education, but my older brother was to go to Dunstable in Bedfordshire, England, and rather than leave him so far away from home alone, I was left there with him. We stayed until 1912. That was a long three years for me—I was anxious to get back to the ranch.

WELL, between school in Helena in the winter and the ranch in the summer I never had time to do the things most kids do. I never got into any particular scrapes. Possibly I never had much fun either. During the summer of 1917 I was hurt in an automobile accident. I spent months in the hospital and then went to the ranch to recuperate. It was about that time that I began to wonder what I was going to do with my life. Deep down in my heart I wanted to become an actor. Just the kiddish dream of a yokel. I guess every kid goes through that stage but it seems to me that the kids in Montana have lots of time to dream. You can't sit on a horse day after day and read, so you just dream—misty, far away romanticisms. You are lord of all you survey—the prairies, the mountains and even the sky is a part of your mighty kingdom—the horse beneath you is your throne and little by little you become a great hero that you yourself worship. I was like that—an idealist and a dreamer. Out there on the range I became the star of every picture I had ever

Gary Cooper's ruggedly handsome features have inspired fully as many maidenly dreams as any character in fiction.

DREAMS

seen; the hero of every book I had ever read; and with my chaps, my spurs, my twelve-gallon hat and my trusty steed I conquered unknown worlds galore.

"My father ran for office in 1918 and was elected Justice of the Supreme Court. My brother went to war and I was lifted out of my dreams and placed in charge of the ranch. Responsibility and romancing don't go hand in hand so I spent long winter evenings drawing. I had always been pretty handy with the pencil—just amusing myself with cartoons and sketches when I should have been doing fractions—but now I took it up in real earnest.

"By 1924, I thought I was pretty good so I bundled up all the junk I thought was worthy of the once-over and set out for Hollywood, intending to become a commercial artist of some sort. I got in with a company and everything was going along smoothly and the future looked as rosy as a Montana sunrise. Then smash! Just like that! The company was a fake and I was in Hollywood with nothing but a broken bubble—the remnant of a career—before me.

"Some friends of ours from Montana were here. They looked at my lanky legs and lean body and decided I would make a great western hero. They were so enthusiastic about it that all my yokel dreams welled up before me—again it was summer time in Montana, my horse was my throne and the world was my kingdom! I started out to look for extra work. I found a little, now and then, but I also found that the life of an extra was a life of uncertainty, broken promises and disappointments. I figured I might make good in a year or in ten years, or, perhaps, never—like so many others. One year out of my life didn't make much difference, so I gave myself that year in which to make good. And if I didn't hit—well, there was always the ranch.

"I worked here and there. Had a few tests taken. Got all hot and bothered whenever I was noticed, only to drop to the depths of despair when nothing came of it. Eleven months had already passed and I was still an extra. Then came *The Winning of Barbara Worth!* I was chosen to play the part of *Abe Lee* with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

I GOT a lot of undue credit for my work in that picture. It was actor-proof, provided the right type was picked, and I just happened to be the right type. We went up to a ranch in the Blackrock Canyon, Nevada. So all I had to do, since I looked the part, was to act natural. At first the clicking of the camera made me nervous and a call for a re-take made me feel that it was my fault. I was dreadfully fidgety until Henry King, the director, said, 'Never mind, kid, you're all right. I take things until I get them the way I want them.'

"When I returned to Hollywood I was signed by Paramount. I did a small part in *Wings*. That went over all right. It was outdoor stuff in a uniform and I felt at home. Then came *Children of Divorce* with Esther Ralston and Clara Bow. My part called for real acting and I was scared stiff! Actually licked before a camera started grinding. Why, they had to re-take one simple little scene twelve times. And every time they took it I got worse—I had buck-fever. Every muscle in my face froze and I couldn't get an expression out of them to save my soul.

Gary Cooper as he will appear in The Wolf Song, *and in one of the settings he loves because of their resemblance to the scenes of his boyhood.*

"Frank Lloyd was directing. He was a prince. He told me he was sure I could do the part but that the front office was worrying about me—afraid I would hold up the production. And at the rate of twelve re-takes for each scene they weren't far wrong. I was hurt, humiliated, ashamed. I went home trying to decide whether to give it all up and go back to the ranch or whether to try it again. I left town for a day or so only to drift back again. I didn't want to see anyone. I felt that the whole world must know that I couldn't do even the simplest scene.

"I had just about made up my mind to leave Hollywood forever when I wandered into Henry's for a cup of coffee. Frank Lloyd was there. He beamed all over when he saw me. I felt relieved. At least one person in Holly-

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A Preview *of* "Christina"

Christina (Janet Gaynor) dreams of her sweetheart, Jans.

Christina, all dressed up in her holiday finery, goes to the fair where she has a rendezvous with her lover.

Christina's two little wooden shoes lead her into many adventures as she carries on her search for love.

THE island of Marken, a quaint settlement off the coast of Holland, is the locale for the story of Janet Gaynor's next picture, *Christina.*

Christina is a village maiden, living with her aged father, *Niklaas* (Rudolph Schildkraut), who yearns for a great romantic love. She thinks she has found it when *Jans* (Charles Morton), a handsome young mountebank, comes to the island with a band of strolling players.

They meet, they fall in love, they steal away for a trip down the river by moonlight. But there is an obstacle. A woman whom Jans has spurned has him arrested on false charges.

He disappears and *Christina* and her father, who has lost his sight, begin a frantic search for her missing lover. They are happily reunited at the last after overcoming many obstacles.

The picture provides Janet with an opportunity to wear many quaint and picturesque Dutch costumes.

A Dutch village was constructed in its entirety on the Fox lot for the making of the picture.

A Preview *of* "The Squall"

Carroll Nye, as Paul, falls a victim to the alluring charms of Nubi (Myrna Loy), the gypsy maiden who has invaded his home.

The Squall becomes a tempest of emotion as it sweeps through a quiet Hungarian household.

INTO the calm domesticity of a peaceful Hungarian family sweeps a tempest of emotion, a whirlwind of untamed passion, leaving havoc in her wake.

This cyclone is *Nubi,* a gypsy girl, who steals the love of the husband and the son of the family and sets all members of the family against each other.

Her arrival is as sudden and unexpected as the appearance of a squall upon the horizon. For a time it seems as though she had swept all before her, but at last *Maria,* the wife and mother, engages the gypsy girl in a bitter struggle to keep the family intact.

The struggle is brought to a climax, however, when *De Vadja, Nubi's* gypsy lover, comes to claim her. *The Squall* suddenly disappears, leaving no trace behind.

Myrna Loy, one of the most exotic actresses of the screen, portrays the part of *Nubi,* Alice Joyce is *Maria,* the distracted mother, while others in the cast include Loretta Young, Carroll Nye, Nicholas Soussanin, Zasu Pitts and Richard Tucker.—*First National Vitaphone.*

Nubi (Myrna Loy), seeks to persuade Josef, the father (Richard Tucker), of her love for him.

CHARLES DARNTON REVIEWS *the* PASSING SHADOW SHOW

Bessie Love, Charles King and Anita Page in The Broadway Melody.

The Broadway Melody

HERE, ladies and gentlemen, is a picture you will thoroughly enjoy seeing and hearing, for *The Broadway Melody* is not only the first talkie to sound human, but with its songs, dances and stage glamour it is lively entertainment every foot of the way. Coming as a surprise, it remains a sensation.

It's all about Hank and Queenie (Bessie Love and Anita Page), who are sisters in spite of the fact they have been doing a sister act in remotely suburban vaudeville, and Eddie, a Great White Way song writer who is all set to marry Hank. But Queenie has developed into one of those blondes who make strong men weak, and Eddie is no Hercules. To save Queenie from a satin-lined chaser, Hank takes to prayer and Eddie takes a sock in the jaw. Then Hank sees the handwriting on the heart, gives up Eddie to Queenie and heads back to the water-tank circuit. It's too bad Hank gets the country air, but life is life, isn't it?

Best shot: Hank making sacrifice as she telephones agent to book her up with another blonde. But the spectacular highlight is "Wedding of the Painted Dolls" done in color. The songs and dances are by far the best the screen has offered, so typical that Broadway seems just outside the door.—*M-G-M.*

The Divine Lady

TWO striking facts stand out: *The Divine Lady* was written with a whitewash brush and pictured with an artist's. Perhaps it was just as well to give Lady Hamilton the once over in this way, even though it makes her too good to be true, and certainly the attempt to give history a sentimental touch on the screen has gained immeasurably by the handsome way it is done.

With all due enthusiasm it may likewise be said *The Divine Lady* is well-suited to Miss Griffith's style of beauty. Even Miss Griffith herself may admit as much, since at times she seems to pose for all she is worth. Her acting is largely pictorial and, as such, satisfying. Yet as the earlier Emma Hart there is so little bounce to her that when a roguish leg is thrust through a bachelor's window the earnest observer is a bit surprised later to find that this leg belongs to Emma.

If the picture has a general effect of seeming to be too much on parade this impression may be laid to the fact that the love scenes are not so human as they might be.

There is the booming sound of cannon in two sea battles, the first of which is so impressive that it makes the Battle of Trafalgar seem like an anti-climax. Best shot: Nelson's full-sailed fleet sweeping into action.—*First National.*

Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi in The Divine Lady.

THE most significant thing that has happened to talking pictures is *The Broadway Melody*. It doesn't matter that this is a musical revue produced on the screen as it might be produced on the stage. What does matter, is that it is the first sound picture to sound absolutely natural. Now that the public knows this can be done, audiences are not going to tolerate, let alone be satisfied with, talking pictures which sound like a hollow mockery. Producers generally have had their work cut out for them by *The Broadway Melody*.

Lady of the Pavements

THEY'RE doing good old *Mme. Sans Gene* again, only this time they call it *Lady of the Pavements* and, just to fool you, give Lupe Velez a touch of high life.

Don't you believe the title, for Lupe isn't that kind of girl. No; she's an inside girl, singing and dancing around and sitting on men's knees in a low-down Paris cabaret, yet pure as the driveling snow.

But whatever she is, you can't keep Lupe down. So up she goes after a high-born lady has been thrown down by her upright young fiance for having another man in her bedroom. He tells her right to her face that rather than make her his wife he would marry a girl of the streets. This makes the Countess so mad she sends her gentleman friend on a hunt for such a girl, the idea being to palm her off on the noble youth as a lady and not let him be any the wiser until he has gone ahead and married her. Did you ever hear anything like it?

Lupe is the life of the party, except when she sings. As the Countess—the viper!—Jetta Goudal is at her snakiest. William Boyd is such a grand guy that he seems overawed, but he manages several changes of uniform and two of facial expressions.

As a D. W. Griffith masterpiece *Lady of the Pavements* is a darn good program picture. Best shot: Lupe giving Jetta hell.—*United Artists.*

Lupe Velez in Lady of the Pavements.

Colleen Moore and Neil Hamilton in Why Be Good?

Why Be Good?

OF COURSE, no one would think of going to The Boiler with cold feet, for this night club is so hot that it makes a specialty of roasting live "chickens" of the you-know kind on turning spits.

So here it is we find Colleen Moore as a poor working girl with her feet running a temperature. And here it is that a young swell finds her and puts her in the pleasant way of marrying millions. Little does he know at the time that she is just a clerk in the department store of his father, the great merchant prince, and little does he care when he discovers this strange coincidence. He takes her out a couple of nights to keep her feet working overtime, brings her back from a roadhouse as his wife, and presents her in pajamas to his father.

If Laura Jean Libbey could get a peek at this picture she would turn in her grave with envy.

But the first half is so fast that this part of it will no doubt carry it along to box-office success. Colleen doesn't pull any new ones out of her old bag of tricks, but she dances as though her shoes were soled with red-hot coals, and the pace she sets is generally followed.

Best shot: This hard-working girl cuddling up to a department store dummy that reminds her of her boy friend.—*First National.*

George Bancroft and Baclanova in
The Wolf of Wall Street.

The Wolf of Wall Street

AT THE beginning of this picture there is a symbolic shot showing all the resources of the country pouring their wealth into the Stock Exchange. No doubt this is as true as it is interesting. But it is to be doubted whether the interest of the great masses of people flows in the same direction, and so in this case it is love, as well as money, that makes the film mare go.

There's really nothing new in the story, for the plot is practically the same as that of Henri Bernstein's play, *Samson,* in which William Gillette appeared when you and I were young, Maggie. The Wolf ruthlessly feeds on suckers in manipulating stocks, only to find that love makes an even bigger sucker of him when his wife's fancy turns to his business associate. He thereupon takes his revenge by smashing his rival as well as himself in the market, turns Mrs. Wolf from the door, and then starts lone-wolfing it again in the street which runs from a river to a graveyard. As a talkie the picture is uneven in tone.

But the hearty, vigorous way in which George Bancroft does these things puts a big punch in the picture. After rough-housing the market he rough-houses his home, and in your admiration of his sheer will power you are indifferent to the fact that in the end everything is left at sixes and sevens. He makes it good, hard-hitting melodrama.

In her capacity of maid Nancy Carroll is spirited and human when she spills the beans about the goings-on in milady's chamber. Best shot: Savage Wolf climbing stairs to vengeance.—*Paramount.*

Spite Marriage

AS YOU value your laugh, don't miss the first half of *Spite Marriage,* for in it you'll see Buster Keaton funnier than I've ever seen him before and quite as funny as Charlie Chaplin at his funniest.

It's all done in kindness to a bride who has taken a quart too much. Buster is a poor little pants presser who dresses up in his customer's clothes and tags around after an actress until she marries him just to spite the leading man, who loves another.

The fun starts early when Buster gets behind the scenes and into the part of a soldier in a Civil War drummer, but it reaches its height after the bride gets home from a cafe where she had taken on a load calculated to discourage the most wakeful bridegroom.

Getting her on a chair is bad enough, but getting her into bed is worse. She has the resilience of a bag of wheat, and Buster handles her accordingly. He does it with an earnestness worthy of a better cause. His heart is in his work, and this is what makes it so hilarious. If he were cross with her it would be a different matter. But there is no end to his patience and his tenderness. You know he is going to get that poor dumb bride into bed even though it breaks his back. When finally he does get her there he is exhausted, and so are you—with laughter. Dorothy Sebastian furnishes the load.

There are also sea-going stunts, but they aren't a drop in the bucket to Buster's bridal night. Here is comedy too good to miss. Best shot: Buster falling all over himself and the bride at one and the same time.—*M-G-M.*

Dorothy Sebastian and Buster Keaton in
Spite Marriage.

Additional reviews will be found on page 101

The Canary Murder Case

YOU now have another opportunity to exercise your keen detective instinct—and we all have one, you know, though we don't brag about it.

What does this best-seller chap, S. S. Van Dine, make of this, Watson? Just what he jolly well pleases? Of course. Using our own master minds, then, we cannot always agree with him. But we do agree that this bird, the Canary, who was strangled with one of her ill-gotten necklaces, fully deserved to be choked off. On her musical comedy trapeze she swung out over the heads of her audience for no good purpose. With her commercial eyes she sighted susceptible men of money, then blackmailed them. That wasn't nice of her.

That trick of using a phonograph record to project through a door the supposed voice of the lady after she has got it in the neck is exceedingly phoney. I seriously doubt, too, whether the murderer, having carefully planned to make robbery seem the motive of his crime, would drop the tell-tale jewels into a garbage can a block or two away from the scene of his midnight enterprise.

The psychological device of a game of poker to bring out the characteristics of the various suspects shows ingenuity, though it has been my experience that a strictly stag poker party brings out nothing but profanity.

It is a talkie and rather slow-moving at times, with painful pauses in the dialogue which may make you feel like shouting to the actors, "For God's sake, say something!" Best shot: Poker play which spots the murderer.—*Paramount.*

Louise Brooks as the bird in a gilded cage in The Canary Murder Case.

Mary Nolan and John Gilbert in Desert Nights.

Desert Nights

EVEN more surprising than the kidnaping story of a lady evangelist and her homeward stroll through the desert is the tale unfolded in *Desert Nights.*

First of all, it seems incredible that the manager of a diamond mine as physically fit as John Gilbert could be marched out of his office by an elderly male robber and a youngish female crook right under the guns of a small army of guards and carried off into the desert. But what staggers understanding even more is that he could fall in love with the girl on the heels of this dirty work. To be sure, he hasn't set eyes on a woman for two or three years, yet even this one isn't looking her best after sun and sand have scorched her complexion, not to mention her shins.

As you might know, the presence of Mary Nolan results in the hero's forgetting any complaints he might reasonably be expected to have regarding their relations up to that time; he becomes in fact, positively ardent.

Lapse of time is indicated by Gilbert's beard, which grows apace, as it were. But nothing grows on all three of the wanderers so much as their thirst when they are compelled to take to their feet and become lost. They can hold out only if their water supply does likewise, and that's about all there is to this plodding picture, except squabbles over water and the stolen diamonds, with a slight mixture of overbaked sex interest. Best shot: Mirage of lake in desert.

About all that *Desert Nights* gives Gilbert is exercise. Ernest Torrence is a genial crook, Mary Nolan not so genial when the sun gets under her skin.

Yes, isn't it warm today?—*M-G-M.*

A Psychological Siren

Myrna Loy believes in vamping from the eyebrow up, and tells of her saint-to-sinner career in the cinema world.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IT SEEMS that *Nubi* was a voluptuary.

It seems, on the stage, she was one of those torrid ladies who undulated from the arms of one man to the—ah, er—arms of another.

It seems, in *The Squall,* on the stage, she never tired of undulating around in search of love. But *Nubi* had an alibi. You see, she was born in a squall, and you know the difficulty us girls born in squalls have. If it isn't one thing, it's another.

It seems *Nubi* had all the instincts of a homewrecker. And the figure, to boot. Full curves — gliding, rounded, tantalizing curves. Curves that wriggled, too.

"Of course, I couldn't play her that way," of coursed Myrna Loy, sitting coolly, calmly, on the Spanish divan. Or it might have been Italian—or Byzantine—or Greek. These periods, they fret me. Anyway she was sitting coolly and calmly on a red and gold divan, smoking a cigarette.

"I'm not the type to wiggle or do things with the muscles of my tummy, so I had to make my *Nubi* a symbolic study."

And, thusly, *Nubi* on the screen, as played by Myrna Loy for the gelatine produced by First National, with Warner Brothers' blessings, is a lady devoid of the well-known outward gestures of sex lure. She is a lady sinister, not nice, of weird, dominating manifestations.

But let Myrna tell it.

Myrna Loy's pretty features have a strong hint of the Oriental — but she's really Welsh, Scotch, and Swedish

A SQUALL, as you know, blows in from the sea and wrecks homes, despoils crops . . . ."

On the stage the locale was a little Spanish coastal town. On the screen it will be in Hungarian mountains. But, never mind, read on.

"I knew it would be a physical impossibility to play her as she was written, so I made *Nubi* a symbol. I made *Nubi* a symbol of the squall. She drifts into a pleasant family, strange, distracting, springing apparently from out of the blue, and demolishes its happiness. She doesn't do it so much physically as she does mentally. She induces unhappiness, unrest. She lures the father, incites the son and even descends to the level of seducing the male servant. All with slight physical appeal.

"And then she leaves as suddenly as she came, in much the manner of the squall that comes swiftly, wreaks disaster, and disappears, no one knows where, leaving a bright horizon."

OFF-SCREEN, Myrna is not the type that incites unrest. Cool, complacent, calm, she hasn't allowed the phantasma of Hollywood to sweep her off her feet. She lives in a bungalow with her mother and her seventeen-year-old brother, and gets fan letters from here and there asking if she's part Chinese, and why; and if it isn't a drop of Celestial blood that makes her eyes oblique, slanting, questioning, and makes her move with gestures subtle.

"The other day," said Myrna, "I received a letter insinuating—insisting—that the writer knew my family in Johannesburg, South Africa. And that I had quite a bit of . . ."

"Blackamoor . . . .?"

Myrna and her furry pal when, as a tiny tot, she lived in Helena, Montana, not far from the home of Gary Cooper.

Myrna Loy prefers the mental portrayal of a siren, rather than the physical.

"Yes. A little bit of Senegambian blood."

Myrna went to the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. You would know it.

"As a matter of fact, I am Welsh and Scotch and Swedish."

She is five feet six and slender.

"And I was born, prosaically, in Helena, Montana."

A block down the street lived Gary Cooper. Some girls have all the luck.

"But I didn't meet him until we both arrived in Hollywood. Our mothers knew each other before, though."

Myrna studied under Ruth St. Denis and, therefore, became interested in the creative dances of the Far East.

"The hardest thing I ever did was to dance for a year and three months in Grauman's Egyptian Theatre prologues. I hated the routine. The one-two-three-kick. The bending, stepping, skipping, like so many automatons in a robot shop. Fanchon, of Fanchon and Marco, used to get so disgusted with me. It wasn't that I was out of rhythm, but I was out of sympathy with chorus work. 'Myrna, you are always a little before or a little after the step,' she would tell me.

"When I left prologue work after dancing for *The Ten Commandments* and *The Covered Wagon,* I went to bed and cried for two weeks. I was so tired, tired of routine.

FANCHON, always helpful and kind, said, 'Why don't you try pictures? And one day about four years ago I went out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I was waiting about the casting office when a man came over and said, rather apologetically, 'Would you mind working today?'

"Mind! He thought I was someone of importance."

Someone who had at least carried a spear in a De Mille extravaganza.

"I wore Kathleen Key's costume in a camera test for *Ben Hur.* They wanted to see how the gown photographed. And in that way I almost played the Madonna.

"Blanche Mehaffey and Betty Bronson and every blonde with blue eyes in Hollywood, was being considered for it. They made a test of me and decided I was too tall. Certain factions thought that. Well, Blanche got the role for a day Then someone decided she wasn't quite right and they sent for me.

"I was Madonna for three hours. But opposing factions got to work and as a three-hour Madonna I was out. Betty Bronson got the part."

From three-hour Madonnas to roles like *Nubi,* and *Azuri* in *The Desert Song,* just finished, and *Yasmini* in *King of the Khybar Rifles,* about to be made with Victor McLaglen, was a gradual development. A natural development, it might be said, for such is the cinema way of all flesh that is auburn-haired and green-eyed.

When Myrna, born Williams, was seven, her mother, Mrs. Della Williams, an accomplished pianist and a widow, brought her two small children to Los Angeles and eventually, Myrna in her terpsichorean kicking, kicked the "Williams" out the window and emerged "Myrna Loy."

"In Helena," continued Myrna—her voice is low with cultural shadings—"I was always interested in dramatics. I can look back now and see that every experience I had as a child was to have some effect on my life work.

Henry Waxman, a photographer, made some studies of Myrna and hung them in his studio. Valentino saw them and introduced Myrna to Natacha Rambova, his wife, who was about to make the ill-fated *What Price Beauty,* which never saw the light of release. Myrna, in it, had her first featured part.

After which Warner Brothers signed her to lend exoticism to their classics. Who could blame them?

LOOKING down from over the fireplace beams a handsome picture of Barry Norton, the only human likeness in the room. Draw your own conclusions.

Myrna, calm, cool, collected, on a red and gold Spanish divan, blew a puff of smoke. On the low table at her side was a book on Oriental Philosophy, which she was reading. The picture of Barry looked approvingly down on the scene.

"And Barry?"

"Oh, yes, and Barry," smiled Myrna, intangibly.

She has known him as long as he has been in town. In fact, Myrna admits cautiously, he is her ideal. Marriage, itself, for two people with careers is all right, but not immediately.

And what do you think of *Nubi,* the intriguing voluptuary, being played as a mental siren?

Our Own Snap

Robert Ellis and Vera Reynolds (his wife) enjoy the country and each other.

Alice White manages a surf board with a hand as expert as pretty.

Vilma Banky delivers a fast backhand stroke on the tennis court.

Shot Album

SCREEN SECRETS' cameraman snaps some of the fans' favorites at play and work.

After Jean Arthur's jump to fame, a little one like this is easy.

Dorothy Sebastian keeps cool by going up into the mountains to frolic in the winter snows.

Lon Chaney gives his own idea of solving the transportation problem.

Eastward

¶ *Movie production in New York grows by leaps and bounds.*
¶ *Thomas Meighan entertains and chats.*
¶ *Milton Sills suffers an interruption.*
¶ *Nancy Carroll gives the Bronx a treat.*
¶ *Fannie Brice and Billy Rose are wed.*
¶ *Other late news of personalities and developments on the Great White Way.*

TOM, Dick, and Harry, Jane, Mary, and Sue and anyone else with movie aspirations can start saving up right now for their fares to New York. According to recent developments, this great big noisy city of ours is on the verge of developing once more into a big movie production center. They say that by summer there'll be at least eight active studios in and around New York.

Noise will be noise. The motion picture industry is full of sound and fury signifying nothing but panic. The tremendous demand for talkies and singies and soundies must be satisfied. New York is once more to become an important production center. Every possible location is being turned into a potential sound studio.

Here's Where

GET out your note books, patsies. Charlie Chaplin shot scenes for a time at the old Cosmopolitan Studio, but otherwise it's scarcely been used in the past few years. Now it's been taken over by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is already the scene of feverish activity.

Paramount Famous-Lasky is on the way with many shorts and features filmed at that Astoria studio. Right now, our good friend Richard Dix is out there busily engaged in the filming of *Nothing But the Truth,* the laughing stage hit which had us New Yoikers guffawing for many a month years ago.

Out in Brooklyn, Warner Brothers is on the job at the Vitagraph Studios once more turning out on the average of two Vitaphone vaudeville acts per day.

The American Sound Studios, Inc., have taken over the old Tilford Studio on Forty-fourth Street and are prepared to turn out shows for independent producers. Ditto for the De Forest Phonofilm Studio on Forty-eighth Street. Over in Fort Lee the studio has been turned into the Fort Lee Sound outfit for Biophone Productions.

What's more, Universal is about to put up a new studio on West Forty-fifth Street and it's said that the old Fox Film Studio at Fifty-fifth Street, which in the past years has been used as business offices, will be reconverted for Movietone productions.

The New York Chamber of Commerce is all a-twitter over the new developments. It is confident that now at last New York's population will begin to pick up. It is prophesied that as a result of the influx of extras and stars the city will become one of the most important—if not the largest—cities in the United States. Rowdy-dow!

Hope, Hope, Hurray!

HOPE HAMPTON, whose hubby, Jules Brulatour, gets a cent a foot for every strip of celluloid used in pictures, is once more all set for big time. Up till now the village Hampton, marking time with the slogan, "While there's life there's Hope," has been doing very little of anything except to play in occasional technicolor productions because of her beautiful hair and complexion. Now, however, the lassie has been signed by Warners to sing the fourth act of *Minon* as an operatic film to be made here in the East. Nowadays, you see, music hath charms, chiefly box office.

Georgia Lerch, a delicious bit of femininity from George White's Scandals.

Putti Soft

LYA DE PUTTI sped to New York from Hollywood, stopped at the Buckingham for a few days, and then walked the gangplank to board the *Majestic* and sail for England. It seems that Lya is all fed up with Hollywood and the talkies, which latter she considers "the bunk."

Ho!

By
ERNEST HAYNES
SCREEN SECRETS' New York Correspondent

Mayor Walker, of New York City, officiates at the notable wedding that joins Billy Rose, celebrated song writer, to Fannie Brice, stage and screen celebrity.

She's joining H. C. Witwer's little directory *Who's Through In America* for the apparent reason that when it comes to the talkies, words fail her. After all, Lya's a German lassie, she didn't go over with any very resounding crash here, being cursed with impossible pictures, and now she's found the best way out by marrying what she calls "a very quiet man" and starring in a film for British National Pictures called *The Informer*. What happens, like the great American step-in, remains to be seen.

A Look at Lupe

LUPE VELEZ burst upon us like a whirlwind the other day, to make personal—very personal—appearances. Right now she's at the Rialto Theatre giving the citizenry an extra break for their money by appearing in connection with the first showings of her picture, *Lady of the Pavements*.

The gentlemen and ladies of the press encountered a thrill among their usual weary duties by meeting the peppy Mex star at a reception given for her at the Park Central. She says that her next picture is to be a film of the Argentine, and to judge from her present actions, she'll be just as snappy and untrammeled in it as when she first reached Hollywood.

Tommy Entertains

I WENT a-taxiing up town not so long ago with the pleasant prospect of being about to meet that swell gent of the screen, Thomas Meighan. Since *The Racket*, Tommy hasn't done anything very important and it was a source of much rejoicing when the news came out that he'd signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers.

It was all very informal and pleasant amid the mob of people gathered in Mr. and Mrs. Meighan's charming suite at the Savoy-Plaza. Although his style was naturally a bit cramped by the bevy of admiring persons about him, I got the impression that he's a very swell fellow with a nice gift of quiet but entertaining conversation, an apitude for telling amusing stories, and a dislike of having to be anything but his good-natured self. And let me mention here and now that he serves the biggest ripe olives I've ever seen in my life!

Although Tommy is looking forward to forthcoming activities at the Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood (he will probably act in the famous stage play, *The Argyle Case*), he is secretly sorry to leave the East. He has a beautiful estate in what the smart-alecks refer to as Goitre, Long Island. Tommy Meighan mentioned dryly that the inhabitants of Great Neck didn't mind using that term themselves but objected strenuously to hearing it used by outsiders. Tommy's on the water wagon. He said that his friend Ring Lardner is undoubtedly off. "We never ride together. It's a standing joke that when he sees me getting on the wagon in back, he hops off the front end." Tommy admires Booth Tarkington more than any other writer in these States. He recently had a message from the author that he was on the point of undergoing an operation on his eyes.

I judge, by the way, that the favorite song of Tommy's wife (who looks very much like her sister, Blanche Ring) is: *Meighan My Shadow*. Whoops!

Milt's Tough Luck

MILTON SILLS is in N. Y. But Milt isn't well and will undoubtedly be unable to see anyone. His wife, Doris Kenyon, has been pretty worried about him. According to reports, she's been consulting with physicians in this city who are prepared to snap Milt out of his nervous breakdown as quickly as possible. For some time he's been suffering from nervous indigestion but this is the worst attack he's ever had. When he stepped out of the production of *Pat and Mike* in the midst of shooting, his friends thought that he'd be back on the lot in no time, but apparently things were more serious than was anticipated. Some there are who feared that Milton wouldn't be able to leave Hollywood but Doris

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How to Dress on

Claire Windsor takes us on a tour through her famous wardrobe which has earned her the title of "The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood."

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

THERE is a little item tucked away in the income tax report of beautiful Claire Windsor which would make most husbands wince. It would cause not a few to deliver orations—home-made orations couched in all the choice vernacular of irate men. The item reads:

For wearing apparel—$13,214.00.

Thirteen thousand, two hundred and fourteen dollars and no cents for things to wear in just an average year! That's the penalty or the price for being "The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood." That's what it cost last year. That's just about what it will be this year. Then there's next year and the next. In ten years, one hundred and thirty-two thousand, one hundred and forty dollars!

I ran over to Claire's home for a little chat the other day to try to absorb some of her placidity for my tired nerves. There always is something quieting and soothing in her cheerful serenity and she is pretty—as pretty as a cameo cut by an old master. And always exquisitely tailored. I found her looking perplexedly at one of those puzzling legal blanks in which the government asks you to tell intimately how much money you earned the current year and what you did with it. Claire had reached a satisfactory agreement with the revenue collector and the item of thirteen thousand dollars for wearing apparel, stood.

"That really isn't so much," she exclaimed. "Only a little more than a thousand dollars a month."

"Yeah!" I replied. "You don't fool with silver money at all, do you?"

Then I asked her to tell how she banished so much currency to make room for clothes and she showed me her wardrobe. Understand, please, this is the wardrobe she keeps on hand for personal wear but includes also a gorgeous array of things to be used in screen appearances if occasion demands. As a free-lance player she is prepared to appear in any fashion role, correctly attired.

Ninety-six hats! Her mother counted them for me. In fact, we all counted them together. Snug little sports hats, snappy little street hats, a long array of evening hats and a gorgeous selection of hats for the opera.

"I seldom wear the same hat two days in succession," Claire explained. "No one should if it can be avoided. A girl or woman does well in being differently costumed at each appearance or as nearly so as she can arrange it."

Claire Windsor, in one of her favorite evening gowns, a simple little creation of rose tulle and Italian lace.

WE PASSED on to a closet where dresses hung. Nearby was another.

"How many dresses?" I inquired.

"Have no idea!" Claire replied. "A hundred, I guess. Never counted them."

"And they cost?"

"Oh, all the way from $175 to $450."

She took down a velvet wood-violet evening gown having a cape edged with fringe.

"Here is a new one I just got," she added. "I think it's rather pretty. Cost $500 in New York. Then there's another blue bouffant, billowy with tulle and topped with a cape, all embroidered in French rosebuds. I just got it, too. I have a bag to match each evening gown."

With this comment Claire stooped down and opened drawer after drawer of her French period dressing table revealing a dazzling array of bags. There were at least twenty-five, possibly many more. Bags for sports wear, for evening and afternoon wear.

There was an evening dress of monkey-skin color, hand-beaded, which had cost $450, then three short beaded dresses which were cheaper, oh, much cheaper! They cost only $350 each. (I knew she would practice economy some time.)

We came to the shoe-rack.

$13,000 a Year

Claire's taste for beautiful wearing apparel extends to negligees and nighties, too. Here is one of her fancy garments in texture as well as price.

Rows and rows and rows of most every conceivable kind of fashionable footwear. Seventy pairs in all. Kid pumps, satin pumps, silk pumps, alligator, snake and sheep-skin pumps; low shoes and boots, nearly all with little French heels.

"I just had two pairs of pumps made," said Claire, "to go with new ensembles. One is of snake skin to harmonize with a grey-blue dress and the other is made from python skin for a rose-beige dress which I got in New York. I paid $40 a pair for the shoes and $35 each for bags of the same material to complete the outfits.

"You see, you can't wear shoes long before one of them gets scuffed and you can never, *never* wear a scuffed shoe on the street or at an evening affair."

"No," I admitted, "that would be tur'ble!"

After which we passed on to the realm of her negligees. She showed me, first of all, fifteen robes de chambre. (Never mind looking that up in the dictionary. That's where I got it. A "robe de chambre" is a dressing gown or morning gown, Mr. Webster says.) These bits of feminine finery set Miss Windsor's bank account back from $325 to $350 each time a new one made its appearance. There was, for instance, one rose negligee of soft crepe flounced with gold lace, having a flowing cape edged with chinchilla fur and there were slippers to match. In fact, there were slippers with all of the fifteen negligees, some of them brocaded and some ornamented with tiny

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Senorita

When Lupe speaks, her pet poodle—and everyone else—sits up and takes notice.

Lupe Velez abandons love for a career and heeds the alluring call of Hollywood, land of her childhood dreams, in this installment of her life story, as told to Ruth Biery by

Lupe Velez

My life up till now:

WHEN I am very young I ride with my father in the Mexican army. I see mens killed. I flirt and I dance—the things I like to do best—from the time I am very young. At thirteen I fall very much in love. I never forget when my sweetheart he first kiss me. I see him day and night. My mother is afraid so she send me to the United States to a convent. I dance all the time. I do the hula and the shimmy. The other girls hate me because I flirt with their boy friends and take them away from them. Pretty soon my mother send for me to come home. The money is all gone. My mother is crying. They are even going to sell the piano.

Then we go to Mexico City. One day I go to the Principal Theatre. I dance for the boss. Pretty soon he give me a big part in one of the plays. The other actresses are angry, but I imitate them and pretty soon I am famous. But my sweetheart he do not like to have me on the stage. He say I must choose between him and the theatre.

WHEN I meet Mil-a-tone he have no money, either. We have such good times when we are poor together. He say to me, "When we get one thousand pesos together we will marry and have a little home and many little children." Then he find oil. He get very rich. Bah! Money does not make people happy. That's why Lupe never care much if she save money. It is fun to make money but if you have much it might hurt; maybe it never help her.

When I first come back from the convent I have a birthday. We are very poor. I want so much, a silk dress, what you call it, the silk that stand up like paper? Taffeta! All the girls in Mexico City wears taffeta with ruffles and little ribbons on it. Mil-a-tone, he go to a store and get the taffeta and take it to a dressmaker. He pay the store one dollar a week and he pay the dressmaker one dollar. I never am so happy. That night I go to bed with my hair turned up in papers. I think I will die because I am so happy and can wear the next day my new dress which Mil-a-tone get me! He steal two roses for me from a man's garden. I put them in my hair, put on my new dress, and go out all day with Mil-a-tone. He think I am beautiful; we think we will always be happy—ah, there will never be another birthday like when I am sixteen for Lupe.

IT IS really Mil-a-tone's fault that I go in the theatre. I have say that I want to act and earn money but I am not serious. I do not really think I can do it. One night when Mil-a-tone begins to have a little more money he take me to the Principal Theatre to see Marie Contesa. I look at her and say, "She is an old woman. I can do better than her!"

"You don't know what you say!" Mil-a-tone tell me. "What can you do? When you see all these people you would be skeered to death!"

When anyone have say to Lupe, "You cannot do!" it is like when they wave a red flag before the eyes of a bull to get the bull started. "I can do!" I answer. And it is then I get serious and make my mother get a mans to introduce me to the boss of the Principal Theatre.

I beg Mil-a-tone not to go that opening night. "Please, Mil-a-tone, don't come to the theatre. I will see your eyes and when I look into them I cannot think about doing right my singing and my acting."

But he is in the front row. It is mean of him but it make me so mad that I must do good to show him I am a good actress. He is there the next night and then he come back and say that I can't do any more work in the theatre. He says he can't have his girl kicking her legs so other mans can see them.

CYCLONE

Proving that nobody catches her napping, Lupe Velez opens two sparkling eyes to the camera and gives that weary instrument something to click about.

"But aren't you glad, Mil-a-tone, that I am such a hit? Aren't you glad that all these people love Lupe?"

But Mexican men are different from mens in America. They are more jealous. They want, when they love a womans, for no one else to see her. Mil-a-tone is getting more and more money. He knows he can give me things.

"The theatre or me!" is what he say to me.

I MUST make up my mind. I think there is always a time in the life of a womans when she must make up her mind what is going to make her most happy. Every night all the people clap and yell and cheer Lupe. I love it. I love to hear them. I love to act and sing and make them happy.

Every night I look into the eyes of Mil-a-tone. I love him. What am I to do about it?

Then I say, "No! I will not leave my career for anybody. If the kind public loves me I don't care if the mans love me. Mens mean a lot to me but no man on earth is worth all the thousands of mens and womens who adores me. If the public stop loving Lupe she will die; if one mans stop loving her she can find another."

When I go to California he take me to the train and offers to give me some money but I will not take one peso from him. I say I don't need it even though I don't have a cent in my pocket.

I get to be the biggest star in Mexico. They have print in this country that I dance in the cabarets. That is not true. Lupe dance only in the theatre and I have a press book which is so big I cannot carry it which tell all about my work in the Principal Theatre. I am there a year and a half when I fight with my manager. He pay me fifty dollars a day which is the biggest salary for a star in Mexico. I want seventy-five. He will not give it to me so I break my contract. I have a contract offer to me for Cuba and one for Buenos Aires. I cannot make up my mind when an American boy come to me and say, "Miss Velez, why not you go to Hollywood?"

Hollywood is like heaven but I do not think Lupe Velez is big enough for heaven! I say, "Don't be silly!" But one night when I come home he is waiting all day at my house for me and he say, "I am not joking. Richard Bennett want you to play in *The Dove* with him." That is the part which Dorothy MacKay play and then go to San Quentin.

I am so happy; I am so excited; but I have no money to take my mother with me. So I take Mil-a-tone. I do not mean Mil-a-tone, the man—I mean Mil-a-tone, the dog. That is all I have left from the mans, is the little dog which I name after him. I love that dog more than any person. He is always with me. I would die if anything happen to him. One time he get lost in Hollywood and I cry for three days and cannot work. Maybe, it is because Mil-a-tone, the dog, comes to me from Mil-a-tone, the man. But—I have never tell anyone else about him—the man—and I can talk no more about him.

THE newspapers carry lines that Lupe Velez goes to Hollywood. The biggest headlines, they give me. Then I come to the border and the dirty sons of a gun will not let me go over. I am seventeen; I have not what you call *of age;* I have

Lupe's path to stardom led her through bathing girl comedies; here she is shown doing her stuff for a Hal Roach opus.

no mother and only one dog with me. I come back to Mexico City like one dog, myself! I cry all the way on the train. It is the first time in my life I find something really to cry over. The newspapers laugh at me. They say, "Lupe Velez sent back to Mexico!" I cannot stand it. The way the other stars who I imitate poke *fun* at me. Yet it was my poor Mil-a-tone—Mil-a-tone, the dog—who really suffer. He go in a suitcase with holes poke in it. He is upside down on his nose one moment; on his tail another. He do not cry. So I say to him, "Poor Mil-a-tone! Don't you worry. You did not go through it for nothing. Lupe will bring you across the border so you can see Hollywood and Los Angeles."

I see the President; I see the Consul; I see the Ministers; I see everybody in Mexico City. They write letters to Washington. Bow! Wow! Now I can stay in California all my life. They can never send me back, so well did my friends take care of me with the Uncle Sam.

When I get my letters, I go back to the newspapers and say, "Now I go to Hollywood." They laugh at me. They say they get stung once on giving me a lot of publicity and they wait until I really get here to write about it. It make me mad like hell. But they make up for it since I go into pictures.

I PUT Mil-a-tone back in the suitcase and start again. My Lord, what a trip! I have no money but I have a berth on the bottom. I sell it to a mans for twenty-five dollars so I can eat. Poor Mil-a-tone. He cannot bark! For then they will take him away from Lupe and put him in the car back of the machine. The night I go to bed on the top I forget to tell the porter that I am no longer on the bottom. I tie Mil-a-tone to my wrist with a handkerchief so he cannot get me into trouble. Gee, this is a vacation for my poor little Mil-a-tone after all day in the suitcase with holes in it. The porter, he come to wake up the mans at five in the morning and he does not know that he is on the bottom. He push me to make the mans get up and Mil-a-tone bark.

Oh, Baby! I am skeered. The porter, he say, he must take Mil-a-tone. But I make the tears come and I wrinkle my eyes at him and flirt even though he is black and he say if Mil-a-tone no bark any more he will keep his mouth shut. Mil-a-tone does not bark again till we get to Los Angeles.

That was a terrible trip. The only American words I remember from the convent days are "son of a gun," "son of a something else," which they say I must not print, "ice cream soda," "cantaloupe" and a little poem which says:

"Go to hell
Ring the bell
And tell your mother
I am well!"

I tell this to everyone on the train so they know I speak English.

I wish I did not know the word *cantaloupe*. It is the only thing they have to eat on the train which I can say. For four days I eat nothing but cantaloupe. On the last morning I go to the dining room and I make up my mind I will not eat any more cantaloupe. I will have an egg. So I say *egg* in Mexican. The waiter, he no understand. Then I scream "egg, egg, egg," in Mexican at him. Then I get very mad; I am going to have an egg for my breakfast. I roll up my napkin in a little ball; jump out of my chair; go to the corner, put the napkin on the floor and sit on it. Then I cry, "Cockle doodle doo!" I get the egg for my breakfast.

I flirts with one mans on the train. He come and sit with me. We cannot talk but we make eyes at one another. When I get off at Los Angeles and I opens my purse to give to the porter something, I have one dollar. That dirty son of a gun who wrinkles his eyes at me have taken my twenty dollars which I have made by giving up my bottom bed. All I have when I come to this city is just one dollar. I let Mil-a-tone out and he is so happy to get out of the suitcase that it makes me happy even though I have only one dollar. The porter starts with my bags but he has a red cap on and I think he is an American policemans. I scream and I yell, "Why you put Lupe in jail?" I say it in Mexican and he no understand. So I scream, "Go to hell," and he put my bags down. I am so happy because the American policemans no put Lupe in the American jail on her first morning in this country.

I go in and sit on a bench and watch all the peoples. It is fun to watch the American peoples. It makes me happy to see Mil-a-tone running around under the feets of the people. I sit there till six o'clock. Then I smell food and my stomach begin to feel very funny. Also Mil-a-tone's stomach. I buy one

(*Turn to page* 102)

Lupe Velez puts her heart and her head into each role she plays—observe the lady intently studying the manuscript to get herself into character.

Mystery of the Murdered Actor

(*Continued from page* 45)

beat up her Eddie. She cast her vote for the screen as against the ring.

So Eddie became a Hollywood actor. He was a good-looking boy with a shock of curly hair—so curly that they called him "Curly Diggins" in the ring; and the name followed him into pictures.

On the night of March 25, 1927, Eddie came home to dinner as usual. As the little bride was clearing away the dishes, he announced that he had been invited out for the evening; and asked her to come.

"Oh, Eddie," she said, "I don't like those places. You go, but I would rather stay at home."

SO SHE stayed and Eddie went. When the party was finally mobilized it consisted of several Hollywood people. There was Lloyd Hamilton and in all probability, Irene Dalton, although her name was kept out of the newspapers. There was Charles Meehan, a director, and his wife. Meehan had been mixed up with the police several times on account of liquor possession. There was a stunt man named Billie Jones who had trained Eddie for several fights; and an actor, John F. Sinclair. Also one Tex Wagner, a Hollywood extra.

With the instinct of homing pigeons, their feet turned toward the "Crescent Tea Room"—a house on Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood. At the "Crescent Tea Room," they served anything you asked for except tea. You can imagine what kind of place it was; and why one visit had been enough for little Mrs. Diggins.

The place was full of people when they arrived. Many were well known Hollywood actors. One of the witnesses afterward said that he saw Sally O'Neil there with a party. Miss O'Neil told the reporters with commendable brevity that this was all applesauce; that she was at home and in bed. You can believe anything you prefer. Anyhow, if she wasn't there, plenty of others were. The street was packed with handsome limousines.

Things began to get pretty lively about midnight. At about two in the morning, they got to the fighting stage—to the story-telling stage.

There were two lovely little check room girls named Josie and Rosie who were interested spectators. Rosie—or Josie—told the police afterward that several fist fights relieved the monotony in the small hours of the morning.

Meehan seems to have had a fight with somebody.

While they were dancing, there came a scuffle in the room. Those nearest saw Eddie Diggins' fist shoot out and a director named Waggoner took the count on the ball room floor. Nobody knows whether or not that had anything to do with the tragedy that followed.

(*Turn to page* 85)

"I warn every woman I employ"

Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office about this phase of modern feminine hygiene

One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes* completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

IN the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

Kotex now deodorizes completely*

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Who's Who in Filmdom

Joan Crawford

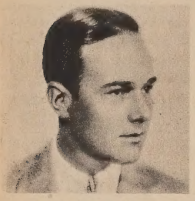
Joan Crawford

LUCILLE LESUEUR decided when she was still a pupil in a girls' finishing school in Kansas City, where her father was a theatre owner, that she would go on the stage. When her parents opposed her, she ran away to Chicago to try out for a theatrical opening. Her first stage experience was as a dancer in a revue there, in 1922. She was next offered a chance to appear in a Shubert production, *Innocent Eyes,* in New York, and later became a dancer at the Winter Garden in *The Passing Show.* There she was discovered by Harry Rapf, associate studio executive for M-G-M. Through a magazine contest she was christened by the movie public as Joan Crawford, and under that name, after a six months' drilling in the art of screen acting, was signed as a stock actress. Her first bit was in *Pretty Ladies,* which was followed by an important role in *Old Clothes,* a Jackie Coogan production.

Ramon Novarro

Ramon Novarro

RAMON NOVARRO was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899, son of Dr. Samienegos, a wealthy educator of Mexico. In 1913 the revolution against Huerta wiped out the family fortunes. When Ramon was seventeen years old, he and his brother, Mariano came to the United States to try their luck. Ramon, who had wavered between following a musical career or the priesthood, got a job singing in a Los Angeles restaurant. Still dreaming of an operatic career, Novarro studied under Louis Graveure and other famous masters. He has abandoned the thought of entering the priesthood. Novarro is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has black hair and brown eyes, and is single. He lives very quietly in Los Angeles, and is known by his family name "off screen." His hobby is music. *Don Quixote* is his favorite book.



William Haines

William Haines

IN 1921 a tall, handsome young chap was walking down the streets of New York when Bijou Fernandez, casting director for the old Goldwyn Company, turned and spoke to him. She learned that he was William Haines of Stanton, Virginia, son of a broker, intent on a business career, and with no thought of a motion picture career. However, at her insistence, he agreed to undergo a screen test, which resulted in his being placed under contract. His first part was in *Three Wise Fools,* filmed on the West Coast. He was finally starred in *Spring Fever.* He was born on January 1, 1900, and is single. His latest hobby is collecting old china, silver, and etchings. While he admires Joseph Conrad especially, he considers *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* the most delightful books he has ever read. *The Big Parade* is his favorite picture.

Dorothy Mackaill

Dorothy Mackaill

FRANCE gave the Statue of Liberty to America, but England gave us Dorothy Mackaill. She was born in Hull about twenty-five years ago, and educated at Thorne Academy, London. The yearning for a stage career led her to the Hippodrome, where she became a member of the chorus in *Joybells* and leader of the Chicken Number. A British film company signed her for a role in *The Face at the Window.* After many months of stage and screen work in France, she came to America and joined the *Ziegfeld Follies. The Lotus Eater,* with John Barrymore, and *Bits of Life* were her first American pictures. First National signed her on a long-term contract. Among her most recent pictures are *Subway Sadie, The Crystal Cup, The Whip, The Barker, His Captive Woman,* and *Children of the Ritz.* Dorothy is one of the screen's best comediennes as well as a fine actress.

Billie Dove

Billie Dove

ALTHOUGH Billie Dove was only fourteen when she won fame as an artist's model, and sixteen when she was prominently cast in the *Ziegfeld Follies,* she spent four and a half years in climbing from a "bit" player to the position of First National star. From stage to screen is but a step, and Billie came to Hollywood to play a small part in *Polly of the Follies* starring Constance Talmadge. It was Lois Weber, the first woman director, who discovered Billie's real acting ability, and who gave her excellent roles in two of her own productions, *The Sensation Seekers* and *The Marriage Clause.* She was born in New York City on May 14, 1903. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has rather long chestnut curly hair and gorgeous brown eyes. Her complexion, very dark and rich, is unusually beautiful, and marks her as one of the most attractive women on the screen.

Colleen Moore

Colleen Moore

COLLEEN MOORE made her bow as Kathleen Morrison at Port Huron, Michigan, August 19, 1902. Her father, an efficiency engineer, traveled a great deal, always taking his family with him. As a result, Colleen's education was scattered, though she remembers particularly Chicago, Detroit, Atlanta, and Tampa educational systems. After leaving a Florida convent, she entered the Detroit Conservatory of Music, where she studied the piano. In 1920 her uncle, Walter Howey, then managing editor of the *Chicago American,* introduced her to D. W. Griffith, who was convinced that she had acting ability. Her first picture was *The Bad Boy. Flaming Youth* was the turning point in her career, and led to a succession of flapper productions with which she has become identified. *Sally, So Big, Irene, Lilac Time, Oh, Kay! Synthetic Sin,* and *Why Be Good,* are among her most recent pictures.

Mystery of the Murdered Actor

(*Continued from page* 83)

I simply relate the facts as they occurred.

The party got wilder and wilder.

AT FOUR A. M., two men started a fight that spread. There were fists, vases and chairs and animated language.

At 4:15 the lights went out. In the darkness there were screams—then the crash of a big glass chandelier which fell shattered to the floor. Then the lights were turned on and Eddie Diggins lay bleeding to death on the floor—in the arms of Lloyd Hamilton.

The police were summoned by telephone and a police car came screaming up the quiet street. The doors were locked. Everybody in the party—except Irene Dalton—was detained. A thoughtful friend took her out for a walk just in time.

The police questioned everybody.

Lloyd Hamilton didn't know anything of what had happened. He heard the fight start; when the lights came on again he saw Eddie bleeding on the floor and went to him—trying to staunch the blood.

Josie and Rosie didn't know anything; they only heard the scuffle in the dark. The bartender didn't know anything; he was mum as an oyster on account of the illegal booze selling.

That was the way it ran; nobody knew anything.

The only real hint came from a waiter. He said that, just before the lights went out, he saw two strange men sneaking out from a side room. He turned to watch them. But they lost themselves in the crowd of dancers; then the lights went out. In the darkness, he heard some one crying out—a man's voice—"L'go; l'go of me."

The coroner's inquest yielded nothing more of value.

EDDIE was buried in the Catholic cemetery. After the funeral, the grief-stricken little Irish bride told the reporters one little fragmentary, wistful, frightened story—that might have been the clue to the whole story.

She said that, as she lay on her bed, struggling with her grief, the telephone rang. After a long time she dragged herself to the phone. A woman's voice spoke to her. She did not recognize the voice.

The woman said: "You are Mrs. Diggins? I can tell you all about your husband's murder . . . ." Then the voice broke off and she heard the woman weeping in a wild outburst of strangling sobs.

Mrs. Diggins said that the woman did not come back to the 'phone; but only silence followed.

But—dabbing her eyes with a little wet handkerchief, Mrs. Diggins made one cryptic remark to the reporters that has never been explained or fathomed:

(*Turn to page* 87)

"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak"

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say —"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on *me* for a speech!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

I knew they were expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside.

I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced to Speak"—

Almost from the first word, the smiles and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers *now!* My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unfaltering—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling.

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I *had* been handicapped with a shy, timid, and retiring nature. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address board meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to overcome stage fright.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to be the master of any situation.

A Lucky Accident

At last I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words.* Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success.

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the *sheer power of convincing speech* has been the big secret of my success!"

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right *thing* in the right *way* at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun!

Get This Amazing Book FREE!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders With Words.* This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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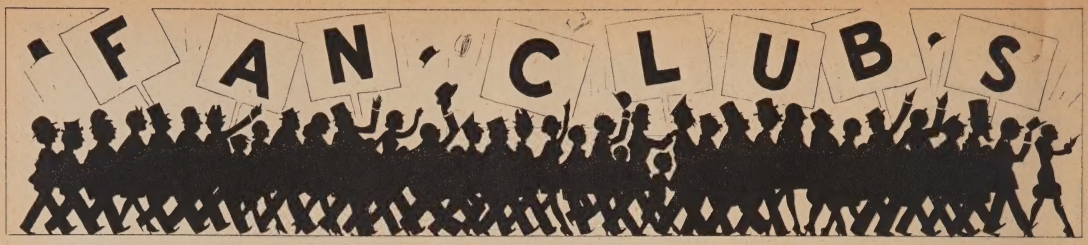


News of all the fan clubs appears each month in this department. All those seeking information about the clubs may write to Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, in care of SCREEN SECRETS.

The Movie Stars' Fan Club

A GOOD fan club is what you all want to join and The Movie Stars' Fan Club is just that! They're going on seven years now and never yet—to our knowledge—have they broken a promise with their members. They have developed a practical and successful system of operating their club and their literature is not dry, formal and uninteresting, but very much alive. Cedric A. Rosefield, Secretary-Treasurer of the club, suggests that you enroll as a Life Member for $1.00 and receive membership card and list and club paper until doomsday for his club. He will also see that you get plenty of pen-pals. Also name ten of your favorite movie stars and he will send you by return mail five of their photos. But if you want membership for only a year, just send twenty-five cents and besides club literature, you will receive one nice photo of your favorite star.

Film Stars' Fan Club

ANOTHER club which boosts the movie stars in general wishes to be announced here. It is the Film Stars' Fan Club, formed by Romulus Gooding, with club headquarters in North Carolina. He will be interested in hearing from you.

Helen Ferguson Club Back

OWING to the long illness of its founder and president, Miss Julia David, the Helen Ferguson Friendship Club almost joined the ranks of the has beens. Now, however, I've just received a card from Miss David, saying she has taken back the club with Evelyn Bode and Marion Appenheim, both of New York, as her assistants, and they are just 'raring to go.' A clever news sheet is now being published and yearly dues are still 25c. This is a real 'Friendship Club' and one of the pioneers and really deserves to succeed. Good luck to you, Julia!

News of Chaw's Club

THE new issue of The Movie Fans' News, official publication of The Movie Fans' Friendship Club, is now out and it is a particularly fine number, being dedicated to Dolores Del Rio, Estelle Taylor, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard. The issue contains some very fine verses and short articles by members of the club. Albert Conti, Rod la Rocque, Edmund Lowe and Andrew Swan are the latest players to join as honorary members of this club.

Buddy Rogers' Club

MR. RANDOLPH TYE, president of the Buddy Rogers' Fan Club, announces that Ben Lyon, Claire Windsor, Mrs. Cronk (Claire's mother) and Frank Tuttle (who directed Buddy in *Sophomore*) have all joined his club as honorary members.

Mrs. Rogers, Buddy's mother, has chosen the club colors to be yellow and black—the colors of the sunflower, the state flower of Kansas, Buddy's birthplace.

From now on, dues to this club will be 50c and renewals, 25c.

Club President Arrives Here

VIVIAN STEPHENS, president of the popular William Haines Club, recently arrived in our midst with the intention of making her permanent home here. At present, she is residing in Culver City, and from there she will carry on her club activities with the able assistance of Billy himself. Shortly, Miss Stephens says, her club journal will be out, and it's going to be a dandy. So all you Haines fans, watch out.

Anita Page is demonstrating delight at this load of morning mail from members of her fan club.

Mehaffey Club

ANOTHER new Fan Club wants to be announced—it is the Blanch Mehaffey Fan Club, with head office at Detroit. The secretary will be glad to send out further information.

Some Good Prizes Offered

HAROLD NASH, Jr., President of The Stars' Friendship Club, writes us that he is offering some good prizes to the two fans who bring in the most new members to his club by March 30. The one who gets the most members will be given one year's free membership to the club and also a set of twelve fine photos—size eight by ten—of different actors and actresses. And the one who gets the next most members will be given a year's free membership and a set of six photos—size five by seven. All that the fans who compete in this contest have to do is to send the club the dues (twenty-five cents per year) that they collect for each new member, along with their names and addresses. Of course, they must be sure and send their own names and addresses, too. Money should be sent by money order, payable to Mr. Nash. He will send the photos to the winners as soon as possible.

Fans of the Pictures' Club

ANNOUNCING the Fans of the Pictures' Club. It has just been formed and deals more with the pictures that the stars play in rather than with the stars themselves. All the members will receive each month a list of all the coming worth-while pictures. Later, as the club expands, they will receive a list of other members. The first fifty members will receive an attractive prize. A club paper is being put together, which will be called *Pictures*. It will be sent free to members each month. Also a membership card.

(*Turn to page* 109)

Mystery of the Murdered Actor

(*Continued from page* 85)

"Eddie was a chivalrous boy; he never could bear to hear any one say anything about a woman."

No one ever followed up her remark.

THERE were reasons why the police lost interest in Eddie Diggins, Mrs. Diggins, the woman who spoke over the telephone, and the cryptic remark of Mrs. Diggins.

The reason was this:

The police department of Los Angeles was at that time running at loose ends. The reporters became uncomfortably curious about the Crescent Tea Room at No. 1440 North Cherokee Avenue. They couldn't understand why the police had allowed such a place to run. It seemed to them a fatal lack of curiosity on the part of the police that they should not have inquired into a long line of expensive limousines in front of a tea room at four o'clock in the morning. The prohibition officers also began to follow the uncomfortable curiosity of the reporters.

No. 1440 North Cherokee Avenue was becoming for the police what is known in the parlance as a "hot spot."

The investigation of the Diggins murder came under the supervision of a police lieutenant who has since been forced to resign from the force under fire.

To silence the "damned reporters," it became absolutely necessary to find some answer to the bleeding to death of Eddie Diggins.

Some one at the police station had an inspiration of high genius.

He called the attention of the reporters and the coroner to the fact that in the fracas some chairs had been thrown around. Something hit Charley Meehan and knocked him cold with a split scalp. One of these chairs had evidently hit the big glass chandelier that hung over the ball room. Everybody remembered that it had fallen with a stupendous crash in the darkness.

What was more reasonable than to suppose than that the glass chandelier had fallen and that Eddie had fallen down in the midst of the glass; and that one of the slivers of glass had stabbed him to the heart?

Why certainly that was it! Sure thing!

The police surgeon remembered now that the wound looked as though it might have been made by a sliver of glass.

And with that, the murder mystery of Eddie Diggins was hastily and discreetly slid out into oblivion—with other police secrets.

Meanwhile there remains the echo of that woman's voice over the telephone: "I know all about why your husband was murdered." And her broken-hearted sob.

And Mrs. Diggins' cryptic remark: "Eddie never could bear it to hear a girl talked about."

To Those Who *Do Not* Know

. . . THIS NEW *MODE* OF FEMININE HYGIENE . . .

THE modern American woman is envied by the other women of the world today because of her independence. She is eager to take care of her self . . . anxious to preserve far beyond the allotted years the bloom and buoyancy of youth. The modern American woman is fast learning that this depends largely upon a subject too often ignored . . . upon *feminine hygiene.*

Heretofore, feminine hygiene has been achieved at great discomfort. Seldom convenient . . . under some conditions it was impossible.

No Water - No Accessories

Now, however, through the use of a harmless antiseptic in *tablet form,* which requires no water or accessories, American women are fast learning the *convenience* of feminine hygiene. Among women who know, among nurses especially, you will hear enthusiastic recommendation of this antiseptic.

These tablets are known as Pariogen tablets. For a long time prescribed by the medical profession, Pariogen is *not a poison,* contains no carbolic acid, cresol or bichloride of mercury, *yet destroys the most pernicious germs in a few seconds.*

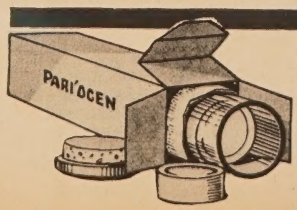
May Be Carried in a Purse

Pariogen tablets come twelve to the tube - a tube about the size of a fountain pen. The price at any drug store is $1.00 Pariogen tablets may be carried anywhere in a purse, making hygienic measures possible almost anywhere, no other accessories or water being required.

Sent Anywhere by Mail

If your druggist is unable to supply you, or if you prefer to send direct, the coupon below and a dollar bill will bring you a full size tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use.

If, for any reason you do not wish to keep them, just return whatever remains and we will promptly refund your dollar and postage. Tear out the coupon now.



American Drug & Chemical Co., 669
420 South 6th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for which please send me under plain wrapper one tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use, under the money-back guarantee stated in your advertisement.

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Postal Pouch Editor will answer your questions on this page. For a personal answer enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

J. E. B.: Carol Dempster isn't working in pictures any more. Write to her at United Artists.

F. FORD: A new F-Ford? Stop stuttering! That was Elinor Fair who played opposite William Boyd in *The Volga Boatman;* and now she is Mrs. Bill. Which just goes to prove that romances are not always confined to motion pictures.

H. N. D.: Whatja mean, the whole address of a star? If you mean their private domiciles where the butler and pomeranian reside, you're out of luck; for I'm just as dumb as you are. But I can give you their studio addresses, where they receive all fan mail. Write to Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, Charles Rogers, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, and Emil Jannings at Paramount; to Harold Lloyd at the Metropolitan Studios; to Colleen Moore and Richard Barthelmess at First National, Burbank; Gloria Swanson, F. B. O., Hollywood; Joan Crawford, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Anita Page, and William Haines, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City. To Dolores Del Rio at Tec Art, Hollywood and to Ronald Colman, Don Alvarado, Vilma Banky, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks at United Artists. Yes, all the stars send out photographs, but don't forget to send twenty-five cents in stamps for them.

GILDA B.: Colleen Moore is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen, and has been in pictures about ten years. You should have sent a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal letter.

GERTRUDE E.: Women are cats—I always suspected it, and now I know. Joan Crawford was born on March 23, 1906, so you were right—and there's no special secret about it. William Haines was born in 1900, John Gilbert in 1895, May McAvoy in 1891, and Buster Collier in 1902. Never mind about Polly Moran—her face is her fortune, which is more than a lot of these movie-struck baby dolls can say! And you're perfectly right—I'm either awfully young or in my second childhood. How did you ever guess? Brains—that's what you've got—just brains!

Will You Be Next?

Each month some star will send a personal reply to one of the letters of inquiry received by Postal Pouch. This month "Buddy" Rogers answered one of the letters and sent a beautiful large-sized autographed photo of himself to "Ginnie C." The letter and "Buddy's" reply are below.—Editor.

Dear Postal Pouch Editor:

Oh, can you tell me all I want to know about Buddy Rogers? Please try to persuade him that he shouldn't get a crush on Mary Brian or anyone else and if he does, just to spite him—I'll meet his brother.

Is he a smooth dancer? Does he like to dance? Does he drink? I hope not. Does he smoke? Is he conceited? How old is he? Does he stay out very late regularly or is he a good little boy? Is there *any* way I can get a personally autographed photo from him? Please help me out. What religion is he?

Sincerely,
GINNIE C.

Dear "Ginnie C.:"

I'm more than happy to know there is someone who is more interested in the real Buddy Rogers than the reel one.

I've lived with him several years and only know what he wants to do in the future as to a career.

Yes, it's true that Mary Brian is one of my friends. And that much should make me conceited. But I hope I'm not conceited.

No, I don't smoke or drink.

Of course I stay home nights—at least, quite often. I live with the family of a fraternity brother of mine from the University of Kansas. We lead a very normal life.

I'm sending you an autographed picture so that if you can read character from writing, you'll know lots more about me.

Best wishes always, from

Chas "Buddy" Rogers

GEORGE T.: I don't know where to tell you to address Jack W. Welch, who assisted in directing *The First Kiss,* except at Paramount, where the picture was made. You might be sure to write "Assistant Director" after his name, just to help the office boy who might suspect him of being president of the company.

EDDIE H.: Another good girl gone Hoot Gibsonish, eh? He's five feet, ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and was born in Tekamah, Nebraska in 1892. He was a hostler at Harry Carye's stables, then a stunt man, trick rider, and finally an actor in the movies. He is married to a former vaudeville star, and has one child. I don't happen to know either his religion or salary. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia. Edna Conway, who used to be at Fox, is a Maryland girl. and so is Dorothy Phillips; but these are all I know from your state. Glad you like our magazine so much—we're trying to make every issue better, and seem to be succeeding if the enthusiastic letters we receive daily from our fans are an indication.

GERTRUDE C.: Write to Charles Delaney at First National, Burbank. Did you see him with Alice White in *Show Girl?* Write to him direct for his photograph. My photo? Why, bless your heart, Gertie, I've not had my picture taken since the one back in the Gay Nineties with my first grandchild on my knee. But I have a long white beard, three white hairs, and twinkling, gray eyes. Six feet two in my red knit socks, and one hundred and eighty-nine pounds in suspenders. Can't you just see me? Name? Papa Postal Pouch. Sure!

HAROLD C. D.: Clara Bow is not "still married," or "married again"—it's just plain "never." Don't thank me—the pleasure is all yours.

GYPSY: Bell up for Richard Dix! Look for him in *Redskin, Moran of the Marines* with Ruth Elder, and *Unconquered.* Yes, he does deserve something better than very light comedy roles—he's a good actor.

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Valentino's Hidden Loves Revealed

(*Continued from page 37*)

frenzied correspondence with her until he learned she was also writing to several other men.

While dancing in a hotel, he met a society girl of an old California family. She seems to have been quite overwhelmed by his good looks and his undoubted charm of mind. She wanted to marry him. But her family had the heebie-jeebies. They fairly wrenched her out of his arms. The idea! A penniless Italian with slicked-down hair and no job.

SHE finally married an actor of small celebrity. On Rudolph's last visit to Paris, he saw two figures—two wistful peering figures in the crowd that surrounded his hotel. He left his party and broke his way through to the side of the young lady who had jilted him, her husband standing obscurely on the edges. He greeted her with affectionate warmth and went on his way—and she looked wistfully after him.

It was while Rudolph was looking for odd jobs as an extra man and dancing occasionally at hotels, that he met Jean Acker. She was twenty-three and was struggling to butt her own way into the movies.

She was carried away into a whirlwind marriage; but she wasn't too much carried away.

This wasn't the warm, devoted love that was necessary to keep Rudolph's home fires burning.

Jean went away on location into the heart of the high Sierras—and out of the heart of Rudolph.

BUT she did not give him up without a struggle. During the divorce suit, one of her letters to him was read:

"Dearest boy of mine:

"I wish you were here in my arms this very minute. Oh, I need you so. When will I be there again?

"You remember the song: 'I'd Rather Be There Than Any Place I Know'? Well, that's the way I feel tonight.

"Try to be as good as possible. Remember I don't expect too much of my good-looking, dark-eyed boy."

Meanwhile Rudolph was getting on in the world.

He made a picture with Bebe Daniels and she stepped into and over his heart. There came a robust and hilarious affair with Nita Naldi, who was cynical, brilliant, Italian, and overwhelming.

His next real affair of the heart was one of the strangest of his love life. Madame Nazimova, while at the top of her career, had an art director—a brilliant, restless girl with an overpowering ambition. Her name was Natacha Rambova. She was born Winifred Shaughnessy. She was adopted by a millionaire perfume manufacturer and became Winifred Hudnut. She met Rudolph and became Mrs. Valentino.

This marriage was foredoomed before it started. Miss Rambova had the soul of a Napoleon. Rudolph dreamed of a fireside with babies crawling around.

She moved him into a house with black marble floors and "art" draped around in profusion.

The bust-up came when Mrs. Valentino insisted upon blossoming out as a picture producer—on Rudolph's money. She made a weird six-reel picture which cost $80,000 and never has been released.

And that was the end of that.

IT WAS while making *The Eagle* that Rudolph fell in love with Vilma Banky.

He had in the meantime risen and fallen. At the time of *Monsieur Beaucaire* he was undoubtedly the most popular star the screen has ever known. Whenever he appeared on the streets in New York, there was a wild mob scene.

Then there was Vilma Banky. Rudolph never touched the heart of the lovely Vilma. When he began paying her ardent attentions, the usual loving friends hustled around and gave her warning. "He will make a sucker out of you," they told her. "He will love you for a while; the next you know, he will be loving somebody else."

Vilma, who is a shrewd, composed young lady, made reply. "When I came to Hollywood from Hungary, I was a lonely girl. I met people and the next time I saw them, they would nod and say, 'How do' and pass on. Since I have been seen with Mr. Valentino, they say: 'Dear, dear Vilma. How long it is since we have seen you.'"

Rudolph loved somebody else and Vilma only smiled.

Somebody else was Pola Negri. I don't believe that, even now, Pola knows whether she was in love with Rudolph, or whether she was just having a grand time dramatizing herself.

For some months, the affair between Valentino and Pola kept Hollywood awake with excitement. It was the grandest and most flourishing love affair this country has ever known. It had the elaborate gestures and the grand manner of a romance of the Middle Ages.

One day, I saw Pola at the studio.

"Pola," I said, "you look so sweet and lovely that everything must be going well with you."

"What you mean well?" she asked sourly, "Love or business?"

"Well, both."

"Business—very good; love—very bad," she answered with convincing brevity.

Rudolph went flying off to New York on his last trip. After he had departed, we all plied Pola with questions as to what had happened to the course of true love.

"We were really engaged," she said, "but the fact that we both had our careers to follow accounts for the delay in our wedding plans."

Then came his sudden fatal illness and death and Pola's tumultuous trip across

(*Turn to page 91*)

3 Dangers to skin beauty

1. Germ-covered cloths
2. Harsh towels
3. Non-absorbent cotton

Avoid them in this way: rub cold cream off, not in

DO you rid your pores of the day's grimy, poisonous accumulations or do you rub cold cream and dirt further into your already abused skin?

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Pearl White was in her heyday—Doug Fairbanks was taking Mary Pickford riding in a borrowed Chevrolet—Betty Compson loaned Tommy Meighan her hair net.

AN AMBITIOUS young Chicago school girl applied for work at the old Essanay Film Company, and was given a very small bit in Chaplin's first picture for that company, appropriately titled *His First Job.* Eager to demonstrate her histrionic dramatic ability, the little super emoted all over the place and eventually fulfilled her hope of attracting the comedian's attention. But in what manner! Turning to the casting director he ordered, "Take out that Swanson person and let someone else do the bit!"

Viola Dana was a star and engaged to Orman Locklear. Locklear's crash ended the romance.

Real Art was trying to launch Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Constance Binney and Justine Johnstone as stars. Bebe became one; Constance and Justine married; Wanda is still playing around the edges of the industry.

Creighton Hale was playing with Pearl White. Pearl was getting tired of serials and tried to be a star in features but found that the public had stamped her and she might as well stay stamped or get out of pictures.

Will Rogers was making *Jubilo,* by Ben Ames Williams, his first big screen hit. He also wrote the titles which helped to put him over big as a wisecracker.

Ten years ago January 26, *The Miracle Man* company went on location in Laguna Beach. At that time all exteriors were really taken on the exterior. Betty Compson was putting invisible hair pins into Tommy Meighan's hair to keep it from blowing while she had her own protected by an old-fashioned hair net. They finally resorted to a hair net for Tommy's.

Edna Purviance was suffering agonies because she did not get the Betty Compson role in that picture. Thomas Meighan had suggested her for it.

The laboratory of a modern studio is one of the most spectacular branches of the industry. But fifteen years ago Thomas Ince carried home the day's "shooting" and developed it in the kitchen sink! His ace actor at this time was Charles Ray, just a nice little country boy trying hard to get along. One day Charlie saw the preview of his latest picture and rushed to Ince with tears in his eyes. "I'm terrible!" he cried. "I guess I'll never amount to anything on the screen, after all." Ince turned to his desk with a smile and pulled forth a contract. "Maybe not," he replied, "but I've already made up my mind to sign you again—as a *star.*" Charlie, fulfilling Ince's faith, later became one of the most popular stars the screen has ever known.

Lottie Pickford and Kenneth Harlan were running around together.

Charles Klein, now directing in Hollywood, was then producing in Germany. He brings us word that ten years ago in Europe, the first American serials were just being distributed and German producers commenced to imitate them as well as the early American westerns. But the big fat Germans looked so funny on horses and stage coaches that they turned into fairly good comedies. *Madame X, Intolerance* and Pauline Frederick were the rage at that time. Griffith was to them the Dean of American pictures.

Martha Mansfield was being seen places with Sam Goldwyn. Shortly afterwards Martha was burned to death during the making of a picture and Sam turned his attentions to Mable Normand.

Charlie Chaplin did his bit during the hectic days of the war by giving Liberty Loan speeches to crowds in Pershing Square.

Valentino's Hidden Loves Revealed

(*Continued from page* 89)

the continent in a special train to clasp his cold hand.

After it was all over she said: "My love for Mr. Valentino was the greatest love of my life. I shall never forget him. I loved him not as one artist loves another, but as a woman loves a man."

IT WAS not until after his death that his strangest love affair was known. A little English actress named Peggy Shaw was found dead in her room in London—evidently by her own hand. And scattered about her room where she had read them for the last time were many letters from Valentino—written in the last years of his life; letters of sympathy, love and encouragement. Through them ran the wistful note of a young heart longing for what it never found—a home, a girl and babies.

Not long ago, I had a letter from a spiritualist medium—unknown to me. She told me—for what reason I do not know—that she was hearing regularly from June Mathis, the scenario writer who discovered Valentino and who died within a year of his death.

She said, across the Dark River, life was going on for them just the same. June was writing scenarios just as during her earthly life and Valentino had found in Martha Mansfield a rare and sympathetic friend. Martha Mansfield was the young actress who was burned to death a few years ago while making *The Warrens of Virginia* on location in Texas.

So it may be that Valentino's love life has just started. I don't know if they have homes and babies over there; but for his sake let us so hope.

Talk's Not Cheap

(*Continued from page* 26)

cost of the silent, but the point is that total production cost has leaped half as much again as it used to be, and in some of the studios it has doubled! Result, some wonderful things now happening in Hollywood: Fewer pictures, vast incursions of stage people, and the humbling and changing about of great names.

So many things can happen in capturing the imponderable, tricksy and complicated entity of sound! "Mr. Mike" (the microphone) is full of tricks. Of late he's shown special fiendishness in picking up rustling of undies and the click-click-click of garters, suggesting that he would really prefer Lady Godivas to pose before him. Or (at the other extreme) he'll go on strike. Recently ten minutes of Mary Pickford's convulsive sobbing in *Coquette* made no impression on his case-hardened soul. "Calm yourself, Miss Pickford," soothed Sam Taylor, "the sound-track isn't working." Those emotionally prepared tears have been entirely wasted, "Our Mary" was obliged to wait for the repairs and then work herself up again.

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Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot callases, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to strengthen these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop in 10 minutes when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Pain stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. **Write for free book on foot troubles.**

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I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffleffinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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AND speaking of crews—what with the day work and the night work that seems necessary to keep the soundproof stages going twenty-four hours per diem and get the pesky talking pictures made—you can expect anything untoward any time from the help, and you can't do anything about it! For instance, the poor, sleepy "grip's" five-thousand-dollar snore at M-G-M that broke up Norma Shearer's thrilling plea in *The Trial of Mary Dugan.*

About four in the afternoon his weary head sagged forward in slumber, followed by a nasal drone stertorous as a motor. Low at first and audible only to the mike, it grew in volume till its sturdy contra-bass pronounced "Blah! *Blah!* Blah!" to Norma's longest and most thrilling speech, ruining several hundred feet of sequence and adjourning the session summarily for the day. Nor was there any punishment for this contempt of court.

The more one studies this canning of talk, song and instrumentation, the more fantastically and almost incredibly the figures mount up. An auditor of one of the companies said:

"With so many royalties to pay, it's difficult to keep track of 'em—royalties for production rights, publishers' royalties for performing songs and pieces, sound equipment royalties, and whatnot. For instance, the music publishers assess a charge of two cents per theatre chair per year for the playing of a copyright. Warner Brothers find it cheaper to buy and publish songs, for the sum total of the sittings of the world's theatres is admittedly staggering.

"The makers of the sound equipment won't sell, but rent it out on a royalty basis, with a minimum yearly charge of $100,000 to each studio. And yet the expense has just begun, for the soundproof housings are just as stoutly built as storage warehouses, with four-foot doors and many thicknesses of sound-deadening material. The cameras are proofed within booths, and even the scene screens are deadened by a special construction of masonite and balsam wool.

"Improvements go ahead so fast that the sound studio owner must get his money back quick, which he does by charging a little matter of $2,500 a day for the use of the facilities.

"On part talkies it costs about $25,000 to add dialogue to a silent picture; ditto for an elaborate synchronization, while $7,500 will add sound to a news reel. Our first all-talking picture cost us $150,000, of which we expended $80,000 on the movie and $70,000 on the 'talk.'"

BUT let us suppose that the producer wants to do something really big, when his first thought, naturally, is of canning a stage hit. Darryl Zanuck states that Warners paid $150,000 just for *The Desert Song* production rights, and payments of $50,000 to $100,000 are not infrequent. Do you happen to know (as Mr. Zanuck also informs me) that such stage script has to be rewritten, likely, four or five times, using scenarists, dialogue writers, musical and dramatic planners, months of preparation, and thousands of dollars more for these high-priced scribblers?

Here's the place to put in a few well-chosen words about the musicians. We can all remember when the theatre players were better versed in art than in dollars, but the singing-and-dancing talkie is the musicians' heyday; some are purchasing Beverly Hills palaces, and others are buying astrakhans and Rolls-Royces.

Back of them is an expensive staff that includes director, librarian, scorers, recorders, and clerks. How different from the old-fashioned movie where the only "score" provided was a penny cue sheet! Now every bar of the music is recorded with full orchestra, either with the players on the sets, or synchronized afterwards.

THE craze for stage stars is in full swing. To quote the Warner executive again: "The cast demands are practically all-stellar. Pretty face and figure, or a presentable type, used to be able to get by in minor roles, but now we've got to have real actors with voices. It involves much greater responsibility for the minor players, and even the bits must be acted with an excellence not required in old-time movies.

"It takes four months to prepare a major production," avers Zanuck, "six to twelve weeks to make it, and then weeks of editing, duping, putting on master records and scoring. I am today laying out pictures to start four months from now. The amount of labor is far in excess of anything heretofore attempted. Overhead on a talkie extends for a period of time ranging from six months to one year, and each of the pictures on our new program is budgeted at an expense of $300,000 to $350,000."

How long will the high-priced talking last? Clearly not forever. A new camera is patented to take vision and sound in the one instrument, and a new silent camera is likewise in the works, simplifying cumbrous equipment. Producers are also finding that talking's too expensive when dialogue usurps "business" and action, and the old intimacy and quickness of the movie is lost. Perhaps television is what the basic companies are really after. Then the "talk-vision" can go right into the home, and the theatre be reserved for the grandiose spectacle of beauty we all occasionally crave.

———o———

Norma Talmadge and dozens of other picture folk have money invested in the new resort, Agua Caliente, just across the Mexican border near Tia Juana. The value of the stock has trebled in six months. Incidentally Tia Juana means "Aunt Jane" and Agua Caliente is Spanish for "Hot Water." Nobody drinks it there, however.

Spring Style Revue

(*Continued from page* 41)

This is one of the most positive proofs that waistlines are gradually getting back to normal. There have long been indications of this—for example, even on the very long-waisted evening gowns tight, amusing little belts have been placed snugly around the natural waistline. Decoration has emphasized the natural waistline, too. At last, it seems to have arrived. Now that girls are supposed to have shapes, the hips are narrower.

BY FAR the most popular material for spring and summer is any kind of printed fabric; but the designs are noticeably smaller this year than last, and the coats or trimming are more often of darker shades than the body of the outfit. Two- and three-piece ensembles of printed silk are to be found in every well-planned wardrobe this season; but if you would be even more up-to-date, you should have a little outfit of printed linen, fancy gingham, or bright, old-fashioned calico! While silks of all kinds, especially chiffon and georgette, are to be used extensively, this is a season when, for the first time in years, cotton is to be worn with equal swank! Perhaps the newest one-color cotton fabrics this spring is pique, which many of us remember from our little-girl days! You will see it in suits, in dresses, and in sports coats this spring. For dressier occasions the silk pique is generally worn.

Bright colors continue to delight the eye, though one famous French designer is quoted as having said, "Any color will be fashionable this year—provided it is beige." Fortunately, this is a shade that is not only wonderfully practical, but is becoming to almost everyone—blonde, brunette and redhead alike. An ideal shade for office wear, it is now the smartest shade possible for evening. One of the prettiest afternoon frocks I have seen Estelle Taylor wear was of beige satin crepe, very simply made, and trimmed with a yoke and quaintly tied cuffs of exquisite beige lace. A gorgeous sparkling rhinestone pin on the shoulder was the only note of contrast.

THOSE who look well in yellow will be happy to know that it is one of the most popular light shades of the season, with special emphasis on lemon, honey, and orange tints. Chartreuse is another highly fashionable new shade this year. Black, often accented by some vivid color such as red, is unusually attractive now; while Paris decrees that every woman should have in her wardrobe one white sleeveless dress, a white felt hat, and white and tan sport shoes. With this outfit she can combine any number of gay sweaters, cardigans, or scarfs. This is an extremely practical suggestion for the girl who cannot afford many clothes; for different accessories completely change a familiar foundation outfit.

Colored shoes to match your costume are almost a necessity to the attractively dressed girl this season. For evening, old-gold satin is the very newest thing—and practical, too, as it does not tarnish like the lamé or kid pumps. Evening bags to match the slippers help carry out the ensemble idea that is fashion's latest decree.

Stockingless legs are to be looked on with approval this summer, both for daytime and evening. Stockings, when worn, are darker than those of last year, with special emphasis on gun metal, sand, and autumn leaf—a lovely shade of reddish brown. For evening, nude and all pinkish shades will continue to be smart.

Now, here's news! Not only are most of the sports costumes going to be sleeveless this season, but neckless as well! The girl who has deplored the fact that an evening gown betrayed a very brown neck and lily-white back will find this embarrassment eliminated. Tennis frocks will be as low as your evening gowns, while bathing suits will be even lower! And since sports skirts—those actually and practically worn for tennis and golf—are short, it is now considered very smart to have matching knickers! In fact, just copy your baby sister's pantie-frocks, and you'll be sitting right on top of the fashion world!

Never since the days of bustles have backs been so decorative. Many of the very newest daytime frocks have buttons set closely together from neck to hem! As an added note of smartness, they are often left unbuttoned! Bows no longer are concentrated on the side front, but on the side back of the latest Paris and Hollywood evening gowns.

Lingerie this year is more simple than ever before. Generally speaking, it follows the natural line of the figure. The little bandeau sets are attractive and practical, while gay, printed georgette is used repeatedly in the new summer "shorts." Teddies are considered as obsolete as starched petticoats, and are about as formless. Lingerie is gradually eliminating lace, and is coming to depend on *chic* bits of drawn work and similar tailored touches for decoration.

In planning your new wardrobe, it is wise to remember that only girls of pronounced individuality should try pronounced effects. Eccentricities in dress are very apt to suggest sophistication that is not always pleasing to a particular personality. Although costumes should be feminine, they should never be fussy. The practical, though beautiful, invariably wins over the beautiful, though not practical.

With these suggestions, SCREEN SECRETS readers may choose their spring and summer wardrobes with confidence, knowing that these hints represent compactly the best efforts of Paris and Hollywood designers.

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At department and drug stores everywhere.

To be quite frank . . .

Protection from perspiration should be a matter of concern to everybody

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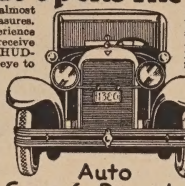

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There are hundreds of dollars in these other cash prizes besides the $2,000.00 CASH first prize and the new HUDSON COACH for promptness. In addition, if you take an active part in this contest, you will receive $1.25 worth of our products FREE. If your eyes are sharp enough, you may win the $2,000 CASH first prize and the new HUDSON COACH, too, for promptness, if on time—or if you prefer, $3,400 in all.

Here is a treasure chest and ten keys, one of which will open the lock. Find the right key and find it quick. Make the $2,000.00 yours and get the HUDSON COACH, too, for promptness. There's too much at stake for you to delay a minute. These keys are all the same size and apparently are exactly alike. If your eyes are sharp and you look closely you may find a key different from the other nine. The top, the bottom, the shaft, the notches or anything else is likely to be the point of difference. If you find the right key, it may mean $2,000.00 in CASH to you.

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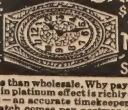

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They're Funny That Way

(*Continued from page 25*)

caged. Margaret Seddon always removes the labels from her luggage after travelling; and Eleanor Boardman Vidor refuses to permit any pictures of her small daughter, Antonia, aged three, to be printed.

Lucille Webster Gleason won't inhabit a dressing room unless it has red in its color scheme, because that shade gives her luck; and Robert Armstrong cannot go to sleep at night unless he has read a chapter from the latest detective story. George O'Brien aways hangs a sign reading, "Mr. O'Brien is not in" on his dressing room door when he is occupying it, and when he leaves his sanctuary he removes the sign. Sally Blane, a 1929 Wampas Baby Star, is a rabid collector of costume jewelry and has a set for each frock; while Betty Compson collects ivory, jade, bronze, brass and porcelain elephants. She has over two hundred of them.

NICK STUART carried a locket containing pictures of his mother and Sue Carol with him to Europe, and grew panicky when flying over Mount Vesuvius when he discovered he had forgotten it. Marian Nixon has a regiment of dolls dressed in male attire; and Mary Philbin makes a specialty of collecting china dolls. Lois Moran has all of her meals served on a tray, because, she says, it is more informal; and June Collyer refuses to accept any money from her parents, preferring to make her own way in this grey world of ours. Mary Duncan will not move into her new dressing room on the Fox lot and retains the old one which has brought her good luck; and that's the way things are with Mary Brian at the Paramount hoop-la ground.

Chester Conklin has an aversion to old houses and dull woodwork. His new house is a splendid example of varnish and the polisher's craft; and Paul Page, who plays in *Speakeasy* for Mr. William Fox, has carried the left hind foot of a rabbit in his trunk for the last five years. He's from the South, but we needn't tell you that. Mal St. Clair, Harold Lloyd's megaphonist, six feet four and gleeful, drives a tiny French car so small that people ask if he winds or fills it. And Jack Mulhall breaks golf clubs, but don't dare ask him how it happens.

Esther Ralston has never worn a yellow dress. It's an old stage superstition. Once a yellow chiffon was designed for her, but she solved that one. When it came time to present herself in it to the director, for his approval, she stood slouched like a pretzel, with the result that a new dress was instantly ordered. Its color was poudre blue.

Eccentricities? Dearie, you haven't heard the half of them. But we won't go on. We're just that eccentric.

Nancy Carroll and James Hall worked together in Shubert musical shows in New York before they both came to the Paramount lot.

GETTING PERSONAL

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

Doris Dawson owns the first new Ford town car to be seen in Hollywood with its chauffeur's seat, chauffeur and other limousine luxuries.

Constance Talmadge often wears yellow roses, her favorite flowers.

Colleen Moore's secretary, Mrs. John Colville, has recently wed and has left Hollywood to join her husband in South America. As her last official act, she opened Colleen's millionth fan letter.

Ruth Elder

Calories and contracts do not go hand in hand in Hollywood. The younger players among the girls have formed a Luncheon Club and each brings a new non-fattening recipe at each meeting. Carol Lombard and Jeanette Loff are among the members.

Colleen Moore is becoming expert on skis since she visited Yosemite Valley this winter.

Dolores Del Rio likes to play ping pong and parchesi instead of bridge.

Thousands of telegrams of congratulations were received by Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, on the occasion of his recent birthday.

Mary Brian states emphatically that she is going to stay single until she leaves the screen.

Dolores Del Rio wears a flesh colored chiffon evening gown embroidered with twenty-two pounds of tiny white beads.

Adolphe Menjou addressed the National Convention of Tailors—the men who made him what he is today.

Hoot Gibson has just bought a white Rolls-Royce sedan with a special body. Some pony—yes?

Doris Hill is letting her red hair grow long.

Grant Withers has been taking whistling lessons in preparation for *The Time, The Place and the Girl,* his latest picture.

Baclanova wears black glasses in the daytime to protect her eyes from the California sun.

A new Los Angeles airplane will be named in honor of Mary Brian.

Estelle Taylor is wearing a most becoming new chinchilla coat.

The only motion picture director who is also a physician is Dr. Paul Fejos of Universal. He is a graduate of the Royal Hungarian University of Budapest and spent three years at Rockefeller Institute.

Dolores Del Rio was hostess at the National Orange Show at San Bernardino, California, recently.

June Marlowe is being entertained by prominent German families. She is in Berlin playing in *The Foreign Legion* for Universal.

The Adolphe Menjous (Katherine Carver) and the Maurice Chevaliers often play bridge together.

Joan Crawford's delicate French heeled dancing pumps have tiny rubber caulks like those on golf shoes to prevent her slipping on a highly polished floor.

Doris Dawson

Devout church goers mistook Alec Francis for a priest as he walked about the historical mission at Monterey, California, where *Evangeline* is being filmed.

William Powell seldom smiles, but he wore a broad grin lately when he started off on a vacation.

Ethlyn Claire, 1929 Wampas star, has a delightful Southern drawl which is going to register interestingly in the talkies.

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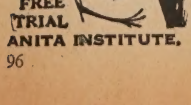

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Wampas Baby Stars of 1929 are taking lessons in make-up from Max Factor, make-up king of Hollywood. From left to right those in the picture are: (standing) Helen Foster, Mona Rico, Josephine Dunn, Loretta Young, Anita Page, Sally Blanc, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill and Caryl Lincoln; (seated) Doris Dawson, Betty Boyd, Max Factor, Ethlyn Clair, and Helen Twelvetrees.

How Will the Wampas Baby Stars "Make-up" in 1929?

RED-HEADS, blondes, brunettes and brown-haired types—how will they make up in 1929?

This momentous question—really almost as important as being selected a Wampas Baby Star—was decided definitely on the First National lot by the Wampas stars of 1929 and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-up.

The roll was called—and how! "Redheads," megaphoned the director. And five of the baby stars—Doris Dawson, Ethlyn Clair, Doris Hill, Caryl Lincoln and Betty Boyd—left the ranks to discuss their own individual charms and color harmony in make-up with Max Factor.

"Blondes," the director cried, and four of the thirteen—Helen Foster, Anita Page, Helen Twelvetrees, and Josephine Dunn—stepped out to talk with Max Factor on make-up color harmony for blondes with blue eyes, blondes with gray eyes, and even bondes with brown eyes.

"Now the brown-haired types"—and Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Jean Arthur and Mona Rico came forth to check up on the exact make-up color harmony to blend with the subtle variations of complexion that give every woman, whatever her type, a distinctive charm and individuality.

"All right, now, brunettes."

"BRUNETTES! *BRUNETTES!*"

No one stepped forward.

"Not a brunette in thirteen. What's the answer to that, Mr. Factor?"

"You'll have to wait a minute 'til I make up an answer," replied Max Factor.

Postal Pouch

(*Continued from page* 88)

G. M. W.: Where have you been all my life that this is your first letter? Colleen's hair is dark brown, and she is five feet, four inches tall. Sally O'Neil has black hair and blue eyes, is five feet tall, and weighs 105 pounds.

ANNA H.: The self-addressed envelope came through all right—but you didn't put a stamp on it, so no personal reply for you this time. Write to Billie Dove at First National, Burbank, California, and to Laura La Plante at Universal, Universal City. Just tell them very sweetly that you can't live without their photos—and to prove it, send twenty-five cents in stamps to cover mailing costs. Then sit back patiently and wait for the mailman to deliver the goods . . but don't hold your breath while you're waiting, as you'll have to take your turn. Come again any time, Anna.

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NO MORE need any person, young or old, suffer humiliation nor take a "back seat" in society, business or love affairs. Because now you can learn how to banish skin blemishes and have a new skin—a clear, youth-like, smooth, firm skin of flawless texture—and a prize winning complexion. No medicine to take, no creams, clays, massage nor salves to use. You do it the new, scientific way, yourself, at home and soon surprise your neighbors and friends with your new skin, on any part of face, neck, arms, hands or body you wish. This new free book entitled "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days," tells you how to make the amazing change, easily, harmlessly, economically. Send name and address only—no money! This remarkable, finely illustrated and instructive book is FREE to readers of this magazine. Write letter or post card for yours, now, to Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 29-W, No. 1700 Broadway, New York City.

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All the World's in Love With Love

(*Continued from page* 50)

"And what else did you learn?"

"That the breaks come in the most unexpected way and from the most unexpected places."

"Yes? And—as for instance . . ."

"Well, for instance, you would never think of going to a dinner party and watching a negro butler dance a jig as a turning point in your career as an emotional actress, would you?"

"It would not occur to me right off the reel if I were an emotional actress."

"That's what happened to me," said Bessie.

"It was one of the periods when I was broke," said Bessie. "It was one of those periods when I couldn't seem to get started in any direction. I had missed out, through a sad fluke, from the one great ambition of my life which was to play Peter Pan. The part went to another girl.

"I didn't know which way to turn.

"For what reason I can't tell you—for I don't know—I had turned to New York. After I got there, there didn't seem to be much more doing there than in Hollywood. I was pretty thoroughly discouraged.

"One night I was invited to dinner at the home of Dick Rowland, then one of the chiefs of First National. Mrs. Rowland and I had been friends for a long time. During the dinner the subject happened to turn to dancing. I had heard of the Charleston which was just starting its wild career. I had heard of the dance; but had never seen it.

"Mrs. Rowland said they had a negro butler who could dance it like a star. I said I would like to see him do it; and she sent for him and asked him if he would dance it for us.

"He cleared out a place in the middle of the floor; they turned on the phonograph and then and there I was introduced to the Charleston which was to be a life saver for me.

"That colored man was a wonder. I have never seen any one who could dance it so well. I was fascinated. I had always danced like any other girl. But had never thought of dancing professionally.

"Just for fun, I asked him if he wouldn't show me how. So I got up there in the Rowland's drawing room and had my first Charleston lesson. I had it from a master foot—a master knee I might say; for it is all in the knees.

"It was so difficult and so baffling that I kept on practicing when I got home and finally I could do it pretty well. Somehow or other, I got to doing it in pictures. Presently parts came to me which consisted mainly in doing the Charleston.

"Then, one day not long ago, I got a part in this picture, *The Broadway Melody*. The part grew and grew until it grew into a peach of a long term contract.

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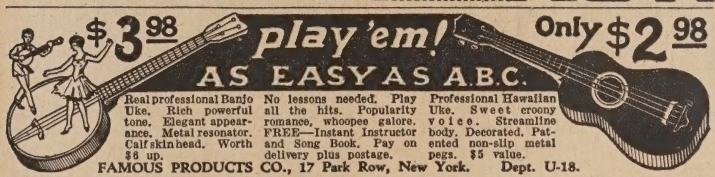

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"That was what you learned about getting the breaks; what else did you learn?"

"I learned about money."

"What did you learn about money?"

"I learned that in Hollywood, money doesn't speak that same language that it does in the outside world."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"It is something that is very hard to explain. Only one who has been through my experience can realize exactly what I mean.

"But it is this: Hollywood is such a kind of fairyland that you don't think in terms of money. You think in terms of what you want. When you are getting money here, you get so much and get it so rapidly that it just doesn't seem like money. You find yourself with a sort of an Aladdin's lamp which you only have to rub to bring you things.

"In Hollywood you are so out of touch with the world of money and finance and commerce that money assumes an unreal character. All the people with whom you come in contact are pretending. That is their business and their life. And so money takes on a character of pretense, too. It just seems to come from nowhere.

"You know in an indefinite sort of way that the scenes you are acting have to go into pictures and you know vaguely that somebody has to buy those pictures and that the money you get on pay day must come in some manner from the sale of those pictures.

"But all of this is hidden from you by the studio fence.

"I used to own a big dairy up in the pasture country near Bakersfield. There I came in close contact with the money. I knew what it cost to feed the stock and where the milk was sold. This money was real because I had to reach out for it and struggle for it.

"The money that comes to you in a studio on pay day is more like Christmas morning. You don't know where it came from; who made it or how. The man on the other side of the little window just gives you a handsome hand-out once a week."

"Is that the reason they waste it?"

"That is just the reason they waste it.

"To men of affairs out in the world, money is money. They respect it; understand it. Money in the movies isn't actual or real. It is just a fairy lamp.

"But sometimes—as you have discovered—you rub the fairy lamp and nothing happens, except the brass gets a polish," I suggested.

"Sometimes the fairies loaf on the job," said Bessie.

Pat Rooney, III, is giving the mad rush to Ruth Elder. The Rooneys are off vaudeville temporarily and are doing some work before the camera.

Madge Bellamy Tells the Painful Truth

(*Continued from page* 28)

ing to do with the story—he was one of the few people I have ever known who appeared to be perfectly happy. He has never lost the zest and sympathy of youth."

"Yeh; that's great for Daniel, but that doesn't explain Madge Bellamy."

"Yes, it does explain Madge Bellamy; and—again incidentally—I happen to be the one who is telling this story.

"Well, Mr. Frohman talked to me and offered me a part in one of his stage productions—a real speaking part.

"He worked with me and helped me in many ways.

"Then an opportunity came to go into the movies. Mr. Frohman suggested that it offered great things for me; but he had misgivings. He said that I was not pretty enough for the screen. I dare say he was right.

"Not to put myself into the Woodrow Wilson class—but I fear I have a single track mind. When I went into pictures the one thing that ran through my mind was a whisper that kept saying to me: 'You are not beautiful enough for the screen; you must make yourself beautiful.'

IN THOSE early days when you knew me on the old Ince lot, my one thought was to make myself beautiful. When I came on the sets, I was—just as you say—thinking about being beautiful rather than about the part.

"Well, gosh—you did it," I said candidly. "How did you do it?"

"If I am really beautiful—as you say—it was just due to the fact that I thought myself into being beautiful."

"Yes; but that wasn't all," I insisted. "You were terribly hard to handle. Directors couldn't do anything with you. You were the hardest dame to handle in all Hollywood. Either you were crying—or the director was crying most of the time."

"That was another error of thought."

"How so?"

"It really wasn't so much an error of actual thought; it was a matter of upbringing. It is very hard for a girl brought up in the South as I had been to be so ordered; to be told to stand up while they looked her over like a horse."

"In other words you were too much of a lady."

"No; let's go on being frank with each other."

"Another reason why I couldn't seem to fit into the scheme of things was that I couldn't let myself go. I was always self-conscious.

"But you had been on the stage."

"It is different on the stage. The audience in front of you is a vast impersonal thing. But on a set, you are conscious of the personalities of about ten different persons—and all critical persons."

WHAT else troubled you?"

"I made one big fundamental mistake. I thought the way to conquer what was ailing me was through the intellect. I tried to make myself a better actress by developing my mind. My father had been a professor in a university; he helped me—in the wrong way.

"One time I read that a great boxer—I think it was Jack Johnson—did not *think* what to do; he *saw* what to do. That is like acting.

"Whenever you begin thinking what to do, you lose the real stuff. It becomes a matter of mechanics."

"And when you found out?"

"The hardest thing in life is to turn off your brain and turn on your heart."

"And it wasn't cutting your hair?"

"I think it was more gradual. It was not until I stopped worrying about my parts, stopped trying so hard, that I became what you call sincere. I never succeeded in breaking down the barriers that you say you felt between us. I just ceased to notice them.

"For instance the reason I can talk to you so frankly is that I have known you so long that I am no longer thinking about you; I am thinking of what we are saying."

SOMEHOW the talk turned to more serious matters. Madge said she wished that she could have her horoscope read. She said that no one can help having a feeling that there come into each life currents that are adverse and again currents that are favorable. Just so gamblers have a saying that it is no use to fight your luck. If the cards aren't coming your way, stop for a while.

Anyhow, she said, she thought it would be valuable mental discipline to be warned that an unfavorable time was coming—and to brace your soul for the shock.

And so it happened that we started for the beach—to see my friend, Nina Zipfel, a highbrow young lady who majored in psychology in a university and now has a fad for reading horoscopes. With most astonishing success.

Madge said we should go in her car; so we went sailing off in her traveling boudoir. And, after Nina's, finally wound up in Madge's beach house where her mother was having a being-alone time for a week or so.

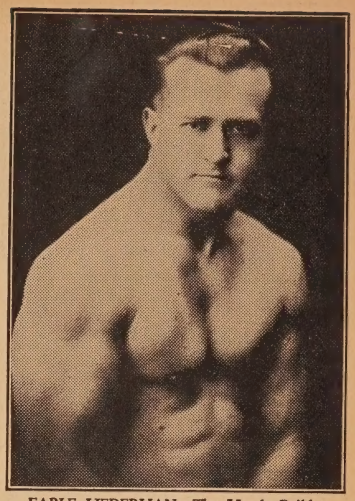
SHE wouldn't tell me what the stars said, but Nina seemed to be duly excited over what she found in the mathematical charts which are the basis of astrology.

But going home in the rain, we trundled along for a long time in silence. Then Madge said:

"She told me that my best years as an actress are to come. That I will make money without end; but that I will never find a real love that satisfies my soul."

"Perhaps a young man will never come along with brains enough and sympathetic understanding enough to find the real Madge Bellamy behind the beautiful actress," I said.

"I wonder," said Madge.



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But they don't come that easy, fellows. If you want muscle you have to work for it. That's the reason why the lazy fellow never can hope to be strong. So if you're lazy and don't want to work—you had better quit right here. This talk was never meant for you.

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I've been making big men out of little ones for over fifteen years. I've made pretty near as many strong men as Heinz has made pickles. My system never fails. That's why I guarantee my works to do the trick. That's why they gave me the name of "The Muscle Builder." I have the surest bet that you ever heard of.

What I'm Going to Do

In just 30 days I'm going to increase your arm one full inch. Yes, and add two inches to your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. I've only started; get this—I'm going to put knobs of muscle on your shoulders like baseballs. I'm going to deepen your chest so that you will double your lung capacity. Each breath you take will flood every crevice of your pulmonary cavity with oxygen. This will load your blood with red corpuscles, shooting life and vitality throughout your entire system. I'm going to give you arms and legs like pillars. I'm going to work on every inner muscle as well, toning up your liver, your heart, etc. You'll have a snap to your step and a flash to your eye. You'll feel the real pep shooting up and down your old backbone. You'll stretch out your big brawny arms and crave for a chance to crush everything before you. You'll just bubble over with vim and animation.

Sound pretty good, what? You can bet your old ukulele it's good. It's wonderful. And don't forget, fellow—I'm not just promising all this—I guarantee it. Well, let's get busy, I want some action—so do you.

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Love Lingo of Joan and Doug, Jr.

(*Continued from page* 43)

"But look at Dodo" she patted his face with tender fingers. "He's gained twenty pounds in five months. Isn't that marvelous? And all because I insist on at least half a pound of butter a day and lots of certified milk and potatoes."

Blue eyes drowned in blue eyes . . . . another long embrace . . . .

When they emerged, they both took turns explaining why they didn't mind who understood their secret language now. Doug, who lived in Paris three years and speaks French like a native, is teaching his beloved and soon they expect to combine their "op" with French to everyone's confusion.

A WAITRESS from the other room came in and whispered to Joan.

"Opi wopill bope bopack opin opa mopinopute," jabbered the pretty actress, fluttering in the wake of the messenger.

This was too fast for me so while we waited Doug translated her remark into a simple "I'll be back in a minute."

Upon her return, Joan told us that some fans from a distant city had begged for a glimpse of her.

"A mother and daughter—" she began.

"How old is the little girl?" interrupted Doug.

"Oh, 'bout twenty-three. She particularly wanted to see me because she wanted me to meet her new husband. Wasn't that sweet? I told her she was lucky," sighed Joan.

"Why?" languished Dodo.

"Opi lopove yopou," murmured his lady love.

"Opi lopove yopou, topoo," cooed he.

Of such is the language of love . . .

PROMINENT among recent social events was the dinner dance at the Breakfast Club given by Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove). The two engaged couples—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary,—were the butt of a gay little joke fostered by Estelle Taylor and Marion Davies. These two pretty plotters arranged with the male guests to separate the lovers every time they tried to dance together. Tom Mix, Johnny Hines and Harry Crocker entered into the game with great zest, but Grant Withers was so interested in securing dances with blonde Claire Windsor that he hadn't any other time.

The other merry-makers were Rod La Rocque and his lovely wife, Vilma Banky, Louise Fazenda with her handsome husband Hal Willis, the Jack Warners and Ray Rocketts, Mr. and Mrs. Jack White (Pauline Starke), Clara Bow, Lya de Putti, and others.

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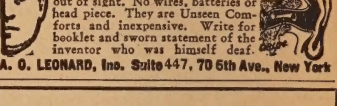

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Classified Picture Guide

(*Continued from page 71*)

DRAMA

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—The doctor speaks his mind, but he doesn't tell the half of it—luckily for Ruth Chatterton. One of the best talkies so far.—*Paramount.*

IN OLD ARIZONA—Edmund Lowe, Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess in a snorting melodrama of the old West. You'll jump when you hear those pistol shots. The first outdoor talkie.—*Fox.*

SHOPWORN ANGEL—Nancy Carroll is an angel of the chorus with a price tag. But Gary Cooper, the pure-hearted lad from the sticks, never found that out. The worst ending of the year.—*Paramount.*

NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER—The lass who loved a bootlegger. Robert Armstrong is convincing as the booze baron. Lively, fast-moving entertainment.—*Pathe.*

WOLF OF WALL STREET—A smashing drama of a Wall Street smash. George Bancroft is the Wolf and this is his night to howl. And you must see Baclanova do her ear-biting act.—*Paramount.*

WEARY RIVER—Not a geographical picture. It's the name of a song—and Richard Barthelmess sings it for his supper. He can't down his sinf l past however. He's still a bad man with a good voice. And there's Betty Compson.—*United Artists.*

THE GODLESS GIRL—A sound picture making a great noise about what goes on in reform schools. With a few words thrown in about the evils of atheism. It's the De Mille Millenium in religious pictures.—*Pathe-De Mille.*

REDSKIN—Richard Dix is an Indian who becomes Americanized and finds no "welcome" on the door mat when he goes back to his father's tepee wearing a straw hat. It's all in color, but the story is pretty hard to believe.—*Paramount.*

THE DIVINE LADY—Corinne Griffith is picturesque in picture hats as Lady Hamilton, who started life as a street gamin and became the sweetheart of Lord Nelson. Some rousing battle scenes.—*First National.*

WEST OF ZANZIBAR—Lon Chaney up to his ears in black magic and blacker mud. Mary Nolan is delectable, though dirty-faced, as his daughter. All very grim, gruesome and grimy.—*M-G-M.*

ROMANCE

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—Lupe Velez in hoop skirts. A rollicking romance of a cabaret dancer, who learned how to please a Prince. Jetta Goudal is poisonously pretty as the feminine menace.—*United Artists.*

DREAM OF LOVE—Joan Crawford and Nils Asther in a royal romance. Nils is a Prince with modern ideas that are slightly cramped by royal traditions. Joan is a gypsy at heart—and what a heart!—*M-G-M.*

NAUGHTY BABY—"Alice White" is what the wild waves say when they wash away her bathing suit in this. There's no denying that she's naughty, but oh, how nice! Clever comedy with lots of lingerie.—*First National.*

THE RESCUE—Ronald Colman is a fearless sea-faring man and Lily Damita, the lady who gums the works for him in this picture version of Conrad's famous novel. The action is a little slow.—*United Artists.*

A LADY OF CHANCE—They call Norma Shearer Angel Face, but you'll wonder why after you see the tricks she's up to. Johnny Mack Brown is the victim of her wiles who leads her into better ways.—*M-G-M.*

THE REDEEMING SIN—One good sin deserves another, says Dolores Costello, who is an unsullied rose of the Paris underworld, as she playfully pushes her aristocratic sweetheart into a nearby sewer. A strong favorite for the worst picture of the year.—*Warner Bros.*

CHINATOWN NIGHTS—More excitement in Chinatown than you'll ever see from a sight-seeing bus. Wallace Beery is a bass-voiced political boss and Florence Vidor, a blue-blood in search of adventure. She finds it.—*Paramount.*

ANNAPOLIS—The Rover boys join the navy. Lots of good, clean, school spirit and familiar hokum in this one. Not much except for the beauty of Jeannette Loff, and the settings.—*Pathe.*

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in *The Green Hat* dyed another color to suit Mr. Hays. Very sophisticated and ultra, but slow-moving with all.—*M-G-M.*

HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—Milton Sills is a cop and Dorothy Mackaill, the girl he is seeking. All about what happens when he catches up with her on a desert island. Just what you might expect from a desert island picture.—*First National.*

OUTCAST—Corinne Griffith is a girl of the streets who gets uplifted by Edmund Lowe and does a bit of uplifting on her own, just to show her appreciation.—*First National.*

COMEDY

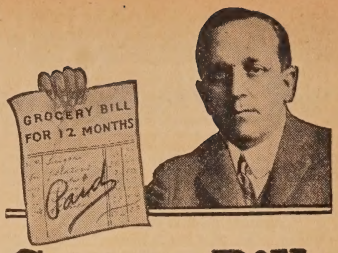
WHY BE GOOD?—Colleen Moore is still making whoopee as a flapper who is not quite good enough to be true—to any one man. But after you see her you'll agree with the title.—*First National.*

THE GHOST TALKS—Farce comedy of the familiar stage type with bandits and detectives popping in and out of corners and predicaments. Introducing a popular newcomer—Helen Twelvetrees.—*Fox.*

MARQUIS PREFERRED—Adolphe Menjou in a picture of the familiar Menjou pattern and patter. Lacks the dash and sparkle of the old-time Menjou comedies.—*Paramount.*

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Bill Haines resurrects the famous wise-cracking-safe cracker of stage fame for the films. Lots of good Bill Haines comedy in it.—*M-G-M.*

SHOW PEOPLE—Marion Davies and Bill Haines kidding themselves as movie stars. All about Hollywood as it might be if it were that way. Comedy and heartbreak skillfully mingled.—*M-G-M.*



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If you want plenty of money to pay all your grocery bills—and $8 to $10 in a day besides—just send me your name and I'll show you a new, pleasant, interesting way to get it. I'll give you the same chance I gave to L. C. Van Allen, of Illinois, who reports that he averages more than $100 profit a week. You don't need any experience. Gustav Karnath, a farm laborer in Minnesota, says, "Made $20.35 the first 5 hours." Mrs. B. L. Hodges, of New York, writes, "Earning more money than ever before. Never fail to make a profit of $18 to $20 a day." And right now I am offering you the same opportunity I gave these people.

Big Profits for Easy Work

I am President of a million dollar Company. I distribute high-quality Groceries and other Household Necessities direct from factory to user through Authorized Local Representatives. My goods are known everywhere. I have more than a million customers. Last year they bought fifteen million packages of my products. This put nearly *two million dollars in the pockets of my Representatives.* Now I invite you to share in these profits. I need men and women everywhere to help me handle my ever-increasing business. I'll give you an *exclusive territory* and help you make big money *from the very start.*

No Capital or Experience Needed

You don't need capital, training or experience. Your own home will be your headquarters. You will be your own boss and work as you please. All you have to do is call on your friends and take care of their orders. It is easy. And I never sell to stores. *You alone get the profit on all orders from your territory.* Victor Baumann, of Florida, says "Made $83 clear profit first 5 days." Mrs. A. R. Roof, of S. C., says, "Made over $50 the first week I started." Get into this interesting, big-pay work yourself. YOU DON'T RISK A CENT. Keep your present job and start with me *in spare time* if you want to. Oscar Stuart, of W. Va., reports $18 profit in 2½ hours. I offer you the same chance I gave him and all the others who are clearing handsome profits.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send me your name—nothing else. Grasp this wonderful money-making opportunity right now. *You have everything to gain—not a penny to lose.* So mail the coupon. I'll send you my amazing new plan that offers plenty of money to pay all your grocery bills and $8 to $10 in a single day besides. And I will tell you how to get a newest model Ford Tudor Sedan without cost. I will give you the big opportunity you've been waiting for. Mail coupon TODAY SURE!

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Would You Have Known?

Or would you have loved him and suffered agonizingly in consequence. Learn to read a person's true character in his handwriting and you will see the minds and true characters of people spread like an open book to your gaze.

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shows you how to master this remarkable science, simply and quickly. There are more than 425 examples, rules, tables, etc., which make the study easy and in only *fifteen minutes* you will be able to tell more about your friends than after years of intimacy, merely by watching how they cross their "t's", dot their "i's", slant their writing, etc.!

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Film Centre, 9th Ave. & 45th, New York City
Studio 285.
DEALERS INVITED

Senorita Cyclone

(*Continued from page* 82)

hot dog, one hamburger and one Coca-Cola. I forget to say I can talk "Coca-Cola." I give Mil-a-tone half and I have seventy-five cents left. I do not know where to go; I do not know what to do with it. I go to the door. I sees a big car with a beautiful womans go by in it. I toss my head and I say, "In one year I will have a car like that. I am in Hollywood; I am going to make good in the theatre and have everything which is nice for Lupe."

AS I stand in the door of the station I see a taxi. I runs out and says, "'otel!"

"What hotel?" he asks me.

"'otel, 'otel, 'otel . . ." I say it over and over and stamps my feet at him and then jumps in and slams the door. He takes me to the Hotel Louise. I do not know how I will pay but I am not afraid. Something will happen; something always comes up for Lupe. I get out and I runs in to what is a beautiful building. I go to a mans behind the desk and he looks at me crossways. I scream and run out and jump into the taxi. To see anyone with cross eyes is very bad luck, always. And Lupe does not want bad luck to begin in America.

"'otel!"

"The driver, he fight with me but I scream 'otel' until he take me to the Cecil. I jump out and run in and he waits. There is a good looking man at this hotel with beautiful blue eyes. I love blue eyes. He is kind; he is sweet; he want to help me. He call someone who can talk Mexican. They telephone Richard Bennett at the theatre and he say to take care of me. So they pay the taxi and I go into a beautiful room which has a bath all to itself. I am wild with happiness because now I know everything is to be easy.

(To be continued)

But things were not to be so easy as they looked to Lupe at the moment. There were many, many barriers yet to be hurdled, before her feet were securely planted on the road to fame. How success finally rewarded her struggles will be told in her own flashing, fascinating words in the concluding installment of her life story, appearing in the June issue of *Screen Secrets*, on sale May 10.

So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 35)

Nothing Extra

AND take the case of General Watishevla Savitsky. He was playing extra in Corinne Griffith's picture *Prisoners* when someone discovered that he really was not only a Russian general but Minister of War and right hand man to the Czar before the big world-fiasco. A picture of the Czar standing beside the General which chanced to fall into the hands of Miss Griffith told the story.

"My, but you were brave," she told him.

"No! That was not brave," he answered. "But this is brave. This playing an extra."

Then it was discovered that he had had five days work in five months at seven-fifty a day and had *lived* on it.

The chance discovery won him a contract for extra for the run of the picture. But it brought no renown with it.

De Mille Data

WHAT these press agents don't figure out in the interest of their clients. Baret Kiesling has compiled these figures for Cecil B. De Mille and his new picture *Dynamite*.

It's his first talkie but his fifty-fifth production.

It began fifteen years and five weeks from the day a De Mille cameraman started grinding.

Or 758 weeks from the first day of work on *The Squawman*.

Robert Edeson plays his twentieth De Mille role in it.

Julia Faye her fifteenth.

George Fawcett replaces Theodore Roberts as the Grand Old Man of the Movie Unit. It would have been Roberts' twenty-first De Mille picture.

Clarence Burton has played the role of an officer in fifty-four out of the fifty-five De Mille pictures.

When Janet Gaynor began work in *Christina*, her latest starring vehicle, a fan in Texas sent her a pair of ducks designed to fit into the Holland background of the scenes. Accompanying the ducks was the suggestion that they eventually grace the dining table in the little Fox star's home. But Janet has become so fond of the ducks that, when the picture is completed, she will give them a place of honor in her own Hollywood back yard.

Why We Are Going to Marry

(*Continued from page 52*)

It seems I have always attracted men who were weaker than myself. I do not mean weaklings. I mean men who clung to me and drained my personality, taking everything and giving nothing. I was always forced to mother them; to be mother—sister—sweetheart to them. They were of the type, that, if they enjoyed books, could see no reason why I should be interested in fencing and swimming, as well as reading. And if they were keen about sports, could see no reason why I enjoyed books and collecting antiques.

It was an eternal wearing down of my resources, my personality, with nothing in return.

As a result, part of me was forever searching for someone to depend upon, someone with self-reliance that I could anchor to, like a ship tossed in a storm.

Then came Ben, who is the most practical, self-reliant person I have ever met. He came and filled every void that had been in my life. Sometimes I feel that it must be a dream, that I must awaken, that no one could possibly be so perfect.

He is perfect in his tolerance. We have tacitly agreed, without a word, that there will be no post mortem of our past lovers. Not that we avoid mentioning the names of persons who have been dear to us—no, we mention them and discuss them, but never argue over them.

Our meeting, last November, was brought about romantically. I was having a party when someone suggested telephoning different people and pretending we were the 'phone company. We would rib them by saying we were testing service. It was about one a. m., and we had already disturbed various sleepers when someone suggested calling Ben. He was terribly peeved.

"I've had this joke played on me before," he said. "This is not the telephone company. Good-night. I have a seven o'clock call tomorrow morning."

"This is the telephone company. Your disregard is stopping service on two other lines."

With that he was all contrition, and we, dirty dogs that we were, continued:

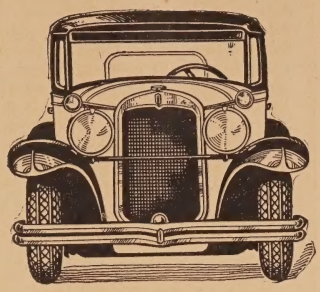
"We believe there is some dirt in your transmitter. Will you kindly remove it and wash it?"

Some of our victims that evening had whistled (to test the 'phone) and stood in distant corners and yelled (to test the 'phone). But Ben sensed the rodent in the plot. And grew very, very furious.

The next morning he telephoned and apologized. I was giving a little dinner party that night and invited him to attend. And we went to a theatre together.

It wasn't until we met in Agua Caliente, some weeks later, that I realized how fine and real he was. I had gone with Mrs. Arthur Loew's party, and Ben was with his mother. He didn't insist that I lunch with him. He knew my presence was due my hostess. He didn't, as many men have done before, set out to make me jealous by inviting

Win a Nash Sedan

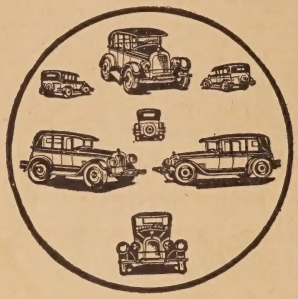


or

$2,750.00 in Cash

Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-Passenger, Advanced Six Nash Sedan, or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). We are also giving away a Dodge Sedan, a Brunswick Phonograph and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

Solve This Puzzle



There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

$750.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the many valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also giving a Special Prize of $750.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive $2,750.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and $750.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle right away and send me your answer together with your name and address plainly written. $4,500.00 in prizes—EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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Dept. 3435, 323 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Sir:
Here is my solution to the puzzle.

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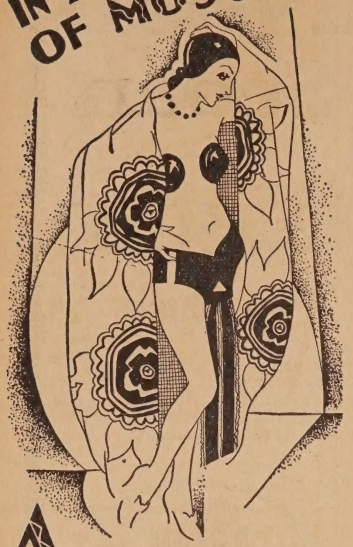
IN THE THEATRES OF MOSCOW



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another girl to lunch with him. No, he was cordial and affable and genuine.

It was then I knew that I loved him.

I love, too, his old-fashioned characteristics—his charm and deference, all so strangely mixed with an entirely modern outlook on life. And his inherent bravery which makes him do daring things without a single gesture of bravado. Those are the things that I adore in Ben.

All my life I have visioned a man like him. Every man I have ever met I have tried to fit into the pattern that I had molded. And not one fitted. They were either too bulky or too small. They would have to be pared down or inflated. They were all disappointing. Then Ben came and I realized the pattern had been made for him.

There shall be no two-breakfasts-a-week-together arrangement when we marry. And so far we have set no definite date. He shall have his independence. I shall have mine. We shall have our careers and each other.

We shall have that precious knowledge that we can trust each other.

—o—

Why We Are Going to Marry

(*Continued from page* 53)

put it on. Neither would Bebe. It remained on earth.

We zoomed all around the sky—down to the beach to her house and dipped low around it to signal to her mother. Never once did Bebe shriek, nor was she ever frightened.

There was a perfect tribute of confidence to me. That's what a man likes. That's where Bebe is apart from most girls. With utter trust she placed her life in my hands. There was no show of words. It was concrete evidence of her faith in me.

I would never marry anyone outside of the profession. I have always said that. I find that girls who are not of the theatre are entirely removed from the intense circle in which professionals move. Bebe and I have been brought up, practically, in the theatrical world. She was born to it, and I ran away from school as soon as I was old enough, to join it.

We are both aware of what it signifies. We confront, frankly, its dangers and temptations. We are going to combat all difficulties, if any arise, with understanding and lack of jealousy.

For instance, if I am to work at night and Bebe has a dinner invitation—as she did recently—and I discover that the night call has been cancelled, I do not want her to give up her engagement. I want her to go and enjoy herself. Of course, I would rather be with her, and she with me, but we both agree that we must not become so welded as to exclude the world.

There is much else to say. Volumes have been written and volumes remain to be written. But I am not to write them. Let it suffice that Bebe and I are in love, are engaged, and are to be married. A marvelous triad in itself.

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With a quick gesture, Billie threw herself across the divan where Abbott was sitting.

Our Modern Maidens

(*Continued from page* 60)

girl perched on the piano before him.

"Why, hello there, 'Tuck'!" he drawled humorously, as if seeing her for the first time. "How's my little girl-friend?"

Shyly, yet trying hard to remember to be sophisticated and ultra-modern, Kentucky slipped down beside Gil, momentarily forgetting Billie in her eagerness to be near the man she loved.

"You're a good kid," laughed Gil, flattered and amused. "Where've you been all my life?"

Desperately Kentucky tried to think of some snappy wise-crack such as Billie would have thrown back without a moment's hesitation; but Kentucky, hopelessly in love, was dumb. Fortunately her confusion was short, for Gil, catching a signal from Billie in a doorway across the room, struck a chord to silence the crowd, then led into a wild syncopated melody.

Billie had resolved to force Glenn Abbott into looking at her. Now as she spun across the floor in a breathtaking whirl, her flaming young body very little concealed by a wisp of bodice and a brief flare of skirt, she was rewarded by the gleam of awareness in his eyes. It was a dance of Billie's own creation, colorful and swift, ultra-modern and astonishing, calling into play every seductive curve and muscle of her passionate young body.

A CURIOUS change came over Glenn Abbott's frozen expression. Gradually his indifference yielded to the intensity of her movement. Sensing her triumph, Billie whirled toward the divan on which he had thrown himself carelessly. Several times she approached him, smiling sensuously, then lightly spun away as if to evade pursuit. Now as the music rose to a pulsing climax she whirled toward him once more and threw herself across the back of the lounge.

Abbott looked at her beautiful white body silently, stirred to the very depths of his being. Apparently unaware of his gaze, Billie lay with half closed eyes, her hair disheveled, lips parted, her breast rising and falling quickly.

Gil, watching jealously from the balcony, seized a cocktail from the piano and drained the glass thirstily. God! How lovely she was! He had promised to let Billie play Abbott for that dip-

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Are You Jealous of Your Physical Superiors?

Do you look with envy and hatred upon the man who stands out in a crowd, the picture of health and vigor and strength—the real manly fellow? Do you sneer at the peppy pugilist, the powerful wrestler, the speedy runner, the graceful dancer—do you call them "big stuffs"? Beware, man, if this is your feeling towards strong, healthy men—you are filled with jealousy. You feel your weakness. In your heart you wish you were like those fellows. You want to be strong, healthy, command the attention of men and the admiration of women—you wouldn't be a man if you didn't. You know your weaknesses, even if you are hiding them from others, and envy those who are your superiors—those who seem to get the center of the stage wherever they are. They are the "life of the party" always, everywhere. They are the fellows that get all the promotions, all the good jobs.

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"Thought you could run away from me, didn't you?" murmured Gil.

lomatic post in Paris; but in spite of himself Gil resented her playing up to him, loathed the passion in Abbott's eyes as he looked at her.

Outside a sudden burst of flame pierced the darkness, and the whole world seemed ablaze with colored lights. Rockets raced skyward; showers of stars burst over the lake; the entire estate was abloom with fiery blossoms.

"The fireworks!" cried Blondie, seizing the hands of Gil and Kentucky and hurrying them toward the door, beckoning Reg to follow. The ballroom was quickly deserted. Only Billie and Abbott remained, lost in new consciousness of each other.

"You're wonderful—Billie," he whispered, leaning over her, his arms reaching out to clasp her in a strong embrace. Billie, stirred to the depths for the first time in her life by his unconcealed passion, lay breathless, unable to move. She had wanted only to pique his interest—and he had unexpectedly awakened new disturbing emotions within her.

Suddenly the lights were turned out in the room so as not to detract from the illumination outside. Billie sprang away from him, afraid to trust herself in the sheltering darkness. From the arch of an open window they stood watching the display. The lake was ablaze with bright gondolas filled with hilarious couples. The entire estate was a riot of color, flame, and excitement.

Gil grasped Kentucky's hand and ran toward the lake. Blondie mischievously caught Reg and held him back. "Kentucky's slogan is evidently *not* 'A safe and sane Fourth'!" she remarked meaningly, indicating that Gil, a little drunk with wine and general festivity, was not unlike dynamite.

"Aw, bury the cat!" growled Reg; but he watched them with covert interest as they disappeared around the house.

Gil, hurrying past the window in which Abbott and Billie were stationed to watch the fun, suddenly halted.

"Come on, Billie," he said, holding out his hand to her and ignoring Abbott, "we're going to the lake."

SHE tried to warn him with a look; but he chose not to understand. At last she replied firmly, drawing her partner's arm through hers, "I've just promised Mr. Abbott to dance as soon as the lights come on. Run along, Gil, and entertain 'Tuck.'"

The boy made a poor attempt at a smile, then turned on his heel. "Come along, Kiddo!" he cried, seizing Kentucky about the waist. "We're going to make whoopee!"

Glenn Abbott watched them out of sight. "I seem to annoy the young man," he commented dryly. "Evidently he wanted you for himself."

"Who?" laughed Billie with fine assumption of surprise. "Gil—Gil Johns? Nonsense!"

Abbott was apparently not yet convinced that there was not some secret bond between Billie and the boy. The girl quickly changed her tactics. Leaning against the wall, both arms behind her, eyes raised challengingly to his, she said, "I've heard you don't usually surrender so meekly."

The man drew close to her again, looking steadily into her upturned face.

Now he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it several times.

"You have heard correctly. I take what I want, without scruples."

Outside a rocket whizzed skyward and burst into a shower of falling stars. Abbott's eyes followed it, and he smiled a little crookedly.

"Dynamite?" she laughed, catching the meaning in his expression. "Thanks for the warning!"

ABBOTT caressed her hand, his eyes moving from it to her round white throat. Billie laughed uneasily. "Now if you'll just return my hand—" she began lightly; but Abbott suddenly crushed her in his arms and silenced her. Billie instinctively shrank from him, inspired for the first time in her life with an actual physical fear. She who had loved so lightly and often before, and who had in a spirit of casual fun promised to marry Gil, was beginning to realize passion.

The orchestra, which had taken its place again, began a slow tango as the lights gradually began to come on.

"Didn't you promise me this dance?" the man spoke in a low voice, as if to deny that he had been unable to resist taking her in his arms.

Billie relaxed thankfully and nodded as she allowed him to swing her into the midst of other couples in the dimly lighted room. His arms, tightening about her, cheek close to her hair, stirred to warring tumult the strange and overwhelming emotions within her.

Gil, seated close beside Kentucky, unsteadily poured out two more glasses of champagne. Together they drank as the gondola, guided by a picturesque masked man, floated away from the crowd of merrymakers on land.

"He oughta sing," remarked Gil a little thickly, hailing the gondolier.

As a romantic Italian love song filled the night, Gil put his arm about Kentucky. The child, listening breathlessly, turned toward the man she loved so ardently, eyes full of happiness, her warm soft mouth on fire with the desire to enjoy.

Gil had drained his glass, but Kentucky's had not been touched. At the sight of it Gil momentarily forgot all thought of romance. "It's got to be 'bottoms up'!" he declared, filling another for himself. "I drink to your two bright eyes of blue!"

"Isn't the thrill and joy of—all this—worth—everything?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Now aren't you the wise little philosopher!" he laughed, rumpling her hair, then turning to pour out another drink.

The gondola drifted away from the garden where the fireworks were beginning at last to wane. Across the water came Blondie's cry, "Gil—Gil—Kentucky! Come to life! Where are you? Come back!"

Reg and his crowd began to chant drunkenly, "Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone?"

Gil was about to shout back when Kentucky pressed warm little fingers against his lips. "Let's hide and fool them!" she whispered.

THEY had drifted toward a dark bank of pampas grass fringing the lake. That would make a clever hiding-place!

"Let's!" agreed Gil enthusiastically, motioning the gondolier to pole toward land. "Here's to a smart girl from the South!" he added, draining another glass of champagne.

The boat shot into a canal almost completely hidden by the tall grass. Reg and Blondie passed, calling insistently, while Gil and Kentucky crouched silently in the depths of their gondola. When the voices had died away in the distance, Kentucky suddenly sprang ashore and smiled back provocatively at Gil, who stumbled recklessly after her. Playfully she ran from him, the tall grass swaying in the moonlight as she brushed it aside.

Instincts of a bygone day were awakened in Gil. As a caveman hunted for his maid, so did Gil pursue Kentucky while the gondolier, shrugging, poled into the lake again, alone.

Gil caught an occasional brief glimpse of the girl as she ran through the pampas grass. Sometimes he lost her altogether, and was obliged to search for her. Now, as he reached a tangle of head-high grass, there was no sign of Kentucky. Baffled, he stood quite still and listened. Suddenly from behind him two soft, bare white arms caught his shoulders. He grasped them in his strong hands and pulled the girl toward him.

"You nervy little devil!" he laughed, closing her tightly in his arms. "Thought you could run away from me, did you?"

He was conscious of her arms creeping convulsively about him, of her eyes downcast beneath heavy lashes, and of half-parted moist red lips seeking his hungrily. Passionately he crushed her to him, his mouth against her own. Kentucky sank into his arms forgetful of everything else. She was Gil's—she adored him, worshiped him—and he could not resist her . . .

From out of the night came the soft, haunting melody of an Italian love song. In the garden, beside the lake, one last gorgeous shower of stars illuminated the darkness, and fell to earth . . .

Within the ballroom Billie danced in the arms of the man who had fired her with her first passion; while out beyond the lake the tall grasses waved gently, compassionately sheltering another couple who had just discovered love . .

(To be continued)

Gil, Kentucky, Billie and Abbott suddenly find themselves involved in a hopeless love tangle. What will be the outcome? Don't miss the next installment in the June issue of *Screen Secrets*, out May 10.

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33x4	3.45	1.85	30x5.25	3.00	1.85
34x4	3.50	1.90	31x5.25	3.20	2.00
32x4½	3.75	2.25	32x5.77	3.35	2.15
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Lily Discovers America

(*Continued from page* 55)

"And the house man is quite Chinese," she enthuses. "And here is a brass gong," giving the latter a smart resounding rap.

She wore a rich blue silk mandarin jacket and pajamas covered in multitudinous and highly colored embroideries. that made her a brilliant figure against the dark background of her furnishings. A pair of Parisian pink traveling trunks saddled by baby blue stripes seemed all out of place.

On her personal appearance tour, Lily literally "flu" through America. She suffered from the grippe at the time she was making sixty-eight personal appearances in nineteen days in ten different cities and while she made seventeen radio speeches, posed sixty-seven times for photos and attended twelve luncheons and five teas.

"Between each, I fell in bed," relates Lily. She is still charmingly unaware of American flapper slang or she might have used "I faw down." Her own odd way of twisting adjectives is far more amusing than anything our language has to offer:

"Photographers do not care if I am ill." She runs her fingers through her mass of light brown curls often as she talks. "They start coming at seven before I get my bath and fill the room with smoke powder and elbow each other and say 'I was here first. You go to H—!'

"New doctors come in every city and squirt different things up my nose. They argue which one should hold the thermometer."

IN NEW YORK, a press agent printed a story to the effect that Lily Damita had said she did not like millionaires because they could only talk about the stock market and the automobile business. It even went so far as to say she preferred poor boys. The paper included the name of the St. Regis Hotel in the story and told the world she was stopping there.

"Never did I know there were so many poor boys in America," said a distracted Lily.

"I receive 5,000 letters a day, all from young men wishing to prove they were very poor and would like to marry me. At two and three in the morning boys from down in Jersey would phone long distance to me."

Bellhops did a marathon with gifts—gramaphones, candy, fishes, luck pieces, love birds, Black Narcissus and clouds of handkerchiefs, for some earlier edition had also stated she had a cold.

So Lily had to tell the hotel to shut off the phone entirely. At that, she had a very glorious social time in New York. She went to a party given by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and met French Ambassador Claudel, went to another affair at Mrs. William Astor Chandler's and met the Grand Duke Alexis, cousin of the late Czar, had tea at the Messmer Kendalls and at the Bernard Gimbel home.

Lily likes big cities.

"Hollywood is leedle. I like better Paris, Berlin, New York or Chicago. Here, everyone knows all you do. They gossip too much."

IF LILY planned to keep the visit of Prince George of England a quiet little affair, she had not counted on the American type of brass band publicity. Everyone knew each move the celebrated Englishman made. That's Hollywood. And there is a certain duke who comes out west occasionally to see Lily but he is hardly through the first orange grove before everyone is buzzing again. Your heart is the world's football.

"But, I am going to stay in Hollywood and make a great star of myself here. I will not give up as other foreign girls. Arlette Marchal gave up. She now works in the German films and has married Marcel De Sano, the director, who also left Hollywood. Paulette Duval went back—Pola Negri. And many others.

"I want to be young in the films—myself. In *The Rescue* with Ronald Colman they cast me as a married woman with dignity and more age than I wish. I want to play comedies of youth—to wear sport clothes and pretty frocks and not be so sophisticated!"

LOVE? Oh, Lily has her flirtations. No one with her sparkle and vivacity and sense of humor could escape romantic affairs. She has been engaged to royalty, too—Louis Ferdinand, son of the gentleman who was known as the Crown Prince of Germany before the big disaster. And she was engaged to Carlos of Bourbon. Lily isn't frowning on Cupid nor does she shun men for art. Her heart hasn't been captured completely so she can handle suitors in vast numbers and not lose her head over any of them.

The talkies are a problem Lily is going to meet squarely.

"I will fight to stay in the talkies," beating fist on hand. "Maybe with too much personal appearance tours I pick up funny Boston bean accent or western burr in voice, eh?

"But after while I will speak perfect English. Mr. Goldwyn borrowed me to M-G-M to play the lead in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and in this it is all right for me to have accent. When he borrows me soon again I will be cast in foreign girl parts with accent. But that does not satisfy me entirely. I want to be able speak good English if they wish me play American role. I will fight to do so and when a woman fights she gets what she wants!"

Lily's pink trunks are not going honeymooning or off to Europe very soon. First, she must make good in a lee-dle town.

Fan Clubs

(*Continued from page* 86)

Frank Orlando is the Secretary of the club and yearly dues are fifty cents.

A Club for Blanche Mehaffey

OMAR BIDDLINGMEIER, president of the Blanche Mehaffey Fan Club, desires announcement. The club is growing rapidly and has members in almost every state as well as many foreign ones. Mr. Biddlingmeier is also president of the Haver-Lyon Fan Club now. Mary Greco was formerly in that capacity but resigned. This club has over 425 members in every state in the union, as well as in Germany, England, Canada, Hawaii, Egypt, Holland, Brazil, Cuba, Peru, Belgium, Arabia, South Africa, South Wales, Spain, Ireland and Mexico. Dues to this club are 25c and either star will send members a photo on request. Dues to the Blanche Mehaffey club are 50c and that includes a large photo of Blanche.

The Paramount Stars Fan Club

THE Paramount Stars' Fan Club has been called to our attention. It boosts Paramount stars and pictures. A complete list of the players that they boost will be sent on request. "All new members," says Miss Barbara Dayne, the club president, "are given an autographed photograph of their favorite Paramount player, a personal letter from him, and news of Paramount activities at different intervals. The name and address of different 'Paramount Fan Friends' will also be sent you, so you may correspond with them. Dues of the club are 30c yearly, payable in coin or stamps in advance. We invite you all to join and roll along in happiness with us."

About the California Club

THE California Friendly Club is now entering upon its third year as a fan club, with Miss Ruth Quisenberry as president, and they are now sending out a membership list and news-sheet every three months. Their honor roll has some seventy-five or more stars of the screen and stage, and they are adding to it each month. The fifty cents that it costs to join this club will give twelve months of real pleasure to the boy or girl who likes to write letters and receive them.

Album to be Given Away

JULIA DAVID, president of the Helen Ferguson Friendship Club, has asked her friend and favorite star—Miss Ferguson, of course—to send her the name and address of the club member (boy or girl) who writes Helen the most human letter, and she will present him or her with a beautiful album with the winner's name gilded on same. Who will be the lucky winner? Be sure and say you are a member of the club when you write, says Miss David.

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A good diet strictly lived up to, and a course of exercises rigidly followed will undoubtedly help you reduce waistline fat. But from your own experience you know how slow and unpleasant these methods are.

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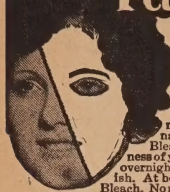

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Claire Windsor likes a moire silk pajama suit for comfort as well as style.

How to Dress on $13,000 a Year

(*Continued from page* 79)

ostrich feathers. (But these were inconsequential. They cost only about $10 apiece, on the average).

Then there was a negligee made from filet of lace over layers of chiffon, hand-embroidered in rosebuds, a beautiful creation.

Of lingerie, there were about two dozen sets—teddies, step-ins, silken trunks, chiffons and a chestful of all those pretty "undies" which women so adore. And silk stockings!

I spoke of the growing fad among actresses of going bare-legged in Hollywood during the summer time.

"I could never do that," said Claire, "because I'm not the type. It's fine for some girls but it wouldn't become me."

Next we came to her jewelry chest. Stacks of bracelets, earrings, finger rings, lavallieres, necklaces, strings of pearls, breastpins, set with beautiful emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

"Rare outfit, that!" smiled Miss Windsor. "It's the trick jewelry I wear on the stage or at the studios."

After I had glanced at about fifty pairs of gloves and learned that she never has a pair cleaned more than once, I looked at two ermine coats which were hung ignobly in the company of a dozen or more mere tailored garments. I came to the conclusion that Miss Claire is rather comfortably fixed in the matter of raiment for several weeks—maybe two months.

"I make no claim to the title of 'The Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood,'" she protested. "I don't know where the idea started. I *do* try to dress well and it *does* take a lot of money. But I've found this out: If you are well dressed and you *know* you're well dressed, you have a different outlook on life than you have if you are cheaply attired and *feel* that people know it.

"Another thing, eight hours of sleep are necessary to the woman who seeks to preserve her looks. I find that when I'm held at the studio so I can't get in my eight hours of rest, I appear fagged or tired-looking the next day. Sleep is the greatest beauty-builder on earth."

I pulled on my $38 cloak, reached for my $4 hat, climbed into my little Buick coupe, drove carefully around Claire's limousine so as not to bump it and churned the road to my flat.

Thirteen thousand, two hundred and fourteen dollars for wearing apparel!

Well, I'd do it, too, if I had Claire's beauty and the thirteen thousand.

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Harry Carr's Private Line

(*Continued from page* 57)

famous picture *Revelation* by which Nazimova had her screen reputation. She discovered that comparisons are odious.

Viola has had a tough time with the little goddess of love. Her first husband died; she became engaged to a young aviator who was killed in a crash. She finally married "Lefty" Flynn, the old football star who had turned movie actor. Both of their film careers have slumped into the discard—likewise their marriage.

Lupe Looks Her Over

I WAS present at the Mayfair Club dance the other night when the delectable Lupe Velez got her first look at the new poacher upon her domains. Lupe was dressed like a languid queen; and she gave little Armida just that kind of a look. Being a languid queen isn't the best thing that Lupe does.

Chili and Dolores

THIS is the way I size up these Mexican beauties: Lupe is a dish of hot chili. She is primitive, cyclonic, and a wild passion of temperament. Lupe is the warm earth, as vital and elemental as a storm at sea.

Dolores Del Rio is a bull fight—beautiful, ruthless, cruel, graceful, intellectual. She kills with magnificent gestures.

If Lupe got mad enough at you, she would knock you down and bite you into shreds with her big, white teeth. Dolores would stick you to the heart; but she would be sure that the little red flag was draped gracefully over the deadly espada; and that none of the blood got on her little beaded shoes.

Not Spanish Now

THE last crop of Latins who invaded the screen some years ago insisted on being called Spanish. But these girls will slay with a look if you do not call them "Mexican." This, no doubt, is because Mexico itself is remembering to be proud of its Indian heritage.

Shoe-Shining Actor

OSCAR, the black boy who shines shoes at Paramount, can fairly claim to be the only actor who had his name in electric lights and went on smearing shine. Oscar used to be Wally Reid's valet. When Wallace died, Oscar went back to the shine stand. From time to time, they have given him parts in various pictures—notably in *Old Ironsides*. He had a part in a recent crook picture which so impressed the proprietor of a colored theater in Los Angeles that the name of the star was contemptuously pushed to one side, and Oscar's name burst out into lights in front of the theater. Oscar says, with philosophy, that the life of an actor is an uncertain adventure; but shining shoes is a meal ticket.

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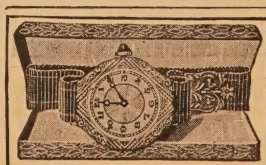

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MEN In men, these signs of nerve exhaustion are produced as a result of worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices. The mad pace at which we are traveling is wrecking the entire Nervous Organization.

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Gary, as a youth of seventeen, on his Montana ranch with a hawk he has just shot.

Gary's Life of Dreams

(*Continued from page* 65)

wood was glad to see even a failure. He told me then that they had seen the rushes and that I actually wasn't half bad and *furthermore* that I was to play the part.

"I went back, confident and happy. I finished the picture and I have never had stage-fright again."

GARY paused for a moment. His smile as though he was feeling a bit sympathetic for the little boy who had been himself only a few years ago. Then he continued, "From that I went into westerns. I was starred in them. I liked them even though they were just small program pictures. They were more like my yokel dreams than anything I had done so far. I knew they would play all the small ranch towns in the Middle West and I used to wonder if the kids would like me—if I would thrill them as Bill Hart used to thrill me.

"After I finished the westerns, First National borrowed me for *Lilac Time* with Colleen Moore. We were a long time on that picture but I enjoyed every minute of it—especially listening to the aviators talk. I used to wish I had been in the racket with them.

"Soon after that we made *The Legion of the Condemned* with Fay Wray. That picture sort of established me as being in the profession. Before that time no one seemed to know I existed and cared less. People began to notice me and fan mail started coming in. It made me feel that perhaps my efforts were appreciated a little.

"I have made several pictures since then—playing a different type in each one. You see, I haven't been established as any particular type yet. I know what parts I can play best but it seems that in this school of acting you go through the process of finding yourself. Well, as I said before, I'm merely in the making and the schooling doesn't hurt me a bit."

"Are you glad you went into pictures, Mr. Gary?"

He smiled, that same wistful smile that all Gary fans love. "Yes and no! One might say it was a dream come true but dreams are perfect in every detail

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and life is not. I may, when I am working, lose myself completely in a part and be happy. But when the day is done and I wipe off the grease, I know that I have only been acting and that acting is work. In my dreams I had only to please myself—here I have to please my director, my producer and my audience. But with all the idealism knocked out of me, I haven't gotten over dreaming—on the ranch I used to dream of acting. Now that I am acting—I dream of the ranch."

GARY COOPER smiled a sad little mind, I knew, was wandering back to the big outdoor stage—the real land of make-believe.

"I own a ranch now. It's all mine. I plan to add to it. To build a rustic hut of logs, a huge fireplace, to ship up a bunch of horses. I want to have a place where I can go and relax, where I can have my friends, my *real* friends, and be at peace with the world."

"*Real friends,* Gary? You say that as though you doubted the sincerity of some friendships."

"I do! I don't make friends very easily but when I do I like to keep them. I think the word 'friendship' is too often lightly used. To me a friend is a person that time does not change. Often I meet boys who knew me when. Perhaps they are driving a truck now. I try to be friendly but they act as if a little success had carried me out of their reach. I don't know whether they do not care for my friendship any more or whether they think I am high hat and I leave them with a feeling that I wish we had not met again. Then again I meet fellows who are just as natural with me as they were in the old days. My work isn't mentioned. It's just old time pals together again. Hollywood is rather hard on friends. You lose track of people so easily. I am at one studio, they are at another. They don't look me up and I can't get away to look them up. Once in a while we meet accidentally but it is only for a moment—like ships that pass at sea. That's why I'd like a place where I could take them, say, about once a year."

The telephone rang. "Yes, yes, mother. I'll be right home. I won't keep you waiting." He turned to me. "My mother and father are with me now and mother still expects us to be on time for meals. Sorry I couldn't give you a decent story—"

And he was gone—gone like others, swallowed up in the whirlpool of Hollywood. But he was wrong about the story. I had one—one that would linger in my memory a long, long time. Gary and his dreams. Gary and his acting. For he was an actor even back in Montana. But aren't we all actors in this game called life? I went on my way just as Gary had, but running through my mind like a long-forgotten melody was:

"All the world's a stage,
"And all the men and women merely players—"

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Eastward Ho!

(*Continued from page* 77)

has proven conclusively that where there's an ill there's a way. Incidentally, they'll play in *Dark Streets* for First National together when he's up and around again.

Nancy Rests Up

SWEET li'l Nancy Carroll has been in our midst for some days now. After the making of *The Wolf of Wall Street* and *Shopworn Angel* she decided that it was time for her to beat it to New York for a vacation and a visit with her folks in the Bronx. So Nancy hasn't seen much of anyone but has just enjoyed herself taking in shows, buying clothes, and devoting herself to her family. Ever since being pleasantly surprised by Nancy's swell job in the talking sequences of George Bancroft's latest film, I've been convinced that there are big things in store for her under the Paramount banner. Nancy, y'know, was just a little show girl in the Winter Garden less than two years ago. As in many another case, X marks the spotlight where the body was found by an enterprising movie producer.

Besides having lovely light blue eyes, Nancy is one of the few Hollywood players who has flaming red hair. And for these twenty odd (very odd) years, I've been betting on the red! Maybe you don't agree. Maybe you're just not hair-minded. My own opinion, however, is that red hair is bound to come out on top. Don't shoot.

Oh, yes, Nancy will play in *Sin Sister* next. And I didn't say Thin Sister, either, Oscar.

What Brice Glory!

NOT so many days ago, the dapper Mayor of this town, Jimmie Walker, signed, sealed, and delivered a marriage license in City Hall to Fanny Borach and William S. Rosenburg. Sounds tame, friends, but it was an event. The gentleman is young Billy Rose, age twenty-nine, who has to his credit the creation of a number of song hits, among them *Barney Google, Back In Your Own Back Yard, There's A Rainbow 'Round My Shoulders, Me and My Shadow,* and so forth.

The woman, aged thirty-seven, is one of Broadway's most popular comediennes, none other than the Rose of Washington Square—Fannie Brice!

Our cleverest Broadway play boy, Walter Winchell, wisecracked about that wedding as follows: "A Rose by any other name would still be Fannie Brice."

But there you are. Fannie was one time in the public eye for her amazing loyalty to her second husband, Nicky Arnstein, who was sent on several extended vacations by the government for shady transactions. Fannie, song-singer extraordinary and interpreter of that wow, *My Man,* which she sang, they say, to Nick himself.

JOTTINGS: Paul Ash was master of ceremonies at the big annual Paramount Pep Club ball at the Astor with Eddie Cantor, the Marx Brothers, Bert Lytell, Nancy Carroll, Richard Dix, Lenore Ulric, and many others present; a good time was had by Paul and everyone else . . . Barbara Bennett, daughter of the famous Richard Bennett, was wed to Morton Downey and will be his leading lady in Gene Markey's *Mother's Boy* for Pathe . . . Harry Beaumont, M-G-M's star director, came to the city to see the opening at the Astor Theatre of his *The Broadway Melody;* he will spend a couple of weeks here searching for new talent for his next show . . . Estelle Brody, the English actress who starred in *Mademoiselle from Armentieres,* the British film shown here recently, is in Papa Knickerbocker's town on her first visit to America . . . Margaret Livingston is vacationing here for several weeks between making Universal pictures . . . The New Frivolity night club has finally gone over with a bang since it's being visited by the big guns . . . With George Le Maire offering big cash and contract prizes, all the lassies are eagerly awaiting the big A. M. P. A. ball . . . Have you heard about Peggy Udell, the New York show girl who's gonna enter a convent? They say it's not a publicity stunt, either; oh, well, nun but the brave . . . Stop.

Hollywood's Perfect Hostess

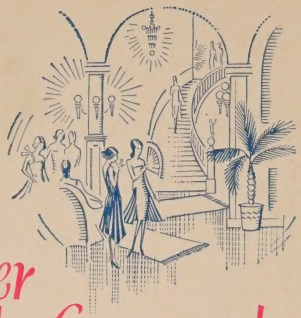
(*Continued from page* 63)

hasn't had everything her way—not by a generous bushel measure. There have been unkind things said by the thousand. But just as she changed from successful dramatic interpretations of knighthoods in flower and trailing-gowned ladies, to a little comedienne who can make slapstick slappier and stickier, by sheer persistence and good sportsmanship, so, by the same token, she made herself social queen of the movies.

"If I've made a success, perhaps it's because I have that instinctive ability to feel other people. I seem to absorb personalities; to grasp folks' feelings. That's how I can imitate them. Perhaps, that's the reason I can entertain them."

Yet, she claims that it's not an art born within but one acquired by training. If that's true, then you or I or any other person could do it, by just profiting by the rules laid down by this little lady who's always entertaining.

Miss Phyllis Haver—Lovely Pathe Star



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"I find Maybelline ideal for darkening and beautifying eyelashes and eyebrows. It is so easy to use and gives such marvelous results.

I would not think of being without Maybelline for everyday use, as well as for best effects in my screen work." Sincerely yours,

Phyllis Haver

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

REWARD

Find the key to unlock this FREE Bag of Gold

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THERE are 19 keys pictured here. To be sure, they all look alike, but, examine them closely. 18 of them are exactly alike but **"ONE,"** and only one is DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE OTHERS. It is the key to OPEN THE PADLOCK on this $3,000.00 FREE "Bag of Gold."

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

CLUES

The difference may be in the size, the shape, or even in the notches. So, STUDY EACH KEY CAREFULLY and if you can find the **"ONE"** KEY that is different from all the others SEND THE NUMBER OF IT TO ME AT ONCE. You may become the winner of a Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash money,—without one cent of cost to you. I will give away ABSOLUTELY FREE,—5 new six-cylinder 4-door Sedans and the winners can have CASH MONEY INSTEAD of the automobiles if they prefer it. 25 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN FREE—totaling $7,300.00 cash.

→ Or Win a CHRYSLER "75" Sedan ←

Choice of this beautiful Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan or $3,000.00 cash. We pay all the freight and tax in full on all the prizes and deliver them anywhere in the U. S. A. This is an AMAZING OPPORTUNITY. ACT QUICK, and here is why—

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You Cannot Lose

Absolutely everyone who takes full advantage of this opportunity will be rewarded. But, hurry, — *find the* **"ONE"** *key* that is different from all the others and RUSH THE NUMBER OF IT and your name and address to me TODAY on a postal card or in a letter. And, just say:—"Key number. . . . is different from all the others. Please tell me how I can get this magnificent Chrysler '75' Royal Sedan—or—$3,000.00 CASH MONEY without obligation or one penny of cost to me."

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DEARING, INC., LOUISVILLE

Screen Secrets

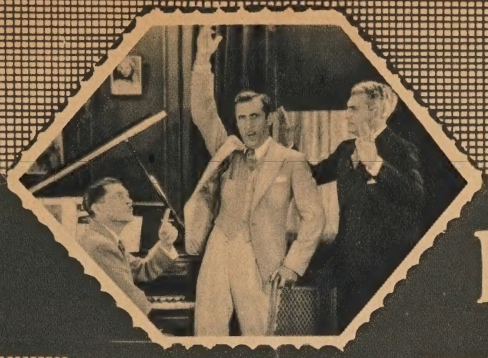
JUNE
25¢

BILLIE DOVE
Painted by Wilson
Read Her Story
In This Issue

Amazing Dreams that Warned the Stars

Mary Eaton
Ziegfeld Follies and Screen Beauty
Maybelline Co.
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and its instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.
Sincerely,
Mary Eaton
Liquid Form
Waterproof
Liquid Maybelline
BLACK
Maybelline
Solid Form
On Sale Everywhere
Maybelline
Darkens and Beautifies Eyelashes Instantly

6/13/99 35.00 No Cuts



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Screen Secrets

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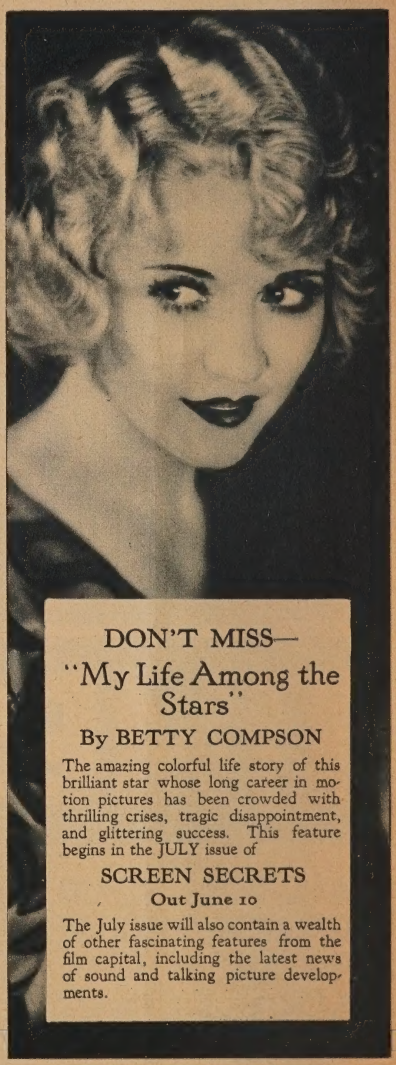

DON'T MISS—

"My Life Among the Stars"

By BETTY COMPSON

The amazing colorful life story of this brilliant star whose long career in motion pictures has been crowded with thrilling crises, tragic disappointment, and glittering success. This feature begins in the JULY issue of

SCREEN SECRETS

Out June 10

The July issue will also contain a wealth of other fascinating features from the film capital, including the latest news of sound and talking picture developments.

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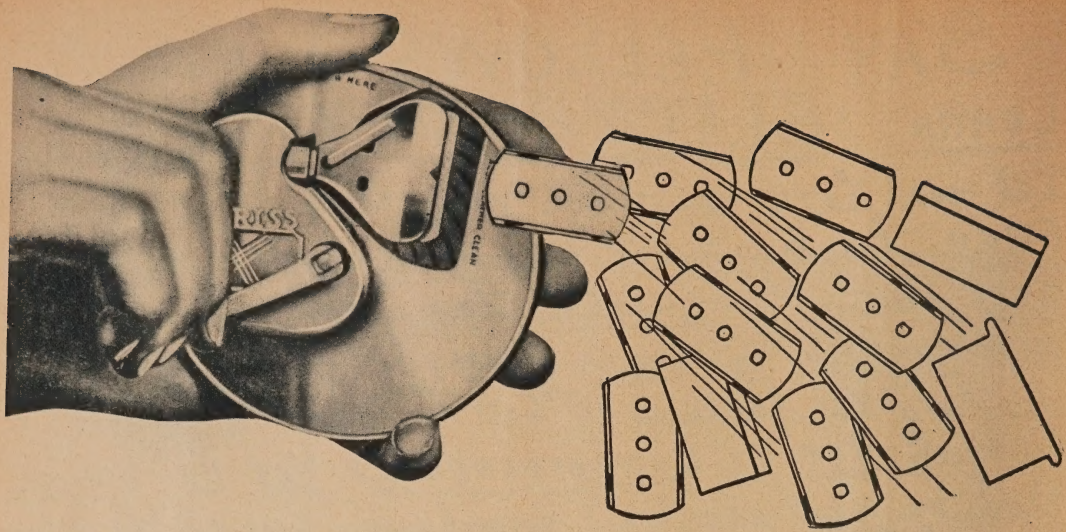

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With Amazing Invention

Sensational New Machine Practically Ends Buying Razor Blades! Makes Shaving 100% Easier and Quicker! Read how it Works. Then Mail Coupon Below For Unique Free Test and Money-Making Offers!

SCORE up another triumph for American inventive genius! For here at last is a device every shaver has long needed. No more razor blades to buy! No more trouble shaving tender skins or tough wiry beards! And shaving time cut in half! No wonder over a million men have switched to this new way to shave without buying blades.

Imagine getting 1500 keen cool shaves from one razor blade! Imagine an old Gillette blade lasting thru two years of shaving—almost 500 shaves in all! These are the startling results reported by J.T.Main, Wisconsin, and E.L. Vinal, Oregon. Thousands of other reports just like these pour in every month. And here's why such amazing records have been made possible!

Unlike Stroppers

This startling machine — named KRISS KROSS—contains several patented features that make it entirely different from ordinary blade sharpeners. It fits any blade (except Durham Duplex), and a child can operate it. It introduces a new blade sharpening principle that makes perfect blade edge an automatic certainty. Actually you can take a new blade fresh out of the package and improve its sharpness 50%.

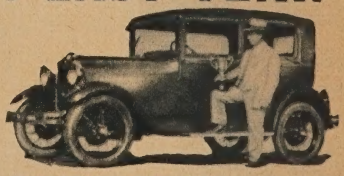
Limited space here prevents full and fair description. Full details will be sent upon receipt of coupon. The makers (who are the world's largest manufacturers of mechanical stroppers) will also send this machine anywhere for a test of results—you to be the judge. And as a reward for prompt action, they will include the gift described below.

New Type Razor FREE!

The inventors have another new invention—an amazing safety razor that instantly adjusts to the most convenient shaving angle. This is not yet ready for sale. But we want the judgment of a million men before advertising it. So we include one free with every Kriss Kross purchased. And Kriss Kross costs you nothing—it pays for itself in razor blades and priceless shaving comfort. But mail the coupon. You can't buy Kriss Kross in stores. No obligation. Act now.

I MADE $5300 LAST YEAR

and Won this Model A Ford FREE Besides!



B.G. Loughren won this free Ford in two months—and made $5300 last year and received two more cars. Many others received free new Fords too. Emil Ham made $50 a day his first four days. That's the way Kriss Kross men are cleaning up. And who couldn't make big money with a device that ends razor blade expense and includes a free razor!

Make Big Money
Full Time, Spare Hours

We're from Missouri—let us "show" you how you can clean up. No experience needed. Just demonstrate in your spare hours. Check bottom line in coupon below.

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Address .....
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( ) Check here for agents' money-making plan.
.....

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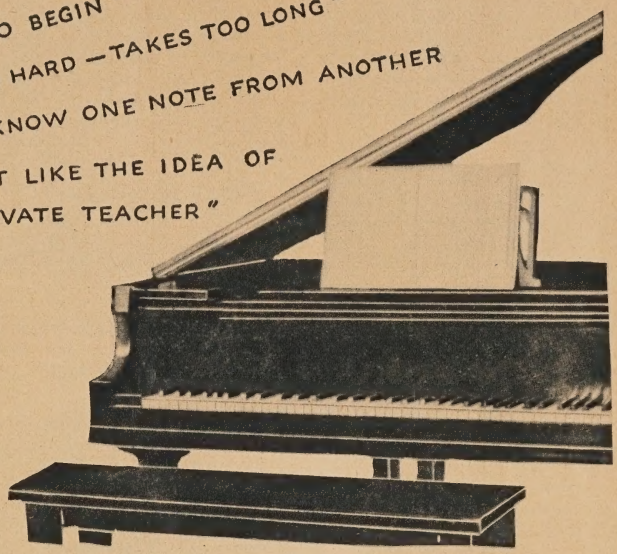
No alibis *now* for not learning to play!

"—AFRAID TO BEGIN"
"IT'S TOO HARD—TAKES TOO LONG"
"I DON'T KNOW ONE NOTE FROM ANOTHER
"I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF A PRIVATE TEACHER"



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WHY let your imagination run loose and keep you from becoming a popular musician? Haven't you heard that there is a way of learning to play your favorite instrument in a few short months? Without taking lessons from a teacher! Without paying expensive fees! Without any tiresome technique or dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through—a way that has been vouched for by over a half-million people in all parts of the world!

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Sooner than you realize you will be bringing cheer to the folks at home with your playing. Gradually you gain confidence and professional expression. Then parties, popularity, orchestra work follow in short order. You'll know how good it feels to be out of the wallflower class and into the whirl of things . . . to be able to provide musical enjoyment for others whenever you are called upon.

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NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD — CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute*
RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets*
FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

ROBERT CASTLE, English actor, after various ups and downs at Paramount, has been given a long-term contract by M-G-M as a result of the big hit he made with Marion Davies in *Marianne*.

-. .- -.- . . .-

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, now controlled by Fox, has announced a $1,000,000 expansion program for the construction of seven new sound stages and a theatre which will seat fifteen hundred people. An industrial center established at the studio will give work to five hundred employees and work will proceed day and night.

.- -.

Marilyn Miller, famous musical comedy star, has signed with First National to play the leading role in the talking version of the musical comedy, *Sally*. She is to be paid approximately $100,000 with the same company having an option on her services for the future.

.- .-. -.

According to dispatches, Constance Bennett, motion picture actress and the daughter of Richard Bennett, well-known actor of the stage, has secured a Paris divorce from her husband, Phillip M. Plant.

- . -

Belle Baker, *Ziegfeld Follies* star, has been signed by Edward Small to make talking pictures for Columbia release.

-. .- .-. -. .-

Joseph M. Schenck on his return from a trip east, says that United Artists and Warner Bros. plan to form an alliance, with the latter company buying half interests. Subsidiary companies of United Artists are now being formed into a huge $60,000,000 corporation headed by Schenck.

.- .-. -.

Those charming hosts, Jim Cruze and Betty Compson, were recently planning a divorce. This would have been a source of regret to the many who have known the hospitality of the famous director and his wife, and everybody was glad when, shortly after the rift, news came that a reconciliation had taken place.

.- -.

Graham McNamee, star radio announcer, is reported to have signed with RKO for a leading part in a forthcoming radio story talking picture.

-. .- .-. -. .-

Camilla Horn, United Artists actress, is leaving for her home in Germany to make pictures.

- . -

Ricardo Cortez has been signed for the lead in *Peacock Alley*, a picture which will mark the return of Mae Murray to the screen after a long absence. Miss Murray is under contract with Tiffany-Stahl at a salary of $7,500 per week.

-. .- .-. -. .-

W. S. Van Dyke, director, holding a last-minute conference with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey (who will play the leading roles in the film version of Trader Horn), *before they embark for Africa, where the picture is to be filmed in native surroundings.*

Estelle Taylor has returned to Hollywood from a trip east to join her husband, Jack Dempsey. If her conferences with producers are not successful she will return to New York to accept a stage engagement.

.- -.

Sally O'Neil will have the featured role in Tiffany-Stahl's all-dialogue and singing production, *Kathleen Mavourneen*. Several noted singers will appear in the cast. Miss O'Neil was recently signed for the featured feminine role in *On With the Show*, a Warner Brothers production.

- . -

Colleen Moore is now busy at work on her next picture, *Smiling Irish Eyes*, at First National Studios. The leading male role will be played by James Hall. Several melodies have been written by prominent composers for especial use in this picture.

.- -.

Ben Lyon will pilot his own plane in *The Flying Marine*, a picture in which he will be co-featured with Shirley Mason. Lyon got his experience in aviation while working in *Hell's Angels*.

-. .- .-. -. .-

Clark and McCullough, stage comedians, are making talking pictures for Fox and will be seen shortly in their latest offering, *Knights Out*. They will appear as a couple of stage hands.

.- -.

Helen Foster, 1929 Wampas Baby and protege of Mrs. Wallace Reid, will make her debut in the talkies in Warner's *The Gold Diggers*. She will have the same part that was played by Ina Claire in the stage play of the same name.

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"Am so much pleased with my baby's picture, and thank you for your prompt attention. My friends all say it is sure nice." Mrs. W. E. Shaw, Bellefontaine, Miss.

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YOU'LL never know life until you've read this greatest of all forbidden books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on the most fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books — the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Before your very eyes is unfolded the glittering pageantry of a golden age now vanished—an age when passion, intrigue and high-riding romance held full sway. Past you, in a breath-taking parade, sweep some of the most beautiful, yet unprincipled, women of all time—women whose intense fascination fired men's blood and even altered the fates of empires . . . Here you will find tales of scarlet days, when a robust world drank of life and love to its very dregs!

Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth-century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation nor fear!

These Great Writers Have Taken Plots From the Decameron

Shakespeare took parts of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet* from these stories. Lessing took the plot of *Nathan der Weise*, Chaucer the idea of his *Canterbury Tales*, Dryden, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson wrote poems—all based on these great tales, which have outlived thousands of manuscripts written since their day.

Mystery No Longer Shrouds This Brilliant Masterpiece!

Perhaps no other book ever written has had such an amazing history. Written in so vigorous a style as to be actually *startling*, it has long been a storm center of fierce controversy and even persecution. Critics and the *haute-monde* have acclaimed it with unstinted praise for its sparkling vividness and subject matter—while prudish zealots and tyrannical reformers, aghast at the utter frankness with which Boccaccio exposed human life and love in the raw, resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation. At one time they actually went so far as to gather all the available copies and have them publicly burned!

But all that was yesterday! To-day the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. This is the age of *reason*—and the peerless word-artistry of genial old Boccaccio has come into its own at last! . . . Now, for a short time only, you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing in your own home for five days, without obligation!

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And now we are enabled to offer you these great classics—thirty-five of the best stories from the famous Decameron—for the amazingly low sum of only $1.98! Send no money—just fill out and mail the coupon below. When the package arrives pay the postman $1.98, plus few cents postage Inspect this great book for five days, then if you are not delighted return it and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon this instant before this low price offer is withdrawn! Franklin Publishing Company, 800 No. Clark St., Dept. G-170, Chicago.

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Please send me a copy of The Tales from the immortal Decameron by Boccaccio. When package arrives I will pay postman only $1.98, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I am at liberty to return the volume within five days and my money will be refunded.

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Address.....

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if you will take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work, can be handled in spare or full time.

No Investment Needed

I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. I will make you my partner in my fast growing, established business—but I don't ask you to invest a single penny. Everything is furnished to you FREE—just look after the established business in your locality and we will split all the money 50-50!

Partner may be either man or woman. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

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As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale—I do everything to see that my partners get all the advantages of Big Business. Big FREE supply contains over 32 full size packages of highest quality products. Choose all your groceries, at wholesale, from my big list of over 300 home necessities. Quality backed by $25,000.00 bond.

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"Made $117.50 first five days. Your products are marvelous. Anyone can easily make money with Health-O."—A. Pelletier, Massachusetts.

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"Just received sample case. Started among acquaintances and first day made $31.65."—B. L. Simmons, S. Carolina.

$101.25 FIRST WEEK
Ruth Hoffman never sold a thing before in her life. She proved that experience was not necessary—she writes: "Made $101.25 first week!"

$24.85 IN TWO EVENINGS
T. J. Osborne two days after receiving sample case, enthusiastically writes: "I have been out only two evenings and have taken orders for $24.85."

Easy for you to make big money. I look out for welfare of my partners.

I don't want you to take any chances. I GUARANTEE your income. This is the most amazing guarantee ever made for a steady year 'round income. I can make this guarantee because I know you can do as well as my other partners whose letters are shown on this page.

I'll Furnish You With New Chrysler Coach

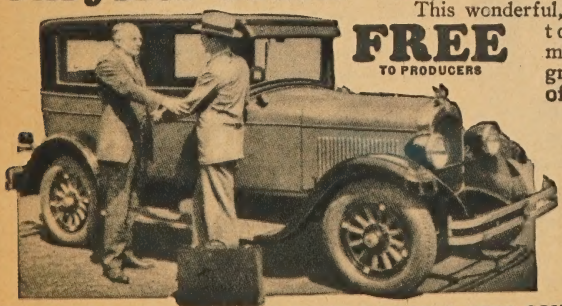
This is part of my FREE outfit to you. I want my partners to be prosperous and look prosperous to gain respect from everyone in your locality. That's why I will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE this brand new Chrysler Coach to use in your business. This is no contest! It is yours to keep just as soon as you show me you are in earnest. Send coupon today.

This wonderful, new, easy way to make big money and have a growing business of your own is sweeping America. Thousands of men have found my proposition a way to double and triple their incomes—hundreds of busy housewives have started as my partners in a few spare hours a day and are earning from $25 to $50 a week *just in spare time*. One housewife writes, "I earn, in my spare hours, more money than my husband."

I Do Everything to Help My Partners

Besides going 50-50 with my partners on profits I WILL FURNISH YOUR HOME with hundreds of wonderful premiums, including pianos, living room sets, etc., that I give as premiums. Send coupon at once for my signed guarantee of $100.00 a week for full time or $3.00 per hour for spare-time work.

Chrysler Coach



FREE TO PRODUCERS

C. W. Van De Mark
Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
THE HEALTH-O QUALITY PRODUCTS CO.
Department 1053-FF
Health-O Bldg.
Cincinnati
Ohio

SEND COUPON AT ONCE for APPLICATION

FREE FOOD PRODUCTS COUPON

C. W. Van De Mark,
Health-O Quality Products Company,
Dept. 1053-FF
Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, O.
Without obligation on my part send at once application for territory, details of partnership, free food products, etc.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

YOU STEP UP TO A BIG JOB WHEN YOU MAIL THIS COUPON

(C) 1929 by C. W. V. D. M.

A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

THE famous chimes of Big Ben of the House of Parliament in London will be heard in a sequence of *Bull Dog Drummond.* As there isn't another in the world that sounds like Big Ben a record of it is being made in London, which will be shipped to the Sam Goldwyn Studios in Hollywood and incorporated in the talking picture. What price authenticity?

SOME sounds do not register correctly in the talkies. A falling human body is one. It makes too much disturbance on the recording apparatus. After much experimenting, it has been learned that when a ripe pumpkin is dropped from a height of several feet it makes just the right amount of sound to give the illusion of a falling body.

AMERICAN talking pictures will popularize the English language in every foreign country," is the belief of Louis B. Mayer, general manager of the M-G-M studio. "Our language will become universal just as American pictures have popularized American habits and clothing abroad."

CAMERA booths for the talkies have been makeshift affairs. They are ill-ventilated and sound-proof of course. However, they are claiming the attention of inventive minds and will no doubt meet the requirements of the man inside, very soon. They are built, now, so that a trap door can be lifted from the bottom, when the camera needs to shoot towards the floor; also, a door is placed at the top to enable the photographer to shoot upwards, and the third, which is actually the one most in use, opens straight out for all ordinary shots.

WITH the advent of talking pictures, there has been a distinct falling off in fan mail to the established stars, whatever this may indicate.

PERFECT recording of sound film in synchronized pictures on location miles from the studio has been made possible at last through a complete portable recording laboratory. The machine, built in New York with Electrical Research Products equipment consists of a 6,800 pound Reo truck, equipped with a sound-proof body which houses a generator set, storage batteries, a film recording machine operated on the Neon light principle as in the studio recording building, and electrical distributors making possible synchronization of cameras on location. The truck may be moved to any location, microphones and cameras connected to the proper terminals, and then, by a system of hydraulic jacks, the entire affair is lifted off its wheels, making it solid as a building. It is as complete a recording outfit as is in the actual sound stage recording building and any location trip is possible without using remote wire control back to the studios. At last sound pictures are practical on location.

SCREEN SECRETS offers five dollars each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies. This month's winner will be found on page 111.

Behold what the talkies have done to rehearsals! Johnny Mack Brown and Norma Shearer, rehearsing a love scene for The Little Angel, *keep the manuscript in view.*

SCENERY on wheels is the latest development in the talkie field. Settings, now built of sound-proof material, which has been acoustically treated and is several inches thick, often weighs tons. They are now built in units which are mounted on triangular bases rolling on small rubber-tired wheels, so that they can be wheeled in and out of position. When the units are wheeled into place, they are clamped to the floor of the sound stages by brass levers on their carrying trucks, and thus held rigid while in use.

PEGGY WOOD, well known musical comedy artist of New York who sang in *The Clinging Vine* and *Buddies* has come to Hollywood to play in talking and musical films.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, directing *Madame X* at the M-G-M studio, has a small medical battery by which mild shocks can be transmitted through the carpet to signal his players without distracting their gaze, and without sound.

A SWEET, low voice will be cultivated by every woman in America after talking pictures are perfected," says Al Santell, well known director. "Motion picture stars have set the fashions in clothing and deportment, and now they may set new standards for voice control and modulation."

Soon we shall be referring to our favorites as being "easy on the ears."

SEND NO MONEY

PAY ON DELIVERY
FILL IN COUPON BELOW

Science Has Created the World's Finest Reproductions of $500 DIAMONDS!

At last! A new process is discovered. The result—we challenge experts to tell these from $500 Diamonds! Living fire plays over their diamond-cut facets—dazzling, sparkling, scintillating!

Choice of Six Rings, $1.98

When shown recently in New York City these new Jenkins Diamonds created a sensation. You, too, will be thrilled! Instant beauty for the hands!

GIRLS! MEN! Do not confuse Jenkins Gems with ordinary "imitations," Nothing has been found to compare with their lasting beauty. Every stone set in famous DEAUVILLE mountings, guaranteed 20 years. Put your faith in a ring that won't disappoint you! SEND NO MONEY!

Just pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage when ring you choose arrives. No instalments to pay. Order by number. Rings No. 3 and 6 can be had in MEN'S style. Tie string around finger for size. Buy for GIFTS! Act NOW!

22 Cal. Six Shot BLANK AUTOMATIC $4.99

With Box of 100 Cartridges Free

No Permit or License Required

You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but absolutely safe and harmless automatic. Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—**a real home protector**—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearm at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame, a duplicate of internationally famous German automatic. Makes powerful loud report. Has **six shot** magazine that can be reloaded instantly. Uses 22 caliber blank cartridges. Checkered grip. **Box of 100 cartridges free with each automatic.** Convenient pocket size. SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery** $4.99 plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER WITH EACH PISTOL

$1.98 Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol

The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. **Built to retail at $5.00.** Our introductory offer $1.98. In nickel or gun-metal finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

'Famous' Skull and Bones Ring $2.39

Surprise your friends with this most original ring. Made of **solid sterling silver,** handsomely decorated. Worn for good luck by both men and women. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just specify size. **Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

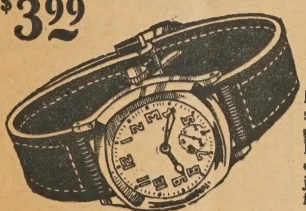
French 'Lucky' Art Photo View Ring $1.97

Famous "actress" views. Most sensational and newest. Set with world's most famous reproduction diamond with the blue-white sparkle of a $500 diamond. Besides, shank has view of French actresses seen through strong magnifying glass, 14 Kt. solid gold effect mounting. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

PISTOL SHAPE CIGARETTE CASE $1.79

Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.**

$3.99 LIFETIME PRECISION MEN'S STRAP WATCH



Worn by Practical Men Everywhere — Guaranteed shock proof and weather proof—Perfect timekeeper—**Radium dial**—tells time in dark—Fine imported **full jeweled movement**—Silver finish—Genuine leather strap **Absolutely a $15.00 value.**—**Fully guaranteed** to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.**

$5.34 TARGET PRACTICE AIR AUTOMATIC

With Box of Ammunition Free

The New Improved Air Pistol. No permit required. Endorsed by Pistol Experts as a truly—reliable—accurate—hard hitting pistol. Excellent for hitting small game, birds, rabbits, etc. The ideal automatic for target practice. Become a good marksman in short time at very little expense. Shoots lead pellets distance of 40 feet with accurate precision.

A wonderful weapon for Home protection—without the usual danger of having firearms around. Ammunition costs next to nothing—built and looks like a real pistol—**Usually sold all over for $15.00**—order today—Save money.

SEND NO MONEY. **Pay on delivery** $5.34, plus express charges. **Fill in coupon below.**

Genuine Diamonds $4.98 Set in 14 Kt. Solid Gold Rings

No Instalments to Pay

Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K. **solid gold** rings set with **genuine diamonds,** only $4.98. Instalment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are **genuine diamonds** set in solid 14K. **gold rings** at only $4.98. Rings No. 1 and 2 for ladies, No. 3 for gents. **SEND NO MONEY.** State ring and size wanted. **Pay on delivery $4.98.**

NEWEST STYLE WRIST WATCH $3.99

With Two Bracelets

Really the Greatest Bargain in America Today.

Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—**We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.** Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, **fully jeweled movement.** Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and rolled gold effect link bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. **SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.**

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 6R72, 621 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C.O.D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired):

- ☐ Six-Shot Blank Automatic $4.99
- ☐ Genuine Diamond Ring 4.98
- ☐ Target Practice Air Automatic 5.34
- ☐ Pistol Shape Cigarette Case 1.79
- ☐ Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol 1.98
- ☐ LIFETIME Precision Watch 3.99
- ☐ Newest Style Ladies' Watch 3.99
- ☐ Miscellaneous Rings. Specify size and kind desired .....

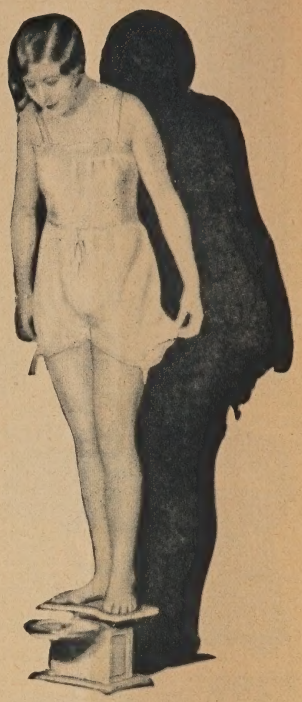
Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine



Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

PFU—6-29

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

I Sell Records a Queer Way

So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want.

Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand the postage expense both ways, unless the records are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, at any price.

I have built a million-dollar business in records on just these "queer" methods, trusting absolutely in the honesty of my customers, and making them the sole judge of whether or not the records will cost them even one cent.

I've built these records to give you pleasure, enjoyment and some real honest good times for months and years to come. I've tried to study the wishes and tastes of the great music-loving public and I've collected in this list below, the very CREAM of my entire catalog. All the records are electrically recorded—and nearly all of them have been done within the last few months, and are in the very latest and best style of the present day. They are all in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph, just like 75-cent records. They include the most recent hits, as well as famous old favorites, and I'm willing to stake my last dollar that they are GOOD.

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

Special List of BEST Sellers

Sonny Boy — Hallelujah I'm A Bum
Girl of My Dreams — My Angel
Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Wreck of the Old 97
Ramona
Rovin' Gambler
My Blue Heaven — Red Wing

Any 10 Records $1.98

Send No Money

10 Days' Approval

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon
4228 Hallelujah, I'm a Bum
The Dying Hobo
2398 Ramona
Valley of Memory
4232 Button Buster (the Laughing Record)
Common Bill
2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal
2437 There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of Dreams
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie
4167 The Preacher and the Bear
The Sting of the Bumble Bee
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4185 Picture That's Turned to Wall
White Wings
4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember
4227 Climbing Up Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou
2426 Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time
Come Back to Romany
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in Lane
4123 Jesse James
Butcher Boy
2394 Mary Ann
Ticklish Tillie
2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4141 Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland
4171 Red Wing
Waters of Minnetonka
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of Shenandoah
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy
4172 Wreck of Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet as Apple Cider

SACRED SONGS

4075 Church in Wildwood
Voice of Chimes
4040 Nearer My God to Thee
Lord Is My Shepherd
4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul
Safe in Arms of Jesus

INSTRUMENTAL

4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff
4189 Drowsy Waters
Herd Girl's Dream
4162 Blue Danube Waltz
Skaters' Waltz
4138 By Waters of Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw
4136 Humoresque
Spring Song
4061 Listen to Mocking Bird
Song Bird (Both Whistling)
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1
Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2
4218 Merry Widow Waltz
Lullaby From Ermine

RACE RECORDS

7021 I Need a Good Man Bad
Can't Be Worried Long
7033 Hit Me in the Nose Blues
It's All Coming Home to You
7032 Who Is Ya (1) Preaching
Who Is Ya (2) Preaching

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues

POPULAR DANCES

All With Vocal Chorus

1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1582 I'll Get By
What a Day
1540 Old Man Sunshine
Sidewalks of New York
1559 I Loved You Then as I Love You Now
Gee but I'm Blue Over You
1510 Ramona
If I Didn't Love You
1521 Rag Doll
Draggin' the Dragon Blues
7029 Mississippi Mud Blues
I'm a One-Man Gal
1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember
1463 My Blue Heaven
Found Best Girl of All
1497 After My Laughter Came Tears
Carry Me Back to Connemara

COMEDY

4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hy and Si and the Line Fence
4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells
4211 Andy Goes a-Hunting
Andy Gets Learnin'

HAWAIIAN

4156 La Golondrina
Dreamy Moon
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4084 Alola Land
Honolulu Bay
4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB,
PU-45, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1 ..... 6 .....
2 ..... 7 .....
3 ..... 8 .....
4 ..... 9 .....
5 ..... 10 .....
(Write Clearly)

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
(Write Clearly)
1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name .....
Address .....
(Write Clearly)
City ..... State .....

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public.* Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way.* There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow,* if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

• • •

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

• • •

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Heffefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

• • •

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The Editor's Opinion

¶ IN ONE ERA AND OUT THE OTHER

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor

BEFORE very many more months silent pictures will be as extinct as the dodo. Ever since the recent announcement by William Fox that hereafter he would make nothing but talking pictures, the stampede has grown with the speed and force of a locomotive.

All the newly formed big combines — Fox-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, United Artists and RKO—are definitely committed to extensive talkie programs. And now the actors themselves are hastening to come out with formal announcements in favor of the talkies.

Mary Pickford is the latest convert. At the opening of her latest picture, *Coquette,* Mary bade farewell to the silent drama. Henceforth, she declared, she will make talkies only.

Mary a la Mode

INCIDENTALLY I believe that Mary will alter any ideas she may have had of leaving the screen, after the tremendous ovation given her upon her appearance in *Coquette.* This talkie version of the stage play is destined to be one of the hits of the year and it is certain to establish Mary in the forefront of the ranks of emotional actresses. She has done a very difficult thing, a thing which many people said she could never do. At one move she has stopped being a lovable little girl with golden curls and has become a mature and moving actress. *Coquette* is a bitter and a tragic play. Mary's role is one in which the public would never have accepted her a few years back. Times change and Mary is keeping pace with them, but she is still America's Sweetheart.

Mary and Doug, by the way, have started work on *The Taming of the Shrew,* which they will make together.

Playback Plays Funny Tricks

THE playback room of the talking pictures yields funny results sometimes. The playback room, you know, is the room in which the actors congregate following a scene or a series of scenes, to listen to the dialogue and sounds, though there is no picture visible.

Mary Duncan, that brilliant young actress, played a particularly tender and touching scene in *Through Different Eyes.* Everybody trouped into the playback room to hear it. Then at the very end of the scene came Mary's voice:

"Who the devil took my cigarette?"

Two Sisters and a Great Movie

IT IS a pretty well known fact to those on the inside that *Broadway Melody* is really founded on the lives of those two brilliant and intrepid young spirits, the Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosetta. Rosetta, the fighter, is embodied in the person of Bessie Love, who gives a quite wonderful characterization to those who know Rosetta Duncan. And she is called "Hank," you remember, by those who know her well. The Duncans call each other Heinie and Jake. Then there is the fight in New York for recognition.

We never knew the Duncans, however, to infringe upon each other's love affairs. So that part of *Broadway Melody* is pure romance. Each seems to prefer an entirely different type of man from the other.

But there is the same loyalty, the same affection, the same sisterly devotion in the lives of the Duncans as shown in the picture.

By the way, here is a real secret: Never does the lovely Vivian's birthday come around that she does not receive from a certain royal person in Europe a gorgeous bunch of orchids!

That's the Idea!

IT IS encouraging to know that in spite of the mammoth combinations of capital now current in pictures, the young man with an idea still has a chance to make good. Russell Birdwell illustrated that recently. He is a newspaper reporter who had $500 and an idea. So he took the $500 and made a picture. It is called *Street Corners,* and is a cross-section of the current of life that passes daily on any busy Los Angeles street. Birdwell's method was simple. He merely set up his camera and ground away, using the passersby as extras-gratis. Several actors, including Henry B. Walthall of *The Birth of a Nation* fame, became so interested in the idea that they consented to act in the picture for nothing. Who says there are no more opportunities?

Every Lily Helps

FRANCE lost one of its fairest flowers when Lily Damita embarked for Hollywood, where she has become one of the most entrancing of recent foreign additions to the film colony. She made her debut on the American screen with Ronald Colman in M-G-M's *The Rescue,* and since has been much in demand at all studios. Lily has been enthusiastically adopted by the social world at Hollywood where she is the life of every party that is a party. She is to have an important part with Victor McLaglen in *The Cock-Eyed World.*

Moore Power to Her!

COLLEEN MOORE is going to make an Irish picture which fairly reeks of the Ould Sod. It will be called *Smiling Irish Eyes,* and it promises to open up a new field of characterization for her which should bring out her best talents as an actress. When it comes to bringing out the latent charm of the Emerald Isle, Colleen has a flying start on all of them. She has a little old Irish grandmother who speaks with a delicious brogue, and it was at her knee that Colleen learned those tales of the "little people" and the mystic lore of the Celts that holds such a strong grip on the Irish imagination even in a strange land.

Roscoe Fawcett

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

JOHN MACK BROWN stepped from the football field to the cinema in a most agile manner, scoring one triumph after another. His most recent one was with Mary Pickford in Coquette.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CORINNE GRIFFITH, as beautiful as ever, made her first appearance in talking pictures in The Divine Lady. *Two forthcoming pictures in which she will be starred are* Saturday's Children *and* Prisoners.—*First National.*

—Fryer.

DAVID LEE scored a tremendous hit with Al Jolson in The Singing Fool. *In* Sonny Boy, *his latest appearance, he bids fair to take the place of Jackie Coogan as the screen's baby star.—Warner Brothers.*

—Freulich.

COLLEEN MOORE, *pert and boyish in this nifty spring costume for sport wear, has been making intensive preparations for her first singing and talking picture,* Smiling Irish Eyes.—*First National.*

Phyllis Haver

At the threshold of movie fame and fortune Phyllis Haver chooses love and turns her beautiful back on her film career.

By GORDON R. SILVER

Phyllis Haver as Shanghai Mabel in What Price Glory.

HARD times loom for her producers. Phyllis Haver is going to forsake them—she's leaving pictures flat, just like that. Fame, Hollywood, everything—she's giving it all up—all for just "My Man." Lucky Man!

Yes, Phyllis is really making her last little bow. Just one more picture—only one—and then she will bid farewell to her public.

"I will try to give the very best performance of my life," said Phyllis, "and I will leave before my fans have grown bored with me. The life of a screen actress is pitifully short, and why should I give up a life-long happiness with the man I love for a few brief years more of success?"

This decision to quit the screen at the very peak of her popularity is little short of remarkable. How few of our popular stars of today would even consider, much less take, such a step, especially just after signing a new and lucrative contract, with the possibility of being in the "big money" class!

Phyllis has never made a great deal of money. Mack Sennett did not pay his stars huge sums. His studio was rather a training school, where they went to make big names for themselves in the world of motion pictures. Swanson, Daniels, Compson, Chaplin, Normand and others who were destined to become famous the world over, received their earliest training in this same school.

Miss Haver stepped out of comedy into dramatic roles. Although she was conceded to be a good actress and decidedly nice to look at, there were lean years with jobs few and far between. Phyllis has said herself more than once if it hadn't been for the wisdom of her mother she would have been in actual want while waiting for the calls from the studios.

Then came *What Price Glory,* in which the erstwhile Sennett beauty played a small part—but she played it so well that she was fairly deluged with offers. This past year or two she has become known as the screen's dizziest blonde and most effective siren. Her personality and yellow curls and blue eyes have intrigued more than one hardened woman hater. Even Cecil De Mille said: "If only all the actresses of the screen had a little of Phyllis' sense of balance, we should have far more and better performances before the camera."

When De Mille went over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Miss Haver signed a long-term contract with that company. Their plans for her would have made her undoubtedly one of the greatest actresses in motion pictures.

INSTEAD, with all these glorious opportunities staring her in the face, she is turning her back upon pictures to become the wife of William Seaman, a young business man of New York City. There is no compromise in her mind. She has definitely decided to give up her career

Phyllis Haver is a fluffy, delectable blonde who holds a unique place in the affections of countless fans.

Forsakes *the* Films

as an actress. Her's is to be a married life without any competition from the greedy cameras. Who is there of us that can say whether she is right or wrong? Certainly it is her own life to do with as she pleases. Perhaps it is true that sometime a little later her public would tire of her and she would gradually fade from view. No one can say as to that. But leaving now, one can and does say she is indeed a young lady of courage. Her happiness, she believes, should have no chance of becoming side-tracked.

What about the young man? Does he realize and appreciate this sacrifice? Undoubtedly he does. He is Mayor James Walker's closest friend and pal, a New York business man who cannot give up his business and come West. For Phyllis to remain in pictures would mean separation, so it seems Miss Haver knows what she is doing.

It was in New York, at a party, that Phyllis and William Seaman first met.

"After our introduction, Billy gave me a grand rush," laughed Phyllis. "Yes, it was really grand—and you can take that both ways if you wish!

"One night after a certain show, Billy suddenly became awfully serious. I asked him what was the matter. 'Well,' he stammered, 'I've got a terribly serious question to ask you.'

" 'Yeah?' I exclaimed. 'Go ahead and shoot!' And with that, he blurted right out, 'Phil, dear, will you be my wife?' "

WELL, you could have knocked me over with a feather. If surprise was money, I'd have been a millionaire for a minute sure! After I had recovered somewhat from the shock, I asked him if he thought he was kidding me. He assured me that he was never more serious in his life.

" 'You must give me time to think, anyhow,' I said, all the time knowing that I didn't really need another minute!

" 'Nope,' said Billy, 'you must say yes or no now. A lot of time thinking about it won't help a bit.'

"So what could a poor gal do? This one said, 'Yes!' "

William Seaman, the lucky New Yorker for whom Phyllis is deserting the films.

"We hurried to the hotel and woke up my mother. I told her the glad news and Billy joined in the chorus. She thought at first we were fooling her and told us to stop it as she was sleepy. Finally, we convinced her that it was no joke but the real thing.

" 'Well, then, that's swell,' exclaimed my mother. 'If you two are happy, so am I!'

"Assuring her that we were plenty happy and intended to stay that way, we next called up Jimmy Walker. He, too, was sleepy and told us it was too late to be kidding people. Billy told him it was the whole truth and nothing else but. And that we were going to be married whether he believed it or not! With that, a long 'whoopee' came over the wire.

Phyllis Haver, as the gold-digger in Chicago, *demonstrated her ability to portray a definite type perfectly.*

"So over we went and told our little romance to the Mayor of New York. He seemed pleased and smiled. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "when you get ready to be married, you come to me and I promise to leave everything and marry you myself! Is it a bargain?"

" 'It is!' we both promised—and we are going to keep that promise."

Amazing Dreams *that*

By
RUTH M. TILDESLEY

What strange psychic power warns us of impending disaster in our dreams? Some of the astonishing warnings that have come to the stars in their sleep are given in this story, proving that "such stuff as dreams are made on" can sometimes save your life.

Both Monte Blue and his mother had vivid dream of his falling off a cliff. The next day his director ordered him into the very situation his dream had predicted. Raquel Torres is shown here with him.

WHEN Monte Blue was in Tahiti making *White Shadows of the South Seas,* word came back to Hollywood that in a tense scene he had pitched over a cliff and narrowly escaped death. Bodil Rosing, his mother-in-law, immediately rushed to her daughter and was amazed to find her quite serene.

"Oh, no, there's nothing to worry about," said the lovely Mrs. Blue, "I knew all about it when it happened. I was sitting in the garden when the vision came. I saw the cliff and the sea beneath and Monte working right on the edge; suddenly he toppled over and I screamed. Then I saw that he was caught in a bush and was quite safe."

That is exactly what happened.

But the night before the accident, Monte himself dreamed that he had missed his footing and fallen into the sea, hundreds of feet below; halfway down he had vainly clutched at a bush on a jutting rock . . . .

"The crash into the sea woke me up," recounts the big star. "The next day when I realized that we were going to work on this ledge overhanging the sea, I felt a bit nervous but kept pushing the thought from my mind. It was a dramatic scene so as soon as we got into it, I forgot everything else.

"Then it happened. My foot slipped and over I went. In the first instant of going, I remembered the dream, so made a superhuman effort to grab at a rock as I crashed down. I missed the first but the second rock had a bushy sort of thing which gave me something to hold on to, and there I hung until rescued by one of the company."

DREAMS that bring warnings are not to be disregarded, according to Bebe Daniels, who will never forget the strangest thing that ever happened to her.

"I dreamed that I was driving along a road at great speed when my car overturned in a ditch," she relates, "aside from the shock, I seemed to be all right so I picked myself up and went across the road into a house. Here I saw Wallie Reid, Harold Lockwood, Clarine Seymour, Mary Thurman, Bobbie Harron and a group of others laughing and singing and dancing.

"At that time, Wallie was still alive but the others had all passed on. I was very indignant. 'Why, the idea,' I cried, 'here you all are enjoying yourselves and we've been giving you grand funerals and feeling sorry for you!' 'Come and play with us!' was all they'd say. So presently I joined them and the dream petered out as most of them do.

"A day or so later, I went on location for a racing car sequence of my picture. Teddy Von Eltz was with me and I was speeding along as per directions, my one annoyance being my coat collar which had a tendency to fly up and obscure my vision.

"I had just shouted to Teddy to hold the thing down when I realized that this was the road of my dream. There was the ditch and—at that moment Teddy jerked at my flying collar but unfortunately stuck his finger in my eye. The other eye promptly watered in sympathy, rendering me temporarily blind.

"In an instant, I saw the significance of my dream. If I lost control of the car, we would crash into the ditch and wake up in the house of the dead! Teddy told me afterwards we were almost in the ditch when I suddenly jerked the car back from the brink into the center of the road.

WARNED *the* Stars

Across the street was the house of my dreams—but it was empty."

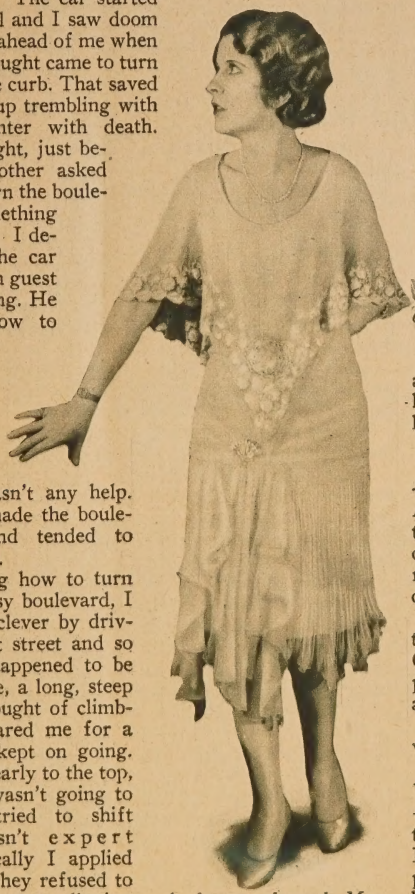
DIMINUTIVE May McAvoy also owes her life to a premonition which came to her during a dream.

"We had just moved from New York to Hollywood and I was looking forward to the pleasure of driving my own car; I felt confident that I really knew how, although there had been little opportunity for practice in crowded New York," May relates.

"No doubt driving was on my mind, for one Saturday night, I was maneuvering a car all night in my sleep. I tried going up a hill, thinking that would be good practice, and almost at the peak, I got stuck. I couldn't change my gears quick enough and the brakes wouldn't work. The car started rolling down hill and I saw doom and destruction ahead of me when suddenly the thought came to turn sidewise into the curb. That saved me but I woke up trembling with the near-encounter with death.

"The next night, just before dinner, mother asked me if I'd go down the boulevard for something she'd forgotten. I decided to take the car and a young man guest said he'd go along. He didn't know how to drive so he wasn't any help. However, we made the boulevard safely and tended to mother's errand.

"Not knowing how to turn the car on a busy boulevard, I thought I'd be clever by driving up the next street and so on home. It happened to be Whitley Avenue, a long, steep street. The thought of climbing this hill scared me for a moment but I kept on going. When we got nearly to the top, I saw the car wasn't going to make it. I tried to shift gears but wasn't expert enough; frantically I applied the brakes but they refused to hold and we began slipping backwards. The young man with me yelled to me to jump and opened the car door prepared to leap out. Quick as a flash, my dream came to me and I steered sidewise to the curb. I feel sure if the dream hadn't been sent as a warning, we should both have been killed."



A dream showed May McAvoy how to escape with her life, from an experience in a car. Now she has a firm faith in the significance of dreams.

Bebe Daniels has learned to believe in the warnings of her dreams. A terrible auto crash was narrowly avoided because of one dream.

A WARNING came to Estelle Taylor the night before she made a certain sequence in the Fox picture *Honor Bound*. The next day when she saw the cameraman setting up for a shot inside the prison barracks, her dream recurred to her—with a start she recognized the scene. She ran to Al Green, the director, "I can't make it there!" she cried. "The set will fall!"

Pressed for an explanation of this strange conduct, Estelle, rather shamefacedly, recounted her dream. Mr. Green laughed and tried to prove to her that the set was perfectly safe by jumping into it and jostling heavily against the walls.

The whole mass missed him by an inch—falling right where Estelle would have stood in the scene.

IF GEORGE FAWCETT had consulted a dream book when he dreamed that his wife, Percy Haswell, was in trouble, he might have been astonished at its intrepretation. Instead, he wired the theatre in Maryland where she was playing and learned that Miss Haswell had been severely bruised the night before when the balcony collapsed while she, as Juliet, sighed to Romeo that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Renee Adoree had a similar experience. "I thought I was in a high place overlooking a meadow; below me I

(*Turn to page* 87)

Daring Death *to*

By HENRY MACMAHON

Al Wilson, stunt flier, who accepted Hughes' challenge and crashed the Gotha in a tragic nose dive.

WANTED—Pilot to stunt, spin and crash giant German Gotha bomber. Address Howard Hughes, Producer of "Hell's Angels," Caddo Field, Van Nuys, Calif.

HOWARD HUGHES, the young producer whose air picture has set the movie industry by the ears, dropped another bombshell into Hollywood when he published this want ad.

Stunt men, seasoned fliers accustomed to risking their necks for a living, flocked to see him.

"A man couldn't go it and live!" they cried. "It can be done," retorted Hughes. "It's the climax of *Hell's Angels*, the biggest shot in the picture."

For two years, Hughes has been working on this great epic of the World War's birdmen. Now he wanted to show a giant German bomber shot down in flames. It had to be the real thing.

An army pilot tried, and gave up when the wings gave signs of buckling. The plane was overhauled, more smoke pots put in, other attempts made. Discouraged by failures, Howard Hughes advertised for the flier who believed he could crash the bomber and escape with his life.

Then Dick Grace, one of the most spectacular stunt fliers in the movies, saw the ad. Dick is the dare-devil who pulled off the hardest stunt of all in *Wings*. Taking an army plane aloft, he set its nose toward the ground and deliberately crashed headlong. If he could live through that, he could survive the crash of the bomber.

"I'll take her up for $25," Grace said, "and I'll bet $10,000 I come out alive. If I lose, you collect the bet from my insurance."

It took iron-clad nerve for Dick Grace to make that proposition. Grace had his neck broken in one stunt, and knew what it was to face death. Alice White, his one time sweetheart, was kept in continual ferment over Dick's narrow squeaks.

Howard Hughes listened to Dick's proposal, and shook his head. It was not in his code to gamble with a man for his life.

"The flier who takes that ship up isn't going to think of dying," Hughes insisted. "He's got to feel sure he can make it. I've got to find such a man."

He found him in Al Wilson.

SINCE the death of Omar Locklear in 1921, Al Wilson has been recognized as the dean of stunt men. He was the first to change from one plane to another, making the transfer without a ladder or rope. He was nearly killed a year ago, when returning from location on *Hell's Angels* his prop broke and his chute carried him onto the roof of the home of Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck.

"I'll take on the bomber, and spin it if the wings fall off!" Al declared.

The bomber was trundled out, and the motors warmed up. The clouds were low, with patches of blue sky showing through—ideal for the shots they wanted. Wilson climbed into the cockpit and strapped on the safety belt. Howard Hughes as director was going aloft, and two camera ships prepared to take off.

Then a small chap, dressed as Wilson was with leather coat and parachute on his back, wormed his way into the fuselage of the bomber. Philip Jones, twenty-nine, had installed the smoke pots in the plane, and he planned to operate them when Wilson went into the spin.

"But I'd rather fly solo on this trick," Wilson protested. "Just pull the smoke pot rings before I go. They'll work all right."

Jones had seen other mechanics fail to make those smoke pots work right. He had seen other pilots come down smoke grimed and discouraged. It was his job, and he declared he was going.

Al opened the throttle; with a roar the great two-motored Gotha, with its skull and cross bones of death painted on the fuselage, took the air.

At 7,500 feet, over the San Fernando hills, the signal came that all was ready. The attacking ship swooped and fired.

Jones started the smoke pots going. The cameras ground out the story of a Gotha bomber shot down in flames.

Wilson zoomed upward, kicked his controls, and flung the lumbering plane into the deadly nose dive.

"Suddenly I had the feeling that I could never bring her out of that spin," Wilson declared afterward. "We were flopping down at high speed, every strut groaning. She'd never straighten out. I yelled to Jones that we must jump.

"I stuck with her for two thousand feet, wondering if Jones had got clear. I didn't see him in that dizzy fall. There was no more time to waste, for at any moment the plane might cease its crazy tumbling and fall like a plummet for the earth.

"Again I called to Phil Jones that I was jumping. Slipping the safety belt, I fell forward over the nose. The lower of the two propellors missed my body by a foot.

"My goggles had become encrusted with smoke grime until I could see nothing, and the gloves stuck to my fingers. I couldn't pull the rip cord of my chute until

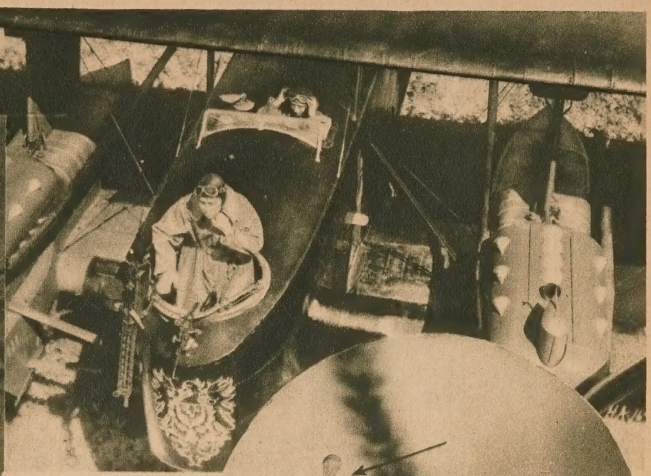
(*Turn to page* 85)

Dick Grace, who offered to do the stunt for $25, if Hughes would bet $10,000 he couldn't do it and live!

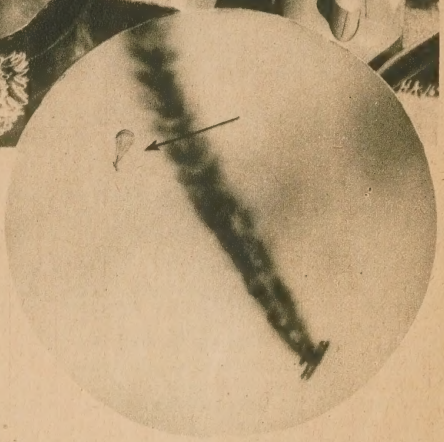
Thrill *the* Fans

Scenes from the movie stunt that startled Hollywood and killed a daring mechanic.

Ruth Elder autographs the cast on Al Wilson's broken foot, injured in the fatal crash of the giant Gotha bomber. —P. & A.



Ready for the daring attempt to put a German bomber into a nose spin, for the climax to Hell's Angels. *Wrecking the bomber is a small item in the three million dollars already spent on* Hell's Angels.



A striking photo showing Al Wilson and his parachute just after his leap from the doomed bomber, which is shown hurtling earthward to its tragic crash.

Al Wilson jumped in time, after the Gotha went into its tail spin at 7,000 feet, but Phil Jones, operating the smoke machines, fell to his death when the two-motored bomber crashed in a California orange grove. —P. & A.

So This Is

Lily Damita and Joan Crawford enjoy a lively discussion between scenes on the M-G-M lot, where Lily is working in The Bridge of San Luis Rey, *and Joan in* Our Modern Maidens.

A GANG of workmen were tearing down old sets at the M-G-M Studio and burning the debris. As the blaze shot up, some one saw it in the studio office and cried out:

"Look, quick. What is that?"

"Don't get nervous," advised Eddie Nugent. "That's down on the De Mille set. Cecil B. just asked for a match."

A Woman In Distress

HOW would you like to be an extra girl—
And take a test for a part—

And wake up the next morning to find you are going to Africa inside of five days?

Edwina Booth, chosen by W. S. Van Dyke to play the leading feminine role in *Trader Horn* had this unique experience. And what do you suppose was the first thing she said when signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the part?

"But I really haven't a thing to wear!" was her only thought.

Where There's Lap There's Hope

HE'S just one of those Sonny Boy fellows," said Mary Doran, speaking of a boulevardier.

"How's that?" asked her friends at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer round table.

"Oh, he's got that climb-up-on-my-knee complex," she replied.

Peter Pan Growing Up

BETTY BRONSON, the Peter Pan girl, who has been trying to grow up ever since her first picture and convince people that she is really a woman, has taken an apartment all by herself at the new Chateau Elysee. Mother has stayed at home and doesn't even go over to chaperon her. And Betty adores it, she tells me.

Dick's Trip

THE Richard Barthelmess' had a glorious time in Mexico City. They were dined and feted by the Ambassador Morrows, met the future Mrs. Lindbergh and what have you. Why, Dick even went to a bull fight dressed in a matador's costume. What everyone wants to know now, is when he'll make a bull fight picture.

When they came back the town expected that Mrs. Barthelmess would come out of her place by the home fireside and, at least, allow her picture to be taken with her husband. But she fooled them. Not one snapshot can be secured of this woman for publicity purposes.

Tool Good To Be True

MERVYN LeROY is stealing the thunder of the efficiency expert. He suggests that carpenters on sound stages have paint brushes on the other end of their hammers, so that when the signal comes for a "take" they can reverse their tools and go on working.

Erin-Go-Brogue

COLLEEN MOORE and her leading man, James Hall, have "gone Irish" for their next picture together, *Smiling Irish Eyes*. "The top of the mornin' to you, Mister Hall," Colleen calls sweetly when he comes on the set and James always has a b-roguish answer on the tip of his tongue. Colleen is learning to imitate her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Moylan Kelly, who was born in old Erin; while James has cultivated an acquaintance of his who speaks with a true Irish brogue. The talkies are responsible for a great deal.

An All-Chokie

GEORGE K. ARTHUR is under the care of an osteopath as a result of the choking inflicted on him during some scenes in *China Bound*, with Karl Dane as the chokee. The story demanded that Arthur be choked about a dozen times by the Danish giant.

A punch can easily be faked and yet appear as a healthy punch to the camera—but just try faking a choking scene once and see where it will get you.

On With the Dance

IN PRIVATE life, William Haines never goes to dances and actually didn't know any of the steps until he began work in his latest picture in which he plays a festive gob. He had to do the "varsity drag" with Anita Page, and as a result he had a dancing maestro as his companion, night and day, until he got the hang of it.

Sally Goes Courting

THE poor little rich girl has a hard time of it in Hollywood. Now comes Sally Phipps into court in Los Angeles petitioning for a new guardian and charging that her step-father

Hollywood

By
ANNE HOWE

Doris Hill gives her impression of the "Cleopatra pose," with results that Cleopatra herself would have been lucky to achieve. —P. & A.

has squandered or taken from her all her earnings. Sally goes on record that she will always love and contribute to the support of her mother, however, All gold does not glitter in Hollywood. It often brings heartaches instead of happiness.

The Net Gain

TWO dozen perfectly good champagne glasses were smashed by pretty Anita Page in a temper fit which she was staging for the lens recently, before an ingenious property man devised a net similar to those used for catching butterflies, in which he snagged the glasses out of the air when they fell outside the range of the camera.

Those What-you-ma-call-its

THE machinery for the talkies is far in advance of new terms with which to designate it. One technician called to another recently on the Al Jolson set:

"Give me that thing-a-ma-bob to fit on the front of this thing-a-ma-jig."

And he wondered what the bystanders were tittering about.

Time Enough for Moore

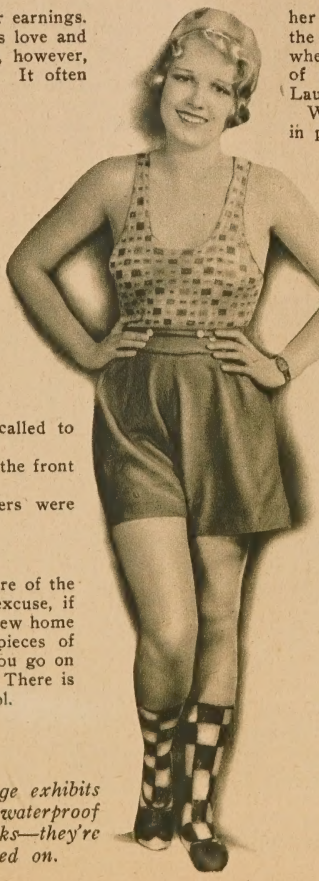
COLLEEN MOORE can always be sure of the time of day and will need another excuse, if she is late to a set in the future. In her new home at Bel-Air are installed seventeen timepieces of various makes and designs. Wherever you go on the estate, you find one looking at you. There is even one hanging over the swimming pool.

Omitting Laura

AN AGILE press writer at Universal conceived a gag for Laura La Plante, and wrote up a nice little story about Laura's excitement when she made her first picture. The story ran that she took all the neighbors down to the preview to show off and when the picture was shown there wasn't a shot of her. The cutting had done away with Miss Laura.

When the press woman showed Laura the story in print, Laura gasped. "But it's true! I worked three weeks in *Love* and took twenty-four people to see the first showing. When there wasn't one scene with me in it, I just had to become a star to live down the fun they made of me. But *how* did you know it?"

Would that all press agents were so lucky!



Anita Page exhibits some real waterproof beach socks—they're painted on.

We'll See

MARY PHILBIN was seen at the opera with a tall, good-looking non-professional man. In fact she's been seen with the same Hollywood outsider at several places. But she is still wearing the huge solitaire which Paul Kohner left her when he departed for Europe. Paul is expected back by the end of the summer, then we'll get the low-down on this engagement.

Ronald's Disguise

RONALD COLMAN always grows a mustache between pictures so he can take his vacations incognito. When he finishes *Bull Dog Drummond* he's sneaking away to the country and he claims he's going to stay long enough this time to grow two mustaches!

Her Guess

DOROTHY HERZOG, newspaper writer, was walking across the United Artists lot with Sam Goldwyn. Suddenly a cannon in the Colman lot thundered forth.

"My God!" said Dorothy, stopping short. "Someone is actually saying *'No'* to you, Sam Goldwyn!"

And Sam laughed the loudest!

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol are shown above resting a moment during one of their frequent morning canters.

A Local Tribute

BESSIE LOVE has been made a pal of The Breakfast Club as a local reward for her work in *The Broadway Melody*. Claire Windsor and Billie Dove are already pals of this man's organization.

Too Busy

AFTER waiting for three years for her husband to take time enough off to accompany her, Mrs. C. B. De Mille gave up and departed for a three months tour of Europe with her sister, Rebecca Adams. But hubby has promised to make the Orient after he has made one more picture.

Speaking of Operations

KAY JOHNSON, the New York stage actress whom C. B. De Mille imported from New York to play the lead in *Dynamite*, is causing a three weeks' delay in the production. She suffered an attack of appendicitis on Sunday which developed rapidly and turned into peritonitis on Tuesday. But it's an ill wind, you know. She looked so pretty in bed with her long hair and pallor that they've taken dozens of publicity stills of her. They figure the publicity should almost pay for the delay in the picture.

In Demand

CONRAD NAGEL is playing simultaneously in four pictures—*Redemption* with John Gilbert; *Dynamite* with C. B. De Mille; M-G-M's big special review featuring every stage star and circus performer and movie actress they can get and a series of one-act sketches. If you have a voice there's no danger of being out of work under these talking conditions.

He'll Get By

EDDIE NUGENT wants to be sure he gets by in the talkies. He's taking tests playing on the flute, dancing, singing, dialoguing, clowning and slapsticking.

"I don't know where I'll land but some of these tests are sure to find me a corner," he tells us. Remember, he's the boy who slipped into an M-G-M contract from prop boy when he took a fall accidentally before the camera that made everyone laugh so hard that he repeated it on purpose and was even more funny.

A Problem Overhead

AEROPLANES are really causing concern among the directors and producers because they cannot take talkies when one circles above a studio. The government has been asked to assist and is trying to zone the studio area. One stopped the filming of *Dynamite* the other day and George Bickford piped up, "Well, there's one fellow even you can't direct, Mr. De Mille."

You don't know C. B., George. He's been made chairman of the committee to do away with the menace.

Colleen's Pet

COLLEEN MOORE has a new pet. It's a baby pig, named Alloyseus hired as one of the animals in *Smiling Irish Eyes*. Piggie took such an instantaneous liking to Colleen that she can't get away from it. Drop into the First National lot any day and you'll find it trailing devotedly along behind her—even into the lunch room where it settles at her feet and waits contentedly until she has finished.

How Buddy Feels About It

GOING to an opening with Buddy Rogers in the party is an experience. He was stopped seventy-two times to and from the entrance of Carthay Circle theatre at *The Iron Mask* to sign books, hats (ladies', gentlemen's and children's), shirt cuffs and what have you.

Two turtles straining at the leash just before the start of a thrilling race. Who wouldn't be determined to win with such fair backers as Raquel Torres and Leila Hyams?

Finally, we asked if he didn't get awfully tired of it all.

"Well, to be honest, I get perturbed if they do and perturbed if they don't. So what can you do about it?"

Comment from the Audience

RAYMOND HATTON is a season seat subscriber for the boxing bouts at the Hollywood Legion Stadium where the film colony foregathers every Friday night.

Ray has heard many wisecracks from the bleacherites during his long attendance there but he claims the darb of them all was on a recent Friday night.

The stadium was in utter darkness, the only light being, naturally, on the boxers in the ring.

They were a pair of ham and eggers and were doing a waltz to the disgust of the crowd. For three rounds not a blow had been struck.

As the fourth round opened and they were floundering around a shrill voice from the darkness came:

"For God's sake, turn on the lights—we want to read!"

Mistaken Identity

BILLY JOY, brother of Leatrice, far-famed for his wit and geniality, attended a reception recently. Now Billy knows them all and they all know him but sometimes he gets the names mixed.

He called his host over to meet a certain girl, saying in his most gracious manner, "I would like to have you know Miss Ethlyn Claire."

The girl looked surprised, then laughed. "Why shame on you, Billy. I am Sharon Lynn."

Gag Me If You Have Heard This

A "GAG MAN" is the bane of any assistant's life. They are always causing him a lot of grief by their gags which call for material not in the script or shooting schedule.

A certain gag man rushed up to the director. "I have it! It's a wow. Turn on the water—he thinks it's the dog. He kicks the dog—gee, ain't that a pip? That's new, too."

The director looked to his assistant for approval.

"Yeh," said that person, "that is new. If Mack Sennett had patented that gag twenty years ago he would have made a fortune."

Greta Garbo, gazing at her own reflection in the mirror of her dressing table, finds reason to pause.

A Star's Stripes

RUTH ROLAND was guest of honor at a reception in San Francisco. Some admirer not knowing just what to say to Ruth noticed the great number of bracelets she was wearing.

"My, what a lovely collection of bracelets, Miss Roland."

"Those aren't bracelets, they're service stripes—one for each year in pictures."

Ruth Elder looks on while Bobbie Trout swings the bottle against the side of the plane in a dedication ceremony marking the opening of a new airplane service between Los Angeles and San Diego.

His Verdict

BILL MIZNER, America's playboy, was dining after midnight in Henry's where film folk foregather.

It was a day or two prior to the late Jack Conway leaving Hollywood for New York City after a more or less heartbreaking experience in the writing end of the film industry.

At a table across from them was seated a girl with a severe boy bob, ultra-severe mannish clothes and decidedly male mannerisms.

Bill glanced at the girl many times and finally said to Jack:

"What would you call that, Jack? Man or woman, boy or girl?"

Jack took one look, picked up his coffee cup and briefly said:

"Non-sextarian, Bill."

A Queen Without A Title

ONE titled person visiting in Hollywood has dropped her title because of the many fake titles hereabouts. She is Baroness Fern Andra, American girl well known abroad as an English and German screen star. While in Hollywood she is known simply as Fern Andra. She acquired the title by marriage in Germany.

¶ *Three Reasons Why the Sun Sets in the West*

No, this is not a geography lesson, although it started out that way. Properly, it's 'rithmetic, and we'll begin with some figures. First there is Sally Eilers. Divided by Alice White, the third is Marion Byron, and they are drawing interest to First National's forthcoming Broadway Babies.

May Be His Own Father

BEN LYON thinks that if they don't hurry up and finish *Hell's Angels* in which he is co-starred with James Hall and Greta Nissen, he will soon be able to play his own father in the picture. The story of the air was started more than a year ago and up to date Howard Hughes, youthful president of the Caddo Company is well on his way to investing $3,000,000 in the air gigantic.

Introducing Playwright

IT IS embarrassing, to say the least, to meet a friend and suddenly forget his name. This happened to Mary Nolan at the entrance of the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador one night not long ago. Mary met and recognized Bayard Veiller, the author of *The Trial of Mary Dugan.* She was with a group of friends and wanted to introduce him but forgot his name.

"Folks, meet the father of Mary Dugan," she announced.

Invitation

AND then there is the story they tell in Hollywood of the youthful film star, of feminine persuasion, who learned that her co-worker, Florence Vidor, had arrived on the coast with her new husband.

The star was throwing a little party at her Beverly Hills home and some of her guests wanted to dance.

An idea, something new for her, entered her fluffy head; she raced to the telephone, called up the Vidor establishment, got the beautiful Florence on the phone, congratulated her on her marriage, invited her to "come over" and then pulled a classic.

"Bring your husband with you," she pleaded, "and have him bring his fiddle, we want to dance."

Jascha Heifitz, in case you do not know, is the name of the new Vidor husband.

His usual stipend for concerts is $3,500 per concert.

What About Alice?

ALICE WHITE wants to know if a three-year-old marriage license is any good. She has one. Can anyone answer this question for Alice?

Yet in the same breath she says she hasn't been out in six months, not since her new contract and declares, "If I can save enough money I will never marry!" Well, she bought her first bonds last week and now she's purchasing a big car done in blue and is hunting for a German chauffeur with a mustache.

What To Do

SPEAKING of Laura Hope Crewes, the New York stage actress who was brought to Hollywood to train Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland for the talkies—she bought a new Ford upon her arrival. But three weeks after its purchase the car stopped in the center of Hollywood boulevard. Nothing would encourage it to sputter. A car in the rear pushed her to the garage.

"This is a new car! I can't understand it. It just refused to go. What can I do about it?" she demanded.

After looking it over, the mechanic replied, "You might give it some gas, some oil and some water. It doesn't seem to have a drop of any of them at the present!"

No Yes Man

UPON Lily Damita's recent personal appearance tour, she chanced to be riding in a private automobile in New York City. The traffic officer motioned the car forward then ordered it to stop. Lily was indignant. She jumped to her feet and shouted:

"You bad mans! Why you say 'yes'—then 'no'? In Hollywood we do not do dees ting."

That's right, Lily, there's no place like Hollywood.

Her Opinion

IRVING CUMMINGS was making a picture which called for a speakeasy scene and a number of girls were engaged as atmosphere.

Sitting on the side lines waiting to be called two of them began to dish a little dirt about Hollywood in general.

Eventually one chanced to comment on a certain character player of uncertain age.

"They tell me," said the blondine, "that she is going to have her face lifted."

And the Titian-haired one replied:

"My Gawd! If I had a pan like hers I'd let it lay!"

Ja wohl, English ist so Getalket

CAMILLA is all excited about learning perfect English due to the talkies. She won't even allow her Berlin maid to speak German to her. She is teaching Helena English.

It was a cold day recently when the maid started out for her shopping.

"You must wear your brown cape, Helena! It's freezing," Camilla ordered.

"No, Miss Horn. I cannot. I selded it!"

"Can't you ever learn to talk good English, Helena? You don't say you *selded* it. You say you *solded* it. Please remember what I tell you in English!"

Buddy Gets Raise

CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS has at last been given a new contract by Famous Players Lasky. He made three starring pictures on the old salary of $300 a week with bit players receiving as high as a thousand in the same production. He has celebrated his good fortune by leaving his eighteen-dollar-a-week board and room place with friends and taking an elegant apartment in the Chateau Elysee, the new ninety-

(*Turn to page* 91)

Nancy Carroll and her girl friends are giving a lawn dance that should bring the neighbors running.

CINEMA SLANTS

Robert E. Sherwood

¶ With this issue, SCREEN SECRETS presents Robert E. Sherwood as the conductor of a department of informal, amusing comment on pictures and players. As the dean of American motion picture critics, and as former Editor of *Life*, Mr. Sherwood is singularly well-prepared to bring our readers each month opinions of the highest critical value tempered with the rich vein of humor that has characterized his writing for many years. Mr. Sherwood's views will be a monthly feature of SCREEN SECRETS henceforth.

Confession

HAVING been a motion picture critic since the days when Theda Bara started to shoot off the sparks that finally ignited Flaming Youth, I naturally ought to know a lot about the private lives of the cinema stars. But I don't.

The only interesting bit of information I ever picked up about any of them was that Pola Negri used to love a man who smoked a pipe. I never did find out, however, if he was the one that Pola actually married.

My attention has always been fixed on pictures rather than on those who make them. My education has been gathered in the theatres rather than in the studios.

Once, it is true, I did take a trip to Hollywood, in the hope that I might discover some of the alluring immorality which had been described so glowingly in the newspapers. I was disappointed. I looked everywhere, hopefully, but I couldn't find any traces of the widely-advertised vice.

So I returned to my own home town, New York, and have remained there ever since. I have learned that I don't have to go three thousand miles across the continent to discover immorality. I can find plenty of it, and much better, too, just around the corner.

A Warning

CONSEQUENTLY, I warn you not to expect any revelations of spicy scandal in this article, or any other article that I may write. There may be plenty of

hot news from Hollywood—but I get it only second-hand, as you yourself do.

All I know is what I see on the screen. The only rumors I ever hear come out of loud speakers.

Which reminds me: in former times, when kind friends learned that I had been seeing five or six pictures a week for years and years, they would say to me, "I should think the strain would ruin your eyes."

Now their most frequent remark is, "How do your ears stand it?"

What Are They Coming To?

MANY people have observed that the talking pictures will revolutionize the style of entertainment on the screen, but few have guessed the extent to which that revolution will be carried.

Here is a startling evidence of originality from *The Broadway Melody*, the best (to date) of all the gabbies:

The hero (played by Charles King) learns that his girl friend (Anita Page) is about to succumb to one of those despicable villains who are known as "millionaire clubmen." The villain has bribed her with diamond bracelets, town cars and luxurious apartments, until she is ready to give in.

The hero dashes to the villain's home knowing that the girl is there; he is determined to rescue her from a fate worse than death. The noble fellow attacks the villain with both fists, but the millionaire clubman knocks him cold. Then, as an additional insult, the hero is picked up and thrown ignominiously out of the villain's residence, and lands outside in a highly undignified position.

The heroine runs after him and tries to restore him to consciousness.

"Darling," she sobs, "are you hurt?"

He blinks at her out of a rapidly swelling and blackening eye.

"What do *you* think?" he inquires, bitterly.

If the invention of the Movietone means that heroes are going to come out second best in their fights with villains, then the revolution will be a serious one.

The next thing you know, they'll be showing us a picture in which the United States Marines fail to arrive on time.

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Lon May Sit on Your Lap!

ONE of the many effective episodes in *The Broadway Melody* is a reproduction of a scene from a musical show, with singers, dancers, chorus girls, etc. It is photographed in Technicolor—this being the first time, so far as I know, that talk and color have been combined on the screen.

Eventually, all pictures will be all-talking and all-color. Add to that stereopticon photography (which is now being perfected) and the screen will be completely realistic.

Stereopticon photography is perhaps the most sensational invention of them all. It will eliminate the flatness of the screen. It will give the effect that the characters in the picture are actually in the same room with the audience.

Imagine what a thrill it will be to see Lon Chaney advance toward you and then sit down in your lap!

D. W. and Lupe

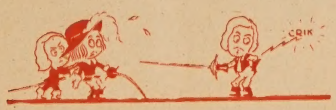
YOU should make it a point to see David Wark Griffith's picture *Lady of the Pavements.* It is mostly in silent form, though equipped with a sound accompaniment, and it provides excellent entertainment of a soothingly romantic nature.

Here and there it bursts forth into conversation and song—and in these audible episodes Mr. Griffith proves that he knows a lot more about talking pictures than do most of the younger directors. In fact, the Movietone seems to have rejuvenated him; it has inspired him with new ideas.

The star of *Lady of the Pavements* is Lupe Velez—and if anyone heretofore has doubted the talents of this peppery little Mexican actress, let him see her now and apologize. She is not far short of marvelous.

America's Sweetheart

SPEAKING of alluring young ladies (as who isn't?), a vast number of Mary Pickford's aging admirers are due to receive a terrible shock when they see and hear her in *Coquette.*



Mary has abandoned more than her curls. She has cast overboard her traditionally pure juvenility. She is now stepping out as a rival of Clara Bow, Alice White and all the other lip-sticked but not kiss-proof flappers. I venture the guess that she will get away with is beautifully.

Mary's husband is also undergoing a change. In the last half of *The Iron Mask* Doug Fairbanks appears as a gray-haired D'Artagnan. He is comparatively dignified and deliberate in his actions. When he jumps from a high window, and lands on the cobble-stones below, he fails to bounce with the old resiliency.

Perhaps Doug realizes that the days of the strenuous romantic melodramas are over. Even if they are, Doug himself needn't worry. When he stops being an agile acrobat, he will still be a grand actor.

As you undoubtedly know, *The Iron Mask* is a sequel to *The Three Musketeers,* in which Doug appeared eight years ago. It was the first of his really big productions, and was followed by such memorable triumphs as *Robin Hood, The Thief of Bagdad* and *The Black Pirate.*

Aside from Doug himself, there are five veterans of *The Three Musketeers* who re-appear in their old roles in *The Iron Mask.* They are Marguerite de la Motte, Nigel de Brulier, Lon Poff, Charles Stevens and Leon Barry.

Among those of the original cast who subsequently became famous were Adolphe Menjou and Barbara La Marr. Both of them played small parts in *The Three Musketeers.*

Hearts in Dixie

IT ISN'T easy to predict whether or not *Hearts in Dixie* will have a wide appeal for movie audiences. It is a picture of plantation life in the old South, acted almost entirely by negroes. Some of it is hilariously funny, some of it is tuneful, but most of it is excruciatingly sad. It is as uncompromising in its dismalness as though it were concerned with Russians under the oppressive rule of the Czars.

Those who fail to see *Hearts in Dixie* will miss one of the most deliciously comic performances in the history of the screen. It is contributed by a thin, ultra-black young man named Stepin Fetchit. Mr. Fetchit appears as an appallingly lazy, good-for-nothing, no 'count coon, and it is what he doesn't do rather than what he does that makes him worth travelling miles to see.

Incidentally, *Hearts in Dixie* is all-dialogue, punctuated with numerous negro spirituals, dances and steamboat whistles.

Those Foreigners

A leading topic of discussion among film fans is, "Will the talkies ruin the foreign stars?" I hear that Emil Jannings has flatly refused to speak from the screen and is going home to Germany when his present contract expires next fall. Lupe Velez, of course, has already tried out her accent on the Movietone, and appears to be safe. The fate of Vilma Banky, Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio, Renee Adoree and other imported products is still in doubt.

What about Greta Garbo (otherwise known as "The Clinging Fool")? It is terrible to think of her speaking out with a Swedish accent, "Ay bane yust a goot girl."

Of course, some of the so-called "foreign" stars (I could name several of them, but won't) will turn out to have rich Kansas accents.

Taking Her Time

Billie Dove tells of the demands of stardom, and explains how she manages to crowd her daily activities into twenty-four hours—a real feat.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THE hours I spent with thee, dear heart . . ." Billie Dove might well sing to the tune of *The Rosary,* adoringly, and in her most lyric tones at the feet of her husband, Irvin Willat, "are as nothing compared to those I must spend in upholding the estate of stardom."

Now with you and me it's different. Life is just a routine of tumbling from bed, bathing, brushing our teeth and combing our hair. We eat our breakfasts blissfully undisturbed by ringing telephone and prosaically wend our ways to the office, the shop, the factory, the mill. We lunch, we work, we dine, we dance, we bed.

But a motion picture star—a motion picture actress—is life so easy for her? How much private life is she privileged to when doting millions want autographed photographs, interviews, radio talks, personal appearances and new films? How much free time has she after the schedule of endless duties is cut, pie shape, from the circle that makes twenty-four hours?

Billie Dove is going to tell us all about it. Look at Billie, here, smiling for you. Sitting on an apple green divan in the apple green luxury of her new dressing suit. Look at the crinkled brass of her bowl-shaped new lamp, with its chiffon-layered shade. Look at the little ash trays of rose-colored Venetian glass, hanging like delicatessen displays on the gilded stand. Look at the huge clump of rhododendron waxy and pink and flowering like a tropical plant, that Irvin Willat sent her.

Billie Dove must remember the clock even when snatching a moment's relaxation between her countless duties.

Look at Billie, herself, waiting for you, in a woolen suit that has plaits in the skirt and is the color of marrons. And don't you love them? With carnelians about her throat. Her throat—it's white and like a column. And with carnelians and silver about her small and supple

left wrist. Look at Billie, waiting to tell about the demands of stardom.

Fortunately, Billie admits, her husband who is a director, and heaven knows where he can find time to do everything, but some men are clever, tends carefully to her business matters. He sees that the apartment house in which they are joint owners has a good, capable, conscientious manager and that the tenants don't walk off with the cornice in memory of their fair and famous landlady. And then there are other matters of stocks and bonds and things of which you and I must plead ignorance. And don't you dare ask Billie if she buys on margin.

That leaves a span of twenty-four hours into which Billie must crowd dress fittings of frocks for personal and studio wear, tests of hair and voice and costume, story conferences, interviews, personal appearances, lunches, teas, dinners, dances. In each swiftly moving day she must pose for photographs, answer fan mail, devote some time to painting, reading, swimming; study French lessons, endorse guaranteed products, have her portrait painted or sketched, appear at benefits, interview servants, visit well friends and ill as well as the children's ward at the Hollywood Hospital. Recently she has beeen furnishing her new three-room dressing suite.

"I try to run our home, too . . . shopping for meats and vegetables and arranging the table.

"When I am working in a picture I usually arise at about six forty-five. I like to leave the house for the studio about eight or sometimes before. That gives me an hour and a quarter to bathe, breakfast, put on my make-up and hastily take another look at my lines.

"Talkies have taken up much of the little leisure we had. Before I have always found odd moments that I could convert into pleasures, or apply to things that I really wanted to do, but not any more. I spend all mv spare time memorizing lines. I find myself repeating them eternally; so much, in fact, that I took to doing needlepoint on the set, just to ease my mind and still the circle of lines it was performing. I finished one footstool cover for my mother during the making of *Careers* and immediately started on one for Mr. Willat's mother, a dear old person of seventy-six who lives in Florida.

Billie Dove with James Montgomery Flagg and a sketch of her drawn by this famous artist—if only all her time could be spent as pleasantly!

"The best time to learn lines, I have found, is just before you retire. I usually lie in bed and read them over. No matter if I am horribly tired from a hard day's work and fall into bed immediately after dinner, I read my lines and they seem to sink into the subconscious, with the result that in the morning they are mine for good, and need but a bit of polishing.

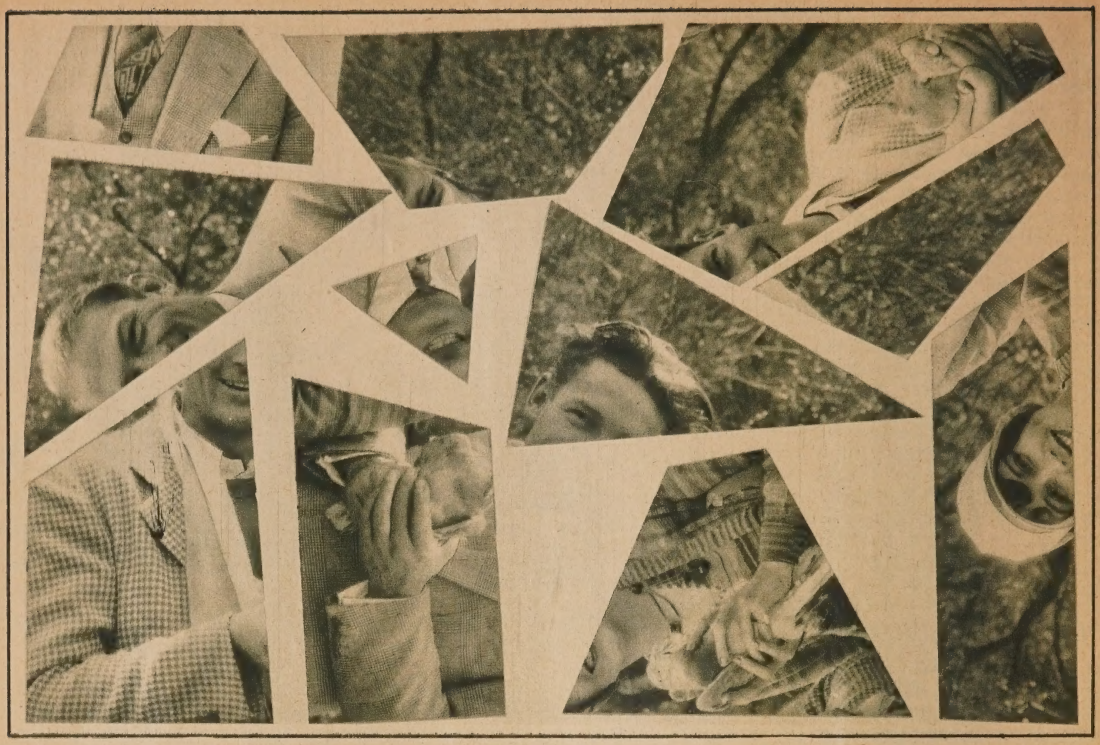
"I leave the house just before eight, reach the studio about eight-thirty and finish my make-up, after which I undress and get into my picture costume. Then I give a fleeting look to my lines again. I am on the set from nine until twelve or one o'clock, depending entirely upon the progress of the work. Our lunch hour is not an hour, but usually about forty-five minutes. I have just time to grab a bite of food, because if I haven't a dress fitting, there is an interview or photographs to be made, or some pictures autographed."

That day Billie had given three interviews. In the good old days, B. C. (Before Chin-ema) is was easy for the press to sit idly on the set and pick up snatches of conversation with the victim between scenes. Because of the utter silence and the certain secrecy surrounding the making of talking pictures, those days are gone forever.

"Shooting," continued Billie, and aren't you glad, now, that you came? "is finished about six or six-thirty and then we troop to the projection room to see hasty copies of film shot that day. Sometimes I crowd a dress fitting in after the rushes. If we are not to work

(*Turn to page* 98)

Billie Dove and Rod La Rocque in a scene from The Man and the Moment—*her strenuous work at the studio is only a part of the obligations of stardom.*



Puzzle:—Find *the* Stars

HERE are three well-known players. Can you fit the pieces together and name them? SCREEN SECRETS offers $1,500.00 in prizes to the winners of this contest, which began in the April issue. The final puzzle picture appears next month—four in all. Copies of preceding issues may be seen at public libraries, or obtained from Fawcett Publications, Minneapolis, Minn. Read the rules carefully and join this fascinating game now! This is puzzle Number Three.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

1st Prize	-	-	$400.00
2nd Prize	-	-	$200.00
3rd Prize	-	-	$100.00
4th Prize	-	-	$75.00
2 of $50.00	-	-	$100.00
4 of $25.00	-	-	$100.00
5 of $20.00	-	-	$100.00
5 of $15.00	-	-	$75.00
20 of $10.00	-	-	$200.00
20 of $5.00	-	-	$100.00
50 of $1.00	-	-	$50.00
110 Prizes	—		$1,500.00

Follow These Simple Rules:

1. SCREEN SECRETS will award $1,500 in cash prizes, as listed, for the correct assembly of the four puzzle pictures of the contest, appearing in the April, May, June and July issues of SCREEN SECRETS; for the neatest presentation of the puzzles; and for the best brief biography, told in one hundred words or less, on one star in each of the four groups.

2. Contest began with the publication of puzzle No. 1 in the April issue of SCREEN SECRETS, and continues through the May, June and July issues of the magazine.

3. Contestants must keep all puzzles until publication of final set in July SCREEN SECRETS. Contest closes July 15, 1929. Anyone may compete except Fawcett Publications employees and their families.

4. There are no entry fees, and contestants need not purchase SCREEN SECRETS to compete. Copies may be inspected at public libraries, and it is permissible to trace the puzzles on plain paper.

5. All entries must be sent first-class mail, prepaid. None will be returned.

6. The verdict of the judges will be final.

7. Duplicate prizes will be given tying contestants.

8. Send your entry to Cut Puzzle Editor, SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Nils Asther's Dream Girl

Nils Asther would eagerly wed his ideal girl—if he could find her; in this article he tells exactly what sort of woman could bring him marital bliss.

By BOB MOAK

Nils Asther's handsome features are combined with a thoughtful intelligence that has analyzed matrimony and women.

SOMEWHERE along America's great Main street lives Nils Asther's dream girl. Someday, if her whereabouts are revealed to him, she may become Nils' bride.

Nils has seen her and talked with her often—in his dreams. He has read her soul. He knows her innermost thoughts.

But he does not know her name, or where to find her! Perhaps you can help this famous screen Romeo to locate his ideal!

Nils is able to aid you with many clues to her identity:

She is not an actress, he says.

She is not necessarily beautiful.

She is a good cook, and enjoys preparing meals of plain, wholesome food.

She is not socially ambitious.

She is interested in music, good books, and enjoys motor trips and mountain hikes.

She has an eye for color harmonies and interior decoration, but does not go in for fads.

Her temper is not of the violent type, but, on the other hand, she is not passively submissive to his every whim.

She has an individuality of her own, but respects Nils' right to his likes and dislikes.

She is not of a jealous nature.

She does not suffer from an inferiority complex because of Nils' career.

So there you have the dream girl, as pictured by Nils himself. Perhaps she is your sister! Possibly she is the girl next door! But wherever she lives, you know her. Why not send Nils her name and address!

I HAD dined with Nils in his home high up in the hills overlooking Hollywood. We had discussed Shakespeare and Kipling, America and Sweden, the stage and the cinema. We were sipping our coffee before the open fire in the living room when I asked Nils why he did not marry.

"Experience has taught me that marriage is something that one must not rush into," he replied. "I am waiting for *the* girl to come along. She is the ideal wife. I call her my dream girl."

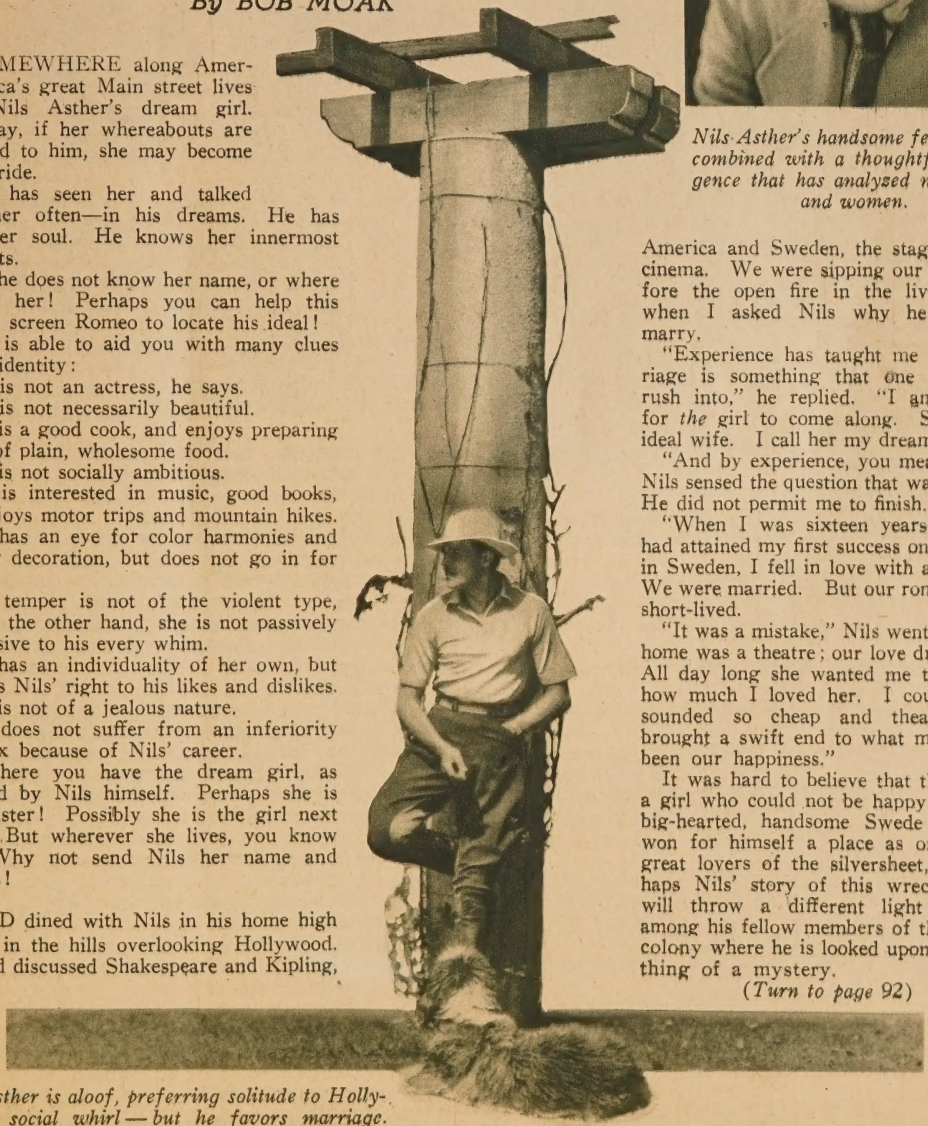
"And by experience, you mean . . . ?" Nils sensed the question that was coming. He did not permit me to finish.

"When I was sixteen years old, and had attained my first success on the stage in Sweden, I fell in love with an actress. We were married. But our romance was short-lived.

"It was a mistake," Nils went on. "Our home was a theatre; our love dramatized. All day long she wanted me to tell her how much I loved her. I couldn't. It sounded so cheap and theatrical. It brought a swift end to what might have been our happiness."

It was hard to believe that there lived a girl who could not be happy with this big-hearted, handsome Swede who has won for himself a place as one of the great lovers of the silversheet, but perhaps Nils' story of this wrecked hope will throw a different light on Nils among his fellow members of the cinema colony where he is looked upon as something of a mystery.

(*Turn to page 92*)



Nils Asther is aloof, preferring solitude to Hollywood's social whirl — but he favors marriage.

The MURDER of

By
HARRY CARR

¶ Five people were sent to prison for killing Tom Kerrick, film cowboy.

¶ Yet no one, to this day, knows who murdered him!

¶ Here are the facts. Can you deduce the motive and the name of the murderer?

Three cards that spelled tragedy for Tom Kerrick when fate cut the deck. Joe Hunt, Tom's cowboy buddy, wanted to throw a party, to celebrate his arrival in Hollywood. Sarah Kerrick, Tom's wife, was held on suspicion, along with Anita Davis, pretty film actress, when the wild party ended with the shots that snuffed out Tom's life.

THIS never would have happened if Mr. Joe Hunt had not drawn a full house from a pair of deuces.

It led to one of the most singular situations ever produced by an American court. Five people sent to prison for killing Tom Kerrick; and not one of them knowing who killed Kerrick. The police still as much in the dark as the night they found Kerrick dead on the kitchen floor with a bullet in his heart.

The story begins a long way back.

Tom Kerrick and Joe Hunt were cowpunchers. They were the kind of cow men who had a lofty scorn for rodeo riders and fancy rope twisters. They called themselves stock men; and they had chased the lowing kine over the hills and through the chaparral on every big range in the southwest. They shot from the hip and fanned the hammer.

After some years palling together on the ranges, something astonishing happened. Tom fell in love. And like the colored lady who mourned when she mourned, when Tom loved he loved.

The lady of his unaccustomed affections was a young lady named Sarah. She was a ranch girl herself. She could sit straddle of any horse that ever bucked and keep on sitting. Also she could cut up considerable foolishness in the way of loops that one jumped through when she had a lasso in her hands.

Joe gave up Tom as a lost soul. He never would have thought it of him. But he conceded, with cold dignity, that the next thing that happened when you fell in love with a gal, why you married her.

That sounded reasonable to Tom. Wherefore he married Sarah.

Marriage, it seems, is a very complicated business. When you get married you can't go sleeping around in bunk houses—or curled up in a pancho out on the lonely prairie. You got a wife; and now what are you going to do with her?

Sarah, being a girl of aggressive ideas, settled that problem very promptly. She and Tom would go to Hollywood and be motion picture cow people.

After all the gun fights Tom had been in down on the border, with fractious Mexicans and saloon champions, it seems ironical that he was to die with his boots on in a Hollywood bungalow. But that's the way it worked out.

He and Sarah set out for the film city and soon were riding horses that Tom secretly scorned as tame cows in front of the camera; and shooting blank cartridges at motion picture villains. They got along fine and had a swell time—as Tom occasionally confided in Joe—when he managed to scribble out a short and painful letter to him.

Whether Joe secretly envied them and got kind of hankering for Hollywood himself I don't know.

But anyhow, that night down in Arizona, the cards came his way. He struck one of those spells where he couldn't lose. He filled from a pair of deuces; and that settled it. His opponents stalked solemnly and sadly out into the night and Joe tried to find pockets enough to hold the swag. As far as he could see, he had won enough to pay off the French national debt, but he had no intention of doing so. He was going to Hollywood.

Joe got himself all fixed up in some new store clothes and mounted a bus. Other passengers were amused or alarmed, according to their experience, at the way Joe amused himself on the long tedious journey across the desert. He sat on a front seat and popped everything he saw with his 45 Colts. He cracked all the pop bottles between Tucson and Hollywood and the jack rabbits still probably speak of it as "the night of tears."

For two cents, Joe would have turned and sneaked out of town after his first morning in Hollywood. There were

the Movie Cowboy

so many autos tearing up and down the streets that they scared him to death. He stopped several people and asked them where Tom Kerrick lived; but nobody seemed to know. Seemed gol darn unneighborly to Joe.

Somehow or other he got on the track of Tom. It was well on into the evening when he finally stumped up on Tom's front porch and hammered on the door. Sarah opened the door herself.

After the first greetings were over, Joe said bashfully that he would like to give a party; and wanted to know if Sarah couldn't kinda steer the thing for him.

Sarah, having by this time learned the ropes pretty well, said promptly she would go over to the bootlegger's and get a quart.

"Quart," gasped Joe—genuinely shocked—"what'd we do with a quart? Here, take this and git a gallon to start with and tell the feller we'll be over after more." And he handed Sarah a roll with which she could have bought a distillery.

Sarah came back with a gallon—and something that intoxicated Joe much more than would have a barrel. A young lady. A motion picture young lady. She looked like the beautiful cigarette pictures that Joe had hoarded. She had the beautifulest red lips and wavy hair. Joe was simply stricken dumb. He had to fall back on the gallon.

IT WAS midnight when Sarah decided that what they needed was re-enforcements to make it a regular party.

She went to the telephone and rang up Henry Isabel. He was a cowboy who had ridden the range with Tom and Joe.

Henry was a little dubious about starting to a party at half an hour past midnight. He said he had to go to work at the studio at six a. m. with a company that was starting on location.

He finally yielded, however, and said he would come and bring Anita Davis.

They blew in some time in the early hour of the morning—a little disheveled but enthusiastic.

If Joe was dismayed by the loveliness of Iris Burns, one sight of Anita Davis knocked him for a loop. She was a blond.

Sarah started to pour a glass of hard liquor for them in one of her little whiskey glasses; but Joe interfered. He had been against those funny-looking glass thimbles from the first. A blond like this Sheba deserved the honor of a real drink. He swept Sarah aside and poured a golden stream into some jelly glasses that he found.

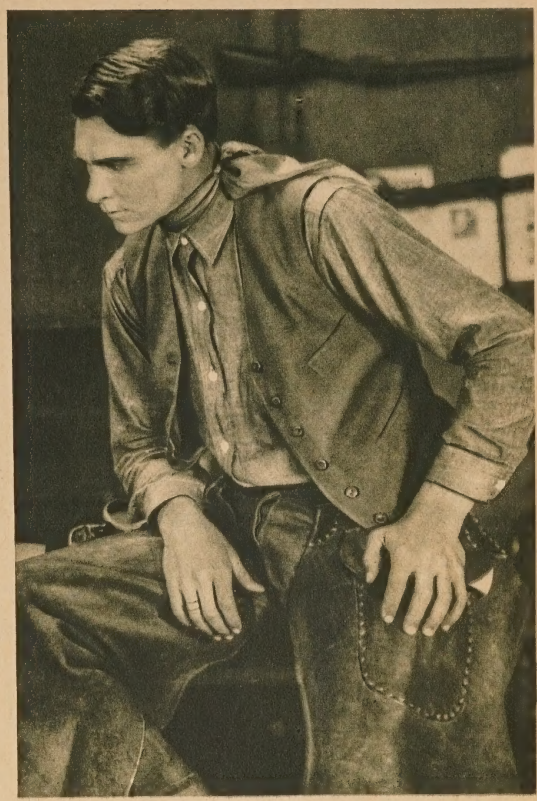
"We bin drinking quite some," he explained. "You'd oughta catch up."

The events at Joe's party from that time became very hazy.

The only clear and outstanding event is that just before sunrise a call came to the Hollywood police station that a dead man was over at Tom Kerrick's. And the "fast wagon" went whirling down the quiet streets to the bungalow.

What they found was this:

Tom Kerrick was lying on the kitchen floor. Near him lay Joe Hunt. The police didn't know which was the dead one. It was impossible to rouse either one. A little trickling stream of blood on the floor under Tom showed them. Joe was only drunk.



Tom Kerrick was a cowpuncher who "went Hollywood." With Hoot Gibson, he rode hell-bent through many a thrilling horse opera of the films, and in the end he died with his boots on, killed with a six-gun. But police don't yet know who pulled the trigger.

Mrs. Kerrick was weeping wildly. Iris was enjoying a session of hysterics. Henry Isabel was sitting in an automobile on the curb, very drunk and very dignified. Anita was quite composed.

On the kitchen floor, near the body of Kerrick, was a big cowboy revolver. The police smelled the muzzle; opened the cylinder. One shot had been fired.

The preliminary inquiries were unsatisfactory; so the police hustled them into the wagon and took them all to jail.

For the next week, they were given the third degree. It was a very hard process for Joe to endure. He did not know that any white man was expected to hear himself called such things without somebody shooting.

They got nothing out of Joe. He said with the utmost candor that all he remembered was getting drunk; getting drunk and going to sleep with blissful dreams of blonds and ladies with scarlet lips.

(*Turn to page* 94)

Crooning a love song in Hearts in Dixie, *Stepin Fetchit proved a sensation. His shuffling walk brought laughs in* Show Boat. *Now he's a star in Negro comedies.*

A Shining Star *from* Dixie

Hollywood is going Dixie—the latest Colored recruit to fame is Stepin Fetchit, a natural born comedian who stands out "like a black shoe in a snowdrift" in the new Negro films.

NO WONDER this happy-go-lucky colored boy is stepping to the front in Hollywood's sudden flair for Negro pictures—Stepin Fetchit was named after a race horse!

Stepin is riding joyfully on the crest of a rising tide of color now flooding the talkies, and his funny walk, lazy manner of easing his tired feet, and other simple mannerisms have caused more laudatory comment from the fans than any number of complicated humor stunts.

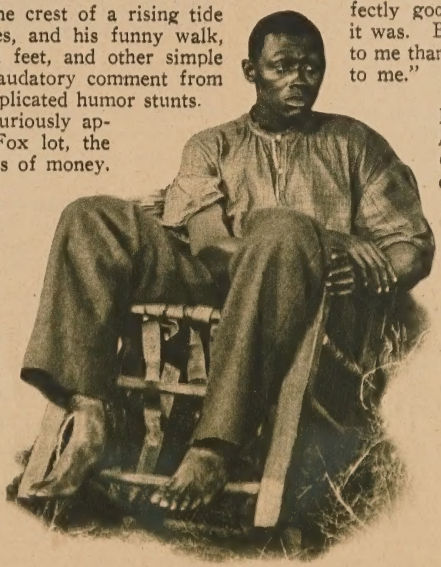
By contract, Stepin has a luxuriously appointed dressing room on the Fox lot, the respect of movie moguls, and lots of money. It's just one of Hollywood's magic twists that brought Stepin from the everglades of Florida to fame and fortune.

Asked how he came by his name, Stepin explained with some pride.

"I once knew a thoroughbred race horse called 'Step and Fetch It'" he said. "I curried and fed and washed that horse for his owner, and that horse sure did have an influence on me.

"Ever see a proud-steppin' racer, slicked up like a flash of sunlight, stamping at the post? Maybe you can understand why I admired 'Step and Fetch It.'"

Stepin eased back and rested his feet with a sigh. "I decided that a man couldn't have a better example than that horse. He was a fighter, and a winner. So I got to figuring, and decided to use his name. Of course, I already had a perfectly good name. Abraham Lincoln Perry, it was. But somehow, that horse meant more to me than Abe Lincoln, 'cause he was so close to me."



Jes' restin' is "Step's" favorite sport. But he got his name from a fast race horse.

So the quaint name of Stepin Fetchit came to grace the casts of *In Old Kentucky, Show Boat, The Ghost Talks, Hearts in Dixie,* and other popular Negro films.

IN APPEARANCE, "Step," as he is called about the lot, is no different from the orthodox Dixie variet . When he is not on the set working, he usually is to be found sprawled beneath the scorching rays of a California sun, sleeping the sleep of the seven sleepers of old. Nor does he suffer any evil effects therefrom.

Mr. Fetchit's locomotion is native and heavy; his enunciation a cross between a mumble and whine. The customary mysticism of his race is offset by an unusually agile mind. These very qualities urged

(*Turn to page* 85)

Letters of a Movie Extra

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Dolly:

Believe me, cherub, if kicking really did any good, my legs would sure raise a protest against the ruthless wrecking of regular rules for working wenches.

Talk about *rising* in the film industry. Why, Bebee, I've been steppin' high, wide and handsome, first with one foot and then the other, for weeks and weeks out at the "U" on *Broadway*. I've heard "One, two, three, kick!" until that is exactly what I would like to do. All the studios are making *Broadway* specialties of some sort and all the extras that are working are kicking and those that are not working are kicking because they have no kicking to do. I haven't had both feet on the ground at the same time for so long that I feel like an ostrich, or a World War veteran.

However, Glenn Tryon stands in front of us and chirps all the time and there just isn't a thing we wouldn't do for him. Dolly, that is one man mirth-provoker to whom you can't say, "You aren't funny. It's only your face," because he really is handsome and he really is funny. Funny about that, isn't it?

As I said before, every studio is making a Broadway picture. Between *Broadway Melody* at M-G-M; *Broadway Bound* at the Met; *Broadway Babies* at First National and just plain *Broadway* at the "U," one might say they were making pictures out here in rather a *broad way*.

Of all the sets I have registered kicks on recently, I think I've enjoyed *Broadway Babies* most. Here the head hoofer is Alice White. She is supported (I suppose I should say competed) by Sally Eilers and little Peanuts Byron. Now little Alice just never was a chorus girl and learning dialogue, songs and steps all at once has her so confused that she has her back to the camera half of the time.

Well, dear, we love that! The longer she lingers on the line-up the longer Le Roy lets us live on the lot. You know Mervyn Le Roy, the boy scout director is calling out the commands—squads right, squads left and all that—. The only complaint he has registered so far is "My God, girls, we're paying that orchestra ten dollars an hour!" No reference made to the dough they're dealing to the donkeys—I mean ponies.

You see, Dolly, it's like this. They have the best dance instructors in the U. S. on these sets showing us how everyone from Gilda Gray to Isadora Duncan became famous.

So far, we have had no *voice* in the matter. It is only our heels that click but some of the more advanced extras have actually talked into the mike. They foolishly fancied that if they were permitted to have a voice in the making of movies they would be rewarded by larger checks. Imagine their embarrassment when they cut instead of raised.

Another thing that is worrying me is this colored invasion. They have made several all-colored productions—when I say all-colored I don't mean techni-color either. I don't know how we are going to get by on that—we can't all pull Jolsons, not and get by with it.

I went to a preview this week and who should be there but Joseph Schenck. Honest, Dolly, he stood close enough to me so that I could easily have reached out and touched him. I wish that I had done so—you see, I have always had a wild desire to know what a producer *felt* like.

I saw Nils Asther the other day and he *actually* spoke to me. He must have thought I was someone else but if you tell that to the kids at home just pretend that he knew it was little me.

Love,

FRANCOIS FERN.

Miss Dolly Dimples,
Stamp
Burning
Montana.

Their Exchequered

First-of-the-month bills hold no alarms for Dolores Del Rio, who draws $8,500 a week.

Did you know that Colleen Moore, First National star, receives every two months as much as the President of the United States gets in a year? Here are some astonishing figures on the Hollywood pay-roll.

By JACK WOOLDRIDGE

If you envy Corinne Griffith, think what a tax she'll have to pay on a salary of a million and a half for three years.

THE President of the United States is paid a salary of $75,000 a year and is given $25,000 for traveling expenses. *Colleen Moore earns that much and more in sixty days.*

The Vice President of the United States is paid a salary of $15,000 a year. *Jack Gilbert, Corinne Griffith, Al Jolson and probably John Barrymore, are paid that much every week-and-a-half.*

United States Senators and members of the House of Representatives are paid salaries of $10,000 a year. *Scores of movie actors and actresses earn triple and even quadruple that sum.*

According to the biennial report of the Department of Commerce given out a short time ago, the motion picture producers paid out $56,298,560 to 7,598 salaried officers and employes during the year 1927, and $18,637,005 to wage earners.

HOW THE WEEKLY PAY CHECKS READ!

Al Jolson	$15,000
Colleen Moore	12,500
John Gilbert	10,000
Corinne Griffith	10,000
Richard Barthelmess	9,000
Dolores Del Rio	8,500
Lillian Gish	8,000
Lon Chaney (about)	5,000
Ramon Novarro	5,000
Ronald Colman	5,000
Greta Garbo	4,000
Vilma Banky	4,000
Rod La Rocque (De Mille contract)	4,000
Reginald Denny	3,250
Clara Bow (plus bonus)	2,500
Monte Blue	2,500
Joan Crawford	2,500
Laura La Plante	2,500
Dolores Costello	2,500
Lily Damita	2,000
Jetta Goudal (De Mille contract)	1,750
Alan Hale	1,750
Charles "Buddy" Rogers (estimated)	1,500
William Boyd	1,500
Mary Philbin	1,500
Lupe Velez	1,500

Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Harold Lloyd, make their own productions and take the revenue therefrom. With the exception of Gloria, all are reputed to be worth millions. Tom Mix, too, for years shared in the earnings of his productions and amassed a million or two of his own.

Dolores Del Rio is under a partnership contract to Edwin Carewe and Joseph M. Schenck, but is a full-fledged United Artists star. The Mexican beauty is to make seven pictures for the company for which she will be paid $100,000 each. About two will be produced each year, during the making of which she will receive salary checks for $8,500 per week until each $100,000 is paid. *Ramona* was the first production under this contract. *Evangeline*, the second, is now under way.

The most desirable contract in the movies from the standpoint of straight salary, is held by Colleen Moore. First National pays her $12,500 a week, provides a manager, two secretaries to handle fan mail, a studio maid, an assistant director, a publicity man and permits her to keep any gowns which she wears in pictures. The reason for this amazing contract is, of course, the name of Colleen Moore. In the city, the small town, the village, Colleen packs them in and her pictures earn the money which warrants a salary of this size. When the little Irish star walked off the lot in the spring of 1927, and it appeared that an irreparable break had occurred, the gloom about the studio was as thick as a London fog and the outlook as dark as the sky of Pittsburgh. But when the differences were ironed out, she returned amid a flood of sunshine and figuratively, with the bands all playing.

At the same studio is Corinne Griffith who has just signed a new contract calling for a salary of approximately

Careers

$10,000 a week or a gross of $1,500,000 in three years. For this sum she will make six specials, all "talkies," and the contract provides that she is to appear in no program pictures.

SIMILAR in many ways is the new contract of John Gilbert with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Jack is to be paid $250,000 a picture and make two each year, his salary to be forthcoming at the rate of $10,000 per week. On this $500,000 a year he will have to some way or other try to get along. He will get no further aid from his employers.

At the same studio is Ramon Novarro who holds one of the most unusual contracts of any player in Hollywood. Ramon is to appear in two productions each year, have six months off in which he may engage in concert or any other work except making movies and is to draw $5,000 per week. Novarro has long wished to join musical concierges in Berlin and Paris and his contract signed last October affords the opportunity.

Richard Barthelmess, under his recent agreement with First National will get $9,000 a week for forty weeks of each year. Ronald Colman is getting $5,000 a week from Samuel Goldwyn, Vilma Banky, $4,000, and Lily Damita, the sensational little French star who has just come to America, will worry along for a while on $2,000.

Lon Chaney is another who has a sweet-coated contract, envied by countless stars. Chaney is paid around $5,000 a week. But he quits work not later than 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon. If for any reason it becomes necessary for him to work at night, he need not return to the studio next day. If he does not like the character role assigned him, he may veto it, and his word is final. Under no circumstances are his photographs to be given out by the studio unless he is in character costume. However, Chaney is one of the most reasonable and consistent of all screen actors, is a delight to directors, supporting casts, cameramen, electricians and the like. But when he says "no!" it sounds as though a bear trap had snapped. "No!" doesn't mean "maybe" with him.

First National pays the highest salary of all for a girl star. Colleen Moore receives $12,500 a week.

AL JOLSON'S earnings cannot now be estimated. His contract with Warner Brothers was negotiated in New York and is locked in a vault. It is said, unofficially, that he gets a weekly salary of $15,000 while making a picture and thereafter is paid ten per cent of its gross earnings. I do not know that this is true. He helps prepare the stories, lends his own songs and his net income likely will measure up to, if not exceed, that of any player in films. Jolson was paid $5,000 for a radio broadcast in New York and $20,000 for a week's personal appearance in San Francisco. The latter was a by-product of his picture career.

Lillian Gish signed a contract with Metro in 1925 calling for a total payment in two years of $800,000 at the rate of $7,692 a week. This was the last contract she entered into for extended services. She does not work in individual pictures for less than $8,000 per week.

Probably the most astonishing contract of all is held by Clara Bow. The "It" girl whose blazing flapper (*Turn to page* 96)

Domestic happiness is not hard to keep for Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, whose combined income is $8,000 weekly.

Mary Steps Out

Mary Pickford's choice of *Coquette* marks a milestone in her career, but it's no mere gesture of freedom—she's always been her own boss.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

HOLLYWOOD has its pet supposition. Hollywood would or it wouldn't be Hollywood. If Hollywood didn't have that, it would have a rumor. Or a surmise.

This time it's a mere supposition.

This time it has to do with Mary Pickford.

Last time it was Conrad Nagel and the amazing discovery that, abetted by dulcet vocal tones and the talkies, he has considerable of that appeal known as *sex*.

Pretty soon Hollywood will discover, upon reading the scientists' reports, that mosquitoes, as well as gentlemen, prefer blondes. And there will be ample conversation for a week.

And then Manuel Sotres, whom it thought was a prince—a Spanish prince—and was only an Andalusian capitalist's son and handsome, will come in for his share.

At the moment Hollywood is buzzing with the idea that Mary Pickford—"at last," are its words—is having her own way. That Douglas has relented, though heaven knows why; and that Mrs. Pickford's passing, a subject that is still hurtful to Mary, has freed her from maternal fetters.

They interpret that from her social activities. The teas that she attends. The fact that Pickfair, the hilltop estate of Mary and Douglas, heretofore rarely profaned by other than visiting noblemen and their ladies, and by the sacred cabal of the little group that forms Hollywood's social pinnacle—Doug and Mary and Charlie; is now being thrown open for dinner and evening parties, with now and then a tea.

They talked, too, about her haircut, which went from a long bob with soft waves into the smartest shingle.

Mary Pickford in the arms of John Mack Brown in Coquette, *a play characterized by Doug as grim and ugly.*

Mary bought out the entire lower floor of the Figueroa Playhouse, recently, and gave a theatre party to the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in which she is an active participant, and to her friends of the press. Hollywood immediately interpreted that as a gesture of freedom. Mary had not done a thing like that before. Always Mary's public appearances had to do with a tree planting, the unveiling of a statue, the dedication of a civic building. Was this a grand gesture, Hollywood wanted to know, or was it so grand? Was it not a rather sweet—a sweet, generous, impulsive, even timorous motion to become a part of this Hollywood of which she, as First Lady of Cinemaland, had heard so much about and not mingled with?

She frequents Montmartre, occasionally, and attends showers for ladies who intend to become brides. And she and Marion Davies made plans for a little surprise luncheon, at the studio, for Bebe Daniels.

All this Hollywood noted and commented on.

It became gossip, this question of "Is Mary having her own way?" when she selected *Coquette*, of the New York stage, as her own. It could have been bought for any other actress in the colony and not caused a murmur. Unwed cinema mothers and nameless cinema offspring are legion among film offerings. Even *Way Down East* was voted a film classic, and in it Lillian Gish did her marathon through the snowflakes with her babe.

But Mary, America's Sweetheart—Mary of the curls and the childlike face—had never rubbed cinematically, against

(*Turn to page* 99)

"I don't believe I could play a little girl on the screen again," says Mary. Farewell to such scenes as the one above, showing Mary in one of the earlier characterizations which so endeared her to millions.

CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

Not Discouraged

JEAN ARTHUR, who recently had her marriage annulled, is now going about with Carter Herman.

Wedding Rumored

IT IS believed in Hollywood that Leslie Fenton, film player, will soon wed Sylvia Beecher, stage and screen actress.

Prefers Career

LITA GREY CHAPLIN, home from a vaudeville tour, says she isn't going to marry Roy D'Arcy. "I'd be foolish to marry anyone just now," says Lita. "I'm doing so well on the stage. And, after all, I had no intention of marrying Mr. D'Arcy."

Sally Attracts Millions

CY BARTLETT, well-known Wall Street millionaire youth, is being attentive to Sally Blane.

Sues for Divorce

MARJORIE BONNER, whom everyone thought so fortunate when she married the wealthy Jerome Chaffee, of Santa Barbara three years ago, is suing for divorce.

A Change?

NILS ASTHER is now very attentive to Seena Owen. Nils and Greta Garbo were often together during the making of a picture in which they both were playing leading roles.

Will Try Again

OLGA BACLANOVA and Nicholas Soussanin journeyed to Riverside the other day to obtain a marriage license. They had planned to return to Los Angeles for the ceremony but were informed that they would have to be married in Riverside. When no Greek Orthodox priest could be found there, they returned home and postponed the marriage plans until later.

Chooses Count

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, formerly well-known on the Hollywood screen, who in the past year has been playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*, on the London stage, has announced her engagement to Count Anthony De Bosdari, cousin of the Italian ambassador to Germany.

Just Waiting

BRYANT WASHBURN, former film star, has been waiting for his final decree of divorce, it seems, to marry Dahlia Pears, former Toronto girl who is playing extra in the movies. Very soon now they will wed.

Romance Renewed

MANY a pair whose romance has been considered finished, has begun romancing again in earnest. Such a pair are Olive Borden and George O'Brien, who are again seen constantly in each other's company.

Another In-law

CORINNE GRIFFITH is to have a new mama-in-law. Oliver Morosco, veteran theatrical producer of the West and father of Corinne's husband, Walter Morosco, is going to wed again. Morosco's third wife will be Helen McRuer, twenty-six-year-old graduate of the University of Arizona.

How Al Santell

Al Santell, director of such stars as Vilma Banky, Corinne Griffith, Dick Barthelmess, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, and many others.

Cracking the whip over Alice White, drawing out the drama instinct in Clara Bow, giving Dick Barthelmess the sympathy that makes him work, or battling with Jack Mulhall—that's how Al Santell, noted director, brings forth the best that's in his players. In this heart-to-heart story he gives you a candid picture of the stars, as only their director could know them.

As told to RUTH BIERY

I'M GOING to tell the absolute untarnished truth. I hope I'll be forgiven! Naturally, we directors have each our own method of handling actors and we each have a distinct and separate method for every star we handle. It would be impossible to get work from Vilma Banky as I get it from Alice White, for example. Since I have just completed a Vilma Banky picture, suppose I begin with her.

Vilma is essentially mental. You analyze the picture for her and then leave her alone. She is as diligent as an extra girl even though she is a star. And she has that rare faculty of looking at herself impartially—as though she were someone on the screen *other than* Vilma Banky!

Pola Negri was accustomed to watch herself in the projection room, I am told and say, "Oh, you are won-der-ful, Pola! You are beau-ti-ful; you are cute; you are gorgeous!" Vilma Banky sits in the projection room with her director, her cameramen and a few others and says, "Vilma, I do not like you there. You do not do so well." Or, "That scene is all right, Vilma. You did like I wanted."—A critic reviewing her own picture.

Perhaps the cameraman does not like the way she looks in a scene. He may feel he has not done her justice. "But I look like a girl who sat up until three o'clock in the morning. And that's how I'm supposed to look. I am satisfied with it," is her answer. How many would analyze that situation and want to look like a girl who had been up until three in the morning to the detriment of her beauty in a close-up?

Alice White is entirely different. Where a director handles Vilma through intelligence, he handles Alice with a whip.

I do not dislike Alice, but I had to assume an attitude which made her feel I had an antipathy for her. She objected to the angles from which she was being photographed; to the manner in which she was being lighted. One simple scene in the picture required her to adjust her stocking and give her dress a little hitch. The scene was taken twenty-two times. Alice could not adjust the stockings right—perhaps because she never wears them. But she is accustomed to opposition. She began as a script clerk and has fought against one thing and another all the way up the ladder. I found it necessary to make her fight even her director if she were to get good scenes for the picture. She is like a xylophone in an orchestra—you play it with hammers.

TO HANDLE Clara is an entirely different proposition. I did one of her first pictures, *Empty Hearts*. She has become more sophisticated since then. She had a lot of soul and *still has* although it has been somewhat isolated by her producers. She had much heart, and still has. Her mind has never been calculative. At that time, and I presume it is still true, all one had to do was to touch Clara's soul. Not being mental, we did not reduce a scene to a mental process. She plays entirely from the *inside!* You tell her the story of what a girl is supposed to be and she *believes* the story. Tell her that the girl has suffered and Clara suffers. It is instinctive with her. You never tell her *what* to do. What the girl does in the story, Clara *will do*. Remember, she was new to pictures at this time. Yet, she did as clever a piece of technical work in one scene, in just the way she *walked*, as I have ever seen. Knowing her antecedents I was anxious to know why she did it. I asked her. "I don't know. If I walked in this room and that man offered me jewelry when I was in love with someone else, I'd appreciate his offer but I just couldn't take it and I'd walk away from him in that manner!"

Dick Barthelmess is to me—well, I can't find superlatives enough for him. He has a marvelous faculty for being able

Dorothy Mackaill always had something important to do at five o'clock—until Al dragged her back to the studio one day.

Makes the Stars Shine

to encase himself within a role. When he has a part he loves, he lives it. He has a failing of sometimes selecting a story mainly because of a great characterization in it for him. This is not intentional; he knows stories but he knows acting and characterization better.

Dick must be handled through sympathy. Most actors have to be prompted through a scene; Barthelmess cannot work if he is being prompted. He must know that *you* have the feel of the thing he is trying to do.

I directed him in *The Patent Leather Kid, Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* and *Wheel of Chance.* The latter is one great specific example of how Dick handled me! This was a case of where I believed in the story and Dick believed in me. He knew I'd had a wonderful mother and this was a story of a boy with a wonderful mother. He decided to take me as his example. We were in my place preparing to go down town and choose his clothes for the picture. "Ready to go?" I inquired.

"Do you mind if I go upstairs in your wardrobe?" he parried.

He picked out his every suit for the picture from my things. "Now, I'll play it. You tell me what you would have done and what your mother would have said—I'll play you and your mother."

In the courtroom scene I sat close by and quietly described the people he would be seeing. "There's the man with the little eyes smiling out at you; there's the one—" Not telling him *what to do* but carrying to his imagination the exact situation of the story.

He is like a violin, a Stradivarius. Four strings finely strung, great tonal quality. An instrument which takes two hands to play with deft fingers and smooth bowing but marked by no keyboard upon which to find the notes. An instrument for a solo or one which fits into any orchestra. But one which may screech if not handled sympathetically.

THERE are two types of women who are successful on the screen. One is the type whom men look at and want to protect. They resent anyone attempting to hurt them and are willing to rise out of their seats in a theatre and punch the "heavy" in the nose. The other is the woman men want to possess. For her, a man will willingly substitute himself for either the leading man or the "heavy."

Until *Classified,* Corinne Griffith was the orchid of the screen whom no one should touch lest the petal turn black. With *Classified* the orchid was put in a glass case and she became a beautiful carnation with rough edges—one which any man would willingly wear in his lapel.

The handling of Corinne is extremely difficult to analyze. She can never be kidded into doing something which is foolish. She must believe in it—have faith instilled in her.

She would be worthless if forced to do something she did not like. She chooses her stories, her leading men, her directors. Upon her own shoulders lies a great part of the blame for her failures and a large portion of the credit for her successes.

She is not temperamental unless you count in the fact that she will not come onto the set until ten o'clock in the morning and leaves promptly at six. But she is always there on the moment. She doesn't like to sit around in her dressing room when she is called but likes to have things ready for her sequences.

Jack Mulhall likes to *act.* I have had my greatest fights with Jack

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Alice White is a fighter; she learned to battle alone. She found a worthy foe in Al, and so did Jack Mulhall. But they're good friends just the same, when the day's work is done. Clara Bow isn't "mental" but she has an instinct for drama that few directors realize so well as Al.

Cash—or Splash?

The talkies taught Hollywood a lesson. With the future uncertain, many stars have begun to save, and even the newcomers are getting the habit of thrift.

By HARMONY HAYNES

Alice White is sitting pretty, with a tidy sum laid by for a rainy day.

GLITTERING extravagances are passing into limbo out here. You never can tell what may happen next, for if your voice squeaks, where are you? The stars are tacking up some neat little signs over their doors: "Teach Your Dollars to Have More Sense," and "A Penny Saved Is a Scotch Joke."

Only it isn't a joke. And Helen Twelvetrees, one of the new crop, is taking it as seriously as the veterans. But let me tell you something more about Helen before I start moralizing again.

Helen Twelvetrees, former Broadway star, now in the talkies, isn't afraid of a wolf at the door.

Helen used to pack 'em in on dear old Broadway. Night after night she drew crowds in to see *The American Tragedy, Elmer Gantry* and others. First nights meant only hard work to Helen. There were no jewels, no limousines, no orchids for her. Back in her dressing room she used to sigh and say, "If I were rich—"

She came west. She attended one of the cinema city's famous openings. Modestly gowned, shy and wide-eyed she watched all the usual display, the glamour, the glitter—the splash of Hollywood. Again she shook her wise little head and sighed, "If I was rich—" Then she met the usual fate of a stage star coming to Hollywood—they grabbed her for the talkies.

Her first week's salary she received with a sweet "Thank you." Then she hurried—not to a shop to convert it into a new gown—but back to her hotel room. She sat at her desk and looked at that first check a long time. It wasn't so large, but oh, what she could do with it and the ones that were to follow! She got out a pencil and paper and started to figure. After hours of adding, subtracting and dividing she found a way. One-half for the *Future*—one-half for the *Present*.

"But it is kinda hard on you, poor little *Present*," she told one-half of that check, "you have to do so much for Helen. You have to pay my rent, buy some furniture, a car and pay for all my clothes. I won't be too hard on you, though, I shall be very careful. And as for you, Mr. *Future*," she told the other half of the check, "all you have to do is to lie in a nice savings account and grow fat and when I am an old, old lady I'll make you take care of me."

NOR is Helen Twelvetrees alone in this *movie-ment*. There's Eddie Quillan, and all the other Quillans—nine of them, living happily in one house. It is a large house, to be sure. Nine people take up a lot of room.

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Eddie Quillan, William Deitz, Barbara Hunter and Jeanette Loff used a plane to enable Eddie and Jeanette to appear at the wedding of William and Barbara—and then get back to the studio for the day's work.

Society in Cinemaland

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

THE premiere of a Fairbanks' picture is always the occasion for gala social events in Cinemaland. The opening of *The Iron Mask*, at the Carthay Circle Theatre was no exception. Among those who entertained at dinners before the show and at suppers afterwards were **Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove), Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hawks (Mary Astor), Miss Mona Rica, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Luther Reed, Robert Fraser** and **Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenyon (Jane Winton).**

Hundreds of fans and sightseers crowded behind the ropes in the long promenade leading to the theatre entrance and packed the streets in the immediate neighborhood. As each celebrity alighted from his equipage and was announced at the microphone, the crowds cheered and applauded vigorously. They took an immense interest in **Doug** and **Mary** and their four guests—lovely **Lillian Gish, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Geraghty** and **Mrs. Frank Case. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** and **Joan Crawford,** as loverlike as ever, arrived a bit later.

Rod La Rocque and **Vilma Banky** were the subjects of much applause. Young **Arthur Lake** brought a burst of laughter with his amusing speech at the "mike," winding up with: "If this fellow Douglas Fairbanks keeps on making pictures, he'll make a name for himself!"

Lupe Velez was in the East, so **Gary Cooper** came with **Anderson Lawler,** a recent recruit from the stage to the screen, who is to play in Paramount's *Magnolia* but who is also coaching Gary for the title role of *The Virginian;* Mr. Lawler is a Virginian and is teaching his native drawl to the tall Montanan, and declares him an apt pupil. Gary spent the intermission signing programs for the eager fair, but directly after the last fadeout on the screen, he rushed from the theatre and broke all speed records getting home in case there'd be a long distance from Lupe.

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Sue Carol, Nick Stuart and Marian Douglas, arriving for the opening of Hearts in Dixie *at the United Artists Theatre.*

Putting SCIENCE

—Paramount.

"Brunettes experience emotions far more keenly than blondes or red-heads," says Dr. Marston. Doris Hill is the subject.

¶ Are you in love? Then read this article! Here are the startling facts about the reactions of men and women to sex appeal; how red heads, blondes, and brunettes have different amounts of attraction. Dr. Marston is showing Universal directors the way to increase the kick in movie kisses.

By HENRY MacMAHON

TESTING the amount of emotion in a film, and and measuring sex appeal of the screen sirens is the latest Hollywood idea. And Dr. Marston, famous inventor of the "lie detector" used by police, is trying it out at Universal City with startling results.

He can tell exactly how an audience will react to a passionate love scene. Do chests heave, grips tighten, blood pressure rise? Then the picture will be a success! A complicated apparatus measures the whole set of reactions scientifically.

Dr. Marston was buried under huge stacks of stories when I came to interview him for SCREEN SECRETS.

He explained that he was "eliminating those parts of a picture which will have no emotional meaning on the screen. I can also put in a lot of emotional meaning that showmen don't know of or recognize. How to convey passion without vulgar body display, for instance."

Interesting! I asked him what he thought of vamping as done on the the shadow stage by our beautiful Hollywood damsels.

"Some of it is crude," he said flatly. "Girls must not be limited to any particular style of vamping to be effective—they must understand the whole game, the idea back of it all.

"A beautiful body and face don't attract with nearly the strength of a beautiful face and *charming manner*. That is a concrete illustration of the great factor in women's inducement appeal, which is her feeling of giving happiness and of blending with the emotions of those who are watching her. On the other hand, woman's subjection to overmastering power is erotic in effect, and where such subjection is intermingled with cruelty, we have sadism."

THE next minute he fairly shook me out of masculine conceit when he said: "Man's idea of love is not love at all, but passion—which is appetite! Woman's love is a combination of active inducement and passive submission. The average male tends to be far too dominant, and fails to understand the true nature of love, which is more of a giving than a receiving.

"There is very much more love in the world today," he mused, "than there ever was in the Victorian age. Women are the biological source of all love; they are getting much more control of social standards, and they will make love freer. And if the men only knew it," added the professor shrewdly, "the men will get more excitement if women control the situation; it's man's dominance that comes in and cuts love out of it!"

Evidently a tricky affair, love—and all too easy to make a misstep. The doctor holds to the theory that women are the huntresses and captivators, and men the hunted. "The love story is a female proposition in which the men are the pawns, and it's the queens you have to watch!" Dominance enters in, too, and compliance, which is yielding without love. But in normal emotion it's really the man, not the woman who surrenders to the captivation of love.

"What is the nature of your tests?" he was asked

Dr. Marston bending over the dials to see how an audience reacts to a love scene. If bosoms heave and grips tighten, the instrument makes its corresponding report.

into SEX APPEAL

How will you react when you see Billie Dove and Rod La Rocque emoting in The Man and the Moment?

"We can test the girl herself by registering the amount and duration of her bodily changes wrought by her emotion, and then we can test the audience reaction by getting a lot of boys together and observing the effect of her love-making. The two sexes show certain marked differences, the man's blood pressure rising but the woman's blood pressure dropping, in love passion; the breathing, muscle contraction, heart beats and sweat activity change different ways in the feeling of different emotions."

"What about blondes, brunettes and auburns?"

"Did you ever see a blonde playing the role of a vamp?" the doctor counter-questioned. "Of course you have. And did you notice how she played it? A blonde has two possibilities. She can be a cave woman or she can exhibit herself.

"I have seen a very wonderful blonde screen actress get her man by landing on him with a flying football tackle, tipping him over backward on the floor, and landing on top of him! The audiences liked it. The picture was a big success. That blonde draws a tremendous salary every week, and she earns it. When a man is love-captured by a cavewoman he gets the thrill of his life out of it, and so does the audience. The blonde, in this case, expresses her *dominance.*

"Now take the other blonde procedure — exhibiting her physical charms freely. That method works sometimes. Men in the audience like it, of course. But are they really captivated by a blonde who dons a handful of silk or a tight bathing suit, for no reason at all, for appearance in the midst of a drawing room scene?"

The love professor gave an emphatic "no!" to his own query, having tested it on a score of fellows who refused to get excited, declared the shot "pretty crude stuff" and that "more than be seen on the bathing beach any day."

"A blonde exhibiting her charms is not subtle enough," he concluded, "it is too business-like, too obviously for an ulterior purpose. The psychologist must advise against casting a blonde for a seductive role unless she is past-mistress of the cavewoman technique, or unless the role calls for an out-and-out sex-for-money gold-digger sort."

—M-G-M.

"A blonde doesn't register on your pulse unless she's dominating—a cave woman," Dr. Marston asserts. Here is Mary Doran.

HAVING shattered our fond belief in blondes, the professor next attacked auburns:

"Consider the red-head, how she seduces! She tackles not, and neither does she swim. And yet psychology tells you that Solomon, in all his glory, never resisted one of these! Red-haired women are born to burn men up —and if you don't believe it I'll refer you to the ghost of Marc Antony. Just ask him how Cleopatra did it, and how red her hair used to get when Antony's glance strayed to one of her slave girls!

"Our tests last year at Columbia University showed that red-headed women have more *inducement* emotions than all

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GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A GREAT BIG STAND

One look at beautiful Dorothy Janis, featured M-G-M player, is enough to explain why women like her are placed on a pedestal.

KING FOR A DAY!

How'd you like to rule Hollywood—even just for a day? That's the thrill Billy Bakewell experienced when Doug made him the King in *The Iron Mask*, and bowed before a boy!

By HELEN STARR

A MOVIE fan, like you or me—watching and admiring the famous stars. That was Billy Bakewell. Then, like a hero in a romance, young Billy suddenly found himself a king, with the greatest of all Hollywood bending a knee before his throne.

It was a gorgeous dream for this youngster, but a real one. He had played a few extra bits, with a specially good part in *West Point*, but the thrill of a lifetime came when Doug Fairbanks chose him to play the part of Louis XV in *The Iron Mask*.

Billy told me all about it, with eyes sparkling joyously.

"When Doug decided to make me the king, there were no half-way measures about it at all," Billy declared. "Doug was already living the part of D'Artagnan, who had vowed to protect the King of France. You know how Doug tackles a job! Well, I had to learn horseback riding first.

"Then, from nine to ten each morning, I had a fencing lesson, and Doug took me with him to the gym. There we'd play that game he invented, called Doug, where he uses feather darts in a sort of tennis match. That was real fun. After our game, we'd have a shower and a huge lunch."

Doug doesn't stop at half-way measures. Billy had to learn how to write as Louis XV did, copying the King's signature from old manuscripts.

"But the biggest thrill was this—" and Billy pointed to the iron mask in his room. "Mr. Fairbanks gave me one of the three iron masks made for the picture," he said. "He kept one, and the other was broken. And look at this!"

Billy's eyes danced as he showed me a huge picture of Doug, with: "To my kind friend, with affectionate regards, Douglas Fairbanks," inscribed across the bottom.

Billy Bakewell is the Hollywood boy who became King—with Doug Fairbanks as his loyal subject. Billy is a native son, graduating from Harvard Military School in Los Angeles, where Doug Fairbanks, Jr., studied.

CAN you wonder that Billy's blue eyes grew big and full of intense feeling as he tells you about this, his first big dramatic role?

Billy is not a tailor-made man. He's in too much of a hurry to be a mirror worshiper. Refreshingly, he lacks personal vanity.

He plays tennis with Johnny Mack Brown and Arthur Lake or goes off on desert camping trips with these same friends. He belongs to the Masquers Club and goes to their revels each month.

You will hear that in Hollywood one must be very blasé to create a weighty impression, but in Billy's case, the evidence all seems to point to the desirability of being anxious—enthusiastic—eager!

"I liked doing the bad twin of the King best," Billy said. Here he is with Doug, who gave him fencing lessons and trained him for the part.

How Hollywood

Margaret Livingston, exhibiting enough charms to guarantee her continued success in vampire roles for as long as she wants to play them.

—Photo by Freulich.

Gets You

Hollywood, the paradoxical city: nowhere is there such opportunity, nowhere so many pitiful failures.

By

Margaret Livingston

I RAN away from home in Salt Lake City. My wedding date had been set, my trousseau made. But, somehow, I just couldn't go through with it. I was sixteen and red-headed. Hollywood was beckoning.

"Wealth," I thought. "Fame. Glamour of the studios. A panorama from an odd corner of life. Tinsel. Artists. Comradeship. Kindly souls ready to help. A gorgeous, beautiful new world where everyone laughs in doing his bit of make-believe."

So I packed my suitcase and crept away in the night. It took $35 from my $75 savings to pay my fare on the Los Angeles Limited. But it would take me to my dream city. I felt no regret.

Oh, those wonderful hours of reverie! I loved them. I found my Hollywood. No, not *my* Hollywood. But *a* Hollywood; a Hollywood of beauty and tinsel, of opportunity and wealth, yet a Hollywood of bitterness and tears. Nowhere in the world is there a land of such opportunity. Nowhere are there such pitiful failures.

HOLLYWOOD gets you. I love it. Because long ago I learned to laugh at its bitter disappointments. Sometimes there was a bit of hysteria in the laughs. But the world never knew. The world doesn't care about hearing griefs. But it shouts when it sees one beginning to fight. This is no place for the weakling or one who is devoid of grit. I've seen beautiful girls come and go—thousands of them—discouraged and beaten. Because they didn't know Hollywood. Because they couldn't take its wallops and keep on keeping on. Remember Robert W. Service's *Law of the Yukon*?

> This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
> "Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane—
> Strong for the red rage of battle; sane for I harry them sore;
> Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core."
>
> * * * * *
>
> Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
> But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

Apply that to Hollywood. The "red rage of battle" is unending. I was called to Universal studios not long ago for a screen test—a talkie. They were assigning parts for *Broadway*. There were thirty of us waiting in one little room. A famous English actor was there who had just played the leading role in *The Silver Cord* on the stage; a waitress who once had good roles in pictures; a

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Margaret Livingston emerges with this deliciously sunny smile after having known heartache, disappointment and bitterness in her struggle to cinema success.

Our Modern

Gil put his arm around Billie and drew her close.

Carefree, ultra-modern Billie Brown considered the world her football but in the iron-willed Glenn Abbott she sensed danger—what would be the outcome of her reckless decision to match wits with him for the sake of her fiance? It's not too late to begin the fascinating story of *Our Modern Maidens*, Joan Crawford's forthcoming picture.

What has gone before:

BILLIE BROWN, carefree, sophisticated daughter of the fabulously wealthy B. Bickering Brown, motor magnate, lightly accepts the proposal of Gil Johns, attractive young idler of wealthy family, but wishes to keep the engagement secret until he gains some post of importance in the diplomatic service.

On the train returning home from school with her gay set of friends, Billie meets Glenn Abbott, much older than the boys in her crowd, and a polished worldling of experience and immense political power. She is attracted to him, and decides to cultivate him with a view to enlisting his aid in getting Gil a position in the diplomatic corps. Meanwhile, Kentucky, a youngster of the crowd who envies her more sophisticated playmates and is deeply in love with Gil, succeeds in attracting his attention and in spending some time with him.

Billie has invited Abbott to her birthday party; although he refused at first, he decides to attend, and in the bizarre revelry of that night Billie succeeds in exciting his desire for her. And while she carries on this flirtation which has stirred the first real passion she has ever known, Kentucky's overwhelming love for Gil leads her to draw him away from the rest of the crowd, into a secluded spot hidden by pampas grass. Gil is unable to resist her, and yields to her caresses in a burst of passion.

Now go on with the story:

PART III

THE aftermath of a whoopee party is that eleven o'clock hangover. By noon most of the guests had staggered down to the terrace and thrown themselves groggily into chairs and hammocks. One of the merriest girls the night before now lay on the floor beside the fountain, dabbling her handkerchief in the pool to lay against gritty eyes. Reg and Blondie, supporting each other, stumbled down in lounging pajamas and flopped into a swing.

In her luxurious modernistic boudoir, Billie was making a leisurely toilet. Before her knelt a maid to adjust her belt. The attitude was significant—all the world knelt to Billie Brown.

Now she yawned so prodigiously again that her head seemed about to burst. Momentarily in her pain she forgot her father seated beside the dressing table, spreading out the morning paper before him.

"Here it is," he gloated, "'the smartest dance of the summer was given by B. Bickering Brown, motor magnate, honoring the birthday of his beautiful and charming young daughter, Miss Billie Brown, at their palatial home . . . .'"

"Swell, Dad!" interrupted Billie, sliding to his knee where she perched precariously, dabbing heady perfume on her smartly plucked eyebrows and the rouged tips of her ears. "It's a great life—if you don't waken. Flying high, wide and handsome! Who can down us? None, say I!"

"The paper headlines it as a brilliant social event! It mentions my millions and comments on your beauty."

"We know how to make whoopee, eh, Pop?" she exulted. "And now I'm up to something that will be sure-fire front-page stuff for the motor magnate's baby!"

"Yeh?" he asked eagerly.

"Positively! But—" she added with a tantalizing little grin, "it's my secret for a while!"

KENTUCKY had awakened to a feeling that all life was changed mysteriously and wonderfully. She loved Gil with all her heart. She was his!

Sitting up in bed, her knees clasped in her arms, her eyes dreamy, she relived their glorious moments together.

Now a knock at the door recalled her suddenly to reality—a frightened, apprehensive reality.

"Kentucky?" called Billie softly. Kentucky, strangely shy and unable just yet to face her dearest friend, did not answer. She was relieved when Billie, thinking her still asleep, tiptoed away to join the others on the terrace.

Kentucky slid from the bed and crossed to the mirror. The childlike, wistful blue eyes that looked back at her from a ruffle of soft blonde curls were the same eyes of yesterday.

She was still searching her smooth young face for some sign of change when she heard a knock at Billie's door. Kentucky looked into their joint sitting room and discovered Gil nervously pacing back and forth.

"Billie's gone downstairs," she said, smiling up at him, happy to be near him again.

Gil sat down on the table, his back almost turned on Kentucky, every line of his body betraying his wretched-

Maidens

Adapted by
DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT
From the original story by
Josephine Lovett

Anita Page
and Joan Crawford

Billie's misery melted before the sweetness of the child. "I was afraid our crowd would rob you of your ideals, but they couldn't," Billie said. Silently they watched the flames, each lost in secret thoughts of her own.

ness. Reading his remorse, the girl slipped onto the bench beside him and knelt so that her eyes were almost on a level with his—loving, eager, young eyes that caused him to drop his head to his breast. Kentucky's cool little fingers caressed his miserable eyes gently.

"Don't be unhappy, Gil," she whispered, turning his head toward her. "I'm not sorry for—anything. I love you. I'll always love you, Gil."

He turned away abruptly with a despairing gesture. "Don't be so kind, Kentucky! I'm a dog!" His head dropped to his hands, his fingers nervously tore his hair.

Silently she tried to put her arms about him as a mother might console a hurt child; but he drew away from her, loathing himself.

"I'm engaged to Billie, and yet—!" he began wretchedly. "You didn't know, did you? . . . Why, we've been keen about each other ever since our mud-pie days."

He tried to smile, unwilling to betray a sign of sentiment; but real emotion upset training and habit. *Now* she must realize what a cur he was. He had betrayed Billie, Kentucky—and himself.

For a moment Kentucky was silent, trying to reconcile herself to the situation. Simply, without hysterics, she replied, "I sometimes wondered, Gil. But nothing mattered—last night—except my love for you. Don't reproach yourself—it mustn't make you unhappy. And if we don't let it hurt Billie—I can't be sorry, dear—I can't."

Gil swallowed desperately. "Gosh, 'Tuck, you're—you're a brave little sport!" he cried, pressing her fingers warmly. Her lips smiled; but there were tears in her eyes as she turned back to her room.

BILLIE, on the terrace, was striving with poor success to do her duty as the bright and charming hostess.

Now into this jaded crowd of moderns strode the tall, athletic figure of Glenn Abbott, fresh, alert, vital, his two Great Danes gamboling about his legs.

With an effort Billie pulled herself together. As he came over to her and surreptitiously squeezed her fingers, she managed to present to him a picture of radiance and enthusiasm in appreciable contrast to the listless crowd sprawled wanly about.

Blondie, now watched Billie with catty curiosity.

"Wonder what Billie's trying to work Abbott for?" she whispered to Reg, who turned his back sleepily and held a splitting head. "She's always working men for something! Oh, Billie," she called out exasperatingly, "where's Gil? You look only half of yourself without him!"

Abbott glanced up sharply, remembering the boy's antagonism of the night before. Aware of his sudden tenseness, and wishing heartily that she could wring Blondie's neck, Billie covered her confusion with a quick, light laugh.

"Oh, not being the Siamese twins, we *do* sleep separately!" she retorted, while the crowd tittered their approval of her having bested Blondie. "Here, Glenn, do have some of my brioche."

Abbott was reassured. Surely a girl could not love a man and speak so ribaldly about him. But Glenn Abbott did not know our modern maidens!

Billie, realizing that danger had narrowly been averted, sighed with relief; but a moment later her panic returned, for Abbott rose, whistled to his dogs, and announced his intended departure.

Unwilling to let him go soon, she ignored his outstretched hand. But as he insisted that he must go, she graciously offered, "Then let me drive you home."

"Another slaughter!" muttered Blondie, watching Billie with envious eyes.

BILLIE picked up the phone concealed in a pillar and called the garage. In less than five minutes they were on the open road headed for the hills, each silent—Abbott lost in thoughts of Billie, so baffling and beautiful; Billie planning how to make him come to heel as she had boasted she would do.

The girl brought her powerful roadster to an abrupt stop before the mountain cabin picturesquely sequestered among great leafy oaks.

"You'll come in and see my shack?" he suggested eagerly. Billie nodded, and followed him unwillingly into a great, crudely finished room scattered with rugs, serapes, knives, a bull whip, and above the mantelpiece one large rough crayon drawing of the Andes rising majestically above the clouds in solitary, awe-inspiring

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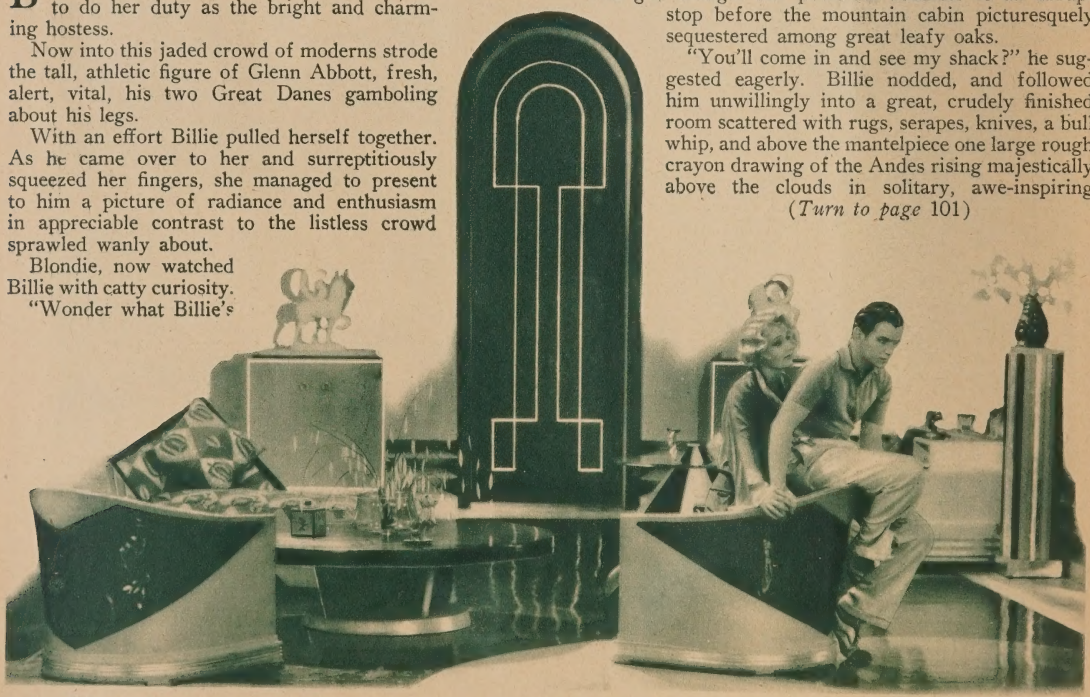
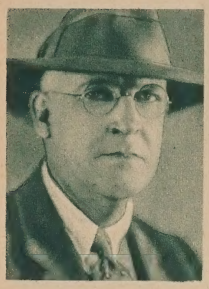


Gil sat down on the table, his back almost turned on Kentucky, every line of his body betraying his wretchedness. "Don't be unhappy, Gil," she whispered, "I'm not sorry for—anything. I love you."

Nancy Carroll shows what really can be done by way of decorating a pillow—after her recent hard work in so many pictures, she rates a rest.

Harry Carr's
THE PICTURE CIRCUS



Harry Carr

Harry Carr, whose long and intimate association with the motion picture industry dates back to early days with D. W. Griffith at the old Mamaroneck Studio in New York, is in a singularly excellent position to speak with wisdom and authority concerning picture personalities and developments. In addition to writing titles and scenarios for some of the outstanding masterpieces of the screen, he is the most famous daily newspaper columnist on the Pacific Coast. His column of comment appears exclusively in SCREEN SECRETS *among the movie magazines.*

IT LOOKS to me as though the star of the colored population were rising. Just as a few years ago all the handsome young men changed their names to Juan Jose and pretended to be Spanish, it would be profitable now to assume the name of George Washington Jones and learn to speak to the crap dice.

The dark actors hold the center of the stage.

Dark Cloud

CHRISTIE'S comedy studio looks like Dixie before the Civil War. King Vidor is still making his all-colored picture at M-G-M, and a colored bootblack has made the most thundering hit of the year in the Fox picture, *Hearts in Dixie.*

A Colored Genius

NO FOOLING, this colored bootblack is the finest actor I have seen in Hollywood for many a year. He takes the part of a lazy coon who is trying to find a wife who will chop the wood. He has personality, perfect method, technique and humor. He is so natural and has such reality that you forget he is an actor.

The only name by which he is known at the Fox Studio where he performed on the boots of the actors is *Stepin Fetchit.* He has chosen to rise to immortality under the same moniker.

Natural Actor

THERE is no question but that the talkies have opened up a vast new field for colored actors. Acting is as natural to them as breathing.

Acting is partly a sense of time; an ability to let your emotions and imaginations go. Every colored boy is born that way.

Kissing

ONE development of the talkies will be a boon to the afflicted. There will not be so much of the kissing clinch at the end.

Being naturally of a notably affectionate disposition, I can stand considerable screen love making; but these latter-day kissing close-ups are not so nice as they are hot.

Every one who has seen the talkies must have been impressed by the fact that the far-famed close-up is rapidly going into sweet oblivion. There isn't much kick to talk when you are apparently talking out at the audience.

Dick's Grief

THIS fuss in Mexico didn't improve the disposition of Dick Barthelmess. It broke off a long-cherished plan of his.

Dick and his bride went on a belated honeymoon to the

Richard Barthelmess in a picturesque Andalusian costume of 1830—the recent Mexican rumpus disturbed his plans for making a bull-fight picture.

Private Line
FROM THE INSIDE

City of Mexico and there met one of the greatest bull-fighters in the world. It inspired Richard with a burning ambition to make a bull-fight picture. He was making his plans to leave for Mexico to film the picture when the bombs began going off.

As a result, Mr. Barthelmess has to content himself with a tame drama about a young man whose wife had too many hungry relatives.

No Money—No Career

I HAD dinner with Dick the other night, and we talked of Napoleon and of Dick's opinion of the philosophy of retiring from the screen.

Every star in Hollywood is now talking of quitting and allowing the public to mourn. I don't know why; it is just one of the things that Hollywood talks about.

Dick says he will stay on the job just as long as the money is big. When the Wall street magnates begin shaving down the pay checks he is going to jump the job and travel. He has no ravenous hunger for art.

Anna May Wong, lovely Oriental flapper, nearly starved in Hollywood, but since going to England, she has found fame and fortune on the screen.

David Lee, a hit in The Singing Fool, *and now featured in* Sonny Boy

Imitation Marys

LILA LEE, like Bessie Love, has reason to be grateful for the talkies. It has brought both back into the land of the movie living.

Lila not only made a hit in *The Queen of the Night Clubs;* but she has been cast for the feminine lead in *Rainbow,* which is to be one of the biggest pictures ever turned out of the Warner Brothers' Studio.

It is old stuff for her—using her voice. As a child actress she was famous in vaudeville—"Cuddles" Edwards was then her name.

Another Infant

I HAVE an awful feeling, by the way, that we are about to have another infant prodigy among us. Warners have decided to star little Davey Lee who made such a hit with Al Jolson.

There is something curious about these screen infants. Little girls never get to first base. The public will just have none of them—a fact which cost the producers of the Baby Peggy pictures a lot of money to find out.

It looks as though this child might be another Jackie Coogan.

Jackie Coogan

IT REQUIRES brains to put over a child on the screen. Even the Jackie Coogan pictures were not all successful. Some of the latter ones, in fact, were pretty sad. The difficulty is in finding good stories. Human drama does not naturally revolve around a child. Gosh, you can't go on forever having estranged parents re-united by the tender little tears of the cherub child dying of croup or something.

A Hollywood Tragedy

THE case of Alma Rubens, who has been adjudged a dope addict by the courts, is one of the bitterest tragedies I have ever known in Hollywood.

She was not a great actress; but she was a pretty good one. Almost any kind of future might have been hers. The doctors now think that she might recover her health and conquer the habit.

This will not help her any in the fight to get back to

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TWO MEN WITH

When Harold Lloyd and Mal St. Clair got started on "the good old days" of their movie experience, well—just listen in on their tales!

By SPEED KENDALL

SAY, Mal, do you remember when we—"

Harold Lloyd was standing with one foot on a bench, his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand shaking his head in that "gee, them were the happy days" manner.

Mal St. Clair, his elongated director, towered over him, a smile on his face.

It was on the set at the Metropolitan Studio, where Harold Lloyd is filming his next big comedy. They were over in a far corner of the set—a replica of one of the rooms of San Francisco's police station—all by themselves having a great time and nobody could understand what it was all about.

So I sneaked over to learn the cause of all of the hilarity, thinking, of course, that Harold and Mal were talking over the next situation for the picture.

But I received the surprise of my life. They weren't even thinking or talking about the picture. Something had happened on the set which recalled the old days when the photoplay was in its infancy and stars were paid five dollars per day.

The day that Mal St. Clair stepped on the set to direct Harold Lloyd was a grand reunion for them. They both had worked together as extras 'way back in 1915 at the old Mack Sennett lot in Edendale during the days of the famous Keystone Kops, and it had always been Mal's one big hope to some day handle the megaphone on a Lloyd picture.

Mal and Harold were going at it like nobody's business. In fact Harold's remark, "Say, Mal, do you remember the day when we—" almost ruined work for the day. The assistant director stood on one foot and then the other. Minutes passed and time was being lost but Mal and Harold kept at it.

"Why, sure, I remember that day," I heard Mal say. They didn't seem to mind, so I jotted down a few of the things they were talking about.

Here's Mal St. Clair's version of how Slim Summerville eliminated competition on the Keystone set.

THAT was the day," Mal continued, "you made me up for that big part in *The Game All Night.* You remember, the Robin Hood costume I donned. A scream, eh?

"But that wasn't all that happened that day. We left the studio to go to Griffith Park to film some scenes in a forest. I was supposed to be a guard but I was a sight for sore eyes. I can still remember leading that horse. It was an epic day.

"Well, the picture called for some bandits to attack me. Among the bandits was one Slim Summerville. You remember him? Lean and tall like myself. My part happened to be a pretty good one. Slim thought he should have gotten it.

"So when the bandits attacked me it was a real attack. Slim was the third to romp on me. Sock, a black eye.

A PAST!

Harold Lloyd and Mal St. Clair have some hectic moments to remember. Above, a scene from an early Lloyd comedy with Bebe Daniels.

Mal St. Clair, as the Crown Prince, in Yankee Doodle in Berlin, *during his early days in the movies.*

" 'We don't want any more skinny boys in Keystone,' yelled Summerville in my ear. 'There's only going to be one skinny guy' he said 'and that's going to be me.'

"I took him at his word and went to proping."

THOSE were the days, Mal, when a fellow thought he was a big shot if he only had a few silk shirts to sport. I had the silk shirts, all right, but all the silk was in front. The backs and sleeves were cotton.

"That was just before one of my several tilts with Hal Roach, which were always amicably settled. But this one looked pretty serious. We had produced a picture called *Just Nuts* in which Roy Stewart, who was a well known western player in those days, was leading man, Jane Novak leading woman, and I appeared as comedian. The picture was pretty well gagged, and Pathe, to which Roach sent it, liked it so well they offered Hal a contract if he could place the three leading players under contract. He mapped out a schedule calling for a two-reel drama one week, and a one-reel comedy the next. I was to provide the laughs in the comedy and in the two reelers Stewart was to get the leading role while I looked after the second business—and the third frequently, as I sometimes had to handle three different parts.

"Things went along great until one day I discovered Stewart was getting ten dollars a day while Roach was paying me five dollars. That led up to an argument which resulted in my bidding Hal goodbye.

"Roach was paying Stewart the ten dollar check because he wouldn't work for less so I decided I wouldn't, either. Which brought me up to my engagement at Sennett's.

"They were long on promises in those days at Sennett's. For three weeks they promised me everything except the sun and the moon, although they did throw in a few stars, but that's all I got. No one ever got anywhere on promises, so I was on the verge of quitting when they decided to give me a chance. I was to play the part of an Italian fruit cart vender."

"I recall that very well, Harold. As I remember, you were quite a makeup artist in those days. I often wondered where you became so expert at it."

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OUR OWN SNAP

THIS IS A DANGEROUS JOB - SNAPPING MOVIE GOLFERS, BUT VILMA BANKY KNOWS WHERE THE BALL IS GOING

THE SWEETEST JOB OF THE DAY — TAKING PICTURES OF CLARA ON BOARD THE SCHOONER DIABLO

HAROLD LLOYD WITH CAPTAIN W.H. FAWCETT, PUBLISHER, AND CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, EDITOR OF SCREEN SECRETS MAGAZINE, CHATTING ON THE LLOYD LOT ABOUT HAROLD'S NEXT PICTURE

SHOT ALBUM

LURED BILLIE DOVE AWAY FROM THE SET LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THIS ONE AT CORONADO

SWIPED THIS FROM JOHN MACK BROWN'S ALBUM (SEE P. 77). RECOGNIZE THE FAMOUS "DOTHAN ANTELOPE"?

HIS DOGS ARE TIRED — BUT NOT WALLY BEERY. WE WERE REFUSED A SNAP SHOT OF THE FISH HE CAUGHT

Sound and Silent

By CHARLES DARNTON

A Fine Night for a Murder

¶ Commending *Alibi*, a talkie with kisses, kicks and killings.

IF YOU can take in a good show while taking in a good murder, so much the better for your evening's entertainment. After all, underworld killings were getting so dull on the screen that something had to be done to jolly them up.

This is precisely what has been done in *Alibi*, all tricked out from the stage play *Nightstick*. By way of relief from all the skulduggery which has become a part of our lower education there's a lively musical comedy running at a theatre just a few taxi jumps down the street, and the generous cutter of the picture makes it his business to see that you get in on a free ticket. You see, the theatre is used as an alibi by the killer, but this doesn't in the least interfere with your enjoyment of the show.

For good entertainment measure there is also a cabaret, with Irma Harrison knocking off work for the night when the noble young cop of her heart is bumped off. The heroine is hopelessly unsympathetic. Regis Toomey has a beautiful time dying. Too much of Harry Stubbs as the crooked cabaret owner and Mae Busch as his naughty lady, makes the picture drag a bit towards the end. But generally, *Alibi* is so good that it swings into first rank of the talkies and may be counted on to give *The Broadway Melody* a run for its money. Best shot: Fleeing gangster leaping from one high building to another, then falling between the two.—*United Artists.*

Welcome back, Mae Busch! With Harry Stubbs, she's going through a bad moment in Alibi.

Java See the Beat of It?

¶ Greta Garbo loses her man! It happens in *Wild Orchids*.

ONE possible effect of *Wild Orchids* may be an eagerness on the part of young American wives of middle-aged business men to say, when discussing vacations, "Oh, let's go to Java!"

As the wife in the case, Greta Garbo meets on the boat a Javanese prince who is so warm she can't for the life of her remain cool and collected. He kisses her the first chance he gets, then nonchalantly remarks that the heat in his country strips women of their pretense.

But Greta shouldn't really mind that last crack, for in most of her dresses she is bare down to the place where the license plate would be if she were an automobile. But we must say she is clothed in beautiful scenery.

It's all so gorgeous that the story doesn't really matter. On the prince's tea plantation you notice first one thing, then another, until finally you are left to conclude the wife has had a wild cup of tea, not to mention an orchid or two of the unruly variety. If you should happen to take the children with you, don't try to explain the plot to them, just show them the pretty lady on the elephant. (Yes, Greta doing a Barnum.)

Greta really has a very nice time, except for a bad quarter of an hour when the husband exposes the prince to a tiger, only to relent. Then she starts back home with her twin-bed husband.

As this husband Lewis Stone acts like a gentleman. Although Nils Asther is hardly the living image of a Javanese, he will doubtless increase travel where tea for two would seem to be the proper caper. Meanwhile don't miss going to this alluring picture. Best shot: Natives' swift onslaught on rich banquet served on floor.—*M-G-M.*

Greta Garbo being tempted by Nils Asther—he's a Javanese prince, and her husband is slow. Guess the rest!

Screen Reviews

Special to SCREEN SECRETS Magazine

Doug Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte, who played the same part with Doug many moons ago.

"And in This Corner, Ladees—!"

Battling Kid Haines, in *The Duke Steps Out*.

NOW that Gene Tunny has got refined and educated and everything, perhaps Williams Haines felt there just wasn't anything else left for he himself to do. So he is behaving like a perfect little gentleman in *The Duke Steps Out,* which is the nearest thing to an Americanized version of Cashel Byron's Profession that Bernard Shaw is ever likely to see.

If Bill goes on like this we may expect to see him coming from Thursday night prayer meeting with Marion Davies. Not that Bill loves Marion in this picture. No, he is daffy about Joan Crawford, so daffy that he is willing to go through college for her, taking insults as he goes. He can't haul off and sock a fresh sap in the eye. A professional is always too noble—yes, really he is—to do anything like that, and anyway he must keep the secret of his double life from the girl who is so pure that she knows no more of this wicked world than what she has learned in a lousy road house.

You'd really never believe it, but Joan hasn't the faintest idea Bill is a ring-fighter until she hears over the radio that he is having a championship go in San Francisco with a bruiser who has never had the benefit of education. But the worst of it is she has been the means of cutting his head when he tried to get fresh with her, and this cut almost makes him lose the fight. But everything is lovely when Bill returns to her home in the morning and has breakfast in the kitchen. Bill is likable, and Joan's pretty nice herself. Good for young people. Best shot: Bill and Joan enjoying steak-and-onions kiss.—*M-G-M.*

Ho-La!

List to Doug calling you to see *The Iron Mask*.

LOVERS of *The Three Musketeers,* not to mention that gallant actor Douglas Fairbanks, will find in *The Iron Mask* a finely-wrought though not sensational picture. It has fewer of the incomparable Fairbanksian monkeyshines to which we have thrilled in the past, and there are long stretches when Doug's absence from the screen seems almost more than we can bear in silence.

But patience is rewarded in seeing D'Artagnan played again as only Fairbanks can play him. After all, here is a performance by one of the screen's few really great artists. It is because he is so good that it seems too bad there is not more of him.

A deal of time is taken up, perhaps necessarily, by the story of the good twin and the bad twin in a rivalry for the throne which inflicts the torture of wearing an iron mask on the good boy. But of course Doug makes that all right when he takes a hand in the game. However, it is impossible to scare up any thumping heart interest after Constance is killed off early in the casualties. One lingers fondly on that second-story kiss in which Doug hangs from her lips, as neat a thing in the kissing line as any true lover could wish to see.

There is genuine spirit, too, in the occasional verbal gestures of Doug, particularly the introductory one in which his voice rings out with the good old, "All for one and one for all!" It should be added that the magnificent beauty of the production is impressive. Yet shadows lie rather heavily over the picture, even in many of its day scenes. More sunlight should have been let into the series of adventures.

But *The Iron Mask* is a picture for everyone to see and to admire. It gains its chief interest and significance in proving that though Douglas Fairbanks is well along in his forties he still remains the most romantic figure in the world. Best shot: The four musketeers trooping off to fresh adventures in the world beyond.—*United Artists.*

William Haines is a prizefighter with one weakness —women. Gwen Lee is getting his number here.

Beauty in Distress

¶ Billie Dove in Elinor Glyn's *Man and the Moment*.

ELINOR GLYN'S favorite plot, we have decided, is the one where a beautiful girl secretly marries her lover, is torn from his side on the eve of their honeymoon, and suffers excrutiatingly until some dire calamity brings them together again. You see, it's so convenient to have them already married. Then you don't have to end up with a waltz to the altar. And the censors can't say anything, cause there was a wedding license hanging over the door all the time!

That, in brief, is *The Man and the Moment,* starring Billie Dove. But fortunately, Billie is such a beauty that a plot doesn't matter much. We see Billie in scanties, nighties, negligee, ball room gowns, frills. And we get our money's worth.

In this film, Billie is an aviation enthusiast, which allows the producer to ring in some speedy flying sequences and add that modern touch. She secretly marries Rod La Rocque, but escapes from him through a porthole. Gwen Lee schemes to marry Rod herself, and manages to be the fly in the ointment for several reels. After a wild flight over the ocean, Rod and Billie take a nose dive together. Everything comes out all right in the wash—or rather, the sea—when this desperate situation drives them into each other's arms.

But first, Rod claims the privileges of a husband, in some tensely dramatic scenes. Billie Dove emerges from this rather trying sequence with the laurels due a capable actress, and the director handles matters with a deft touch. Don't try to explain all this to the kiddies.

If you're not blind to feminine beauty—and who is? you'll want to see *The Man and the Moment.—First National.*

Billie Dove sees the world through a port hole in her latest. It is some sight, if you take our word for it.

Bill Boyd and Dione Ellis. Bill and his buddies make movie history with this Marine thriller.

Three Modern Musketeers

¶ Do themselves proud in *Leathernecks*, a movie of the Marines.

YOU can tell it to the marines, or anyone else, that Pathe has a first rate picture in *The Leathernecks.* This is the story of three buddies in the Marine Corps who get into beaucoup trouble while the scenes are shifting from France to Russia to China. Boyd, as one of the leathernecks, marries a Russian girl who is later abducted.

His friends set out to find the villain, and when Boyd follows them he finds one dying and the other insane. The big spot of the film is Boyd's trial for desertion, and here there is plenty of opportunity for some effective dialogue, and some equally effective "flashbacks."

The story has plenty of audience interest, it's cleverly told, and Boyd, Alan Hale and Robert Armstrong do some great work as the three leathernecks.—*Pathe.*

Comments in Brief:

ATTRACTIONS now being released, and which are highly recommended, are *The Trial of Mary Dugan* and *Coquette,* which will be reviewed later at length. Mary Pickford in *Coquette* is a new Mary, with a golden voice and golden hair bobbed short for a flapper role. The other talkie which is drawing praise from the previewers brings the voice of Norma Shearer to the screen as Mary Dugan. It's not only good drama, but it's fine mechanically in the talking sequences. The story is taken from the Broadway success, and lays bare the heart of a girl forced by circumstances to be a gold digger, whose affair with a financier ends in tragedy.

Another deadly triangle—Ralph Graves, Anita Page and Ramon Novarro. The boys fly to glory for the Navy.

Hot Tamale!

¶ Lupe Velez is a warm senorita in *Wolf Song*.

LUPE VELEZ isn't quite herself and she is dressed in a way to make her look as though the Spanish fandango had gone to her head, but there are flashes of fire in *Wolf Song*.

Things are just about as bad for Gary Cooper, for though he is a trapper, he certainly doesn't look like a girl-trapper. This is all the more surprising since Lupe loves Gary and Gary loves Lupe, according to red-hot bulletins sent out by Lupe to the press these days and not denied by Gary. Fans for this pair will simply revel in the love scenes, which are numerous.

It's all too-matter-of-fact, even when Gary, as a visiting trapper, opens the snoozing senorita's window at midnight and she hops out of bed wrapped chastely in a quilt—an old Spanish custom. This happens too suddenly to be effective, but once the elopement is negotiated events settle down into that dull routine called "married life." The most enlivening thing is a fight between Gary and Louis Wolheim.

Lupe sings industriously. She sings in the house, in the backyard, in the moonlight, in the forest—in short, she sings in everything but her sleep. But she takes her chief exercise in getting emotion off her chest. It is as a bosom actress she really attracts attention in this singing picture. Olga Nethersole used to be pretty good at this sort of thing, but Lupe goes her a heave better. Indeed, if Lupe could do as much during a storm at sea, that storm would have a lot of competition. Best shot: Lupe getting out of bed.—*Paramount.*

A Nifty from the Navy

¶ *The Flying Fleet* rivals *Wings* for thrills.

RAMON NOVARRO has a strong supporting cast—the whole U. S. Navy, for this picture. If that isn't enough, they've given him Anita Page and Ralph Graves for good measure. Ralph, by the way, shows his stuff in *Flying Fleet* as ably as in *Submarine,* and rates a good word.

Briefly, the plot concerns the rivalry between Ramon and Ralph for Anita Page, who smiles impartially on each. Then comes the flight to Hawaii, which Navy pilots so eagerly coveted. Ramon loses the honor to Ralph, who is forced down in a storm at sea.

His plane floats long enough for Ramon to fly to his rescue in some of the most effective aerial photography since *Wings.* All this is worth waiting for, after considerable preliminary newsreely sequences showing Annapolis, San Diego, airplane carriers, parades, stunts, and physical exams.

The climax proves that air pictures can have something beside a fight on a wing to provide drama. No blows are struck, yet conflict is there in great gobs (pun). Ramon sights the long lost plane floating on the sea, just as his gas runs out. He can't return to the base ship to bring help. If he lands in the sea they're all stuck. So he sets his ship afire, and falls from the heavens, leaving a black smoke trail pointing like a grimy finger to the spot. He jumps in time to escape death, and his parachute lands near the stranded aviators.

The gobs on the plane carrier ship see the sign in the sky and arrive in as thrilling a rescue as you could hope to see.

The humor is spontaneous—a characteristic of Ramon's pictures. Suspense brings the fan to the edge of the seat and keeps him there, once the plot shakes off the shackles of a slow start. High spot: Ramon dodging steeples, spires, and watertanks in his airplane.—*M-G-M.*

If you doubt that Lupe can scrap, watch her tackle Louis Wolheim, who's acting rough with Gary Cooper.

The MAN Behind the MASK

Lon Chaney, Hollywood's great star whose life is a mystery closed to publicity, tells why and reveals the artist under the make-up.

By RUTH BIERY

The real Lon Chaney, who feels his obligation to his public to preserve the tremendous illusion he has built up.

LON CHANEY stopped at the desk of a Detroit hotel to register. He signed his own name—*Lon Chaney.* The clerk looked at the signature, excused himself, and carried the word of the celebrity-visitor to the manager, who presently returned with him, hand jovially extended.

"Well, well, Mr. Chaney, this *is* an honor. We want you to have a great time while you're in the city. We want you to meet Henry Ford. We'll take you out to see him."

Mr. Chaney smiled a bit, asked for his room and remarked that he wasn't interested in meeting Detroit's most prominent citizen.

"Why should I? What would we have to say to one another? They bring folks out to see me at the studio. What have I to say to them? What have they to say to me? Why should Henry Ford have to shake hands unless he has some business with me?"

Lon Chaney came back to Hollywood a few weeks later. His only knowledge of Ford was that which he had gained from his reading. Soon after his return he decided to buy a second Lincoln. Somehow, the local agency did not give him the service which Mr. Ford guarantees with Lincolns. After several attempts to get the service, Lon sat down and wrote Henry a letter. Five days later the entire agency was down to render him service!

"When I had business with Henry Ford I went to him. When I didn't have business to transact, what in thunder was the use of going to see him!"

And this one sentence, given to me one morning on the set of *Where East is East,* his latest production, explains the psychology which motivates the actions of this mystery man of the movies.

"My mystery is a matter of good business," he continued. "Why let the public know what I look like? It kills the illusion. People want what they can't get and they can't get to Lon Chaney!"

I looked at him in amazement. Lon Chaney was supposed to be the most difficult man to interview in the picture business. Yet here he was laying his cards on the table, speaking straight from the shoulder, *getting right down to business.*

"Is it true, Mr. Chaney, that you never answer fan mail, never send out a fan picture, never have a photograph taken without make-up, never make personal appearances, don't go in for social activities, and that you fight constantly with your publicity department?"

He smiled—a weird smile through the three pounds of scar make-up he was wearing. "I have it in my contract about the fan mail, the fan pictures, the photographs and the personal appearances. Also, that I never work on Sunday, I quit at five-thirty and go to work at nine in the morning. As to the rows with the publicity department—" he hesitated a moment and then added, "if I had my way, I'd never have an interview in a magazine or newspaper."

"Not even this one?"

"No, ma'am, not even this one!"

I laughed. We laughed together.

"Don't misunderstand me!" He interrupted the laughter with staccato words which sounded a bit of a warning. "I'm not indifferent to my public. And I don't want the public to think me indifferent. I appreciate every admission paid to the box office. Really appreciate it. It is because I am so loyal to the ones who continue year after year to pay them, that I do not want to spoil their illusions about me. I believe it is a terrible mistake to make personal appearances and hand yourself over to the public. There is nothing left for their imaginations."

THERE was a pause—and during that pause I did some reminiscing. Ten years ago Lon Chaney was making *The Miracle Man.* The picture which transplanted him from no lights to bright lights in one of the professional handsprings so common to the movies. The picture which also boosted to renown Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Frankie Lee, everyone connected with it. Even the cameraman, Phil Rossen, became a director after the release of that picture.

Where were they now? Tommy Meighan, well, he had staged a semi-comeback in *The Racket;* Betty Compson—undoubtedly, one of the most popular stars of the day, due to the talkies. But she, too, had tasted her bit of professional oblivion. Frankie Lee—change in age might explain his extinction. But Lon Chaney! Through all the years there had been no change in his box-office attraction—he had consistently topped the records; his fan mail, despite the fact that he dumped it each morning in a waste container a few feet from his combined dressing room and office, still ranks with Clara Bow's, Billie Dove's and Charles "Buddy" Rogers'; the demands for his pictures number thousands weekly although the world must know by this time that he never mails any. Perhaps, after all—

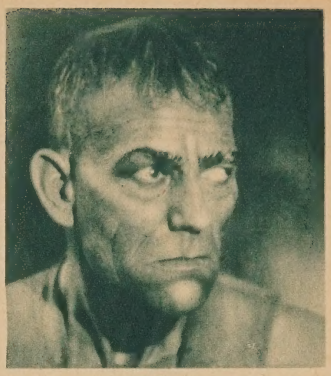
As though he had read my thoughts, he interrupted. "Back in *The Miracle Man* days, yes, even before them, I sat down and figured out this business. 'I will create a mystery of myself on the screen. Curiosity is what killed the cow and started the fire in Chicago. If the public can't see me, they'll take a gambler's chance and continue to go to my pictures in the hopes of really seeing me,' I figured.

"I began to study make-up and deformations. I made it my business to know every trick of the make-up business. A leading man, you know how short his life is, generally speaking. A heavy—that is a little better. But a *mystery man*—his life on the screen would have no limits. Perhaps I should give some other reason. But the truth is, the simple truth—and I am a simple man and speak the truth when I speak at all—that even then it was merely a matter of good business."

Another pause. A simple man, yes—and a quiet one, too—this mysterious Lon Chaney. Even while being interviewed he spoke comparatively little but his words had a staccato note of sincerity in them.

TOO many good actresses and actors have been killed by publicity. The best advertising is the mouth to mouth proposition. There's no doubt about it. In the first place, it's unsolicited. Such things as 'Don't step on it, it might be Lon Chaney!'—'They ran out of animals so Lon Chaney played the part'—'The man of a thousand faces'—'Rockefeller has as many dollars as Lon Chaney has faces', and the three songs written about me with such titles as *Lon Chaney'll Get You If You Don't Watch*

(*Turn to page* 109)



Lon Chaney, as "Singapore Joe," in The Road to Mandalay, *giving an effect at the risk of his eyesight.*

As the clown in Laugh, Clown, Laugh, *Lon was seen in a less gruesome but quite as effective make-up.*

Lon Chaney in his never-to-be-forgotten role in The Hunchback of Notre Dame, *as blood-curdling as they come.*

Tod Browning, famous director of crook and mystery melodramas, with Lon Chaney; their combined efforts have provided perhaps the greatest of screen thrills and chills.

Hobnobbing with

Introducing to our readers a new department of inside gossip from the cinema capital, written by Grace Kingsley, famous columnist and feature writer, and long an intimate of screen players, producers and celebrities in general.

THEY are again flirting with the idea, are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, of making a picture together.

And between you and me, I think they will do it. But they will always look upon it as a crowning achievement, and therefore it may be that they will do it soon. When they do, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they appeared in a Shakespeare drama or comedy together.

Mary and I were talking about it one day, and she spoke of their making *Romeo and Juliet*. But Mary is a shrewd little person, as everybody knows.

"The trouble with playing in one of those tragedies," Mary explained, "is that there is no suspense. Everybody knows just what is going to happen. Therefore, everybody parks his emotions and concentrates on his critical faculties. So a thing of that sort may be an artistic triumph, if well done, but that is about all. Of course that is enough for a real artist—or should be. But in the meantime, doesn't the least vain of us love to see them packing our shows?"

Now the talk is of *The Taming of the Shrew* for Doug and Mary. This is more likely to be done than any of the tragedies, since a laugh is always a laugh, and while the classic is always a classic, there is always a wider latitude allowed for changes in comedy interpretations than in tragedies.

Besides, look what a chance it gives Doug to leap in at windows and onto the backs of steeds; while as for Mary, having established herself in *Coquette*, as a talking picture actress, we are quite willing she should do what she will with the character of the lively Katherine.

"And then there is," said Doug the other day, "a delicious prologue to the play seldom done on the stage. What a chance in a picture!"

Poor George O'Brien!

POOR dear George O'Brien is laid up again with a broken foot. He is so active usually that this is very tough for him. He lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club, but has to content himself with watching others playing squash, handball and tennis, while he sits by.

Of course his fiancee, Olive Borden, and he are together a good deal. She is studying voice culture for the talking pictures, and a good way to exercise her knowledge is to read aloud. So she and George are getting a wonderful line on a lot of Barrie, Dickens, Shakespeare, and Mark Twain.

"Oh, yes, and I'm learning a new swimming stroke out of a book!" laughed George.

She Was Such a Little Thing!

WE WERE standing around on the set where Paul Sloane was directing a troupe of colored folks in *Hearts in Dixie*.

There was a little man playing a big bull fiddle — such a little man, indeed, thin and

This won't hurt—much! The Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosette, are here shown suffering from the rigors of too much California sun.

the Film Folk

short, that it was all he could do to manage the big instrument.

"Are you married?" queried Stepan Fetchit, the star.

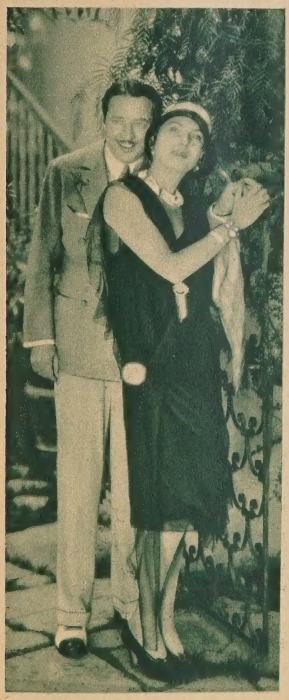
"Yeah," answered the little man, keeping on with his fiddling.

"I suppose your wife is big and fat, too?" drawled Fetchit.

"Yeah, she am," replied the fiddler. "She was a little thing when I married her—didn't weigh more'n a hundred and sixty. But she got fat—went right up to two hundred and ten on me!"

Speaking of the Colored Players

THERE are more different callings represented in that *Hearts in Dixie* company than in perhaps any bunch of players ever gathered together before.



Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe—Lilyan supplied many of the clever lines in the production, In Old Arizona.

"That man over there," declared the director, "is a doctor; there are four or five college graduates in the crowd, and one aviator. Then there are bell boys and a couple of porters. They're all democratic, too — no high-hatting, though you'd expect it. And how easily they all reverted to type! Once they put on their professional rags for the picture, they became a joyous crowd of colored folk.

"No trouble about long hours either. While a white troupe of that size would have unquestionably shown two or three laggards, these colored folks would keep going without a word of complaint. Indeed, you'd think they were going to drop dead—the rest of us were worn out after nine hours or so—when all of a sudden, somebody would sit up and begin to chirp a song, and in a few minutes the whole gang would be at it, singing and dancing."

No More Pound Dogs For Sue

SUE CAROL has the kindest heart in the world, but all the same she's off getting dogs out of the pound.

I was having tea with her the other day, and she was telling me that she wanted a companion for her wire-haired fox terrier.

"Why not get a dog out of the pound?" I asked.

"Well, I did get one out," she answered. "But poor little thing, he was sick or something, and I put him in the cat and dog hospital. He was in there five weeks, and then he died."

"Find out what was the matter with him?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Sue, ruefully, "they said he was mentally unbalanced!"

Sue Carol's kind heart got her into a dog tragedy — she's through with getting them out of the pound.

Whoopee Gang—No Foolin'

YOU can't take any member of your family to it, because that would cramp your style, and you can take only one guest. I mean the Whoopee Club of the Joy Street Gang.

The Joy Street Gang is the gang, naturally, which is playing in *Joy Street,* and the picture is one long series of whoopee parties. The players liked it so much that they have organized into a regular Whoopee Club, which meets every Saturday night somewhere in Hollywood—any cafe or any home of a member, provided that member lives alone, is liable to a visitation. Because a visitation is what it is.

The club has two rules, one being that you may bring no member of your family to a Whoopee proceedings, as stated above; the other that no matter what anybody does to you, you've got to take it good-naturedly.

Lois Moran is the Chief Exalted Whoopee; Nick Stuart is Noble Keeper of the Royal Archives; Ray Cannon, the picture director, is the Honarary Exalted Whoopee, Rex

(*Turn to page* 111)

EVEN the dolls are in the talkies now. Mary Nolan's says "Mama." Both beautiful dolls are with Universal.

—Photo by Fruelich.

Johnny Goes Marching On

The spirit of a legendary hero goes marching on in the person of John Brown, whose middle name is Mack. Fame first came on the gridiron.

Johnny Mack Brown galloped from the football field at the University of Alabama to make a stirring touchdown across the goal of Hollywood.

By CHARLES GRAY

DEEP, deep down in the South, in Dothan, Alabama, there used to be one moving picture show particularly favored by the younger set—even as in your little old home town, or mine.

One of the boys, called "the Dothan antelope," came somewhat oftener than the rest. His curious nickname had been secured on the gridiron of the local high school, where his speed in a football suit marked Johnny Mack Brown as one of the most promising players ever to be developed down where football is something of a sacred rite. The Dothan boys thought a good deal of Johnny Brown, athlete. He was, in short, the high school hero.

But the eldest son of the Browns of Dothan considered hero stuff just that much hoopla. His real heroes were the figures who flashed upon the screen of the local show house.

HOW I admired them!" he confided. "I used to watch them spell-bound, thinking how mysterious and romantic they were, thrilled by the idea of audiences all over the world watching you do your stuff. I had had enough early success to get a taste of what fame was like. I guess I envied them pretty thoroughly, without laying any plans more definite than day dreams, about entering their game. I was just a little Southern boy, in a little old Southern town. They—and Hollywood—seemed as far away as the moon."

He paused momentarily, as if but suddenly appreciating what debt he owed to those early idols. "One thing they did for me, however," he said slowly, "was to make me want to go on—and up. To get somewhere, to be somebody, and not just to spend my life in obscurity. Football seemed the best at hand to approach my ambition. I played harder than ever . . . . and you know the rest."

(*Turn to page* 112)

Johnny Mack Brown makes a flying tackle for Fay Webb, to show how he used to do it as "the Dothan antelope," on the Alabama football team.

MAURICE MAKES

¶ Clara dodges the publicity boys.
¶ More headliners desert the stage.
¶ Harry Langdon on the vaudeville stage.

By ERNEST HAYNES, SCREEN SECRETS' New York Correspondent

WHEN I heard Maurice Chevalier sing *Valentine* and several other ballads at the big welcome given him at the Ritz here in New York, I decided that here was France's Al Jolson, the man who could put New York on its blasé ear if given half a chance. He's been given it. After the completion of his film, *Innocents of Paris,* Maurice came back to this city, came, saw, and conquered. He played at the Ziegfeld Roof, in the famous Frolic. There's one frog who does anything but croak. He's the berries—and I don't mean razzberries. Rather, jazzberries. He knows by now that when we Americans say, "No speeding allowed" we mean only a certain unsanitary salivary vulgarity. He himself declared that we want things "fast, queek, hurry-up." And so we do. So he limited himself to this type of song and favored the Frolic audience with such things as a burlesque of *"Yes, we have no bananas."*

Walter Winchell, now known as Little Boy Peep, tells an amusing tale about Maurice. With his heavy pay envelope, his manager presented Maurice with a check for six dollars worth of food.

"Wot is dees?" asked Maurice.

"A bill for food."

"Thees ees an insult," roared the Frenchman, "Take it to Mr. Lasky of Famous Players!"

Winchell adds that Mr. Lasky not only paid the check but enclosed a tip for the waiter.

In that man Maurice's life there's no such phrase as "Came the Dun."

Cagey Clara

WITH Clara Bow's departure from New York for Hollywood, the masculine population of Manhattan is wrapped in gloom. Clara stopped at the Park Central Hotel under the name of Stella Ames, the title role of one of her earlier shows. That lassie sure went high hat on Manhattan, refused to pose for photos or give a single interview. Clara was vacationing and publicity was poison!

Novella Tromm, whose striking beauty of face and figure contributes to the popularity of The New Moon, *at the Imperial Theatre.*

Clara's one of the many little Brooklyn girls who have learned the difference between right and rung on the ladder of success. Her name has become synonymous with a certain two letter word that is applied to babies before daddy calls them Henry or Mabel, and while it isn't so long ago since she won the beauty contest that touched off her rocket, it's a far cry from her pa's Coney Island hot dog stand to Hollywood. As far as the youth of America is concerned, Cupid's famous bow is now spelled with a capital "B."

Broadway Mourns

IF WORD goes around that black flags are floating from the Woolworth tower and New York's city hall, the explanation will be that Manhattan is losing or lending some of its favorite legit performers. Ann Pennington, knees and all, is kissing the *Scandals* bye-bye in favor of Warner Brothers. Hal Skelly, the loved and lovable star in last season's hit, *Burlesque,* has left for Hollywood to play the lead in Paramount's talking version of the same play for the movies. Then there's Betty Compton, who's been holding everyone in *Hold Everything* for some time now. She's signed for a ten-week job with Paramount. Osgood Perkins who wowed 'em in *Spread Eagle* and *The Front Page* studied the violin for nine years and is going to squeak for himself in a talkie. And Haymond Hitchcock, familiarly dubbed "Hitchy," has completed a short talking picture titled, *An Evening At Home With Hitchy* under Bryan Foy's direction. (Bryan is the son of Eddie, friends.)

What's more, M-G-M has signed the *Happiness Boys* for movietone work and Jeanne Eagels is already at work on her second all-talking picture after *The Letter* which just opened in New York with considerable success. It's *Jealousy,* the New York stage hit, which is being

MERRY

¶ Texas Guinan does her stuff aboard ship.
¶ Lupe Velez and her temperament at close range.
¶ Other news of The Great White Way.

produced by Paramount at the Astoria studios.

Funster Langdon Returns

NEXT spring, something big's going to happen. Harry Langdon will return to the screen. He'll once more thrill the fans who consider him a second Chaplin, a superior Buster Keaton, the original man who makes you laugh. I saw him at the Albee Theatre, Brooklyn, where he was playing in vaudeville. Harry looks like someone giving an imitation of someone giving an imitation of someone giving an imitation of Harry Langdon. With his glasses on it's almost impossible to recognize him. He looks like any Tom, Dick or Harry. But it's Harry.

Massa Langdon won't divulge the name of the company who's exploiting him, but inside info has it that he's to put out two-reel comedies (talking) for M-G-M. Harry had a lot of bad breaks. In *Strong Man* and *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,* he convinced his fans that he was all set to corner the comedy market. Even though at certain times Harry was a bear, it turned out to be a bull market. His attempt to run his own production unit for First National was a frost. But now he's back. This time he's going to worry about being funny.

What's more, Harry admits that he's to be married. But not to an actress. Oh, no. This is a girl who's a real old-fashioned home girl with no ambitions for a career but a warm love of the fireside and a yen for a Harry, Junior. Harry, who stopped at the Paramount Hotel in Papa Knickerbocker's burg, is only booking two weeks ahead on his $3,500 a week salary in vodvil. He wants to get back to the Kalifs of Kalifornia where a guy gets up with the dawn and goes to bed at dusk instead of vice versa—with emphasis on the vice.

Tex and Her Show

THERE'VE been plenty of parties around these parts. On board the ship, the *Ile de France,* Warner Brothers gave a blow-out in honor of the opening of their big super special spectacle—*Noah's Ark.* A great shindig with snappy music and Texas Guinan and Gilda Gray on deck—and I mean deck. Tex gave her rip-roaring show and if anyone wanted to give a little girl a hand spring, it should have been to the particular dark lassie who stood out in contrast to the light babies like Josephine Baker on a snow bank. Gilda Gray's speed started when the audience gave her terrific applause. She took the hint and got a wiggle on. And as far as such good times are concerned in New York—Tex Guinan marks the spot.

Mildred Stevens and her tricky golf outfit are an important part of the attractions on view in the smash hit, Follow Thru. *She would be a hazard on any fairway.*

Press Agents' Frolic

YOU should have been at the A. M. P. A. ball at the Astor the other night. It lasted till after dawn and was certainly a snappy exhibition of New York's hot stuff. The A. M. P. A. is a gang of press agents who let you in on the inside of movie doings. Among the evening's entertainments was a talking news reel produced especially for the occasion. It was the scream of New York sassiety! There were several acts from the Broadway hit, *Fioretta,* with chorus girls looking, oh, so *au naturel,* and a Cinderella contest in which the gal who could wear a number 1-C shoe won the prize. Believe it or not, one lassie did. If fame comes to her, her favorite ditty will be *Shoe made me what I am today . . .* Heh, heh. What's more, they say that Tex Guinan went on with her show around six o'clock, but after all, there is a certain time in the a. m. when a P. A. ceases to be a reporter and becomes a sleepy head.

But Fanny Brice, Lionel Atwill, Leon Errol and Gilda Gray acted as judges for the costume prizes. Then there was a fine supper at which the ladies on diet who swear by the slogan, "Never say dine" were out of luck. A great feed. You should ought to of been there.

(*Turn to page* 113)

A page from the memories of Lupe Velez—posed when she was a Fanchon and Marco dancer.

Lupe Velez as she appears in Where East Is East. *Lupe was a sensation with Fannie Brice; reading her life story reveals why she has gone on "stopping the show" in the movies.*

Senorita Cyclone

Enter Gary Cooper into the life of Lupe Velez in this conclusion to her amazingly frank life story, told in her own vivid words to Ruth Biery by

Lupe Velez

My life up till this installment:

MY LIFE, it has been very different. As a child I am riding with my father in the Mexican army; I see mens killed, and see many mens try to kill my father. But from the early days, when I am very young, I have always dance and flirt—the things I like best in life. I have my first sweetheart when I am seven, and then when I am thirteen I fall very much in love—my mother is afraid so she send me to a convent in the United States.

Later, at home the money is all gone and my mother send for me; we go to Mexico City, where I do my dances and songs for the boss of the Principal Theatre. Very soon he give me a big part, and I become quick a hit on the stage. This make my sweetheart angry—he do not like for me to dance and sing and show myself to all the peoples. He say for me to choose between him and the theatre. He is no longer poor, like when I first meet him, and knows he can support me with every luxury. I love Mil-a-tone, but the audience to applaud Lupe—this I love more, so I stay on the stage and get to be the biggest star in Mexico. Then I have a chance to come to Hollywood, and I do—but I arrive with only one dollar. Finally I go to a hotel and they call up Richard Bennett at the theatre and he say to take care of me, so I think everything is going to be easy.

I AM four days too late for *The Dove*. It has already opened with Dorothy Mackay. The man who bring me from Mexico to play with Mr. Bennett come up with a paper and say if I do not sign it I cannot stay in this country. I sign it. I do not know that I promise to pay one-fourth of all the moneys that I make for five years in America to this mans. I do not put his name down because I will not give him the publicity of having his name in any story written by Lupe. I pay him ten thousand dollars because I am so young and know no English. And sign that silly paper.

He get me a job with Fanchon and Marco and then the Music Box Theatre boss, he want me. I am to play with Fannie Brice. What a good woman she is. She is just like a mother to Lupe in this country. I do not know what I would do without Fannie Brice to take care of me.

I begin on Valentine's Day, 1927. I am a valentine brought from Mexico City to Miss Brice. I kick open the heart, a big red heart made of paper, and jump out on the stage to sing and to dance for them.

I am singing a sentimental song when my little skirt start to go off me. I grab it and keep pulling it up all the time I am supposed to

The retreat in Laurel Canyon, where Lupe Velez slips away to escape "so many mans."

be sentimental. They laugh and they yell; I stop the show for them. The American people go crazy just like the Mexican peoples. They keep calling me and I do more and more; I imitate a policemans; I sing *Charlie, My Boy;* I dance and shimmy and the hula; I do everything until there is nothing more I knows to do for them. Fannie takes me out and says, "Speak a few words, Lupe."

I am not skeered. Lupe has never been skeered of any peoples. So I say, "Meesees and Sirs"—

In Spanish, that is correct. But Fannie stop me and say, "No, no, Lupe. It is *"Ladies and Gentlemen."*

I stop and look at her and say, "Naughty, naughty, Fannie, eet is no goot to say "Ladies and Gentlemen!"

We stand there on the stage and she says, "Say Ladies and Gentlemen, Lupe." And I will not say it. I will not say it because to me it is bad. I tell her I see it in bad places; I see it on doors which peoples do not talk about in public.

They laugh till they nearly split. Then I say, "Me love; much love; me many kisses; goodbye." I have learn all these words working for Mr. Fanchon and Marco.

Fannie says for twenty-two days I stop the show. Harry Rapf sees us and ask me to take a test. I do not want to take a test; I do not want to go in the movies; I want to stay in the theatre. But he make me take it and Hal Roach see it and get to me first and I sign for him. Fannie Brice, she write to Mr. Ziegfeld and he send me a contract to play in *Rio Rita* for five hundred dollars a week, but by this time I see my test and I think I am some good and I want to stay in the movies. I go with Hal Roach and then Douglas Fairbanks see me and put me in *The Gaucho.* Then everybody know the rest of my movie story.

The first day on the set I have a terrible fight. They want me to go barefoot. I have ugly feet; I can never go barefoot. I can show the rest of my body but I can never show my feet in any picture. I yell and I scream and finally they give me some shoes to wear. They are awful shoes but they are better than the bare feet of Lupe.

There is much I do not understand in this country. I do not know what word means something bad and what word means something good. When I first go on the set in the movies everybody teaches me things I must say. The prop boys, the electricians, the extras—oh, everybody. I do not know I swear. They think it is a little fun to hear me swear. It makes people feel what you are saying. I swear so much that Mr. Schenck send for me. He say, "Lupe, you know why Mary Pickford is America's sweetheart?"

"No, Mr. Schenck."

"It is because she is so sweet, such a lady. Did you ever hear Miss Pickford swear, Lupe?"

"No, Mr. Schenck."

"Did you ever hear Miss Talmadge swear on the set?"

"No, Mr. Schenck."

(*Turn to page* 114)

When Lupe left for New York, Gary said good-bye. Did Lupe whisper "Mi querido"? Sure—cause they're in love!

How Al Santell Makes Stars Shine

(*Continued from page* 49)

and yet, today, he is probably my greatest booster. No one had ever taken that Irish quirk of his and said, "Don't act. Walk through the picture. Be yourself."

A director's great problem with Jack is to keep him from acting. In *Subway Sadie* he is supposed to be looking at the moon. He was all for getting sentimental when he says, "Sadie, will you marry me?" He wanted to take her hand, to *do* something, not just sit there. I told him he'd have to sit there! He hemmed and hawed and stormed all over the place. He knew he'd be rotten. He was really belligerent. Then he saw one shot in the rushes and came dashing over, "You're a sweet —!" with his arm around me.

It was one of the prettiest things he ever did and he didn't do a thing. "If you're a real actor you *should* be able to tell love through your eyes," I told him. And he told it. Yes, the problem is to keep Jack Mulhall from acting.

DOROTHY MACKAILL has a practical mind. I believe she gave her first really American characterization in *Subway Sadie*. I had directed her before in *A Dancer of Paris*. She always has something else to do at five o'clock, something which is terribly important. I remember one time in New York. She was waiting around for a closeup. She asked how soon and I told her when I was finished. Finally, I saw her slip away. I sent a boy after her and told her not to take off her make-up. He returned and reported that she had smeared it all over her face when he told her. I went down those stairs four at a time. She was just stepping into her car and ordering her chauffeur to hurry!

I jumped on the running board. "Get back up there!" I ordered. "Listen, baby, when I tell you what you're supposed to do, you do it!"

Which is the way to handle Mackaill —make her do it!

I directed Colleen Moore in *Orchids and Ermine*. She is the greatest pantomimist on the screen among the women and second only to Chaplin among the men. And she is the best advised star in pictures. She is a supreme artist but a tutored artist. When in doubt she confers with her husband, John McCormick. She is really two people. You don't only work with *her*, you work through him. Though you may never see him or talk to him, yet you feel his influence. I cannot give concrete, specific examples but I can say this. You ask her to do something in a scene which she is dubious about and she's not quite as prone to dicuss it with you as with John. If he says it's O. K., it goes. She's a smart little girl and undoubtedly one of our greatest artists and shrewdest screen women.

"One thing my daughter must be told"

Says a mother of today about this phase of feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

HOWEVER carefully she may guard and advise, no mother can protect her daughter from self-consciousness at certain times.

If she constantly is aware that she may be offending others, good times are impossible for her; light-heartedness flees.

That is why mothers and daughters both learn with relief that each Kotex sanitary pad is now treated to end all odor. The fears that were once inevitable now disappear.

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You can adjust the filler to suit your own special needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding, with which Kotex is filled, is amazingly absorbent—5 times more than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of (see simple directions in each package). No laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today . . . comes in two sizes—the Regular and Kotex Super. 45c for a box of twelve (regular) at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

* Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

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KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Who's Who in Filmdom

Charles Farrell

Charles Farrell

CHARLES FARRELL was born in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on August 9, 1905. He received his entire education in his native state, finishing at Boston University. Yielding to the desire to go on the stage, he spent a year in vaudeville. Between then and his first efforts to get into pictures as an extra, he made a living at "everything." After many small bits and parts, he was signed for the lead in *Old Ironsides,* which immediately established him as a film favorite. *Rough Riders* followed. Then came the big chance of his career as Chico in *Seventh Heaven.* It was this picture that also brought Janet Gaynor into prominence. *Fazil, The Red Dancer,* and *Street Angel* followed. More recently Charlie has made another picture with petite Janet, as yet untitled. Charlie is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes, and speaks with a New England drawl.

Vilma Banky

Vilma Banky

VILMA BANKY, one of the most beautiful blondes on the screen today, was born at Hagydorg, Hungary on January 9, 1902, the daughter of John and Katalin Konzies. After completing her education, she decided on a motion picture career, and became a UFA star for three or four years. In 1925, she arrived in Hollywood to make pictures for Samuel Goldwyn, whom she met when he was touring Europe. Her first picture, *The Dark Angel,* opposite Ronald Colman, instantly proclaimed her a real find. Rudolph Valentino next asked for her as his leading lady in *The Eagle* and *The Son of a Sheik. The Winning of Barbara Worth* established the Banky-Colman team which brought to the screen *The Night of Love, The Magic Flame,* and *Two Lovers.* Since then she has made two starring productions, *The Awakening,* and *This Is Heaven.* Vilma Banky was married to Rod La Rocque on June 26, 1927.

Victor McLaglen

Victor McLaglen

PERHAPS the most traveled man in pictures is Victor McLaglen, who has lived in twenty-three countries throughout the world. He was born in England on December 11, 1886, and was educated in South Africa, where his father was a clergyman. As numerous as his homes were his occupations. He has been a boxer, prospector, miner, wrestler, soldier, and vaudeville entertainer. In 1920, he entered pictures in *The Call of the Road. What Price Glory* was his first outstanding success. *Mother Machree, Carmen, A Girl in Every Port, The River Pirate, Captain Lash,* and *Strong Boy* followed.

Victor is six feet three inches tall, weighs two hundred and twelve pounds, has black hair, and hazel eyes. He is married to Enid Lamonte, and has two children to whom he is devoted—Andrew and little Sheila. Riding, fishing, traveling, gardening, and driving are among his many interests.

June Collyer

June Collyer

ALTHOUGH June Collyer comes of a substantial theatrical family, she led a strictly non-professional life until less than two years ago. As Dorothea Heermance, she was an acknowledged member of the Four Hundred of New York, the city in which she first saw the light of day on August 19, 1907. When Fox decided to make *East Side, West Side,* in New York, they searched among the genuine West Siders for a girl who could play the society sweetheart. June Collyer, hearing of this plan, agreed to take a screen test with dozens of other society buds. To her surprise, she won the role. Pictures did not interest her very much, for she had never thought of earning a living; but when a Fox contract was drawn up, she signed it. *Four Sons, Woman Wise,* and *Hangman's House* followed. In 1928, she was chosen as a Wampas Baby Star.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

YOUNG DOUG was born in New York City on December 9, 1909, the son of Douglas Fairbanks and his former wife, Beth Sully. After receiving his education in private schools in New York, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Paris, and London, young Doug fulfilled his childhood ambition of following in the footsteps of his famous father and went on the screen. *Stephen Steps Out,* a Famous Players production filmed in 1923, was his first real screen role, though he did a bit in *American Aristocracy* 'way back in 1916. *The Air Mail, Stella Dallas, Padlocked,* and *Man Bait* followed. Young Doug proved a successful legitimate actor in *The Ambush, The Light, The Jest, Saturday's Children,* and *Young Woodley.* Motion picture companies clamored for his services. *The Barker* definitely established young Doug as an actor of real power, and *A Woman of Affairs* emphasized his success.

Anita Page

Anita Page

A FIFTEEN year old school-girl decided to become an actress. To rid her of her stage-struck notions, her parents obtained a "bit" for her at a Long Island studio near her home. But instead of curing her, the initial venture made her all the more ambitiously inclined toward a film career. The pretty young student was Anita Pomares, known on the screen today as Anita Page.

After keeping a promise to finish high school, Anita joined a newly organized film company, whose pictures proved flops. In the Spring of 1928, little Miss Page came West, and went to M-G-M to look for work. A screen test was finally made, and Anita was signed to play the lead in *Telling the World,* opposite William Haines. *Our Dancing Daughters, The Flying Fleet,* and *The Broadway Melody* quickly established her as one of the most decorative and talented newcomers on the screen.

A Star from Dixie

(*Continued from page 42*)

John M. Stahl to give the boy a chance —a bit in *In Old Kentucky*. Now "Step" is the "greatest colored comedian" to Stahl and each of his subsequent directors.

A serious interview with the actor is well nigh impossible because of an innate jocular sense. To the question "Pastime?" he answers "eatin' and sleepin.'" He enumerates his children as "two hot feet from Dixie." Preference for literature is "corporally none, spiritually the Bible." Which is a reminder that Stepin Fetchit is a devout Catholic and a seminary graduate.

The actor's ambition is to become "dark applause hit of the screen." He is "married" to "The Dancing Fool"—his animal pets are "fleas and chinches" and so on ad infinitum. Truly "Step" is as difficult to probe as the w. k. John Barrymore.

He does not like to appear in all-colored casts. This he reasoned with logic: "If you throw a black shoe into a heap of other black shoes, it wouldn't be noticeable, would it?" he asks. "On the other hand a black shoe, tossed in a snowdrift, would catch all the attention."

Daring Death to Thrill the Fans

(*Continued from page 26*)

I got them off. For about three thousand feet I shot downward. At last I got a glove off, found the ring, and pulled the cord.

"The chute opened in a stiff breeze, and as I neared the ground I realized my danger. Trees loomed up ahead. Just in time I managed to pull the shroud lines and tilt the chute, emptying some of the wind out. That saved me from the trees, but landed me so quickly I broke my right foot."

As they watched, another smoke pot belched forth from the fuselage of the Gotha. Phil Jones was still there—firing the smoke pots! He was doomed.

No one ever learned why the game mechanic stuck with the ship until it crashed in the orange groves, a splintered mass of wreckage.

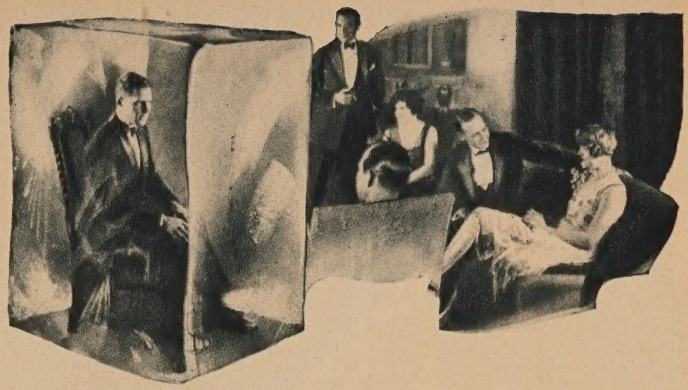
The great climax of *Hell's Angels* had turned out a tragedy.

His Question

W. S. VAN DYKE, surrounded by friends and baggage, was standing at a Los Angeles railroad station, starting off for Africa to film *Trader Horn*.

An old red cap shuffled over to a Pullman porter and wagged his head.

"Every time I see that fellow he's either goin' or comin' somewhere," he said. "Is he just on his way or already here?"



I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

—But Now I Can Sway An Audience of Thousands!

I HAD always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of "what people will say," of ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public—to be active in politics — but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make a political speech
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to become master of any situation

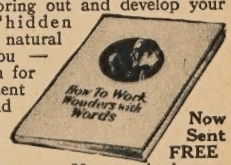
In Twenty Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate—I who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words, to approach all types of people with ease and fearlessness. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called *How to Work Wonders With Words*. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack" — the natural gift within you — which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.



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Address.....
City.....State.....

Laura La Plante gives a lot of personal attention to her fan mail in spite of the many busy hours she spends at Universal Studios. Her fan club is one of the most loyal.

Fan Club Department

The columns of this department are devoted to the latest fan club news. Information about the clubs may be obtained by writing to Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, in care of SCREEN SECRETS.

Club for Al Jolson

AT LAST a fan club for our old friend Al Jolson has been formed. Dues are $1.00 a year, which entitles members to club news, photo, etc. Glenn F. De Poe is the founder of the club and would like to hear from everyone. Those wishing to join his "Mammy" Club please form at the right —and don't crowd! Plenty of room in this club for all of you.

The Joan Crawford Club

A CLUB for Joan Crawford has been started by Mildred Sidor. Dues are fifty cents per year. Anna Janush is the Secretary and would like to get in touch with all of Joan's admirers.

Photos of Billie and Buddy Given

A NEW club has just been formed which calls itself simply "The Fan Club." Dues are twenty-five cents per year. Honorary members so far include Joan Crawford, Billie Dove, Ronald Colman, Anita Page, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Richard Arlen, Colleen Moore, Richard Dix, Barry Norton and Doris Kenyon. Charles Komassa is the Secretary of this club and he states that every girl member will receive a photo of Buddy Rogers and every boy member will receive one of Billie Dove.

Club for Estelle

THE Estelle Taylor club, of which Marjorie Ferguson is President, now has one hundred and fifty members in its own town—which is Gonic, New Hampshire—and two hundred and forty mail members from all parts of the country. One must be eighteen or older to join this club and dues are ten cents a week. That's more than the usual fan club dues amount to, but the club makes up for it by having all sorts of good times, including local dances and parties. The willing helpers type a paper once a month and a copy is sent to the mail members.

Irene Rich Club Edits Paper

DUES to the Irene Rich club have been raised to twenty-five cents a year and the club is now editing a little paper called *The Scribbler*. Miss Florence Hart, President of this club, has also started a fan club for Alice Day. Dues to this are ten cents a year and each member will receive a nice photo of Alice.

The CBBR Club

HERE'S a joint club for Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow. It is known as the CBBR Fan Club and already has twenty-five members. The head office is at Edinburg, Texas, and anyone wanting to join can write Miss Erin Sam Turner, in care of this department, and receive full particulars. Dues, by the way, are thirty cents yearly.

Valentino Memorial Club Formed

ANNIE E. OKERMAN, of Slayton, Minnesota, announces that the Valentino Memorial Club dues are seventy-five cents yearly, to be paid in three payments—twenty-five cents when joining; twenty-five cents on Rudy's birthday and twenty-five cents on his memorial day. The club intends to send all the money it takes in directly to George Ullman, who was Rudy's friend and manager, you know, to go toward a permanent Valentino memorial.

A "Different" Club

HERE'S a new kind of a club for movie fans and fans who are interested in aviation. It is called the Aviation Correspondence Fan Club and Helen E. Donovan is the Secretary. Club headquarters are in Ontario, Canada. The club is composed of movie and aviation enthusiasts who correspond with one another and edit the club monthly publication, *The Beacon Light*, which consists of aviation stories mostly and some poems and articles submitted by the members. Dues to this club are sixty cents a year or if you wish, five cents may be paid each month. *The Beacon Light* is sent free to all members of the club.

Rudy's Recollections

THE Natacha Rambova Ramblers have started a new membership campaign, lasting for the next six months. Every member who gets five new members will receive, as a prize, a copy of Natacha's new book about her experiences with Rudy—*Rudolph Valentino Recollections by His Wife.* This is written partly by Natacha and partly by Mrs. Winifred Hudnut, her mother, and tells many little details about the true Rudy and Natacha, and probably all of their fans will want to try to win a copy.

Amazing Dreams

(*Continued from page 25*)

could see my sister running back and forth in great distress. I kept trying to call to her and no sound would come. When I woke up my throat was dry. All day I worried about her and finally I wired to Mexico City to ask if she needed me. No answer came and I was just on the point of dashing down there when a friend wired me from Mexico that my sister was critically ill and calling for me."

It was not a relative but a friend who profited by Marie Prevost's subconscious reveries. She dreamed that her chum had fallen down a well while she herself hung over the side desperately trying to reach the victim. The girl was actually several hundred miles away at the time but Marie was so wrought up over the vision that she telegraphed for news the next morning, only to discover that her friend had been taken to the hospital for an operation and was absolutely without funds.

THE warning that came in Richard Barthelmess' dream was successfully disregarded although only a miracle saved his life. Richard had been making a picture in Virginia and on its completion an aviator friend offered to transport the star to New York in his plane.

This was before aviation had become a popular sport and Richard had never been in the air. However, he eagerly accepted the invitation. The night before the flight Dick dreamed the same thing over and over. That he got into the plane, flew up to the clouds, and there the pilot fell overboard, leaving him alone and panic-stricken in the far sky lane. He knew nothing about controls.

Morning came; the star and his pilot boarded the plane and took off. The flight was made easily until they began to circle over the landing field; then Dick noticed that they seemed to be taking a haphazard course. They landed with a terrific jolt, but the engine kept on running.

"What do we do now?" asked Dick, rising.

His pilot made no reply, nor did he shut off the engine. Dick touched him and his head rolled to one side. When Dick had summoned aid it was discovered that the pilot had died in midair and Dick had been brought to earth with a dead hand at the joystick.

———o———

Aileen Pringle to Divorce

AILEEN PRINGLE is going to be divorced from her husband, Captain Pringle, who lives in the West Indies.

A friend of mine was having tea with Miss Pringle the other day, when suddenly she jumped up and exclaimed, "I've got to telephone my lawyer to start divorce proceedings against my husband. He wants to get married again!"

To Those Who *Do Not* Know

• • • THIS NEW *MODE* OF FEMININE HYGIENE • • •

THE modern American woman is envied by the other women of the world today because of her independence. She is eager to take care of her self . . . anxious to preserve far beyond the allotted years the bloom and buoyancy of youth. The modern American woman is fast learning that this depends largely upon a subject too often ignored . . . upon *feminine hygiene.*

Heretofore, feminine hygiene has been achieved at great discomfort. Seldom convenient . . . under some conditions it was impossible.

No Water - No Accessories

Now, however, through the use of a harmless antiseptic in *tablet form*, which requires no water or accessories, American women are fast learning the *convenience* of feminine hygiene. Among women who know, among nurses especially, you will hear enthusiastic recommendation of this antiseptic.

These tablets are known as Pariogen tablets. For a long time prescribed by the medical profession, Pariogen is *not a poison*, contains no carbolic acid, cresol or bichloride of mercury, *yet destroys the most pernicious germs in a few seconds.*

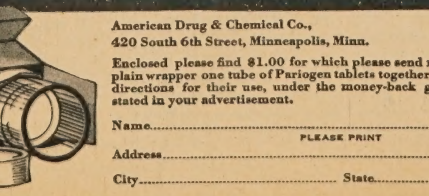
May Be Carried in a Purse

Pariogen tablets come twelve to the tube - a tube about the size of a fountain pen. The price at any drug store is $1.00. Pariogen tablets may be carried anywhere in a purse, making hygienic measures possible almost anywhere, no other accessories or water being required.

Sent Anywhere by Mail

If your druggist is unable to supply you, or if you prefer to send direct, the coupon below and a dollar bill will bring you a full size tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use.

If, for any reason you do not wish to keep them, just return whatever remains and we will promptly refund your dollar and postage. Tear out the coupon now.



American Drug & Chemical Co., 6-4-29
420 South 6th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for which please send me under plain wrapper one tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use, under the money-back guarantee stated in your advertisement.

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT

Address.....

City..... State.....

The Postal Pouch editor will answer your questions on this page. For a personal answer enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

T. G. S.: John Gilbert is plain American, so far as I know, but his real name is Pringle. No relation to Aileen. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty.

LUCILLE IVY: Your questions have been answered elsewhere in this column.

THE ORCHID: A hot-house plant, eh? And expensive. Ruth Roland is not very much interested in pictures any more—she is too busy making a few million in real estate. Yes, dollars, Orchy, not bricks. If she never works in another picture it will be a hundred years too soon, so far as her pocket book is concerned. Priscilla Dean still makes "quickies," though she has been concentrating more on vaudeville lately, with pleasing success. You'll see Mary Pickford next in *Coquette*, from a well-known stage production. Yes, I think Ruth Elder is going to try the Hollywood racket right along now—on the Universal lot. Gone are the good old days? Tut, tut, Daisy! Better days are coming—noisier ones, anyhow, with the talkies. Mon ami? Don't call me a soap—I prefer cleansing cream.

MARY H.: No. Clara Bow never married Victor Fleming. It is said the engagement was announced by the IT girl because Gilbert Roland snubbed her. Maybe yes, maybe no. Anyhow, she has never been married, but has announced that she longs for a little gray home in the West and babies. Oh, yes! Charlie Chaplin ever married to Vilma Banky? Aw, say, Mary, what sort of magazines are you reading, anyhow? Better subscribe to SCREEN SECRETS for five years—though one month will fill your head full of a few dollars' worth of information for only 25c. No, to that question—no, no, no! Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell are divorced. Mary Astor is twenty-three years old; Jackie Coogan, fourteen; Mary Pickford, thirty-five. Write to her at United Artists, Hollywood. Yes, she was married to Owen Moore many years ago.

VERONA S.: Bless your heart, you're not a bit too soon! Come every month if you like. Here are the weights and heights you wanted: Molly O'Day, five feet, two and one-half inches, one hundred and eight pounds; Audrey Ferris, five feet, two inches, one hundred and five; Camilla Horn, five feet, four inches, one hundred and ten; Eva von Berne, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty; Mary Duncan, five feet, five and one-half, one hundred and fifteen; Phyllis Haver, five feet six inches, one hundred and twenty-six; Aileen Pringle, five feet four inches, one hundred and nineteen; Betty Compson, five feet, two inches one hundred and ten; Doris Dawson, five feet, one inch, one hundred and six. Nancy Carroll is Mrs. Jack Kirkland in private life.

Who Will Be Next?

Each month some star will send a personal reply to one of the letters of inquiry received by Postal Pouch. Clara Bow answered one of the letters this month and sent a charming, large-sized autographed photograph of herself to Kitty Hovan of Masontown, Pa. Kitty's letter and Clara's reply appear below.

Dear Postal Pouch Editor:

I am writing you a few lines to ask you a couple of questions about my favorite star, Clara Bow. I simply adore her, and if I had the last penny, I'd save up to see her plays, as they are simply marvelous. I hope I see my questions answered in SCREEN SECRETS. I get it every month and never miss one word. Sometimes I read it a couple of times. I'm always especially happy to read about Clara Bow, because I just love her.

What picture is Clara going to play in next? Is she engaged to anyone? Whoever wins her will sure get a beauty. Has Clara any sisters or brothers? Where was she born?

I'll be watching eagerly for the answer to my questions. Many thanks to SCREEN SECRETS, that magazine of personality!

Your friend,
KITTY HOVAN,
Masontown, Pennsylvania.

Dear Miss Hovan:

I was very much pleased with your lovely letter and appreciated deeply the nice things you said.

Recently I finished my first talking picture, *The Wild Party*. You can't imagine how thrilling it is to hear one's own voice on the screen. I hope I can play in many talking pictures, because they are so new and interesting, and I hope you will like *The Wild Party* just half as much as I enjoyed working in it.

I was born in Brooklyn, New York. While I have no brothers or sisters, I have always been fortunate in having many friends. I am not engaged to be married.

Sincerely,
CLARA BOW.

MARTHA H.: You must be starting a photograph gallery—yes, what? Write to Fay Wray and Gary Cooper at Paramount; Nancy Carroll, the same; Dolores del Rio at Tec-Art, Hollywood; Ben Lyon, Alice White, Colleen Moore, Rod La Rocque, and Corinne Griffith at First National, Burbank; Douglas Fairbanks at United Artists, Hollywood; Sue Carol at Fox, Hollywood; Tom Mix at F. B. O., Hollywood; and Patsy Ruth Miller at Universal, Universal City. And the Postal Pouch Man, SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Robbinsdale, Minnesota. (P. S. This is not an ad.)

ROBERT McW.: Florence Lawrence was the first motion picture star to become popular. She dates back even before Mary Pickford's time—back in the old Biograph days when Griffith was lord of the movies. She has been working in bits around Hollywood since her return to the screen after a serious accident.

MRS. N. C. W.: Sam Wood, the M-G-M director, was born and reared in Philadelphia. He came to Los Angeles as an investment broker before he got sidetracked into motion pictures. That's his own name, too. Apparently you're confusing him with somebody else.

DON.: See "Ruby F." and "Betty H." above for data on Clara and Buddy. Billie Dove is twenty-five years old and has been married to Irvin Willat for several years. The best actor on the screen . . . ? Well, my favorite is Felix—no foolin'!

Dorothy Revier, star in the screen version of Owen Davis' famous Broadway hit, The Donovan Affair, *Columbia's first all talkie.*

Cash or Splash?

(*Continued from page* 50)

But nine people make eighteen hands and eighteen hands can do a lot of work when willing. So the Quillans bought an old home near Griffith Park.

Well, it didn't look like so much, this new-old home, but Mamma Quillan, Papa Quillan and all the little Quillans got busy. They practically rebuilt that house, made a lot of new furniture, raked the yard, cleaned up the garden, pruned the fruit trees and now the place is referred to as *The Quillan Estate.*

Eddie drives a little old Ford roadster back and forth to work, to the beach on Sundays and out to the golf course.

Another member of the Thrift Club is Barbara Kent. Now Barbara feels this way about it:

"If I begin my picture career by being conservative I will end it the same way; but if I spend all I make now I will always do it and will eventually end up by looking for charity."

Barbara lives with her mother and father and brother in a comfortable home on Laurel Drive. They have no servants, only one car and they do not indulge in spectacular entertaining. Barbara feels just as ritzy in a dress she has designed and made with her own hands as she would in an imported one. "You'd be surprised how little they really cost," she said, "and how much pleasure you get out of making them. Particularly designing them. I start out with a few straight lines and keep adding fluffs here and something else there until finally it begins to look like a possibility. Then I begin figuring how much material it will take and how much it will cost."

THEN there's Gary Cooper. In spite of the fact that Gary is permitted to drive the family Packard he is far from a spendthrift. Gary lives with his father and mother in a large rambling old home, as near like an old ranch house as was possible to obtain in our modernistic Hollywood. He has no secretary, valet or chauffeur. The only thing about him that resembles splash is a wrist watch, a very expensive one. But Gary grins when you mention that and says, "It's a gift."

Gary is putting some of his money into a ranch in Montana. The rest he is carefully investing, guarding against the rainy day when he will be referred to as *having been* an actor.

Even Alice White, who isn't supposed to do anything so sensible as think of the future, is feathering her nest while the feathering is good. She lives alone in a Hollywood apartment. A quiet, moderate-priced little place it is but Alice has made the otherwise chilly atmosphere cozy and livable with an array of fantastic dolls, a miniature piano, and a few pretty lamps. Most of these are gifts from fans. The bills for clothes are very little, yet Alice is as well dressed as any other girl in pictures.

"I look just as well in a twenty-five dollar dress as I do in a two hundred fifty dollar one, so why guild the lily? The studio pays for my costumes so I am not cheating the public out of the price they pay for scenery."

AND so on down the list of players. Conservatism holds sway. The old Spanish saying that "There is no Tomorrow" has nothing to do with the new Hollywood idea that "A Dollar saved is a Dollar Earned." And the most surprising of it all is that it's the kids, the youngsters, the new-comers who are doing most of the saving.

unless you remove cold cream this way...

1 *Blackheads, acne, skin troubles* are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.

2 *High laundry bills* and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it *off,* and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

S.C.6

City.....*State*.....

Marshall Neilan, as the square-jawed hero in the days before he became a director, in a lively scene with Jack and Mary Pickford.

Backtrailing Movie History

Movie personalities and developments of a decade or so ago.

HAROLD LLOYD made his screen debut in the Spring of 1913, as an extra in an old Edison production. Made up as a three-fourths naked Yaqui Indian, he served a tray of food to the white man's party in one fleeting scene for the magnificent sum of three dollars. That money looked as large to him then as his reputed millions today.

After two years of "heavy drammer," Raymond Griffith was graduating into Mack Sennett comedies in 1918. Wearying somewhat of acting, he tried scenario writing and directing. It was about this time that John Gilbert tried his hand at wielding the megaphone, with poor success.

Neil Hamilton, unsuccessful in his attempt to get a job acting in New Haven, went to New York in 1917, and got extra work at Paramount and Vitagraph. His first formal introduction to his public came when he was given the lead in D. W. Griffith's production, *The White Rose*. *America* and *Isn't Life Wonderful* helped establish him as a fan favorite.

In 1914, Marshall Neilan had discarded grease paint for the megaphone, and was directing Lloyd Hamilton's first comedy.

Johnny Walker, who launched his motion picture career in the old Biograph Studios, and later played under the Edison banner opposite many of the biggest stars of that time—particularly Viola Dana—was just returning from war ten years ago.

In 1916 a thirteen-year-old youngster was playing leads for Christie, Sennett and Gayety comedies. She was Vera Reynolds, whose first impressive role was in that good old Universal throbber, *Hearts of Oak*.

Ten years ago Rubye de Remer, an ex-Follies girl, was achieving film popularity following her initial role in the Rex Beach picture, *The Auction Block*.

In 1915, Pauline Frederick began her screen career as a Famous Players star, and scored heavily as an emotional actress.

While *The Miracle Man* was making stars of Betty Compson and Tommy Meighan, *Male and Female* was doing the same thing for Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee and Theodore Roberts. Meighan owed his success to both pictures.

The first miniature set was being made by Sid Chaplin about ten years ago. It was an artificial glass tank to be used in *The Submarine Pirate* to imitate the bottom of the sea. It caused a sensation in the industry and opened a new vista for producers.

The twelfth floor of the Hollywood Athletic club was called the movie floor. Charlie Chaplin occupied one corner, Mack Sennett another and the late W. H. Clune, theatre magnate, a third. Each had a single room which cost them about ninety dollars a month. "Kono," Charlie's famous Jap servant, today reported to be the only one who clips the coupons for his master, was busy trying to keep job hunters and "old friends" away from Chaplin. The Jap became famous at this time as a bodyguard and doorman for the comedian.

Dick Jones, now directing Ronald Colman, arrived in Hollywood from St. Louis. He was walking along the street from the station where he had left the rods without a penny in his pocket. He stopped a policeman. "Tell me, is Los Angeles always so quiet? Doesn't anybody live here?"

"The streets are empty. It's Christmas," the policeman replied. Dick was so broke that days meant nothing to him.

Julia Faye, who was later to be signed by Paramount to play opposite Wallace Reid, ran away from Illinois University to demand an interview with D. W. Griffith. A small part in *Intolerance* resulted and this in turn led to a year's contract as leading lady. A fling as a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty preceded her contract to play with the idolized "Wally."

Jack Mulhall made his first screen appearance in *The House of Discord*, produced by the old Biograph Company in 1913. He was one of the first actors to personify sincere and virile young manhood.

Mae Murray was married to Bob Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, the present Mrs. Leonard, was not old enough to be a high school freshman ten years ago.

So This is Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

apartment house built by Mrs. Thomas Ince on the old Ince homestead. It must set him back at least $300 a month. And he's brought his mother out to spend several months with him. If his pictures permit they will dash to Honolulu for a couple of weeks' vacation.

Impressive John

JOHN BARRYMORE has been seen several nights, recently, walking up and down Hollywood boulevard looking blank and talking to nobody. It's an old trick formed years ago but given up until recently. Which makes Hollywood ponder. Perhaps it's just because John did so much walking in *King of the Mountains* but gossip seems to remember that he was recently married.

Eddie Inquires

YES," said Tod Browning as Jim-the-barber lathered his face in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tonsorial shop. "After I turned in Yokohama that station in New Zealand came in like a ton of bricks. Calcutta was a little weak but I managed to cut in Rio de Janeiro fine . . ."

"What were you trying to do?" sputtered Eddie Nugent, through the folds of a hot towel. "Find a station that wasn't playing *The Wedding of the Painted Doll*?"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of SCREEN SECRETS, published monthly at Louisville, Ky., and Robbinsdale, Minn.; for April 1st, 1929.

State of Minnesota } ss.
County of Hennepin }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. H. Taylor, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN SECRETS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names, addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Business Manager, W. H. Taylor, Robbinsdale, Minn.

2. That the owner is:
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Robbinsdale, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.; A. F. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

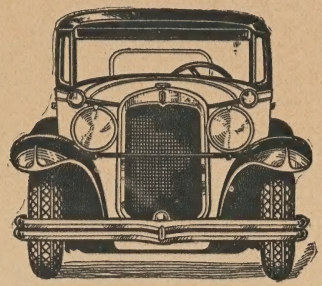
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications, only.)

W. H. TAYLOR,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1929.

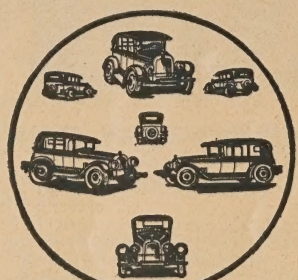
LEON PILON, JR.
Notary Public, Hennepin Co., Minn.
(My commission expires August 6, 1935.)

Win a Nash Sedan or $2,750.00 in Cash



Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-Passenger, Advanced Six Nash Sedan, or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). We are also giving away a Dodge Sedan, a Brunswick Phonograph and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

Solve This Puzzle



There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

$750.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the many valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also giving a Special Prize of $750.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive $2,750.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and $750.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle right away and send me your answer together with your name and address plainly written. $4,500.00 in prizes—EVERYBODY REWARDED.

John T. Adams, Mgr.

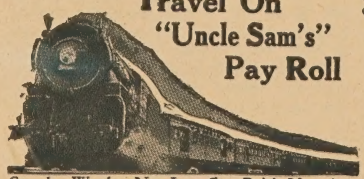
Dept. A343, 323 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

John T. Adams, Mgr., Dept. A343,
323 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:
Here is my solution to the puzzle.

My Name_____

Address_____

Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll



Steady Work—No Layoffs—Paid Vacations
Many Government Jobs Open to Women

$1900 Year to Commence
SEE YOUR COUNTRY

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. R-301, Rochester, N. Y.

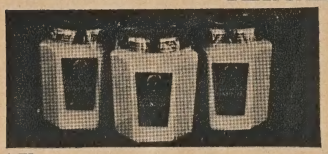
Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with list of Government Jobs obtainable and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name.....

Address.....

Buster Keaton, although one of the smallest actors on the screen, is one of the most athletic. He excels in many sports, and has a wonderfully equipped gymnasium in his home.

FAMOUS RUSSIAN BEAUTIES COULD TELL YOU THEIR SECRET



THREE ESSENTIAL BEAUTY CREAMS *for* DAILY USE· *In* GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE *only* $1.00

IF the aristocratic ladies of pre-war Russia could tell you their beauty secret—they would give much credit to the three creams of the Shuldberg Guild. For these three creams, prepared exclusively for nobility, were a complete beauty treatment—a treatment that cleansed, nourished and protected the skin—a treatment that developed rare beauty. ¶ Today, for the first time the women of America may use these secret creams. In Tsaretsa Toiletries, Meyer Shuldberg, last of his Guild, brings you these priceless formulas. Ask your druggist for Tsaretsa Beauty Creams, or send one dollar today for three generous jars. Use these three creams in a daily beauty ritual. You will be amazed at the beauty that can be yours.

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Please send me your three Tsaretsa Beauty Creams. I enclose $1.00 in payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Dealer.....

Nils Asther's Dream Girl

(*Continued from page* 39)

Because Nils lives alone, with his sheep dog, Clumsey, as his only companion . . . because he shuns social functions . . . because days off from work find him motoring or hiking alone . . . because he has many acquaintances, but few close friends, Hollywood puts Nils down as an anomaly.

ON THE screen, Nils has made love to many of the outstanding feminine stars. Mary Nolan, Vivian Duncan, Marion Davies, Pola Negri, Joan Crawford, Aileen Pringle and Greta Garbo are on the list. All became and still are his friends, but only in one instance did he slip in his determination never again to marry an actress.

Vivian Duncan was the girl.

"I loved her from the first," Nils told me. "She likes the things that I like. She is one of the finest, most companionable young women I have ever met. We worked together in *Topsy and Eva.* We played together when we were away from the studio. I proposed to her and we became engaged.

"But our romance was brief. It crashed on the rock of Vivian's career. Had she been willing to give up the stage and pictures, we would have been married and we would have found bliss."

Nils filled his pipe, and settled back in the big chair.

I STEERED Nils back to the subject of this dream girl.

"Tell me more about her," I urged.

"Oh, I'm willing to confess that I know little about women, despite the fact that I have been married once and engaged nineteen times. Women get to know men, but, for some reason, men never seem to fathom the mystery of women. Perhaps it is because women spend more time studying men, while men, instead of profiting by experience, keep on doing the same thing over and over again, groping blindly along the paths of romance.

"The girl I would marry need not be beautiful. In fact, I would prefer her to be interesting mentally. Not that I have any objections to beautiful women, but I think they are more likely to put physical attractiveness ahead of mentality in meeting the world.

"I could be very happy with a homely girl as a wife if she were the home-making kind. She should be content to stay home rather than be socially ambitious. Whether she be blonde or brunette would make no difference. She need not be young. She must not be an actress, either stage or screen. They have careers that cannot be happily reconciled with my ideas of home life. I would like to have children, so my wife should be a good mother.

"The girl I would marry," continued Nils, "must be my best friend as well as my sweetheart. She should be a companion as well as a wife. I do not care for many friends. I would rather be to myself. My wife should be a chum, not merely a helpmate.

"She need be neither tall nor short; fat nor slim. Nationality or creed does not matter. I should like her to know books; to be interested in music, if not a musician. If she sings, so much the better. I should like her to be fond of the outdoors; to be good company on a mountain hike, motor trip or on the bridle path. She should be able to cook good wholesome foods rather than confining her interest in the kitchen to hiring help.

"My home must be a happier place for having her in it. She should have an eye to color harmonies and interior decoration. She must not be a faddist who will turn the house topsy-turvy with every change of style. My home must be individual. It should not look like a motion picture set, as many homes do today. It should look as though someone lived in it—not merely a gorgeous showplace in which no one can feel comfortable.

"If I am moody, my wife should know these moods. She should not have a violent temper, but, on the other hand, she should not be passively submissive to my every whim. She should have an individuality all her own, but, at the same time, should respect my own right to my likes and dislikes. She should not fill my house with her friends, any more than I should, at any time, invite all the people I know in to dinner."

NILS believes their friends should be friends in common.

"There should be no jealousies," he continued, "for no love can endure suspicion. I should not be envious of any of my wife's accomplishments. And my career should not cause her any feeling of inferiority. My work should be dropped from my shoulders and my mind when I walk in the door."

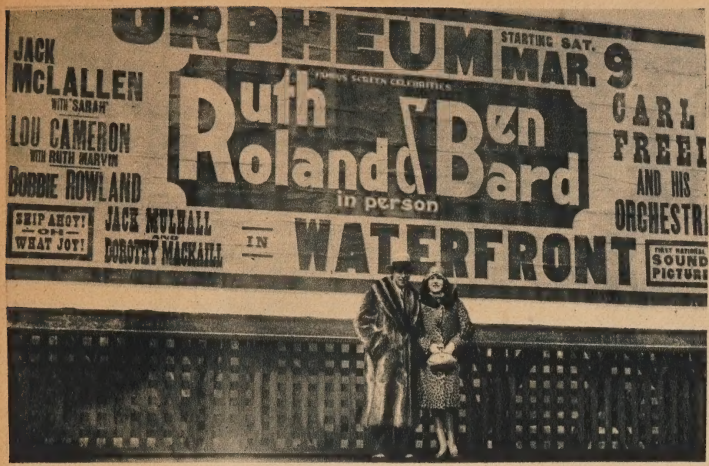
Nils again emphasized the fact that he is seeking happiness.

"Maybe, this girl of my dreams is only an ideal. She seems to me to be more of a composite picture of many women, rather than one. In every woman I have ever known or to whom I have been attracted, I have found one or more of the qualifications I have outlined. I have never met a girl who possessed them all, unless it was a girl I loved as a boy and never married. I have no idea where she is today, and perhaps it is best. A meeting might disappoint both of us, for how radically we change as we mature."

"But, Nils," I interrupted. "Does this mean that you will not marry?"

He thought a moment, then—

"In a minute, if I could find this girl of my dreams. The whole American army could not keep me from the altar."



Ben Bard and Ruth Roland in Omaha, during their personal appearance tour following their recent marriage.

Getting Personal

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

MORNINGS are not made for work." So says Sophie Tucker, red hot mama of vaudeville who for twenty-two years has worked in vaudeville and night clubs and doesn't care so much for Hollywood's early morning calls to film work.

▲▲▲

Eddie Quillan is haunted by his past. When he makes personal appearances, the audiences demand he repeat his former successful vaudeville act.

▲▲▲

Baclanova takes short vacation rest periods at Palm Springs in the desert country of California.

Mike Simmons

▲▲▲

Mike Simmons, of Gotham Productions, is a man with a full day every day; in addition to his duties as director of publicity for Gotham, he conducts this company's scenario department, reading hundreds of stories monthly. He has also written titles for several pictures and dialogue for sound productions.

▲▲▲

Bebe Daniels participated in the opening of a big Los Angeles airport, The Grand Central Air Terminal, the other day.

▲▲▲

Richard Barthelmess has been honored for his very fine acting by being given a special award by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

▲▲▲

Nancy Drexel went on the stage at the age of eight as a member of the juvenile sextette in *Floradora.* She appeared in *The Royal Vagabond,* a comic opera, and in the Shubert production, *Quality Street.*

▲▲▲

Junior Coghlan has done his full quota of daily good deeds. He has just been promoted to first-class Scout of Hollywood Troop 90 of the Boy Scouts of America.

▲▲▲

Nothing less than preparing a cook book is occupying the spare time of Jacqueline Logan. You never can tell what these red-headed mammas will do!

▲▲▲

Jaime Del Rio's literary aspirations were not taken very seriously during his lifetime; but now Fox is filming his play, *From Hell Came a Lady* under the title *A Woman From Hell,* with Mary Astor in the leading role.

▲▲▲

If Lew Cody ever tired of the stage or screen he could open a physician's office. He took a degree in medicine at McGill University.

▲▲▲

Jean Hersholt, the Danish actor, has done over 1,600 characterizations during the thirteen years he has been on the screen. He has one of the finest stamp collections in Hollywood, valued at $30,000.

Your Skin *is whiter, softer and smoother when* HAIR *is* REMOVED *this easy, quick way*

"I've always thought a person should be most careful about what they put on their skin. I've never used creams, soaps or beauty lotions that didn't look clean and pure. For that reason I've always been especially partial to Del-a-tone Cream. It's so snowy-white and safe-looking—and it is safe, too. Del-a-tone leaves my skin so wonderfully soft, white and velvety smooth."

Del-a-tone Cream was the first white cream hair-remover offered to American women. Consequently, it enjoys a tremendous popularity with those fastidious women who demand that their toilet requisites not only be safe and dainty, but that they have the modern quality of being swiftly active and easy to use.

Del-a-tone Cream, snowy-white, faintly fragrant, does not encourage heavier growth.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

Sold at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, $1.00.

Address: Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 96, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago.

FREE TRIAL

Miss Mildred Hadley,
The Delatone Company,
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Please send me absolutely FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, ten cent size I have checked herewith.
☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)
Name.....
Address.....

Save One-Half or More

On Your Silk Hose

This amazing new discovery by hosiery experts more than doubles life of silk stockings and underwear. Stops runs instantly. Applied without removing garments. Will not stain nor discolor. Washable.

Works Like Magic!

It takes only a few seconds to apply Stop-Run. Use it the minute you snag your stockings. That positively ends the possibility of a long, unsightly "run". Think what this means in dollar and cents savings to you. Remember, you can just about cut hosiery costs in two when you use Stop-Run. One small bottle will stop a hundred "runs"—and saves its cost hundreds of times. Your druggist or hosiery dealer will supply—or send us 50 cents for sample—with money-back guarantee.

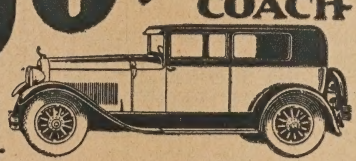
We Want Agents

There is big money in distributing *Stop-Run*. No house to house canvassing. You place in reputable stores and simply collect your profits from dealer sales. Write today for full particulars of our great money making offer.

NEVERUN CORPORATION
Dept.PF-6, 185 North Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

STOP-RUN

WIN $2000.00 NEW and HUDSON COACH



This Car Goes For Promptness

Find The Lucky Combination

Winner Gets CASH & HUDSON BOTH

Anyone with a sharp eye may win this BIG CASH PRIZE of $2000.00 and in addition a brand *new* HUDSON COACH for promptness, if on time — or $3400 in all. Why not you? Think of having a *new* HUDSON COACH given you for your very own, and $2000.00 in CASH to do with as you wish, or if you prefer, $3400.00 in all.

8		1	2
4	7	5	3
		9	6

15 Other CASH PRIZES

Here is an interesting puzzle. Can you solve it? To do so the numbers 3-4-2-6 must be put in the blank squares shown at the left in such a manner as to add up 15; crossways, up and down and diagonal from corner to corner—eight different ways.

***If you find the* LUCKY COMBINATION *cut out this puzzle and* SEND YOUR ANSWER QUICK**

Some sharp-eyed person is going to win the $2000 cash and the Hudson too, if on time. WHY NOT YOU? The Hudson, remember; is a prise for PROMPTNESS; if you win the $2000 you want to get the Hudson too. SEND YOUR ANSWER TODAY. We will let you know at once how close you are to winning, how to get the $2000 cash first prize and make the Hudson yours; there will be no delay in giving you your award for solving this puzzle so mail your answer AT ONCE.

THIS IS NOT A MAGAZINE CONTEST
Anyone Who Can Solve Puzzles May Win

To quickly advertise the name and products of the Paris-American Pharmacal Company and make them better known we are dividing our profits and absolutely giving away 16 BIG CASH PRIZES, ranging from $2000 down, and a NEW HUDSON COACH for promptness—if the first prize winner is on time. What's still more—we will reward hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of our products, and duplicate prizes will be given on all awards in case of final ties. It costs you nothing to solve this puzzle. You do not have to subscribe to any magazine or secure any subscriptions to win any of the 16 BIG CASH PRIZES, ranging from $2000 down, or the Hudson Coach for promptness, with the $2000 Cash FIRST PRIZE. Neither is it necessary to sell anything.

PARIS-AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO. - Dept.120C- DES MOINES, IOWA

Jean Hersholt has one of the rarest collections of first editions in the country. Yet he only carries $42,000 worth of insurance on them because he began his collecting years ago before millionaires took it up as a hobby. Single books which he purchase ' for eighty dollars are now worth eight hundred. It's an investment on which he could make a huge fortune.

Murder of the Movie Cowboy

(*Continued from page* 41)

Somebody else remembered that one of the men had been making love to one of the girls on the davenport and he thought some dispute had arisen.

Iris said that she didn't know anything about it. She said the atmosphere was getting a trifle too heated for even a Hollywood drinking party; so she had started home when she heard a shot. She went to the kitchen and there she saw Tom Kerrick slumping onto the floor.

Henry Isabel said he was sitting outside the house in his automobile waiting for somebody or something he wasn't just so very clear what it was. But anyhow he was sure that he didn't know anything about any shooting.

Sarah Kerrick, the widow, was genuinely heart broken. She was in the hands of the doctors most of the time from the killing until the trial. She said that she did not know just what had happened.

Tom had been getting pretty foolish. He had been making a fool of himself over the girls. The men were all quarreling over the love-making. She thought it was high time he sobered up. She called him in a wifely voice to come into the kitchen. There she handed him a cup of strong black coffee and told him to drink it. Tom, however, insisted that it was still the shank of the evening and he wanted hard liquor. He had drunk enough black coffee on the range to last him for life. He finally struck her.

She says that she got a revolver out of the drawer where it was kept in the kitchen. She didn't remember very clearly just what happened after that. To the best of her hazy recollection, Anita was there and a struggle started for the revolver. They were all leaning over the kitchen table, trying to grab the revolver out each other's hands; and the thing went off. Tom collapsed.

Anita Davis, the blond young motion picture lady, gave the police a bad time and the only light they could find.

When they first began to question her, she shifted her gum to the starboard and said indifferently: "Yeh; I shot him."

She finally added this description of the night: about the only one they could get. "Mrs. Kerrick had been bawling out her husband for allowing so much rough stuff with the girls in the house. He knocked her down and she ran to get a gun. We settled the quarrel and shook hands all around and were seated at the breakfast nook. Mrs. Kerrick had made some coffee. She offered Tom a drink. Iris offered him a glass of liquor and he took it. Then I noticed Sarah's hand come up with a gun in it. I grabbed for it and hooked my arm on hers and pulled down—and the gun went off. That's all I know."

The police—utterly bewildered—hit on a grand idea. As long as nobody would tell what happened, they decided to put

the whole bunch on trial charged with murder and scare them into talking.

They were scared all right. All but Joe Hunt. Joe used to sit in the prisoner's pen waiting to be called to court with grave composure—sitting on his cowboy heels and smoking dobe cigarettes.

Then something happened that the police hadn't figured on.

At that time, there was a bitter prejudice against Hollywood drinking parties. Dorothy Mackaye and Paul Kelly had just been sent to prison for a killing resulting from a wild party. The jury had its appetite whetted.

Some enterprising and irate prosecutor found an old law which provided that every person present at an "unlawful assemblage" where a crime was committed, was guilty of any crime that occurred there.

In other words, they were all guilty of the murder of Tom Kerrick because they had been drinking bootleg booze in the house. The party was therefore an unlawful assemblage.

The jury licked its lips and found them all guilty of the killing—even the man who had been sitting outside in his automobile.

The sarcastic blond lady suddenly lost her sarcasm and became a hysterical frightened girl. Mrs. Kerrick fainted in court; the others collapsed.

Then came the one heroic event of the whole fracas. Mrs. Kerrick became so ill that the doctors feared she would never live to get into prison. Even so, a term in prison would kill her. She was a pitiful, wasted little figure of tragedy.

From the jail came the plea of the other two girls. They said that they would confess the crime and plead guilty if the police would allow Mrs. Kerrick to go free. But this was regarded as an unselfish bit of heroism; and not as throwing any light on the crime.

In the end, the Court of Appeals reversed the verdict of the jury. All were released from jail except Mrs. Kerrick. She went to San Quentin; thrived on it. On a technicality she was granted a new trial; but the district attorney dismissed the charge against her. He said frankly that he would be doggoned if he knew who killed Tom Kerrick.

And there it stands—Hollywood's most bewildering mystery. No one knows who killed Tom Kerrick or why. Was the murder committed by one of the men in the course of the promiscuous love-making of the party? Did one of the women shoot Kerrick? Or was it the heart-broken wife who loved Tom to distraction and who seemed to have had no reason to kill him?

Any theory of the crime seems impossible and unreasonable.

And so it rests there. The luscious Anita is presumably still a blond and still sarcastic. Joe is back on the cow ranges. Iris is somewhere in Hollywood. Mrs. Kerrick is trying to pick up the ends of her life without Tom.

No one will ever know who killed Tom Kerrick.

Are You Bashful?

NERVOUS?
EMBARRASSED?
SHY?

NO WONDER YOU ARE A "STAY-AT-HOME"

DO YOU ever feel embarrassed in the presence of strangers? Are you always bashful and confused when you meet people for the first time or when you are in company of the opposite sex?

You Are Self-Conscious!

Shame on you! There is no need for you to be nervous and embarrassed. Stop being shy. You can learn how to conquer the terrible fear of your superiors.
Every individual now suffering from *Bashfulness* (Self-Consciousness) will welcome this good news. Remarkable discovery used with great success—whereby you can quickly and easily overcome your faults. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** If you're Bashful—don't wait another day—Send 25c for my fascinating amazing book. Tells how to master and overcome Self-Consciousness. **Write today!**

Richard Blackstone INC.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

Richard Blackstone,
B-706 Flatiron Bldg., New York City
Please send me a copy of your book on Nervousness and Bashfulness. I am enclosing 25 cents in coin or stamps.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....State .....

FOOT PAINS GONE in 10 minutes

OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop in 10 minutes when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely. Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

Money back if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 286 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(*Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces*)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES — with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES — without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size.....Shoe Width.....
Send Free Booklet
Name .....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

Big Free Outfit
Starts You Earning $85 Weekly

Here's your opportunity to get into business for yourself, without investment—to earn from $85.00 a week up—to become independent—to be your own boss. You can start in spare-time if you like. Ambitious men and women wanted in every part of the United States.

We manufacture a line of women's highest grade Crepe-de-chine, DeLuxe Rayon and "non-run" rayon lingerie, and men's shirts and underwear. Wonderful quality silk hose and stylish chic dresses quickly gets customers. These products are sold through our own factory representatives direct from our own great mills to the wearer. As our representative you offer your customers merchandise of a super-quality which would cost two or three times as much as in the ordinary retail store. Because of our direct method of selling, cutting out the middlemen's profits, we offer you most liberal cash commissions.

Clothe Yourself and Family Without Cost

We furnish a selling outfit containing photographs, swatches, etc., without cost. We furnish actual garments free to producers to be used as samples. Other offers to representatives to get their own personal needs at wholesale prices. Just as soon as you prove you are in earnest, we take you into partnership and share our profits with you. You don't need experience to succeed. Many of our most successful representatives never sold a thing before. Now they are earning big money—drawing big pay every day.

You take no risk. This is the opportunity of your lifetime, placed in your hands without a single cent of investment. Send coupon today. Learn for yourself just how you can get into the big income class.

Promotion for Producers

Sincere workers, in addition to receiving unusually large incomes from the start, are shown how to run a store from home. We show you how to get customers and build a permanent all year round business—we even give you credit and trust you with merchandise. This wonderful opportunity is offered to you just as soon as you prove to us that you are earnest, ambitious and deserving.

Get Your Selling Outfit FREE
Start Making Money

To help you get started without delay, we will send you on receipt of your name and address a fine selling outfit absolutely free by return postpaid mail. When it arrives go right out and get orders. You collect a deposit on each order, which is your cash commission. We trust you to put your greatest effort in this work or to return the outfit. After you prove you are really in earnest we show you the way to still greater profits. Write for your free outfit now. A month later you will look back and say to yourself, "The moment I clipped and mailed that coupon was the most fortunate moment in my life."

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New York, N. Y.

I want to get into a profitable business of my own without investment. Please make me your factory representative to sell your fine lingerie, shirts and underwear at your low factory prices. Send absolutely free and postpaid your selling outfit. (I am attaching a letter telling why I think you should send me your Master selling outfit.)

My name is .....
Street .....
City or Town..... State.....

Their Exchequered Careers

(*Continued from page* 45)

roles pack theatres all over the world, and whose fan mail exceeds that of any actress in pictures, gets $2,500 straight salary plus a bonus of $10,000 on each completed production. However, her contract calls for an increase of $500 each six months as options on her services are exercised, so that at its expiration she will be receiving about $5,000 per week. This will be in about three years.

Under the De Mille-Pathe arrangement, Marie Prevost drew down $20,000 a picture, five to be made each year. Phyllis Haver, from the same company, was drawing $1,250 per week. Jetta Goudal, at the time of her break with De Mille, was receiving $1,750. Recently she brought suit against the company alleging that she was discharged without warrant and that $101,000 was still due under the terms of her contract.

William Boyd started with De Mille at $125. When he scored a success in *Road to Yesterday* he was awarded a bonus of $250 a week and when his *Volga Boatman* hove to with a bang, the old contract was scrapped and he was raised to $750. He now draws $1,500.

Sally Eilers was under contract to Mack Sennett at a salary starting at $75 a week and ending with $1,000 in four years. She obtained release and started work immediately at First National for $350 a week. Sue Carol, under contract to Douglas MacLean for five years at a salary ranging from $150 to $1,000, recently declared MacLean had breached the agreement and went to work for Fox. Blanche LeClaire has signed with M-G-M for two years at a salary ranging from $75 to $250; Lucille Miller signed with Sennett for five years at $60 to $325; Ada Williams with Fox for five years at $60 to $210; Joyce Blanche Murray with M-G-M for two years at $75 to $250. These newcomers aren't getting any fancy salaries—yet. Possibly they never may. But before them beckon the half-million earnings of Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith and those of Gilbert and Jolson and the like.

Take the case of Lupe Velez, for example. Lupe came to Hollywood in 1927, under contract to Frank Woodyard at approximately $125 a week. She played in Hal Roach comedies. Douglas Fairbanks saw her work and wanted her for a leading role in *The Gaucho*. Lupe asked for release from her contract with Woodyard, later repudiated it because, she said, she was not of age when she signed the document and a settlement was reached out of court. The little Mexican firebrand paid either $20,000 or $50,000, the newspapers said, for freedom. Now Lupe is a United Artists star, a real sensation and at present getting a salary of $1,500 a week, a total of $78,000 a year.

Then there is the case of Anita Page, another of the present sensations. Anita arrived in Hollywood in mid-winter last year with the party of Harry K. Thaw.

They didn't even get into the studios. When Thaw had gone, Anita hauled out her best bib and tucker, stormed the M-G-M casting office, won a screen test, was assigned to play a leading role opposite William Haines, made good and then came through with one of the most outstanding performances of the year in *Dancing Daughters*. She repeated in *Broadway Melody* and now is safely anchored on the Metro lot with a new contract. Under its terms she will receive a total of something like $182,000 within the next four years.

A screen player has a definite box-office value up to a certain point, then red ink starts creeping into the figures. Pola Negri was a "wow" for Paramount when she came to this country following the showing of her German-made picture *Passion*. But she never repeated, so, when her contract expired last year, she was allowed to go.

NOT long ago contracts began lapsing as the studios began lessening the weekly outlays. Widely known players suddenly announced they had decided to free-lance. From the payroll registers the following names began disappearing, (some by request, mind you, but not all):

Paramount—Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Brent, Betty Bronson, Ruth Taylor, Louise Brooks, Wallace Beery, Shirley Dormann, William Collier, Jr., Raymond Griffith, Raymond Hatton, Jack Holt, Adolphe Menjou, Iris Stuart, Lois Wilson, Fred Kohler.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Mae Murray, Carmel Myers, Pauline Starke, Sally O'Neill, Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, Roy D'Arcy, Tim McCoy, Marceline Day, Ralph Forbes, Jacqueline Gadsden, Patricia Avery, Gertrude Olmstead, Eleanor Boardman.

Warner Brothers—Irene Rich, Syd Chaplin, Patsy Ruth Miller, May McAvoy, Jason Robards, Clyde Cooke, Matt Moore, Helene Costello.

De Mille-Pathe—Rod La Rocque, Marie Prevost, Vera Reynolds, Julia Faye, Leatrice Joy, Jane Winton, Majel Colman, Sally Rand.

First National—Doris Kenyon, Natalie Kingston, Mollie O'Day, Ken Maynard, Nathalie Kovanko, Charles Murray, Lillian Rich, Harry Langdon, Johnny Hines, Thelma Todd.

William Fox—Madge Bellamy, Virginia Valli, Olive Borden, Shirley Mason, Margaret Livingston.

Universal—Jean Hersholt, Jack Hoxie, Marian Nixon.

A great many of the former contract players are in demand continuously. Claire Windsor, Jane Winton, Carmel Myers and many others are busy every minute. Louise Fazenda can't accept all the roles that are offered.

Classified Picture Guide

(*Other reviews will be found on page 71*)

DRAMA

BROADWAY MELODY—Bessie Love and Anita Page as sisters doing a small time vaudeville sister act. The unstable affections of a song writer of the Great White Way provide heartbreak and action, and the Broadway atmosphere is authentic and thrilling. A high mark in talking pictures.—*M-G-M.*

THE DIVINE LADY—A glamorous account of the romance between Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. Corinne Griffith is a lovely participant in the events leading up to Trafalgar, and the naval scenes are impressive, as is Victor Varconi as Nelson.—*First National.*

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—Love and lechery in diplomatic circles, and another demonstration of love's triumph over social barriers. Some very effective work from Lupe Velez. —*United Artists.*

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET—George Bancroft as a Wall Street stock manipulator who finds himself as great a sucker in love as others are suckers in money matters. With Baclanova and Nancy Carroll.—*Paramount.*

THE CANARY MURDER CASE—An S. S. Van Dine mystery story made into quite an entertaining talkie. Some clever stuff in this one.—*Paramount.*

DESERT NIGHTS—John Gilbert and Mary Nolan, but nothing particularly startling. Gilbert, as the manager of a diamond mine, falls in love with a dainty crook who aided in giving him several very inconvenient days.—*M-G-M.*

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—Barrie's *Half An Hour* made into an excellent talkie which adds laurels to the distinguished brows of Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner, and John Loder. Strictly adult entertainment. —*Paramount.*

IN OLD ARIZONA—A genuine wow, due to (*a*) a real story written by a real writer, O. Henry, and (*b*) the fact that the actual sounds of the great outdoors are recorded, instead of being replaced by sap synthesis. Producers are invited to step up and compare this honest reproduction with the prevalent practice of rattling the contents of a Woolworth counter inside a washing machine.—*Fox.*

SHOPWORN ANGEL — Nancy Carroll and Gary Cooper go through the tortures of wartime heartbreak, further complicated by her inky past and his innocence.—*Paramount.*

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER—Taken from the powerful stage play of the same name, this picture is a fast-moving drama of bootlegging, character analysis, and violence.—*Pathé.*

WEARY RIVER—Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson deliver superlative performances in a story of underworld activity and ultimate redemption.—*First National.*

THE GODLESS GIRL—Cecil B. De Mille *v.* reform schools; the picture also contains some dreadful anti-atheism stuff which indicates that somebody must have spent fully ten minutes in some book store.—*Pathé-De Mille.*

REDSKIN—Troubles of an educated American Indian, ably portrayed by Richard Dix. Also, the picture is in color, which helps a great deal.—*Paramount.*

DREAM OF LOVE—Nils Asther and Joan Crawford in a story of romantic royalty, modernism, and traditions tending to hamper the movements of anybody unlucky enough to be a prince.—*M-G-M.*

COMEDY

SPITE MARRIAGE—A side-splitting comedy wherein Buster Keaton proves himself deserving of a place in the front rank of screen comedians. Dorothy Sebastian is excellent as his romantic objective, an actress, who marries him to spite another man.—*M-G-M.*

WHY BE GOOD?—Colleen Moore and Neil Hamilton in a speedy picture involving lessons in how to marry the son of the owner of the store one works in.—*First National.*

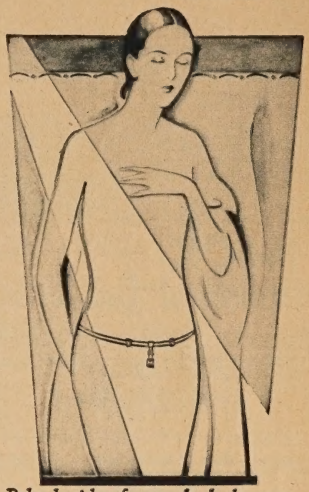
THE GHOST TALKS — Helen Twelvetrees, a newcomer, does well in this typical mystery farce full of bandits and detectives.—*Fox.*

MARQUIS PREFERRED—A gay and sophisticated continental comedy with Adolphe Menjou as debonair as ever.—*Paramount.*

SHOW PEOPLE—A highly entertaining comedy wherein Marion Davies, Bill Haines and quite a background of other celebrities joyfully kid movies and those who make them. —*M-G-M.*

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Bill Haines doing much to make this resurrection of the old safe cracker palatable.—*M-G-M.*

New PERSONAL BELT



Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Beltx

I am interested in securing dealers for a few more cities. - - Write for particulars - -

Glen Marianne Shea

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA,
Bell Telephone Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me_____BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $_____. It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. ($1.00 for one; 3 for $2.00).

Check Colors Desired ☐ *Orchid* ☐ *Peach* ☐ *Flesh*

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At department and drug stores everywhere

Men use Heck too!

. . . . and why not? Why should men tolerate excessive armpit perspiration, discomfort, soiled shirts under the arms or risk offending others any more than women?

This unpardonable social (shall we say?) *sin* is nowadays easily checked. Quickly, safely, *easily* with Heck. This crystal-clear deodorant has found a place among the toilet requisites of careful people along with the tooth brush, comb and soap. For personal attractiveness and freedom from possible bodily offense, use Heck regularly. Keep a bottle handy.

Two sizes—50c and $1. ($1 size is 3 times larger)

Heck
DEODORANT
CHECKS PERSPIRATION
Crystal-clear Confidante of the Careful

INTRODUCTORY OFFER—Mail coupon or write for special size to try.
THE HECK-COWARD CO., INC., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
I enclose:
☐ 10c (coin or stamps) for trial size Heck
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(either of above sent postpaid anywhere)

LEARN DRESSMAKING
Earn money at home

New easy method. In a few short weeks, right at home through the Woman's Institute, you can learn how to make all your own clothes in the very latest styles for a half or a third of what they now cost you.

The course is so complete that you can earn $20 to $40 a week as a visiting dressmaker or teacher, or open a shop and be independent.

Write for
FREE BOOKLET

Prove to yourself how easily you can learn to make all your own clothes by this step-by-step picture method. Mail the coupon today for the handsome 32-page FREE BOOKLET, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes" and tell me how I can learn the subject checked:
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking
Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....

DEVELOP FORM
14 Day Treatment FREE

Est. 1908

My old original Three Part Treatment, standby of women for 25 years, has made thousands happy. Only tested one that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, massage, exercises, pumps or dangerous appliances.

Send 10c for 14-Day Demonstration—to cover postage. Why pay more when I give big proof treatment FREE to all except mere curiosity seekers. Dime back if not satisfied.

Madame Williams DK-81 Buffalo, N.Y.

Alice Day comforts Arthur Lubin in this scene from Times Square, *a story of Tin Pan Alley, elaborately produced by Gotham as this company's first talking picture.*

Taking Her Time

(*Continued from page* 37)

that night, and frequently we work until midnight or later, I dash home, bathe, dress and have dinner. When I am working very hard on a picture, I retire early."

Vacation days are the same. Days that are granted for alleged rest are filled with shopping and hard work. Look, or maybe you'd rather listen, to this schedule.

"I get up at eight when I am between pictures. That is the one luxury I bask in. There is nothing so utterly perfect as lying in bed and watching the hands of the clock slowly move by that hateful six forty-five. After my bath and breakfast in my room, there is usually a story conference at the studio. Sunday Irvin and I have made it a ritual to eat together downstairs. It is the only day in the week that we both don't have to rush to studios.

"At the studio, after the story conference, the costume designer wants to know whether I would prefer chiffon to georgette or whether I want the dress high in front and long in back, or high in back and long in front. The publicity department usually has a request for me to pose in shoes or gloves or hats to advertise a certain product, which means that I must change my costume several times, because you can't pose in sports shoes with an afternoon dress, nor wear gauntlet gloves with a tea gown.

"Then the publicity department wants photographs, gallery portraits, and there is a trip to Mr. Carsey's studio where sixty-five or seventy negatives are made.

"One day, recently, I had appointments at three different photographers. That day I devoted entirely to being photographed. With my maid, I drove from one studio to another, making up en route.

"After the story and dress conferences and my photographs, there may be camera tests of voice or hair or costume for my next picture, or a flock of pictures to be autographed.

"Sunday afternoon—at least several hours of it—I devote to my fan mail. That is when my secretary, Mary Ann Porter, and I get together and pour over the letters that require personal answers. During these sessions it seems as though I sign a million pictures." Billie's fan mail has mounted to thirty thousand letters a week.

"I always find time to visit the Hollywood Hospital and see some of the children who are ill there—and some of the adults. In addition, I frequently appear at benefits, the Examiner Benefit, and others.

"It leaves me but little time to poke around in shops with mother, and to visit Ackhershott's quaint little Old Europe antique shop that is so full of gay pots of cactus and small wooden statues that whistle if you wind them, majolica lambs, and no end of fascinating things.

"I don't have time, it seems, unless I rush madly, to buy hats, gloves and costume jewelry . . . and . . ."

But just then there was a knock at the door, and it was the hairdresser. And—well . . . there you are!

Mary Steps Out

(*Continued from page 46*)

the seamier side of life in just that manner. Her only contact with the penalties of illicit love was in *Tess of the Storm Country,* and her innocent shouldering of adult responsibilities was snow white in its purity.

Coquette is the story of a Southern girl, too generous with her lover. Her father shoots and kills the man and consequently is convicted of murder. *Coquette,* left alone with the child, commits suicide. Hardly a typical Pickford picture!

Hollywood thought of *Pollyanna,* of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* of *Through the Back Door,* of *Esmerelda,* of *Sparrows,* of *My Best Girl.* They thought of the myriad pictures, full of youth and charm and far removed from sordidness, that Mary had done.

There were editorial comments, some kind, others cruel; some complimented her on her courage in upsetting a tradition; others condemned her and said that as a box-office attraction she was nil. Still others chided her in not having the daring to play the role as written. They were among those who forgot that the screen, more than the stage, has a rigid censor.

In the center of this hub-bub, what has Mary Pickford to say?

Small, very small, and perhaps a trifle weary, a violet dress and hat and slippers lending violet lights to her blue-grey eyes, Mary drew the little rocking chair closer. A March sun, bright and golden, streamed through the white ruffles of the curtains in her dressing bungalow. A framed sampler, dim and old, was on the wall.

Mary smiled that wistful, radiant smile. A smile that illuminates and transfigures her whole body.

"This is such a little chair. . . ." she began.

It looked like such a chair as a mother might rock her child to and fro in. It might have been for that, only it had small arms that jutted forward four or five inches.

"It might have been used for that," said Mary, her eyes a bit brighter, a bit more tender, as she leaned forward ever so slightly and cradled in her arms an imaginary child, and softly swayed the chair. "Yes, it could have been used to rock a child." She knew how mothers cradled theirs, left arm a trifle higher than the right, face all rimmed with eternal care and fondness.

The look fled. She was again Mary Pickford, the actress, and perhaps a trifle weary.

"*Coquette?*" She was Mary Pickford, business woman who is also an artist.

"*Coquette* is not my first grown-up role, you know. No, I made *Rosita* and *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.* They were both costume pictures. Neither was highly successful. I don't think it was because the public would rather see me as a child, as much as it was because I was so submerged by the trappings and the heavy costumes and the historical plots of the pictures.

"I am making *Coquette* because I think any wise actress will change her roles before the public demands it. There is no immediate need for me to. *My Best Girl,* which as my last picture has proven, by the box office, to be the most successful picture I ever made. They are pleased that I remain as I am. Nor were they horrified when we announced that I would do *Coquette* as my next. Whether they will accept it, and my newer type of role, remains to be seen when the picture is released.

"After all, *Coquette* is not a bad girl. Nor is she adult, really. She is merely a young girl who has been dealt a tragic section of life.

"Douglas did not want me to make it —at first. For several days he insisted that it was not the sort of thing I should do. He thought it was too ugly. Despite the fact that it was a New York success, he was very much against it."

Douglas, himself, said this, later, about *Coquette*:

"I wouldn't sit and stare at a mud wall for two hours. Why should Mary choose to make a grim, ugly play? But the modern plays are that way, and the stage is crowded with them. Because New Yorkers like anchovies they will make a whole dinner of them. It's the same with their stage fare. I like Galsworthy, for instance, who points his lines with morals and makes his plays pleasant theatrical sermons."

"I don't believe I could play a little girl on the screen again." She paused. Mary, the eternal little girl—Mary, whose elfin manners kept a world young. Mary, never playing a child again. Never scampering across the room, or having her curls lathered, or being hit in the eye with a large and over-ripe tomato.

"You see," and her voice was low, "I have gone through so much the last two years . . . so much, that I don't believe I could ever act like a child again."

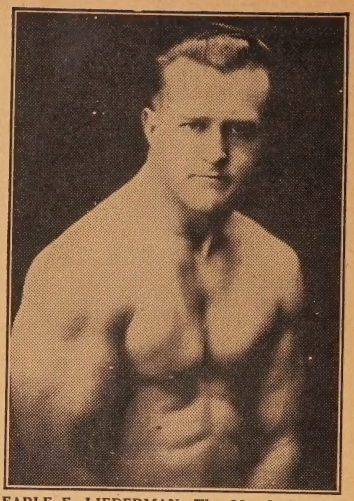
There was a pause, and thoughts raced by. The death of her mother, the hurried trip across the Atlantic to forget, the other sorrows that are all too quickly absorbed by the press.

Mary has her own way.

Hollywood has its pet supposition. As usual, Hollywood is wrong. And the drama was enacted before its unseeing eyes.

Mary is keen-minded, sensitive and intuitive; she has always been an independent thinker, dominating frequently in conclaves at which Douglas and her mother were present. In the light of recent happenings, Mary is now clearly seen as boss of her own career.

But that is nothing new. Mary is not making a defiant gesture. She always has had her own way.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN—The Muscle-Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

When Even Your Sweetheart Turns Away—

Do you know what it means to be lonely and forgotten? To be without friends? To have your mother begin to lose faith in you? To have even your sweetheart turn away in scorn—even your wife go back on you—because you failed to deliver in a pinch—because you weren't able to play the man when you had the chance?

Some day *danger* will confront you or your friends when you least expect it, and it will be up to you to overcome it or fail. When that time comes will you be ready for it? Will you have *the strength, the muscles, the stamina* every man owes to himself if he wants to be loved and respected?

The Only Thing That Can Save You

There comes a time in every man's life when strength —real strength—is the only thing that can save him. In war or in peace, on the sick-bed or in the prize ring, your strength either makes you the winner or the loser —and losing often means death.

Check up on yourself *now.* How are the old biceps? Are those rolls of flesh around your stomach pudgy fat or lean, strong muscles? Are your legs like toothpicks or are they strong and shapely? How's your wind? If you got into a life-and-death rough and tumble scrap would you be on the bottom or on top when it's all over? Come on, now, be fair to yourself. If you haven't got the punch in a pinch, snap out of it, and be a man. There's a way to get that punch, and get it in a hurry. It's not difficult and it's quick—and it gives you real, live, red-blooded strength. I've given it to over 100,000 men and many of them were weaker than you are when they started. But they don't call me the Muscle-Builder for nothing. *Here's what I guarantee to do for you:*

30 Days Will Do the Trick

One short month is all I need to show you just what a real muscle-builder can do for you. In just 30 days I'll begin by adding one whole inch of real honest muscle on each of your arms, and I'll put two more inches of wonderful health-producing strength across your chest. Your head will snap back erect. The thighs and calves of your legs will grow shapely and powerful, and your shoulders will begin to widen and fill out with curves of muscle.

Life will begin to be worth while. The little tasks that seem so hard now will seem like nothing at all then. You'll begin to take a new interest in things. Your work will be like play, and the boss will begin to notice it, too. Yes, sir, in just 30 days you'll begin to be somebody.

Then Things Will Begin to Happen

Then give me 60 days more to work on you, and things will really start to happen. This timid weakling that everybody used to take advantage of will now do some ordering around of his own. And when he speaks people will jump, because he's found the strength to enforce his orders. In those three short months that he is with me he will have gained something that takes years to acquire without my knowledge. Those big, powerful arms—that broad, handsome back—that shapely muscular neck. What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

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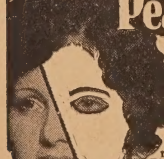

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DANIEL LABORATORIES, Dept. A-306 18 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 51)

Conrad Nagel was master of ceremonies. He said he was chosen because they thought he wouldn't say much. He added that Doug had said he didn't want to come up on the stage and probably the best way to get him up was to induce his wife to come first. This strategy worked for presently both Mary and Doug were bowing from the runway.

THE chief subject of conversation at the delightful party given by the **James Gleasons** at their hospitable home was **Roland West's** *Alibi*, which had been privately previewed that morning. **Chester Morris, Regis Toomey** and **Harry Stubbs** of the cast were unofficial honor guests and they were showered with congratulations from everyone present.

Regis Toomey's wife is a Southern girl; they have been married four years and act like bride and groom. **Sue Van Dusen,** who is **Mrs. Harry Stubbs,** is a great friend of theirs and she and **Mrs. Toomey** spend most of their days joyously inspecting houses with a view to early purchases.

THE opening of the new "Blossom" supper room at the Hotel Roosevelt was the occasion for a brilliant dinner-dance. **Sophie Tucker** was mistress of ceremonies and cleverly presented the feature numbers arranged by **Sid Grauman.**

Putting Science Into Sex Appeal

(*Continued from page* 53)

the other girls put together. Also, redheads have *less submission* and *less compliance* than any other type—nothing but the drive to *induce*, unrestrained by fear of consequences to themselves or others.

"In casting brunettes, and brown-haired women with blue eyes, our tests show that greater care must be taken. Women of this sort are more individuals, emotionally, and conform less to a fixed and invariable type.

"Yet, this we do know, about brunettes. They have, as a rule, a greater sum total of passion and captivation than either blondes or red-haired women.

IN THE test for emotional reactions, Dr. Marston's subject grasps a bulb, wears a heavy rubber tubing called a pneumograph around the chest, has a brachial artery shut off temporarily by a constriction of the left arm, and immerses the fingers of the left hand in a salt solution.

No, it doesn't hurt, though it sounds very medical and formidable! The grasp of the bulb measures grip variability, the pneumograph measures breathing, releasing of the artery constriction enables your man of science to read the blood pressure, and the sweat of your finger tips activates in the bowl a tiny electrical current, the recording of which registers perspiration.

Then the doctor flashes on the opposite wall a movie. If the love scene "gets" you, your body reacts involuntarily to the emotions. Keenly the professor and his assistants watch the moving fingers of the instruments write the reaction story, and after further careful study he is prepared to tell you how strongly you emote.

"We have made careful experiments on both men and women," states the doctor, "to find out which of the primary emotions has the strongest appeal. Men prefer love passion (submission), next, dominance (as in prize fights); third, inducement (sheik stuff); and last of all, compliance. In short, men obtain greatest pleasure from giving themselves to women. If they can't do that, they want to fight."

How Hollywood Gets You

(*Continued from page* 57)

half dozen actresses whose names now are widely known, together with a few down-and-outers, still hoping; drifters, derelicts, failures. I sat among them for a little while in a deadly silence. Heavens, what a relief when they called me in! And signed me for a desired part.

I caught the spirit of depression, the frightened, despairful gnawing they felt in their hearts. After all the years of trying.

I know two girls who had promising starts in pictures. Both were doing bits. The treacherous road to success seemed to have opened. They were earning their way. There came a long trail of hard luck. Enforced idleness for months. Discouragement. Despair. I met them on the street a few months ago carrying their bags.

"Going to work?" I asked.

"Work, H—l!" one of them replied. "We're going down below the border."

Which meant to a dive in Mexico.

Strenuous, frenzied, there is no place on earth like Hollywood.

Now, that's the drab side of the picture. Let's turn to the other:

HOLLYWOOD is a restless, exciting, glorious place to live. Its motion picture studios offer the greatest rewards for success of any institutions on earth. Girls in starring roles are earning more money than the President of the United States.

I don't go to parties. I'm not invited—often. Don't know whether the good wives fear that my vampire label is a menace or because they can't spell Livingston without two *g's*. But these Hollywood parties are screams. When Reginald Denny was married a few months ago, I met two girls on the way to the reception held at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"Come on, Margaret," one of them said. "Let's go."

"I'm not invited," I replied.

"Neither are we. But that doesn't make any difference."

Texas Guinan gave a party at Marie Prevost's home while she was here making a night club picture for Warner Brothers.

"I invited fifty to dinner," said Miss Guinan. "Two hundred and fifty came and seventy-five were still there for breakfast next morning."

That's Hollywood spirit, you understand. It's just an effort to be sociable. Whenever any of the screen crowd sees as many as five cars parked in front of a player's house, they cry—"Oh, there's a party! Let's go in."

Thus the film colony lives and loves, works and worries, plays and hates. *Hollywood gets you!* There are no "extras" here, they are all stars in the electric lights of their own minds.

THERE isn't another place like it. And if a few go from it into "The Port of Missing Men," and if a few girls drop from view and their names no longer are spoken at home—well, that's life. Hollywood forgets. The Chamber of Commerce, the Girls Studio Club, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and countless other individuals have issued urgent pleas that girls stay away from the cinema unless they have sufficient funds and plenty of nice clothes to keep them a year at the minimum.

Right now, many actresses are wondering "Where do we go from here?" because of the advent of the talkies. Some of the silent drama girls have good voices. Some have not. Some have undergone their speaking tests admirably. Others appear to be in the fix of the parrot which spotted the sleeping dog and said "Sic 'em, Jiggs!" And Jiggs sprang to his feet, looked around and lay down again.

"Sic 'em, Jiggs!" said the parrot again.

Jiggs caught on this time and when the bird repeated the order, Jiggs sprang up, seized it by the neck, shook it 'til its feathers were almost gone.

"For the love o' Mike!" exclaimed the owner. "What's the matter?"

"Matter, h—l," replied poll. "I talked too much."

Exit poll. Also, exit some "queens of the silent drama."

—o—

Our Modern Maidens

(*Continued from page 60*)

beauty. In the doorway stood Andrea, the South American servant, motionless, statuesque.

Billie's eyes widened with well-simulated admiration. "Oh!" she exclaimed breathlessly, and was rewarded by Abbott's flush of boyish pleasure.

"You—you like it?" he asked eagerly, trying unsuccessfully to conceal his genuine pride in his treasures.

"It's wonderful, Glenn—all of it—simply wonderful!" Her gesture, including the view and the colorful crudities of the cabin, held so much admiration that Abbott felt as if he himself had created even the hills and vales.

ABBOTT, catching the sudden glint of interest in her eyes, stepped forward, eager to sweep her into his strong arms, to tell her he was mad about her. But Billie, sensing his passion and realizing her danger, turned from him abruptly and began studying his collection of knives.

Her casualness was like a dash of cold water to Abbott, who felt about for something to interest her, to re-establish their relationship on safe ground.

"Won't you have some lunch—or tea?" he asked.

"Heavens, no!" cried Billie in such horror that they burst into laughter. The tenseness of the situation was greatly relieved; but he was not entirely able to conceal his feelings.

"It's wonderful to have you here! I wish—I could do something for you."

Billie, toying with a knife, looked up quickly.

"There is something you *could* do for me, Glenn—if you were *really* willing," she answered, watching him with narrowed eyes.

"Anything!" he said eagerly.

Her gaze fell before the adoring appeal in his eyes. She began to suspect herself of being rather a rotter for playing up to him deliberately to achieve her own ends. After an embarrassed hesitation she replied, "I wish you'd get Gilbert Johns appointed as a secretary to our Embassy in Paris."

Abbott stiffened. The frank openness he had shown her was suddenly replaced by an inscrutable silence.

Billie, warned by his manner, met his calculating eyes with her most disarming smile. With a twist of her body she brought herself close to Abbott and laid one hand lightly on his knee. He remained immovable. As if unable to understand his attitude, she looked up at him with a puzzled expression.

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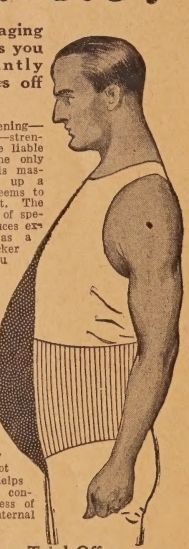

DIET is often weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt *works for you every second.*

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"Gilbert Johns?" he asked coldly. "Your almost—Siamese twin?"

Billie tried to laugh. "Why, yes," she answered as casually as possible. "He's the one."

Abbott got down from the table without bothering to remove her hand, which fell as he moved away from her.

"Suppose," he remarked, facing the girl keenly, "we put our cards on the table." Billie, genuinely puzzled now, listened apprehensively. "I've shown very definitely what I feel for you," he continued levelly, "and the idea hasn't exactly repelled you, has it?"

Billie flashed him a glance, amorous yet hesitant. For a moment Abbott was unable to continue; then, again master of himself, he asked grimly, "Just what is Gilbert Johns to you?"

Words failed her. Abbott, believing her hesitation leading to a confession that young Johns was much to her, steeled himself and turned away. At last she forced herself to reply. "Gil is just—why, just a pal."

Abbott looked down at her searchingly. Her innocent expression did not betray the lie.

"Only a pal?" he repeated, still scrutinizing her closely.

"That's all."

He wanted to believe her; but women had used him too often before for their own ends to spare him the agony of suspicion. "But if he's only a pal," he persisted, "why does his future mean so much to you?"

Billie did not answer at once. Then, a little bashfully, she asked, "Haven't you ever wanted to help a friend who needed just that extra push to reach success?"

"You generous little thing!" he cried, his face clearing. "I'm a suspicious brute, Billie. It would serve me right if you never spoke to me again. I'm sorry."

"It was horrid of you!" she agreed, holding him off with an extended arm and finger. "You really ought not be forgiven; but—" She smiled alluringly, her eyes daring him to kiss her while her hand appeared to rebuff him.

Abbott took her finger; and when she did not demur, her hand, which he held in both of his—gently at first, then crushingly.

"If you're pulling for Johns, he must be regular," he said. "I'll see what I can do." He pressed her hand against his cheek. Billie, fired with triumph, glanced at him with eyes soft with thanks.

Unable to restrain himself any longer, Abbott swept her into his arms, kissing her hair, her cheek, her lips. Billie's impulse was to fight him off; but his passion kindled her and she relaxed in his arms, her lips seeking his hungrily, kiss for kiss.

IT WAS with great effort that she faced Abbott in Washington next morning. Gil, too, was visibly worried with thoughts of little Kentucky, though he tried to assure Billie that he had nothing whatever on his mind.

True to his word, Abbott used his considerable influence. Billie watched him as he talked with government officials, a man among men, and found herself unconsciously comparing this fine, vigorous, frank friend with her rather weak-willed play-boy fiance.

As they descended to the street again Abbott put his hand on Gil's shoulder in a heavy clasp.

"Well, that's settled, Johns. This fall should see you in Paris!"

Gil, ashamed, tried to express embarrassed thanks, but Abbott silenced him. Glad to escape, he hurried on to the car, leaving Billie with Abbott.

Silently he pressed her hand. "Slip the crowd tomorrow and have tea with me in the cabin, won't you?" he begged.

For a moment Billie hesitated, then nodded. His fingers tightened on her convulsively as he handed her gently into the car beside Gil.

"Remember the speed limit, young man!" he warned laughingly—"Take no chances!" He stood at the curb watching Billie, his heart in his eyes, until the car was swallowed up in traffic.

HEADLINES screamed from the morning papers, fulfilling Billie's boast to her father that she would make the front page.

MOTOR MAGNATE'S DAUGHTER TO WED YOUNG DIPLOMAT

"B. Bickering Brown announces the engagement of his beautiful and charming daughter, Miss Billie Brown, to Gilbert Johns———"

Glenn Abbott stared at the print with stricken eyes, the lines deepening about his set mouth.

"The young folks have been secretly engaged for a month, but avoided an announcement until Mr. Johns' position with the Paris Embassy was secured—"

The paper fell from Abbott's strong, lean fingers. The words whirled dizzily in his numbed brain. Gradually as the realization of the despicable trick came to him his vitality returned and his face grew hard.

He turned to Andrea, moving quietly about the room.

"Want to spend the night in Washington?" he asked. "Well, be off with you, then!" He paced back and forth, trying to quell the tempestuous emotions warring within him. He had worshiped, adored Billie, and she had tricked him cheaply. All his love now turned to bitter hate.

Billie, dreading to meet Glenn Abbott, had wanted to cancel her acceptance to tea; but, never a coward, she was ready to go when Glenn called for her with his car.

They had hardly started when the gathering storm clouds began to lower, and thunder rumbled from the hills. Billie turned to her grim, silent companion.

"Hadn't we better turn back?" she suggested, seizing on a plausible excuse. "We'll be drenched before we reach the cabin."

Abbott drove on without comment

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Billie knew now that she was dealing with an embittered, ruthless man. The rain began to fall in torrents.

Still silent, he showed her into his cabin and motioned her to a chair.

"The fire is—warm and cheerful," she remarked with attempted casualness; but as she glanced at his cold, set face, she shivered nervously.

WITHOUT a word Abbott stepped into the bedroom. Billie, watching him apprehensively, saw him take from the chest a robe of vivid, barbaric design and lay it on the couch. He came back and, without a glance at Billie, searched for a pair of South American moccasins which he carried into the bedroom.

Billie's hands were shaking when he returned. Stepping close to her chair he said coldly, "You can't stay in those wet things. There are dry clothes in the other room."

She tried to assure him that the fire would quickly warm her; but the touch of Abbott's hand on her wet dress caused her to hurry away, eager to escape from him. She heard him follow her to the very door. Desperately she looked about for a key; but there was none. Mechanically, watching the closed door fearfully, she dropped her wet garments to the floor and threw the robe about her shivering body. A moment later as she stooped to pick up her wet clothes she saw the door slowly opening, and Abbott stepped into the room.

Savagely he pulled her into his arms, pressing her against him as if she were indeed a common woman. For a moment he wavered, remembering that only yesterday she was the only girl he had ever truly loved; but she had tricked him cheaply, and she must pay!

He fumbled at her robe, trying to loosen it. The horror in Billie's eyes, so unmistakably genuine, restrained him. Still determined to make her pay for having tricked him into passionate ardor only to make a fool of him, he tried to continue. But the desire to humiliate her died. Releasing her suddenly, he strode to the door.

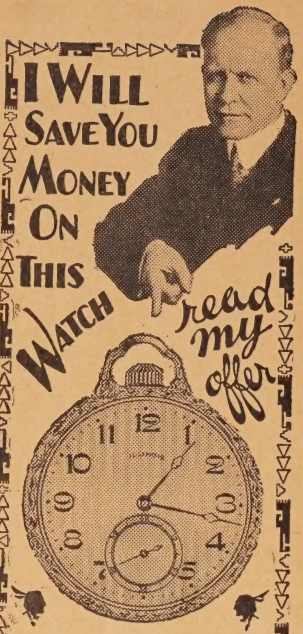
Billie clutched the robe about her. "Glenn," she cried breathlessly, following him and placing her hand impulsively on his arm, "I knew you wouldn't—couldn't. You're too decent—"

He flung her away in a gesture of repulsion. "It's not decency" he answered contemptuously. "You're as cheap as a harlot, without even a harlot's excuse! That's why I couldn't touch you!"

The door slammed behind him.

For the first time Billie saw herself through his eyes. He was right. She had used her body to gain her ends, indifferent to what pain she inflicted. And for what? Just a little more applause, a wider platform in the limelight, a louder blare of the Big Brass Band.

Tragically she plodded back to the cabin to put on her wet clothes. She felt herself indeed, the thing he believed



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Sample Desk P, Poslam Co., 254 W. 54th St., New York, N. Y.

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Box Free To You!

Would You Like Such a Result as This?

Do you want, FREE, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad. by post-card or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? **FREE**

Koskott is used by men and women; is is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days.

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, E-212 Sta. F, New York

her—cheap, common, a woman of the streets.

KENTUCKY and Gil were alone before a cheerful fire, intimately sheltered from the rain. Deep in the comfort of a wing chair, lazily puffing at his pipe, he listened contentedly to the negro love melody she crooned to the accompaniment of her mandolin. As she finished, he leaned forward and rumpled her hair.

Gil sank back in his chair and drew on his pipe again. 'Tuck was a dear child . . . Adoring and adorable . . . Helpless, somehow, too . . . Made a chap feel strong, and eager to take care of her . . .

The door blew open in a gust of chilling wind and rain, and Billie tumbled in, clothes dripping, her hat forgotten, She tried to escape upstairs unnoticed; but Gil had seen her.

"I'm a sight!" she said, managing to smile as he came quickly up to her. "Mr. Abbott and I were caught in the rain."

Gil sensed Billie's unstrung condition.

"Darling is there anything wrong?" he asked anxiously.

She shook her head and swallowed hard. "Oh, no, Gil—only an overpowering conviction that I'm a rotter!" she answered lightly.

"You—a rotter?" he repeated incredulously. "Why, Billie, you're—you're the most wonderful girl in the world!"

Billie, grateful for his reassurance, allowed him to kiss her again before she ran upstairs.

GIL watched her go, completely unaware that Kentucky was still in the room until she came up, put her arms ardently about him and, standing on tiptoes, kissed him tenderly. Quickly, then, she ran after Billie, leaving Gil dejectedly staring after her . . Poor, game little kid! She must have seen him kiss Billie . . . It must be hell to love a guy like that!

"Why, Billie, your hands are like ice!" exclaimed Kentucky, taking them in her own to warm them, and leading her over to the fire.

Billie's misery melted before the sweetness of the child. She drew Kentucky into her arms and tipped back her head.

"I was afraid our crowd would rob you of your ideals, but they couldn't," she said, smiling into Kentucky's ardent little face. "How wonderful it must be to feel as innocent and unsoiled as you."

Kentucky laid her cheek against Billie's. Silently they watched the flames, each lost in secret thoughts of her own . . .

Glenn Abbott returned to the Andes without seeing Billie again, nor did he communicate with her during the weeks that followed.

On the morning of Billie's wedding to Gil Johns, Kentucky learned what she had for some time suspected—that she was to have a child . . .

(To be concluded)

Peel Off The Ugly "Thorns"

Get Rid of Those Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles and Blemishes This New Way!

Have a New Skin and Youth-Like Complexion

In 3 Days!

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

LOOK in your mirror in just a few days after you do as instructed, and behold the clear, new, youth-like skin and beauty complexion, instead of seeing those awful "thorns in the flesh" called pimples, blackheads, large pores, freckles, signs of aging and other disfiguring blemishes that hide the true beauty you possess, but do not know it.

This new discovery actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone for good, not covered up as with paint and powder. It's the most amazing, yet simple way of getting rid of skin blemishes you ever read of, and all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of the Daily Mirror ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 29-X, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

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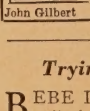
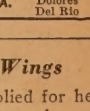
Chas. Rogers


John Gilbert


Dolores Del Rio

Trying Out Love's Wings

BEBE DANIELS has applied for her pilot's license. And they do say that as soon as she can relieve at the steering wheel there'll be an airplane honeymoon which will make history. Of course, Ben Lyon is already one of our best movie flyers.

DIAMONDS WATCHES-JEWELRY 12 MONTHS TO PAY

No Red Tape

$100.00 Value

No. 95—$59

$2 Deposit—$1.15 A Week

A fine quality, full cut, sparkling, genuine blue white diamond full of brilliance is set in this magnificent ring. Two dark blue sapphires in the sides of the exquisitely engraved 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting add to its attractiveness. Everyone will think you paid $100 for it. Guaranteed to stand any test.

18 KARAT

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When you get the article of your selection, pay the postman small deposit specified. If you keep it, pay balance in equal weekly payments for one whole year. Credit dealings are strictly confidential. Best of service. No delay.

Money Back GUARANTEE

Take 10 days free to decide. If not satisfied that the article is the biggest bargain you ever got, return it and **we will refund every cent you paid.** All credit dealings confidential. **No red tape.**

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We will give you 8% more per year, than you paid in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

No. 169—$62.50 Deposit $1.25 a Week. 15 Diamonds set in platinum. 18 Kt. real white Solid Gold. Like two Ch. Solitaires worth over $600.

No. 252—$49: $1 Deposit, $1 Weekly. 18 Kt. white gold Dinner Ring set with 4 Diamonds, 4 Sapphires. Value $75.

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14 Kt. Solid Gold. Ladies' small sized, engraved, dainty wrist watch. Latest style with two blue sapphires in wing ends. Jeweled, adjusted, regulated, guaranteed movement. Reduced from $37. **$1 Deposit—$1 Weekly.**

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LIPSTICK

YOUR lips will be gorgeous with Phantom Red, the lip-red that gives a bewitching, transparent glow and preserves the tender texture; no greasy smear; simply living color that spells youth, as depicted by Marion Nixon in Universal's "Red Lips." In ultra red-and-black enamel case, $1. Junior, 50c.

Send 10 Cents

Send this adv. and 10c for Vanity Size Phantom Red Lipstick and Make-up Guide. (Another 10c brings dainty model Phantom Red Rouge Compact.)

CARLYLE LABORATORIES, Inc.
Dept. 180, 54 Dey St., New York

Jeanette Loff is sponsoring the new vogue for long-sleeved evening frocks. She appeared at a formal affair wearing a bouffant gown of cream lace with a tight bodice and long-fitted sleeves.

What They Are Doing

Charlie Chaplin: making *City Lights,* a comedy drama, with **Virginia Cherrill.**

Ben Lyon: retakes in *Hell's Angels,* an air story, for Caddo.

James Hall: ditto.

Harold Lloyd: making *T. N. T.,* a comedy, with **Barbara Kent** as his leading lady.

John Gilbert: making *Redemption,* a historical story, for M-G-M.

William Haines: making *The Gob* (temporary title), a sea story, for M-G-M.

Lon Chaney: making *Thunder,* a railroad picture, for M-G-M.

Victor McLaglen: making *The King of Khyber Rifles,* a war story, for Fox.

Rod La Rocque: making *The One Woman Idea,* a society story, for Fox.

George O'Brien: making *Masked Emotions,* a sea story, for Fox.

Edmund Lowe: making *Through Different Eyes,* a court picture, murder mystery, for Fox.

Warner Baxter: ditto.

Charles Farrell: making *The Lucky Star,* a heavy drama laid in New England, for Fox.

Nick Stuart: making *Joy Street,* a society story of the younger generation, for Fox.

Barry Norton: making *The Exalted Flapper,* a flapper story, for Fox.

Charles Rogers: preparing *Magnolia,* a costume picture of the South in 1840, for Paramount.

Richard Arlen: making *The Man I Love,* a prize fight story, for Paramount.

George Bancroft: making *Thunderbolt,* an underworld story, for Paramount.

Emil Jannings: making *The Concert,* a smart comedy, for Paramount.

William Powell: making *The Greene Murder Case,* a mystery story, for Paramount.

Richard Dix: making *Wheel of Life,* a story of India, for Paramount.

Glen Tryon: making *Broadway,* a musical comedy, for Universal.

Jack Mulhall: making *Twin Beds,* a comedy drama, for First National.

Reginald Denny: making *Companionate Trouble,* a comedy drama, for Universal.

William Boyd: making *The Flying Fool,* an air picture, for Pathe.

Eddie Quillan: making *Listen Baby,* a comedy, for Pathe.

Thomas Meighan: making *The Argyle Case,* a mystery story, for Warner Brothers.

Mary Duncan: making *Through Different Eyes,* a court story and murder mystery, for Fox.

Janet Gaynor: making *The Lucky Star,* a heavy drama laid in New England, for Fox.

Mary Brian: rehearsing *Magnolia,* a Southern story of 1840, for Paramount.

Norma Shearer: making *The Last of Mrs. Cheney,* a society drama, for M-G-M.

Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE new BOOKLET "GOOD-BYE FRECKLES"

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Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

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DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY—Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, George Wagner, 2190-T, Broadway, N. Y.

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SHORT STORIES, ETC., Revised, Typewritten and Marketed. Hursh Service, Dept. 5, Box 1013, Harrisburg, Penna.

MALE-FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE $20 per 100, Stamping Names on Keychecks. Sample and instructions, 25c. Keetag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old or Odd Coins. Keep all old money; it may be very valuable. Get posted. Send 10c for Illustrated Coin Value Book; 4x6. Guaranteed cash prices. Clarke Coin Co., Box 14, Le Roy, N. Y.

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AGENTS WANTED to introduce fast-selling personal necessity and distribute free samples. $1.25 an hour, easy. Particulars free. Albert Mills, 3713 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

BIG PAY EVERY DAY taking orders for Dress Shirts, Pants, Overalls, Sweaters, Underwear, Hosiery, Pajamas, Play Suits! Experience unnecessary. Outfit FREE! Nimrod Co., Dept. 104, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

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$$$FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS FOR BOTH SILENT AND TALKING PICTURES—Accepted any form. Revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. Established, 1917. Booklet free. Universal Scenario Company, 224 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Hidden ills are the most to be feared

Foes to our health stalk everywhere, yet alert men and women need not fear those ills that give warning, for modern science has perfected many a safeguard.

At the first warning of pain, do not be satisfied with superficial remedies! Gastric pains, dizziness, lack of energy, and indigestion, may be the danger signals of active stomach ulcers—one of the most dangerous of ailments because it is hidden.

For more than a generation, Dr. H. H. Warner, with his chemists and medical staff, have been perfecting a remedy for this disease, and now Dr. Warner's Stu-Mak Remedy is accepted everywhere as a harmless, healing panacea for this all too common trouble. If you suspect the presence of this ill, which may so easily become malignant, send for a trial box. The price is $2.00, or three boxes for $5.00.

Recommended by Nurses and Doctors the World Over

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LIEUTENANT JIMMY GREGG leads you into stirring action and dangerous intrigue in that land of the unusual—Greece. One will thrill in the reading of the

Mystery of the Balkan Spy

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Also, the start of "The Big Push," a gripping novel of fighting on the western front by Frederick C. Painton, more of Arthur Guy Empey's "Cannon Fodder" and stories by Brooke Adams, H. M. Sutherland, Harold Cruickshank, Lloyd Kohler and Robert Peery.

Mail $1 (bill or stamps) and BATTLE STORIES will be mailed you for the next five months. Address: BATTLE STORIES Magazine, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Robbinsdale, Minn.

Harry Carr's Private Line

(*Continued from page 63*)

the screen. The public ought to forget and forgive, perhaps; but they will not. That's a cinch.

An audience whispering: "That's her; I wonder if she still takes it" just doesn't seem to lend itself to romantic illusion.

Why Wasn't Anna?

A FAN writes an indignant letter to me demanding to know why Anna May Wong has been starred in English pictures and feted like an empress in London—when she was half starving in Hollywood.

You know, lady, it really isn't my fault. I didn't make any hoodoo signs over Anna when she was here.

As a matter of fact, Anna didn't get on so well in Hollywood for the singular reason that she was not sufficiently Chinese in the way she acted. Her father and mother are Chinese born and there isn't a drop of white blood in her veins. But she always acted like a little white flapper in the film colony. Which probably added to her private and personal joy of living; but was bad business from a salesmanship standpoint.

Too Flapperish

I REMEMBER once being invited to a dinner in Chinatown for the special reason that I wanted to ask her about the ancient Chinese philosophers. Anna listened to my questions with wonderment; then she snickered. She knew a good deal about the immortal works of Elinor Glyn and Michael Arlen; but she had never heard of Lao Tzu.

Revised Romance

THE revised edition of the current romances of Hollywood are that Lupe Velez says she gosh no wouldn't marry Gary Cooper; and Lita Gray Chaplin isn't so sure she is going to marry Roy D'Arcy.

Ramon's Sorrow

JUST when everything seemed to be coming his way and his dearest hopes within the range of coming true, Ramon Novarro has been hit by a sorrow that has left him speechless and crushed. This was the death of his younger brother, Jose Samaniego. He was a lovable boy; and he always seemed to be even more handsome than Ramon. He had, however, no screen ambitions. In order to get their minds off their sorrow, Ramon is to take his father, mother, his brother, Mariano and his lovely sister, Carmen, to Berlin this summer where he is to take lessons in voice culture.

Carmen is a beautiful and fascinating girl. She could make a great triumph on the screen; but Ramon will not hear of her working for a living—especially as an actress.

Two Men With a Past

(*Continued from page 65*)

MAKEUP always interested me, Mal, even from the first time I appeared on the stage as a little Abe in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Little Abe, you know, was a lame boy. But it really was necessity that made me expert in make-up. When I was in San Diego working on the stage, I was too old for kid parts and too young for juveniles, so there was nothing left for me to do but play character roles, which required my knowing all kinds of make-ups. I remember once having to portray a skeleton. I could have used one of the ready-to-wear skeleton disguises, but instead I preferred to use my own conception and spent two and three hours a night making myself up. That was one job of which I really was proud."

"It's a strange thing, Harold, but I don't recall ever having seen you as a Keystone cop."

"No, about that time the vogue of the Keystone cops was waning, and though they were still being used occasionally I never was cast as one. Getting back to that first job of mine as a fruit cart vender, I remember surprising the director with an unexpectedly good make-up, but what he was most interested in was whether I could take a good brodie, which was high art in those days, or whether I was just an upright actor.

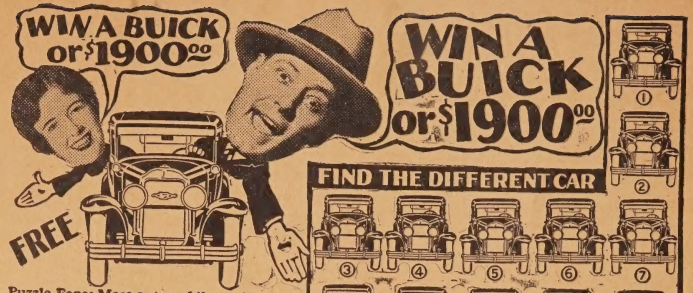
"I did pretty well, I guess, for the director expressed his approbation and for a while I did my share of bumping. I worked several times with Fatty Arbuckle, but without much success. Arbuckle, as you recall, had a collection of the best brodie artists on the lot, and he led them in person. Every time Fatty went into a 108 they thought there was an earthquake out in Edendale way. I could bump with most of them but Arbuckle had his own boys who were so well accustomed to his methods that they hardly needed direction."

HOW did it happen, Harold, that you quit Sennett's?"

"Well, Mal, at that time Roach who had been dickering with Pathe, had been offered another proposition if he could get the trio of *Just Nuts*. Stewart and Miss Novak were then under contract elsewhere, so Roach wired Pathe that only the comedian was available, and they replied that he was to go ahead with me.

"Hal offered me fifty dollars a week to go back with him. It sure looked like a lot of money in those days, Mal. I had grown very fond of Ford Sterling, with whom I had worked in several pictures, and had learned a lot from him. He was a hard fellow to work with, because he was so meticulous, but he invariably knew what he wanted and how to get it. I have since found that this policy pays.

"When I told Ford that I was quitting to do comedies for Roach at fifty a week, he urged me not to do it. 'You'll never get anywhere in cheap comedies'



Puzzle Fans: More automobiles to be given for advertising purposes—J. C. Long, Charles Vogtmann, Viola J Javies, Alvin Smith, Mrs. Gillies, J. Braucher, won sedans in last offers. Over 800 prizes awarded in one year. $11,000 in prizes paid by us in October, 1928. Here's your chance to win one of the prizes now offered.

Find the "Different" Auto The cars in the enclosure to the right all look alike. But one is different. Something has been left off all the cars but one. The difference may be in the fenders, bumper, nameplate, radiator or top. The one that is different is the real Buick sedan I am giving away in addition to three other cars in this great friendship advertising campaign. You may be the one who will write me

And Win Buick Sedan or $1900

Four sedans and 28 other prizes totaling over $5,000. Thirty-two prizes and duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. Certificate for $580 to apply on grand prize sent immediately as below if you find the different car. Immediate action—no delay—we send certificate for $580 to add to the first prize at once, if you win, and directions for getting Buick sedan. There are no more puzzles. Simply this one. No lists of words to make or write. Everyone actively interested can share in prizes or cash awards. Nothing to buy now or ever. Send coupon—no money. Simply fill out coupon, writing number of car you think is the different one and send it to M. W. Meyers, Dept. 182, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

CHECK CAR....MAIL COUPON

M. W. MEYERS
Dept. 182, 500 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

I think the different car is No.------. Send me award certificate immediately if this is right. No cost or obligation to me now or ever.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

I Knew I'd Forget Something!

As usual, I'd packed in a hurry. It was just a week-end trip with my husband, and there wasn't much room for those accessories of the toilet which every modern woman possesses for the practice of feminine hygiene.

Fortunately, I had a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's feminine cones with me, ready to supply instantly, without inconvenience, all the requirements of the most fastidious for cleanliness and prevention of infection.

You, too, can avoid embarrassment and discomfort by providing yourself with a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's celebrated cones. Sent in a plain wrapper, prepaid, these cones come fifteen in a box—a very generous supply. The price is $1 a box, or three boxes for $2.50, with full instructions for their use.

FREE Dr. H. H. Warner's booklet giving details, advice, prices, etc., of the many necessities to the personal hygiene of women and girls. Sent FREE upon request.

WARNER'S RENOWNED REMEDIES CO.

10-F E. 25th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

$6000.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN! Find the Lucky Dollar

21 white dollar marks are shown in the border. They all look alike, but are they? 20 of them are exactly alike. And one is different to all the others. See if you can pick out the one $ that is different. It's a lucky dollar to find.

LOOK for it. Be careful. The lucky $ may be smaller or larger, or have fewer lines than the others; the difference may be at the top or bottom or sides. Find it! It may take time, but it's worth doing. When you do, MARK THE LUCKY $ and send it to me, with your name and address. You may be the one to find it and

WIN CHRYSLER SEDAN or $2500.00 CASH

4 splendid new cars—Superb Chrysler "75" sedan, famous Nash sedan, fine Essex sedan. Chevrolet 6-cylinder sedan—and many more valuable prizes totaling $6000.00 will all be given absolutely free to advertise and make more friends for our firm.

VOUCHER FOR $965.00 TO APPLY ON $2500.00 GRAND PRIZE SENT AT ONCE IF YOU FIND THE LUCKY DOLLAR

Be prompt! Be quick! Send your answer at once and I will send you a special $965.00 voucher to add to the regular first prize and tell you just how to win. Duplicate prizes given in case of ties. Costs nothing to enter. You cannot lose a thing! Everyone rewarded!

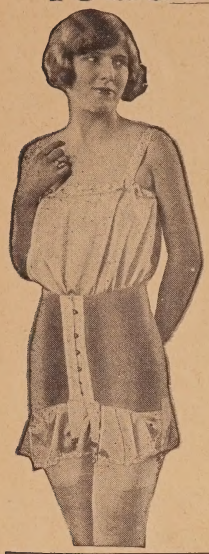
SEND NO MONEY. Mark the lucky dollar and send it to me with your name and address right off—TODAY. You can win. Start winning right now. Send your answer quick. Address

C. R. SIMMONS, Manager, Dept. 59, AUGUSTA, MAINE

Directors don't lead such a sweet life, after all, according to W. S. Van Dyke, who recently left for Africa to shoot *Trader Horn*. He had a hard time finding a man for the leading role, a role for which Harry Carey was eventually selected. Van Dyke said:

"When I ask them if they would be afraid to stand in front of a charging rhino or elephant, they all promptly answer that they wouldn't."

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips



—Two to Four Inches in TEN DAYS

HERE'S a wonderful new **ventilated** girdle that makes you look slimmer instantly and actually reduces your bulky hips and waist—often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days.

Perfolastic is a cool, comfortable, light-weight girdle made of finest quality, pure live, fresh plantation rubber—a product of the famous Goodrich Rubber Company. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs, so that your figure takes on—instantly—straight, slender, youthful lines. And with every breath you draw—every step you take—its constant, gentle massage-like pressure breaks down the fat cells—which are 85% water—and moulds away unwanted flesh just as a skilled masseuse would.

If you want to regain a slender figure—to wear the smart new styles effectively—**find out more about this marvelous Perfolastic Girdle.** FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET gives full details and special 5-day trial offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risks. Send for it **today.** No cost or obligation. Simply mail coupon below to **Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 76, 79 Madison Ave., New York City.**

Send for Special → 5-Day Trial Offer

PERFOLASTIC, Inc., Dept. 76, 79 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

Without obligation, please send me FREE Booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle—also special 5-day trial offer.

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Romance *in the* Underworld!

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"The Come-on Girl"

Appears in the JUNE Issue of

True Love Affairs MAGAZINE

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he told me. 'You ought to get in with Griffith. You can act, kid, and you can eat up that Bobby Harron stuff." But Roach's proposition looked awfully good, and I liked comedy, so that's how I happened to leave Sennett's."

"Chester Conklin, Mabel Normand, Sterling and Chaplin, were going great in those days, weren't they, Harold?" added St. Clair. "But I certainly was a flop as an actor, for they put me to titling pictures. Then when Sennett changed his release from Triangle to Paramount, he let us all go. I can't remember what I did after that, but I know it wasn't long before I was called back to the Keystone again as a gag man.

"And believe it or not, once more they made an actor out of me, I was assigned the role of the Crown Prince in *Yankee Doodle in Berlin,* I must have been a howling success in this picture—and I'll never forget that Crown Prince get-up—for that made a director out of me. As a director I was paid $20 a week. What a salary! I made four pictures for Sennett. Then I made one for Fox and another for Sennett, until finally I was with Paramount. But I must say, Harold, that Sennett's was a great school of experience. The only thing I regretted was that I did not get fired often enough. If I had, I might have owned the studio, for I advanced every time I returned there."

I'VE always wondered, Harold," queried Mal, "the real low down on how you were inspired to wear horned-rimmed glasses?"

"Originally, the thought came to me after seeing a ministerial character in a downtown show, who had worn glasses. Contrary to general assumption, however, I did not get the horned-rimmed spectacles idea from that. It really is chance that I wore them. Horned-rimmed glasses were just then coming into vogue. To me they represented youth. With them low comedy make-up was unnecessary, for the boy wearing tortoise rims could just as readily portray a doctor, a minister or lawyer, as he could a policeman, for men in all walks of life were then beginning to adopt the rims. That's all there was to that, Mal, except that I had a mighty hard time convincing the boys back in New York that it would be good policy for me to kiss goodbye to Lonesome Luke and start the glass character."

About this time somebody got word to John L. Murphy, Harold Lloyd's production manager. Murphy came storming out to the set and shouted.

"Hey, you fellows, this is a film plant not an old lady's home."

The cameras began clicking, St. Clair started to give orders, and Lloyd resumed his antics. When Murphy wasn't looking, Lloyd was heard to remark:

"At that, Mal, those were the happy days."

———o———

Alice Terry, whose hair is naturally dark, never appears on the screen without a blonde wig.

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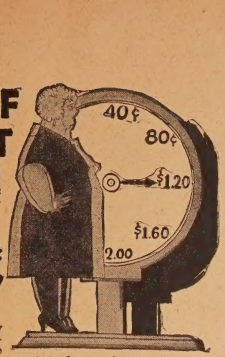

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YOUR money back if you can buy it in your store for less than $10, and you keep the watch for your trouble! Solid gold effect case, guaranteed 25 years. Richly engraved. Timekeeper dial. R. R. style. Handsome! Accuracy guaranteed by 100 year old Million Dollar Fine Watch Factory. **Send NO Money.** Pay $3.77 Bargain Sale Price on arrival and postage. Your money back guaranteed and keep the watch, too! That's how sure I am that you'll be delighted. Use coupon or any postal and wear it 10 days at my expense.

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Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

The Man Behind the Mask

(*Continued from page 73*)

Out—why would I need a personal press agent when the public do my publicity for me? No, I've never had one."

Suddenly, he laughed. A grotesque laugh, this! The three pounds of scar tissue were scattered so cleverly over his fact that sitting three feet from him I would not have known that the long gashes and cuts were fake if I had not known they were on the face of Lon Chaney. "A picture of my house did somehow get into a magazine. Someone sneaked up on me and got it. I don't know how they did it. One day a woman came to the door and asked if the house was for sale. 'Everything is for sale for a price, madam,' I answered. She gave me the price and then told me that she had seen the picture of the home in the magazine and come all the way from Philadelphia to buy it!"

NOW Lon is planning to build a new home in Beverly. But it is *not* in the motion picture section of that city. At present he lives in a duplex. Even his next door neighbor does not get an opportunity to see Lon Chaney. He has never given a motion picture party; never entertained motion picture people. As well as he knows Director Tod Browning, they never exchange social amenities. He has been to the Montmartre six times in ten years, but never on Wednesdays or Saturdays and he has never been to the Cocoanut Grove on Tuesday, the motion picture evening.

He did make one personal appearance. The opening of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* in New York City. "The only reason I did it was for the American Legion.

He attended the opening of *White Shadows of the South Seas* recently at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. His first picture opening. "And my last! Again they sneaked up on me and took a picture of myself and Mrs. Chaney. The only picture we have had taken together. Did I object? I squawked. Why, they printed the d— thing in the New York paper!

"Don't misunderstand me!" Was there another note of warning in his ejaculation? "I am always glad to meet people on the set when I am in character. It's just when I'm myself that I don't and won't see them.

"Do you remember the time when they were taking pictures of us entering the front gate, going to work, etc., as a sort of news reel for the exhibitors? Well, one day they called to me to join the semi-circle. I answered 'Sure'. But when the camera was grinding my back was turned—I was talking to Ford Sterling. When the thing came out the exhibitors wired in to find out who had his back turned. The answer was 'Lon Chaney.' Don't you think it was better publicity to be the only one with *my back* turned to the camera? It still meant *mystery* for me!"

Women *men admire* .. pretty rounded face and neck

Miss Gonzales of Reno Nevada, writes, "I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed the wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, can abolish forever sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No dieting or tiresome exercise is necessary.

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Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder to develop more flesh where you want it. It is a secret compound of amazing building oils. Hollow cheeks, hollow temples and shoulders, flat busts, skinny necks round out almost at once—dainty and firm. New beauty is yours now and forever.

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Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it. Use the coupon below.

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"But if they were all like you, Mr. Chaney? If every star created the same illusion as you and Greta Garbo?"

"I'm glad they're not all like me for then I would not be different!" The frankness of the man amazed me, even accustomed as I am to frankness from picture people. "But then they are not all specializing.

"There's another angle to this thing, too. I really don't think that who I am is any of the public's business. I feel my private life is my own. It's a sacred thing. We don't pry into the public's private business.

AND yet there is one group of people who are always welcome behind the window shades of the life of Lon Chaney. He is making arrangements now to address the prisoners at Sing Sing during his next trip to New York City. And he has recently published an article on the causes of crime in the *Island Lantern*, the official publication of the prisoners in the Federal prison on McNeil Island. An article which caused Mabel Walker Wildebrandt, the editorial supervisor, to comment that it was of tremendous interest that Lon Chaney's views on crime should so coincide with those of experts when he is a motion picture actor rather than a criminologist.

I disagreed with Mrs. Willebrandt. Mr. Chaney is a criminologist. He has studied the criminal's every action for his screen interpretations. Just what make-up to use, what gait, what slouch of the shoulders. And he has studied it so thoroughly that the criminal has become his great side study. And before them, he is himself always; to them he comes as the man rather than the actor. He was like a small boy when he told of the man in London who had committed murder. "When he saw one of my pictures he confessed—and said it was because of my picture."

Perhaps it is erroneous to say that Chaney never looks at his fan mail. When he stands above the waste container at the studio, he shuffles through it, looking for the return addresses in the corner. If there's a prison stamp upon it, he slips it into his pocket and sends out an answer.

"But if you felt your box-office power slipping, would you turn to publicity, Mr. Chaney?"

"Never! I like myself. Anybody does. When a person ceases to like himself he turns to drink, to death—shoots himself or hangs himself. I am not different. If I went in for publicity I would talk about myself naturally. And that would not be good business. If I find the box office slipping, I'll quit the show business. I have an ace in the hole. I always carry my Union card with me. There's never a time when I can't go back to carpet laying and paper hanging!"

—o—

MORTON DOWNEY, the chap who's making such a hit in Pathe's singies, and his bride, Barbara, daughter of the famous thespian, Richard Bennett, recently left New York for a holiday in Florida.

Alluring Skin!

For years, beauty culturists sought a skin vitalizer that would stimulate the deeper tissues—bring out beauty that hides beneath the surface. LACO FACIAL is the result of their research—the most astonishing Skin Food discovery of modern beauty science! Quickly, gently, it clears your skin of blackheads, underskin pimples, blemishes. Leaves it velvet smooth, lily-white. Closes enlarged pores, erases wrinkles, fills out cheeks, tightens sagging muscles, restores healthy color. A few minutes with this nourishing skin food will give you the most youthful, alluring complexion you've ever known! Prove it at our risk! Send no money. **PERFUME FREE**—For limited time only, special offer brings you large size tube LACO and free flask exquisite oriental perfume, both for $1.00! Just pay postman, plus few cents postage. Money back if not absolutely satisfied.

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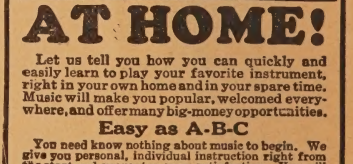

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MAISON JEUNESSE 17 Park Row, New York, Suite W-4

Hobnobbing With The Film Folk

(*Continued from page 75*)

Bell is Grand Disburser of the Royal Funds, while the Sacred Providers of the Royal Fun are Alan Dale, Sylvia Picker, Marshall Ruth, John Breeden, Mary Beaton, Jimmy Barnes and Betty Collins. Each member has a right to an alias, too. Thus Cannon is "Big Shot;" Lois Moran is "Pep;" Nick Stuart is "Sue" (in deference to his engagement to Sue Carol, one supposes); Rex Bell is "Horsey," and Jose Crespo is "Hot Tamale."

Several outsiders have been admitted to the club, including Sally Phipps, who is "Queenie;" Maria Alba, who is "Chili;" Dorothy Ward, "Bossy;" Eddie Foy, Jr., "Speedy;" Claude Gillingwater, Jr., "Gilly;" and so on.

Alan Dale, one of the young actors, brought a box lunch the other night, and sat down and ate it in a corner all by himself, without speaking to anybody. But the other members got even by making him try to walk the tight rope, and of course he couldn't say a word.

But the kidders were kidded the other night when a waiter at the Montmartre began to tell the girls to mind their cigarette ashes and the men to mind their manners and keep their elbows off the table. He was an actor in disguise, but before his identity was discovered he had everybody's goat.

—o—

THIS MONTH'S WINNING LETTER

Below is printed this month's winner of the prize of $5.00 offered each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies.

166 Santa Clara Ave.,
Oakland, Cal.
March 17, 1929.

The adolescent *talkies* I think might be likened in amusement value to the magic lantern slides which feebly prepared us for the excellent motion pictures which daily bring to over thirty million citizens in the United States alone an appreciation of literature and drama.

The *talkies* must be regarded with intelligent tolerance until their bronchial difficulties are overcome and their tonal reproduction is harmonious and uniform.

The startling bellowings and sepulchral wails which issue from the *talkies* are the growing pains of a new industry. The development of the movies, which today bring educational and recreational advantages to millions, can be traced back through various early crudities.

Patience! I would say to those who complain of the *talkies* and prefer their dramas smothered in silence. Patience, to those who but grudgingly admit the possibilities of this new advancement in the picture industry.

Patience, for, from present indications, in a few tomorrows we shall have motion pictures of the world's activities in natural color and natural sound.

Yours very truly,
EVA LOVEL DUNBAR.

WIN AIRPLANE
(3 Passenger 90-h.p.) and Actual Pilot's Flying Course!
or $3,745.00 in CASH! IF YOU PREFER!

PUZZLE FANS! Last year we awarded to over 800 people automobiles and other valuable prizes, and in next few months will award between 300 and 400 more prizes through our puzzles just to advertise and expand our business! Mrs. John Gillies, Mrs. Nellie C. Walters, Miss Leola Markus, C. F. Welting, Charles Vogtmann, J. C. Long, A. F. Holt, each won automobiles or cash prizes from $600.00 to $3,500.00 through our last puzzles. We spend over $150,000.00 on these offers each year. Here's a big new one for you.

Find the Twin Airplanes

Here are ten pictures of the 1929 90-h. p Waco Airplane which, together with free flying instruction, we are giving free in our "friendship campaign." (You can have the cash, if you prefer. Decide after you are announced as winner.) No, these pictures are not all alike, even though they look alike. The difference may be in the markings on the wings, bodies or tails of the airplanes. Only two airplanes are exactly alike. Can you find them? Just send the two numbers of the twin airplanes on a post card or letter—today.

Certificate for $500.00 to Add to Largest Prize Sent at Once as Below if You Find Twin Airplanes

Quick action! Find the twin airplanes and we will send, as soon as correct answer is received, Certificate for $500.00 to add to first Grand Prize, if you are prompt and win first prize, or a total of $4,245.00 (cash if preferred) and directions for getting combined prize. First Grand Prize is a brand new Waco Airplane and actual flying instructions by experienced air mail pilots, all fully paid for by us. Twenty-four other prizes, valued as high as $1,000.00 and including five other free aviation courses. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid to persons tying. NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy, now, later or ever. Just send the numbers of the twin airplanes in a letter or on a post card. That's all. Send no money but BE PROMPT.

L. S. RENO, Room 26, 54 W. ILLINOIS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Act Now!

Thrill to Air Combat!

HERE is the tale of a son of the southwestern plains who became one of the foremost Allied war aces, a pilot with a mysterious past which followed him to the air battle lanes of war-torn France.

Yuma Jake—Cloud Buster

By Frederick C. Painton

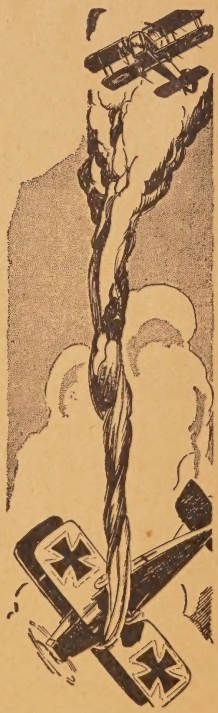
in the JUNE AIR-WESTERN-WAR Triple-X Magazine

Also, the second part of H. Bedford-Jones' novel, "The Buckaroo From Texas," a novelette of antarctic adventure, "Polar Air Pirates," by Sewell Peaslee Wright, and stories by Lemuel De Bra, Llewellyn Hughes, W. C. Tuttle, L. Paul and Harold F. Cruickshank.

Now on Sale!

JULY Issue on Sale June 1.

Mail $1 (bill or stamps) and TRIPLE-X will be mailed you for the next five months. Address: TRIPLE-X Magazine, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Robbinsdale, Minn.



Madame Chevalier, charming wife of Paramount's French importation for the talkies, is causing a frenzy among the Hollywood women with her style creations. Every day sees her on the boulevard with some innovation. One day it was an enormous choker of tiny braided turquoise worn as the only splash of color with a grey ensemble. The local gals had no more than copied that when she sprang a new type of jeweled purse on them.

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14 Shades, Black to Blonde. Price $1.60 P. P.

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Johnny Goes Marching On

(Continued from page 77)

THAT "rest," mentioned so negligently, reads like a modern fairy tale. Upon graduation from high school, he went on up to the University of Alabama. And there, upon the teams of the Crimson Tide, made for himself a national reputation. Before he was old enough to vote newspapers all over the country carried stories about him, radio announcers made whoopee with his flashy three-word name, an army of fans discussed his merits and activities like those of a thoroughbred horse.

Fame indeed. And then what? A line in the rule book which states that a man may play but four years of collegiate football. Fame . . . and then oblivion.

What to do? Well, how about the films? People always were remarking that he looked far more like an actor than a football player. At last he made the step toward a wish which had lain dormant and unrecognized all during those early years; he hit the trail for Hollywood.

DESPITE his hopes, it was slower going at first than expected by feet accustomed to dazzling speed. He was given glorified extra-work, bits, small parts. It was all in the way of excellent training, and Johnny, a disciplined athlete, knew that a man must understand any game before he hopes to conquer it.

"I pegged along for six months, and then I was cast opposite Marion Davies in *The Fair Co-ed.* After that things came pretty fast. I was loaned to Fox for leads in three pictures, and to Pathe for *Annapolis.* Then I returned to M-G-M to play with Joan Crawford in *Our Dancing Daughters,* and Norma Shearer in *A Lady of Chance.* I was pretty green at first, but I learned steadily from all of them."

More recently he has done an excellent piece of character acting in the role of Greta Garbo's husband who dies for "decency" in *A Woman of Affairs,* and has been given his most important part thus far in the principal male role of Mary Pickford's new special, *Coquette.*

"Hollywood is full of heartaches, and I think most of them are caused simply because somebody is trying to get the best of somebody else. Still, I suppose that's part of the fascination of pictures, and all in all I don't find this town so unattractive. Of course, having been born down Alabama way—"

But think! Living down there in lovely, lazy Dothan, would he ever have been able to kindle ambition in the hearts of small town boys all over the world—that fighting ambition "to get somewhere, to be somebody?" And that is the ambition which, after all, comes close to being the finest of the many boons granted a needful world by the people of shadowland.

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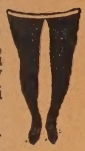

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Maurice Makes Merry

(*Continued from page 79*)

A Look at Lupe

THERE'S not a lad in the land of rocks and thrills who wouldn't have given his left ear to have changed places with me the other noon.

I sat at the right hand of Senorita Lupe Velez at a Park Central luncheon given in honor of her long-awaited arrival in New York.

Lupe is the original Mexican jumping bean. She is all action.

Civilization rests uneasily upon her. Her temperament seems to be merely an adaptation of her native fire. And she does what she is told. She sings when they tell her she'd better sing. She goes around and spreads her stuff when she gets the word. She doesn't forget to look furious once or twice. She admits that her temperament is put on. It is what the public expects.

Nor does Lupe forget that she and Gary Cooper are coupled on every tongue. Perhaps she loves him and will marry him. But one feels that her enthusiasm is a bit too practiced. She shouts at someone at the end of the table, who is talking about Gary, "Don't you say nothing against my Gary. He wonderful, my Gary." Mebbe. And then again mebbe not. Time will tell. Lupe won't. Who knows?

Velez, I was saying she's a rare picture. And when you see her in her next film don't say somebody didn't warm you.

Jottings

GEORGE JESSEL, who surprised New York with a Rolls-Royce, a chauffeur, and a footman at the time of the presentation of his latest picture, will sign up with a bigger company after he's made his third show for Tiffany Stahl . . . RKO opened its new Gramercy studios at Twenty-fourth Street near Lexington Avenue with special equipment in the form of a swimming tank to be used for under water scenes . . . Margaret Livingston, who's been sporting around New York recently, started off on a Palm Beach vacation . . . D. W. Griffith spoke at a woman's luncheon club here and then beat it out to Chicago to see the opening of his *Lady of the Pavements*, at which Lupe Velez made a personal appearance . . . Louis B. Mayer, vice-president of M-G-M arrived here the other day and Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille is on her way . . . Richard Dix, they murmur, is palpitating over Regina Cannon, a certain film press mamselle . . . and Lila Lee, formerly Mme. James Kirkwood, has a yen for a Paramount scribbler . . . Norman Kerry's wife is seeking a divorce . . . Marshall Neilan, the director, is in N. Y. stopping at the Algonquin till Blanche Sweet gets her final divorce papers . . . A New York columnist has it that John Gilbert was so pleased with the connection during a twenty-minute phone talk with Greta Garbo in Paris that he sent the operator a box of roses.

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34x4	3.50	1.90	31x5.25	3.20	2.00
32x4½	3.75	2.25	30x5.77	3.35	2.15
33x4½	3.85	2.30	32x6.00	3.45	2.25
34x4½	3.95	2.35	32x6.20	3.75	2.50
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Senorita Cyclone

(*Continued from page* 82)

"Did you ever hear Gloria Swanson say anything she shouldn't?"

"No, Mr. Schenck."

"Well, Lupe, I want you to swear for the last time. I want you to raise your right hand and say, 'I, Lupe Velez, swear that I will not swear any more.'"

So I do it. I like to do what is right in this country. Then I turn to go out and I trip my foot on the rug by the door. Before I can think a minute I turn around and stamp my foot and say, "Why in hell you have not this damn rug nailed down?"

Mr. Schenck, he is a good sport. He just throw up his hands and laugh and say, "Lupe, that beats me!"

It's no use. I am not bad but it's no use trying to make me a lady. My mother try; my sisters try; the convent try; Mr. Schenck try, but Lupe still swear when she want to make people to understand just how much she means it.

* * * * *

THERE was a knock at the dressing room door. Lupe bounced up as though a stick of dynamite had gone off beneath her. The door opened; Gary Cooper entered. She was in his arms in a moment, ignorant of the fact that her delicate taffeta dress, her gown for the picture, was being soiled against his greasy chamois costume.

"Oh, my darling, my baby! You come to see Lupe. I love you, darling. I love you always." She turned to me. "Isn't he a darling? Isn't he wonderful, baby?"

I agreed. What can you do but agree with Lupe? Gary did look mighty handsome as he stood there with his arms about her. But it wouldn't have made any difference whether it was Gary or some other man of the moment. To Lupe, some man will always be wonderful, be thrilling. Men are as much a necessity to her primitive, untutored nature as they were to Carmen's. She is woman elemental; woman untouched by the restraint of man-made conventions. Her morality is the result of a shrewd Latin mother. Her allurement is something which defies description by tongue or on paper. Her beauty may fade but that wild intuitive spirit, bred of revolutions, developed without inhibitions—will it ever be conquered? There is one man who could, perhaps, have done it. Her dog is named for him. Yet, he failed and in that failure, he made Lupe Velez *all actress*.

I arose, patted them both on the back, and left Lupe and Gary together. I wondered what man would be there the next time I paid her a visit. What does it matter? Whoever it may be, she will love him just as she now loves Gary—as an inspiration for her to give the depths of herself to her one real love, the public.

The End.

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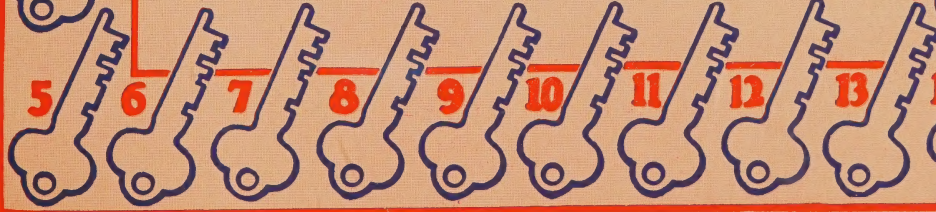

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Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

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Screen Secrets

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BREAKING INTO THE TALKIES!

HOLLYWOOD has been turned topsy-turvy by the advent of the talkies. New opportunities have opened up with the radical changes that have taken place in the motion picture industry, putting fame and fortune within the reach of a host of newcomers.

SCREEN SECRETS' special correspondent has visited the studios and gathered valuable, timely information which will answer your questions about the talkies. Don't miss this revealing interview in the August issue of

SCREEN SECRETS

Out July 10

The August issue will contain a wealth of fascinating movie features direct from the film capital.

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.....

"Can he really play?" a girl whispered. "Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play," I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträum. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight, that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies.

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebesträum died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?. . ."Where *did* you learn?" —"How long have you studied?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument *by note* in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only averages a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had learned to play the piano in her spare time at home —and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises —no tiresome practicing. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A B C! And as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I soon will be able to play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music."

* * *

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NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD — CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute* RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets* FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

THELMA TODD has blazed a trail for other motion picture actors to follow. She has signed a joint contract with Hal Roach and the Victor Talking Machine company. Under its terms, Miss Todd for five years will appear exclusively in Roach comedies and for the same period will make exclusive records for Victor.

•-•-•-•

Russell J. Birdwell, young newspaper man who gained recognition as a director in Hollywood by his two-reel picture *Street Corners,* which he made on a shoestring, has been signed as a director by Fox.

•-•

The Fire Walker, a short story by John Russell, scenario writer and author of South Sea stories, taken from his most recent book of short stories, *Far Wandering Men,* is soon to be made into a talking picture by R. K. O.

•-•-•-•

Virginia Beauchamp of Birmingham, Alabama, who was chosen as one of the 24 girls in the Mary Pickford newspaper contest last winter, has been signed by Paramount for a part in *Magnolia,* starring Buddy Rogers.

-•-

Zita Johann, New York stage actress who scored in *Machinal, He who Gets Slapped* and *The Devil's Disciple,* has arrived in Hollywood to play in M-G-M talkies.

-•-•-•-•-•-

Ann Harding, stage star, who is a predicted future screen success, has recovered from an illness contracted while working on the set of her first picture, *Paris Bound.*

•-•

Leatrice Joy has arrived in Hollywood from a successful vaudeville tour and has started work on *A Most Immoral Lady,* a First National Vitaphone production.

•-•-•-•

Dick Grace, famous stunt flier in *Wings* and *Lilac Time,* and former fiance of Alice White, has married Dorothy Lubou of the Hollywood film colony.

-•-

Alfred Aloysius Trader Horn, on his travels around the world, arrived in Hollywood to watch film production of his book. He missed the film company by 7,000 miles, as they are working in Africa.

Claire Windsor, snapped on the beach at Havana, just before leaving for New York. 'Tis said that a millionaire sugar planter paid the fair Miss Windsor ardent suit in Havana and is planning to follow her to Hollywood. Claire was one of the party of Capt. W. H. Fawcett, publisher, which traveled through the Panama Canal to Gotham.

•-•-•-•

John McCormack, the great Irish tenor, has been signed by Fox to star in a singing picture. It will be made this summer in Ireland, where the famous singer visits every year.

•-•-•-•

Chester Morris, the Broadway actor who went over the top in *Alibi,* has been signed to play *Brothers,* a noted one-act play by Edwin Burke.

-•-

Walter Huston, another New York stage star, has also won a place in the cast of *Brothers* through his excellent work in *The Barker.*

•-•

Michael Bohnen, German baritone and husband of the grand opera singer, Mary Lewis, signed up with Warner Brothers immediately upon arriving in Hollywood. Bohnen sang the title role in the sensational new opera, *Johnny Spielt Auf.*

•-•-•-•

Alfred Santell, former First National director has been signed by the Fox Film Company to direct all-talking pictures. His first picture under the new contract will be Elinor Glyn's *Such Men Are Dangerous.*

•-•

Patsy Ruth Miller has announced her engagement to Tay Garnett, director. The marriage is being delayed until September when Miss Miller will have completed her contract for a series of pictures for Warner Brothers.

-•-

Emil Jannings is now on vacation in Germany and will shortly begin work on a new picture for the Franco Film Company. His first foreign picture since leaving Hollywood will be filmed at Nice.

•-•

William S. Hart, hero of movie history, has announced his intention to return to the screen.

I Sell Records a Queer Way

So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want. Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand postage expense both ways, unless the reco ls are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, t any price.

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Button Up Your Overcoat
Rainbow Round My Shoulder
Love Come Back to Me
Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Sonny Boy
Wreck of the Old 97
Red Wing
May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight?

See Complete List Below

POPULAR SONGS

2446 Carolina Moon
Life Without You Is Just a Bubble
4228 Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Dying Hobo
2471 Button Up Your Overcoat
Sail Away With You
2458 Wedding Bells
What D'ya Think
2432 Sonny Boy
'Neath Dixie Moon
4225 Rock Candy Mountain
Bill, You Done Me Wrong
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
2323 Get Away, Old Man
Well, I Swan
4038 Sleep, Baby, Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On, Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight?
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
2437 Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4133 Jesse James
The Butcher Boy
4093 Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
4171 Red Wing
By Waters of Minnetonka
2398 Ramona
In Valley of Memory
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Old Log Cabin in Lane
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4180 My Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of My Dreams

POPULAR DANCE
(All with vocal chorus)
All With Vocal Chorus

1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1596 Wedding Bells
How Do I Know You Love Me?
1713 Button Up Your Overcoat
He's My Cousin Guisseppe
1712 Lover Come Back to Me
Emaline
1703 Sweetheart of All My Dreams
Let's Get Together

INSTRUMENTAL

4068 Turkey in the Straw
Arkansas Traveler
4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo)
Medley Southern Airs
4158 Old Time Jigs and Reels
Favorite Barn Dances
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel

SACRED (Songs)

4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes
4069 When Roll is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds

COMEDY

4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4004 Flanagan in a Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4232 Button Buster (Laughing Record)
Common Bill
4255 Rufus Green Takes a Trip
Greetings in Bingville

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(Write Clearly)
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10 .....

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2 .....
3 .....

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A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

Jolson at the Mike

ALTHOUGH Al Jolson is by all odds the talkie sensation of the year, studio officials like to tell about the difficult time he had in keeping still in front of the microphone.

He'd sing the first verse okeh, then he'd forget his position in relation to the mike and run this side and that, singing all the while. Naturally, when the play-backs were taken, one couldn't hear a thing. A director solved the problem by rigging up a platform above a scene, with a "puppet master" stationed there, holding a wire that led to the mike.

When Al started his running business, the fellow above would start running, too. "Galloping mike" was coined as a result of this experiment.

Producers decided not to depend upon galloping mikes and accordingly, new stages, equipped with several carefully concealed mikes, were built.

In a scene between Jolson and Warner Oland, who played the part of Al's long-bearded Jewish father, the problem of microphone concealment first arose.

"I have it," Al rejoiced. "Hide the mike behind Warner's beard!"

Full of Spring?

FANNY BRICE, upon being complimented for her excellent rendition of *Spring Song*, told her admirer, "I'm glad you like it. I had a terrible time leaping from mike to mike."

A Unique Test

FOUR monkeys play in First National's *Isle of Lost Ships*. They took Vitaphone sound tests before being signed for their parts.

Making Noise

DIRECTORS of sound pictures are finding that microphones do not pick up noises the way the human ear gets them. For instance, when it was necessary to record the noise of an L train in William Boyd's *The Cop*, at Pathe studio, Scot Littleton, director of sound effects, got a railroad hand-car and photographed the actual sound of the iron wheels on the track. The result was a deafening roar. After experimenting with many things, Littleton got a perfect reproduction by tying an iron pipe to a roller skate and dragging it across the bare floor.

The sound of a steam-operated cargo hoist was recorded from a child's toy hoist. The beating of horses' hoofs was best obtained by pounding two wooden egg cups in a box of sand. The crunching of the sides of ships when they brushed together in *The Missing Man* was produced with a cigar box and a piece of resined string. In *The Spieler*, it was necessary to get the foot sounds of Alan Hale and Fred Kohler engaged in a terrific fight. Two ex-pugilists wearing rubber shoes and wrestling—not fighting—on a canvas, supplied the desired effect.

"The microphone has no selectivity," explained Mr. Littleton. "It has no brain to control it and it takes everything as it comes."

SCREEN SECRETS offers five dollars each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies. This month's winner will be found on page 103.

Humor and the Talkies

By HAROLD LLOYD

PARALLELING a situation which existed 15 years ago, when on all sides you heard the question, "What do you think of these new moving pictures?" is one which confronts all of us today. The only change is the substituting of "talking pictures" for "moving pictures."

My opinion of talking pictures means little, perhaps, but I have given them intensive study, if only for a selfish purpose. Frankly, I am at a loss to state at this moment how we will manipulate sound and dialogue. One thing is indicated at this stage of talking picture progress, and that is that we may have to change the entire technique of comedy-making to keep up with the parade. All the ingenuity that has made the advancement of motion picture comedy an important factor in the progress of the cinema will have to be brought into play in the making of the talkies.

Even a comedian has to be serious when he considers the talking picture.

From the comedian's point of view, sound will be the most vital factor of the new art in the creation of fun on the screen. Where we formerly had to depend on a clever trap drummer to get effects for gags like the blowing of a whistle, etc., we now can get that right with the making of the scenes. The quacking of a duck, or the mooing of a cow can be used for laugh purposes. The ticking of a clock we hope to turn into laughs, and a dozen other such bits of business.

I could name a hundred instances where sound would have been of inestimable assistance in putting over scenes which we had to eliminate before or after previews. I see sound as a real adjunct to the wares of the comedians and will open up to him an entire new bag of tricks.

Master Voice

DOUBLE exposure of sound is the latest! They needed an all English audience for Reginald Denny's latest picture, *His Lucky Day*. When they couldn't find enough Englishmen, Denny just had them double expose his voice 20 times, with different ejaculations. So the crowd you will hear will really be all-Denny.

His New Idea

THE world is still trying to crash Hollywood gates. An Omaha, Nebraska, screen aspirant, recognizing the new qualifications for crashing the movies, recorded his voice on a home made record. The record arrived at the Paramount studios, along with a test made by a novice cameraman. The lad's message was contained on the record. He expressed a desire to get into pictures, and to prove his ability, recited *Gunga Din*.

Long, Long Ago

JACK MULHALL made his vocal debut in the original dialogue films, produced by the Edison company in 1917. An attempt was made at the time to synchronize phonograph records with film. As there were no radio amplifiers, nor inventions for interlocking machinery to adjust, automatically, the speed of film to record, the first "talkies" were much better seen than heard.

I MADE THIS PROMISE

AND 20,000 MEN AND WOMEN HAVE FOUND THAT I MEANT WHAT I SAID

Since I first made this announcement of my amazing new plans, 20,000 good honest men & women have joined me. I made them my partners & went 50-50 with them. They say, "Van, you have kept your promises -- -- you have PAID OUR BILLS!"

I'll Pay Your Bills

and give you a steady income for the rest of your life, if you'll take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Full or spare time. You don't invest one cent. Just be my local partner. Make $15.00 a day easy. Ride in a Chrysler Sedan I furnish and distribute teas, coffee, spices, extracts, things people eat. I furnish everything, including world's finest super sales outfit containing 32 full-size packages of highest quality products. Lowest prices. Big, permanent repeat business. Quality guaranteed by $25,000.00 bond. With person I select as my partner, I go 50-50. Get my amazing offer for your locality. Write or Wire

C. W. VAN de MARK, President
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C. 1928 by C. W. V. D. M.

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Here is the way I keep my promises. Read this letter from one of the thousands who have found my EASY way to be

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Wilkes Barre, Pa.
November 2, 1928.

C. W. Van DeMark, Pres.
Health-O Quality Products Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Van:

I feel that I should tell you something of just how I feel about the wonderful treatment you give your Partners. Of course, you always go 50-50 in profits, but besides that, You take a great deal out of your own share to give to your Partners.

It is an easy matter for anyone of your sales representatives to make $15.00 a day, clear money. I have made $15.23 in two hours in one afternoon on personal sales in my territory.

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Do you wonder that I am thankful?

Very truly yours,

Wilbur A. Skiles

Wilbur A. Skiles

NOW I MAKE THIS SOLEMN PROMISE TO YOU

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HEALTH-O QUALITY PRODUCTS CO.,
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Who's Who in Filmdom

Alice White

Alice White

AS A SCRIPT girl, Alice White first came to the glare of the studio lights, but without thought of ever appearing before the camera. She was born in Paterson, New Jersey, but received her education in Roanoke College, Roanoke, Virginia. Coming to Hollywood, she took a secretarial course which led to a position as studio script girl. Two years later she was offered a chance to act. Her rise to stardom was rapid. Alice is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten, has blonde hair, and is still single, in spite of the siege of most of Hollywood males. Her resemblance to Clara Bow caused her much grief at the outset of her career; but she has since made a name for herself that has entirely compensated for her early disappointments. Among her most popular pictures are *Harold Teen, Show Girl, Naughty Baby, Hot Stuff,* and *Broadway Babies.*

Nils Asther

Nils Asther

ALTHOUGH he dislikes being known as a "great lover," film fans have pronounced Nils Asther one of the most romantic figures on the screen today. Born in Malmo, Sweden, on January 17, 1902, he was educated at home, in Lunel University, and later at the Royal Dramatic school at Stockholm. He graduated from school at the age of fourteen, and being unhappy at home, ran away to become an actor. In the course of his stage career, he met Greta Garbo, with whom he has been teamed in several productions. Nils, too, entered pictures as a Maurice Stiller discovery, and after making seventeen pictures for Ufa, came to America under contract to United Artists. *Topsy and Eva, Sorrel and Son,* and *Laugh, Clown, Laugh,* were his first American productions. Nils is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy, has greenish eyes and curly black hair.

Nancy Carroll

Nancy Carroll

NANCY LAHIFF, as Irish as a shamrock, went on record with her first "talkie" in New York City, that is, she was born there. With eleven brothers and sisters in the family, she decided while quite young that if she rode in a limousine and trailed around in shimmering negligees, she'd have to go out after them herself and not wait for parental gifts. She embarked on a theatrical career in a local talent contest on New York's East Side. In 1923, she entered the chorus of the *Passing Show.* Besides doing a dance specialty, Nancy hung from a chandelier. She was offered the leading role after the fourth week, with James Hall as her leading man. Eventually Nancy came to Hollywood to appear in *The Music Box Revue, Loose Ankles,* and *Chicago.* It was her dramatic interpretation in this last that led to a Fox role in a Virginia Valli picture.

Dorothy Revier

Dorothy Revier

DOROTHY REVIER is one of those rare beings, a native Californian. She was born in San Francisco of an English father and Italian mother. With many artistic relatives in her family, it was not surprising that Dorothy should become interested in dancing. She studied under the best masters in the West, and is equally graceful in the Italian and Russian ballets, aesthetic, ballroom, and eccentric dancing. After graduating from high school, she became a professional dancer touring the Pacific Coast in prologues, where she was discovered by a First National producer, who signed her for her first role. She is under contract to the Columbia Studios, but is constantly in demand by other studios to whom she is "loaned out." Among her recent productions are *Scarehead, The Red Dancer, The Drop Kick, The Iron Mask, Submarine,* and, very lately, *Burlesque.* Dorothy Revier is one of the best cooks in Hollywood.

John Mack Brown

Johnny Mack Brown

JOHNNY is one of the few noted athletes in the country to make an established name for himself on the screen irrespective of athletic honors. A sensational football player from the University of Alabama, he came to Hollywood with his team to play against Stanford on New Year's Day, 1926. Without professional stage experience, he was offered a chance to play bits and small parts in M-G-M. pictures. In *The Bugle Call,* he made his first appearance as a full-fledged actor, and was immediately chosen as Marion Davies' leading man in *The Fair Co-ed.* Among his most recent productions are *Our Dancing Daughters, The Divine Woman, A Woman of Affairs, Lady of Chance,* and *Coquette,* opposite Mary Pickford. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes, and was born in Dothan, Alabama, September 1. 1905.

Mary Duncan

Mary Duncan

LUTTRELL, VIRGINIA, had the honor of becoming the birthplace of Mary Duncan one August 13, less than twenty-five years ago. She was educated in the public schools of her native town, the high school in Richmond, and later at a Virginia finishing school. She matriculated at Cornell University, taking a course in arts and sciences. There she became so intrigued with college dramatics that she abandoned her books and went to New York City to seek a theatrical career. She pawned a luxurious fur coat when her parents objected to her plans, and enrolled with the famous Yvette Guilbert for instruction. During the two years she was with Guilbert, Mary also studied music. Roles in *Toto, The Egotist, The Great Lover, The Purple Mask,* and *New Toys* followed. She played in a London presentation of *The Nervous Wreck,* before returning to America to play in *The Shanghai Gesture.*

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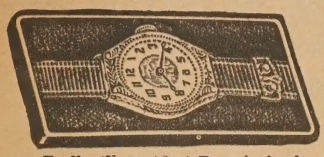

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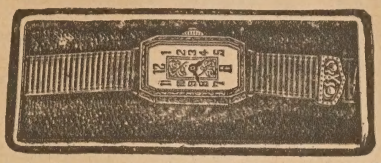

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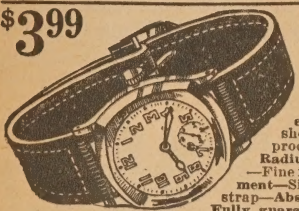

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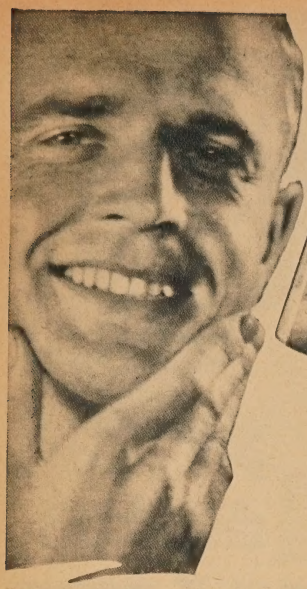

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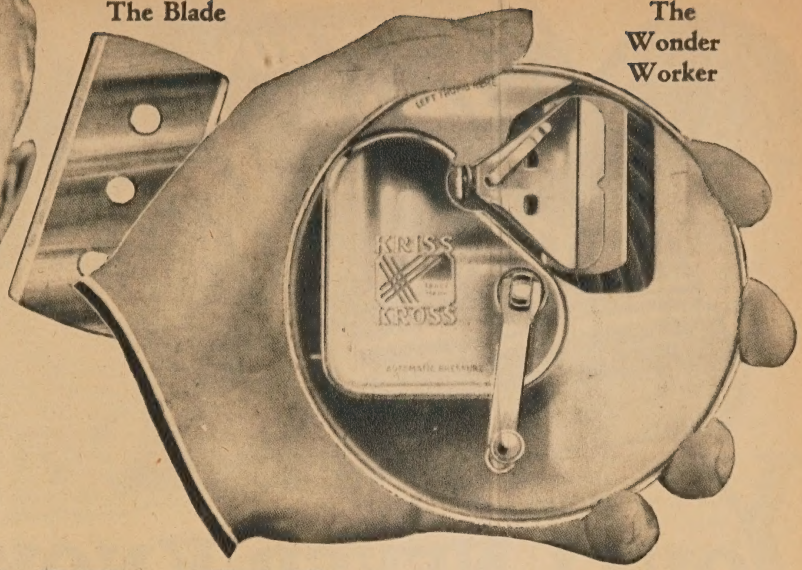

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SCREEN SECRETS

In which the Editor discusses talkie developments—and other things

THE *Fox Follies of 1929,* in which a typically Ziegfeld revue is transplanted to the sound screen, will be remembered as a milestone in the mechanical progress of the movies, almost as important as the advent of the first talking picture.

Here for the first time the enlarged screen, filling the stage from side to side of the proscenium arch, is made use of. This enlarged screen, with the new double-sized film necessary for projection upon it, gives the effect of depth and is a long step toward three-dimensional pictures. With the natural multi-color sequences, a new process which William Fox is bringing out for the first time, as well as the talking accompaniment and musical score, it gives the most perfect illusion of an actual stage production that has been attained so far.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor

It would seem almost unbelievable, were it not for the other amazing developments in pictures which have taken place during the year, that the enlarged screen, which Douglas Fairbanks advocated only a few months ago as one of the greatest possibilities of the future, is actually here.

And how will the producers of musical comedies and even stage plays with their sky-high prices be able to meet this popular-priced competition on their home grounds? It looks as though some philanthropic person ought to establish a home for poverty-stricken scalpers.

Representing the Family

ALL the eyes—and ears—of Hollywood are upon John Barrymore as he starts work in his first talkie for Warner Brothers, known for the time being, at least, as *General Crack.* It is a rollicking, swashbuckling tale of swords and periwigs in which Barrymore plays the part of a dashing, beloved rogue. In Barrymore's voice, Warner Brothers should have a box office asset as great as Al Jolson's personality. All of the Barrymores are gifted with voices as pleasing to the ear—as expressive—as musical instruments. But since Lionel has relinquished the actor's field to become a director, and Ethel has not yet yielded to the lure of the talkies, it remains for John to uphold the honor of the family on the speaking screen. With an able supporting cast, headed by Marian Nixon, who plays his leading lady, everything seems to be set for a fine production. Barrymore will need a good picture, incidentally, following *Eternal Love,* his next release, in which he is called upon to play an unsympathetic role which will do little to build him up with his public.

Deserved Success

THE sensation of the month and the great white hope of all actors of the silent screen is the little girl from Montreal who is known to a small social group in Hollywood as Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and to the world at large as Norma Shearer. *The Trial of Mary Dugan* was the vindication of Norma Shearer. For months during which she played ordinary roles with distinction, but not with greatness, because it simply wasn't in the script, she suffered from the usual Hollywood whisperings of favoritism, first because she was the fiancee and later the wife of Thalberg, who is a high mogul at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It must have been a tremendous triumph for Norma when she received from her friends and co-workers spontaneous acclaim on the sheer merit of her ability as an actress which has at one stroke placed her among the forefront of the figures in a new and difficult field.

Speaking of Pantomime

THE talkies have brought a sad day for the pantomimic artists. This I learned from Ford Sterling, one of the outstanding comedians of the screen since the days of the Keystone Cops. Nowadays, the directors, intent on mastering the new art, have their minds on the playback room, where the dialogue of the scene which they have just taken is played back to them. Naturally when any time is taken out for pantomimic business, there is a silent place on the playback record and the director wants it eliminated. It is only natural therefore that great pantomimic artists like Charlie Chaplin should protest against the coming of the talkies. However, Sterling believes that within a few months, when the talkies have become more familiar ground, pantomime will come into its own again and will find its place in talking pictures along with the dialogue, since pictures must necessarily appeal to the eye as well as to the ear.

This Matter of Voices

A GREAT deal of hooey has been spread abroad about this mysterious business of voice quality and the difficulty of registering voices on the microphone. As a matter of fact casting directors tell me that almost any normal, pleasant-speaking voice is perfectly suited to the talkies. There are many cases to illustrate this. Raymond Griffith left the stage because of an accident to his voice which reduced it to a whisper, yet it registers perfectly in the talkies. Douglas Fairbanks held back from the talkies because he was fearful of his voice. But now the fact that he is to make a talkie with Mary Pickford is evidence enough that it registers well. The voice, however, has a personality of its own, just as the camera brings out a separate personality, so that naturally people with expressive voices will now get a better break than those who can only rely on pantomimic ability or photographic beauty, to put them over.

Roscoe Fawcett

DOROTHY REVIER possesses a distinctive type of beauty that first caught the public eye while she was still a Russian ballet dancer. Her latest pictures were Submarine *and* Father and Son.—*Columbia.*

—Preston Duncan.

LILY DAMITA'S bewitching eyes add much to her glamorous beauty. She left France only recently and has already made a bid for fame in The Rescue *and* The Bridge of San Luis Rey.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

JOAN CRAWFORD, in her excellent portrayal of the spirit of carefree American youth in Our Modern Maidens, *created a new and vivid screen personality of which her public approves.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

CLARA BOW is going to have another "wild party" in her new picture, Dangerous Curves, *if previews in the projection room bear out predictions.*

—Gene Robert Richee.

JAMES FORD, square-jawed and popular newly signed First National player, has been cast in Fast Life, *a new picture featuring lovely Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

LORETTA YOUNG catches her breath, too, when she finds that her guise as the old-fashioned girl at the spinning wheel reveals the fact that even puritanical misses have embarrassing moments.—First National.

—Elmer Fryer.

My Life Among

BETTY COMPSON, *as the tragi-comedy queen of Warner Brothers' all-color* On With the Show, *is expected to make even the most ardent New York stage show first-nighter sit up and take notice.*

the Stars

Betty Compson gives to SCREEN SECRETS *readers her history—a story which pulses with love, life, disappointment, success. It is the Life of a Woman —real, alive, intimate, throbbing with truth.*

As told to Ruth Biery

By *Betty Compson*

BETTY COMPSON sat on a low stool before the blazing fire of the long, colorful sitting room. With chin cupped in right hand, she pondered pensively for fully ten minutes after I had asked for her life story.

"I had thought never to tell it!" she remarked finally. Were those tears which glittered in the deep blue of her eyes—the eyes which I knew had turned innumerable masculine heads during her twelve years in this city?

"It is the story of a child trained to think of her own beauty; of a girl forced to support herself with that training; of a woman"—she paused for another long moment, then spoke hurriedly, very hurriedly—"of a woman who went to the heights and then dropped to the depths through her own indifference. Of a woman who said she would marry a big director someday—and who did as she said.

"Well," she rose, paced the floor with quick, determined movements, "I will tell it but I will not camouflage it. I am just one more woman. I have done wrong at times; I have done right at others. Good or bad—I will tell it. I have no regrets whatsoever. The joys and the sorrows, the good and the bad—the Hell *and* the Heaven; not one regret for any of them. I will tell them all just as they happened. You may call it 'The Life of Woman!'"

THIS is the story she told me:

I believe a life story should go back to your mother; your grandmother. There are things about them which must influence the children. If not through inheritance, then through the telling and retelling. My grandmother was a Norwegian woman. She was not a convert to the Mormon faith but she wanted to get away from her home conditions, so she ran away to Utah with a group of Mormons, and married one of them. When she was 31 she divorced him, went down to Fort Douglas, saw an officer who appealed to her, even though he was 10 years younger and literally grabbed him off and was married. She started the habit in my family of going after the man you want and tying him to you.

My mother was standing at a window of her home in the scrawly, indifferent, mining town of Frisco, Utah, one day when she was 18. She saw a man ride by on horseback. She turned to the woman with whom she was living and said, "That is the man I am going to marry."

It took her six years to do it! It was two whole years before he would even look at her. She was just one of the everyday, mining girls of the place. He was a big shot with a good position, a graduate of Cornell university and 18 *years her senior!* But she had heard her mother say a woman could get *any* man and illustrate it with her own story. So she trained herself for him and waited. When she was 24 they were married.

From this two-year-old cherub, shown here with her mother, grew the woman, Betty Compson.

He was her god. As she had wrapped her whole life around getting him, so now she wrapped her life around holding him. Her one ambition was to have a son who would look like him, talk like him, be like him. He drove her over to Beaver, a little town nearby, to have the lovely brown-eyed, dark-haired boy of whom she was so certain. In a tumble-down two-room shack, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl came to her. Undoubtedly, I was my mother's one great disappointment.

I HAVE found in this life, however, one disappointment usually follows another. I was scarcely born before the gold rush came to Alaska and father left to

"make a lot of money." She was heart-broken! Alone in that tiny town for one and a half years without mail or money, with a baby which couldn't even remind her of him. Perhaps it was my mother's condition, the depth of her loneliness and sorrow, which made me so keenly perceptive even as a baby, although I believe all babies are taken too much for granted, not treated enough like humans. It seems to me as though I were always grown up. I can remember distinctly my own weaning. I don't expect people to believe this, but when I was 10 years old I told my mother about it and since she had never told me, *she* had to believe it.

I was a year and a half old when my mother brought my milk to me in a *cup*. I went into a tantrum. She took a black glove *with a feather in it* and put it over her breast and told me someone had run away with the other. To this day, I am afraid of a feather. I can't bear to wear them in pictures. They are like a nightmare to me. Do you know, I don't suppose I have ever really suffered more than at my weaning? The only way she could stop my crying was by giving me a purse with three silver dollars. They were so bright and made such a pretty clangle that I forgot the black feather and the cup. And I believe my love of silver dollars began right then. I have always wanted to be a rich woman. Well—(she laughed a little)—I have my director *and* my Rolls Royces.

FATHER did come back with quite a lot of money, only to leave again to make some more to go with it. But he sent us to California. And in Santa Monica, where we stayed with some spinsterly school teachers, I had my first love affair—at three years of age.

Of course, I knew I was a beautiful baby. My mother, when her first sorrow at my not being a boy had relaxed a little, took great pride in my appearance. My nails were always in perfect order, my hair, my skin. I never went out without a sunbonnet; I was never allowed to play in the mud or do anything which would get me dirty or injure my physical appearance.

Do you know, I think children *should* be flattered. It gives them a poise and self-confidence, takes away that baffling self consciousness. When I entered a room, I *knew* I looked pretty; knew people would say nice things about me, so I was never worried or awkward.

Keep yourself beautiful! Betty's mother always told her. It is plain that Betty is an obedient daughter.

When Mr. Press took an interest in me and played on the beach and treated me like I was a real grown-up lady, they were attentions which I took for granted. I have always taken men's interest for granted. Doesn't every woman, for that matter? It was just like a grown-up affair. The school ladies were strict and didn't approve of it. Even mother became afraid that he might kidnap me or something. She told me he couldn't come and see me any more! I was heartbroken. It was my first big heart tragedy and was as serious to me then as the others were later. And on top of that, father returned and took us back to Frisco, just when mother and I had learned to adore California. I made up my mind *then* that some day I would live in California.

Wistful Betty Compson, at fifteen, played in the orchestra of a Salt Lake City theatre for $15 a week.

DO YOU know, my life as I remember it, sort of seems to go by love affairs from the very beginning. My next one was in the Black Hills of South Dakota. *His* name was Mr. Anderson. He taught me to fish and catch my own bait and *to whistle*. And to me, that was real devotion. But he killed my interest when he deceived me. No man can deceive a woman, whether she is four and a half or twenty-four, and get away with it.

It was Christmas. Mother, the day before, took me to Deadwood, 16 miles from the mining camp where we were staying. She drove a horse named "Cricket." I shall never forget it. The snow, the ice, the jangling sleighbells, three deer scampering for cover on a hillside.

Here is a scene from one of Betty's first cinema efforts in Hollywood, a one-reel Christie comedy.

I was so thrilled that I could hardly wait to get home and tell Mr. Anderson about it. We came into the long room, crowded with people, a little late in the evening. There was a new victrola and I had never heard a victrola. The great tree glimmered and twinkled its merry welcome. I was *so* excited. It was Christmas eve and Santa Claus was coming! But Mr. Anderson was missing.

I looked everywhere for him, for Christmas eve meant nothing to me without *him* present. Love is like that, you know. You cannot be happy unless the one you love is there to be happy with you. I just sat down quietly in a corner. There was a long, long hallway and I kept watching the door. Suddenly, there was a jangling of bells and much joyous racket—and there stood Santa Claus at the end of the hallway entrance. But as he came down that hall I knew it wasn't really Santa Claus. It was Mr. Anderson! I knew his walk, oh, everything about him. Didn't I love him? Now, I had sense enough to know that Santa Claus couldn't come every place on that one evening and if he'd only told me he was going to *play* Kris Kringle, it wouldn't have made any difference, but to try and fool me! I was disappointed. My dreams crumbled to earth like a movie-set house on the crag of a hill when an earthquake is shaking. Funny, but I don't remember my father at all that Christmas.

This same winter when I learned there was no Santa Clause I came to understand about babies. A woman at the camp was going to have one.

"Mother," I said one day, "I know Mrs. La Vance is going to have a baby."

"Yes," mother answered quietly, without any fuss or concern about it. And she told me about it. From that day, sex had no terrors for me. I knew all about it. You are not afraid of the things in this world of which you have a complete knowledge.

From South Dakota we went to Eureka, Utah, where I had my first experience with schools and other children. The latter petrified me. In fact, I was horror-stricken. In the first place, they were dirty. They even went barefooted! And they ran around like little animals, like the animals I had known in the hills of Dakota. They were imbeciles who didn't know anything. Why, they wouldn't even listen to their teacher when she was telling things of real interest. I hated them. To this day I don't like children.

It was here that I became really acquainted with my father. He seemed to sympathize with me, to understand about the other children. He taught me how to run the sewing machine. I was so tiny I had to stand to do it, but he helped even when mother was afraid that I would run a needle through my finger. Then—well, he, too, broke confidence with me. I was to lose my first tooth! I hated the thought of that because it would spoil my appearance. And I didn't want to be hurt. I have always hated the thought of being hurt. Father brought out the string.

"It won't hurt, baby!"

"Do you promise it won't hurt, daddy?"

"Yes, I promise."

But it *did* hurt. For years after that I couldn't like father. Thereafter, I pulled them myself so there wouldn't be any misunderstandings. And I didn't lie to myself. I knew they would hurt when I started to pull them.

Jim Cruze is not "Mr. Betty Compson" by a long shot. Jim and Betty are quite independent of each other.

I didn't finish the school year. We returned to Frisco. Here, I liked the children better—but the place, ugh, how I hated it. My hair had been curly, but the wind and the alkali dust took all the curl out of it. *That* was awful. Mother put it into braids. They were nice thick braids, which compensated a little.

The first thing I did at the new school was to tell them they should

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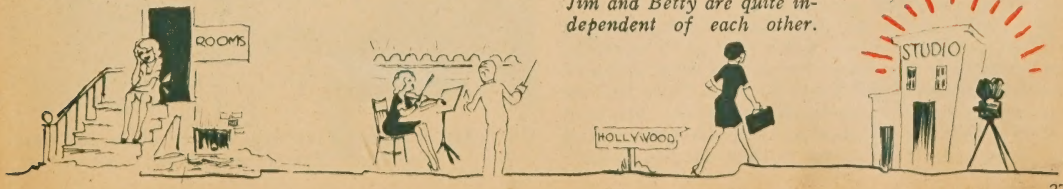

Meet Mrs. John Gilbert!

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert after elopement ceremony following dash from Los Angeles aboard Union Pacific Matrimony Special to Las Vegas, Nevada.

Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert surprised everyone with their marriage in Las Vegas town, with cowboys to cheer them.

HOLLYWOOD still is trying to get over the surprise of John Gilbert's marriage to Ina Claire, Broadway's musical comedy star. But Ol' Man Cupid, who has chuckled many a time at those "never again" vows, has the last laugh as usual.

John determined never to go to the altar again, after his first youthful marriage ended disastrously. That was before he saw Leatrice Joy, the sparkling-eyed girl with a New Orleans drawl. When Miss Joy parted from him for the last time, John took the vow again. But that was before he met Ina Claire!

You don't see much of John and his bride these days, for they are both busy working for the movie producers, who have so little time or sympathy for honeymoons. But glimpses of them show how gloriously happy they both are.

John and Ina Claire planned it all very quietly. If they were married in California, they would have to wait three days to obtain a license. So they took a special car to Las Vegas, and with a few intimate friends the couple stood up before a justice of the peace for the ceremony. Both gave their ages as 32.

Miss Claire is one of Broadway's darlings, famed star of *Grounds for Divorce,* and a long list of successes. "The Street" calls her lucky, for she has never appeared in an unsuccessful play. Truth is, Miss Claire has one failure no one knows about—*Gaoler's Wench.* She tried it out on a Brooklyn audience, and after the curtain came down, firmly told the producer to pack the play in some dark attic where no one would ever see it again. She was married once before, to James Whittaker, New York dramatic critic. In Mr. Whittaker's column one day appeared a brief line of review on his wife's current stage attraction, in which he complained that his wife had listed her occupation as "actress," when she married him and unkindly intimated that he had been deceived.

John Gilbert, of course, is known wherever the flickers flash for his *Big Parade, The Merry Widow,* and a host of other hits. He is the highest salaried male star on the

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Once they predicted a marriage between John and Greta Garbo. Rumors were wrong!

TRUE TO TYPE

Jacqueline Logan inherits her beautiful but fighting backbone from General Logan of Civil War Fame, and it stands her in good stead for the equally difficult battles of Hollywood.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

HERE'S a great-grandniece of General John Alexander Logan, the battling John of Civil War days, holding her own in the Hollywood sector. A great-grandniece of the self-same John who carried his fighting instincts right into the House of Representatives after the cannon had ceased and the carpet-bagger racket had begun in those glowing days of '65. Step right up, folks, and get your little history lesson. Painless, pleasant, practical.

Here's Jacqueline Logan admitting that there are as many battles to be fought in pictures as there were in the Civil War. Take it from her. She knows all those stories that have been handed down about great-granduncle John. Here's Jackie pointing out, fearlessly, each place in her career where she had to stop and reconnoiter, to rally her forces and to plunge valiantly on. Oh, the merry, merry moil that is the picture business.

A beautiful red-head, this Jackie. Blue-eyed, slim-limbed, who has birthday dinners given for her at the Biltmore. Lives at home with mother, if you please, and has a cat named Thomas. A yard-long Persian who stalks through the apartment like a very king of catdom. A Persian whose mistress has a sense of humor, a sweet crimson mouth, long lashes, and determination.

IS IT the turbulent blood of great-granduncle John coursing through her veins that makes her stand the gaff? The old Logan fighting spirit of come-what-will-we're-ready-for-it?

"I sometimes wonder," smiled Jackie, fingering a cigarette. "I wonder whether it's that or just the Irish in me."

Ten-to-one it's the spirit of that grand old fighter, the Hero of the Fifteenth Corps.

The first fatal error in this campaign against the cinema citadel, according to Jackie, was when she was given a lead.

"I had done only a very little picture work in a Johnny Hines picture in New York during the day-

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Jackie Logan began her career with Ziegfeld. She here displays several charming reasons why the American girl is being glorified.

Larry Winston

Jackie herself

SO THIS IS

By ANNE

Louise Brooks, Paramount player, is trying to decide whether Fido was ever born, or, like Topsy, "jes' growed."

TALKING pictures have changed everything in Hollywood, even its vocabulary. Listen in on a conversation overheard at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, between two sound stage technicians: Here goes, so figure it out for yourself if you can.

"What do you think of Mary Doakes' voice?"

"She bloops."

"Yeah, I always thought she was kinder rheostat."

"Have you heard McGreavy?"

"Yeah, he sings way down in the mud."

"Bill, you'd oughta have been with us today. When they gave us the interlock on that rain thing we got off to a false start because we got the hand too soon, so we had to retake. Next the motors raced, there was buckling in the bungalow, and after a lot of grief we finally shot the feller."

"You ain't heard nothing yet. We were shooting by remote control down on the back lot, and some one thought our three-phase motor leads were power lines and hooked lights on them. Can you tie that? After 1,000 feet of racing, we found the load on the line."

"Yeah, that was funny, but you oughta heard 'em howl over that playback. Some one musta thought it was a hammer and used it for driving nails or something because it certainly ruined the diaphragm. It made the artist sound like he had a mouth full of cotton."

"Maybe he did."

"No, we argued 'em into taking it over again because the mixer said it sounded like a million dollars through the p. e. cs. We had swell music all morning but we lost half an hour building a twenty t. u. pad to stick in the trunk because they couldn't mix it."

Lay members on the studio force are searching for sound language glossaries to figure it out.

His Crowning Glory

WHEN you see Bill Boyd in *The Leatherneck,* you may note an effective, if somewhat painful bit of business that wasn't written into the script.

During one of the rough-and-tumble fights, a three-inch shell weighing about 60 pounds, was jarred off the mantlepiece, striking Bill squarely on top of the head.

He managed to keep on with the scene, thus saving the painful experience from being totally without benefit, but passed out completely as soon as he got out of range of the camera. For some time afterwards he wore six stitches in his head as a memento of the incident.

He will start work soon in an aviation picture entitled *The Flyin' Fool.*

Oh What a Legacy!

ALICE WHITE is famed for her pretty, shapely legs. Some boy, a little too fresh even for Hollywood, accosted her one day with the remark, "Where are those pretty legs taking you, girlie?"

"They're taking me home and no *heels* a-dragging either."

A Grave Situation

DOLORES DEL RIO is occupying her spare time since her return from Louisiana where she has been making the last sequences of *Evangeline* on location, designing the first permanent monument for the grave of Longfellow's heroine.

When the company arrived at St, Martinsville, the sleepy little town not far from New Orleans, where, if you remember your Evangeline, you will recall that the Acadians settled after their exile, they found the burial place of Evangeline unmarked by any stone or tablet, with only a slitary cypress to denote her resting place. They immediately started a fund to provide a permanent monument for Evangeline and the citizens

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor romped a while at Miami Beach, after which Estelle left for Hollywood to confer over a fat contract in the talkies.

HOLLYWOOD!

HOWE

of St. Martinsville assigned Dolores the task of designing the monument.

Dolores studied to be an artist before going into pictures. She designed all the tiling and decorations of her Hollywood home. She is an authority on old masters.

Or Canned Baloney

WHILE all of Hollywood is worrying about a nice new expressive name for talkies, an Iowa hick walks into Hollywood and nonchalantly suggests:

"Why don't ye call it canned tongue?"

Free Air

THE problem of interference with the making of sound pictures by airplanes flying too low overhead has been solved at last. The Producers' Association has come to an agreement with California aviators whereby the latter will not fly lower than 2,500 feet over sound stages, provided that the producers will fly large colored balloons over the stages where picture production is in progress.

Bawth a la Hollywood

THE newly-arrived stage actresses of New York are giving the Hollywood natives a run for the invention of new fads and fancies.

Charlie Chaplin, recovered from his illness, proves it by this snappy game of leap frog with Count D'Arrast, Hollywood director, at Coronado Beach.

Ina Claire, the dainty star of many frothy comedies of the New York stage, and now the new Mrs. John Gilbert, has become a sun bath addict. She searched all of Hollywood and Beverly Hills until she found a house with a glassed-in sun porch with all the transparency of a gold-fish globe, but more privacy. And now she is giving sun bath parties to her Hollywood friends. Among her guests are Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels and other friends of her New York stage days.

Between sun baths she is rehearsing for her first talkie production, to be an original play by Arthur Richman, author of *The Awful Truth* and other brilliant comedies, in which Miss Claire starred on the stage. Mickey Neilan has been selected to do the directing.

Leila Hyams decided to celebrate Fourth of July with Roman candles, sky-rockets, n' everything. We'll join her army!

Why Are You Blue?

LOUISE FAZENDA was putting on the new make-up for a technicolor picture, another development that has complicated the lives of actors in the last few months.

Instead of the weird pallor and green and purple shadows required for black and white films, actors for technicolor pictures use ordinary stage makeup, slightly accentuated, because the incandescents soak up so much of the color.

"Then you don't use shadows under your eyes any more," some one asked her.

"No," she replied, "only the natural ones from working 18 hours a day."

Ancient Annie Oakley

FORTY-FOUR years ago, Henry De Mille, the New York playwright of a half-century ago and father of Cecil and William, lost a gold-headed umbrella in a small-town theatre in New York State.

He advertised and the finder returned it. Mr. De Mille sent the honest man a letter which said that if he would present the letter at any house where a De Mille play was showing, he would be given a free seat.

Two months ago, the letter was presented at a showing of *King of Kings*. The theatre manager honored it and then sent Cecil De Mille the letter.

Time to Retire

F. W. MURNAU, the six-foot German director, is tired with the long strain of making one screen epic after another and is going to take a rest. At last reports, he was ambling off toward the South Seas in his yacht.

At the time of his departure, George O'Brien, who is one of his close friends, was working on location in Northern California. Murnau called him up on long distance.

So This is Hollywood

Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper have been on the matrimonial brink for so long that their public is becoming impatient to hear wedding bells.

"Hello, George, I am leaving for the South Seas in a couple of days," he said as nonchalantly as though he were going up into the mountains for a week-end. "Pack a shirt and come along."

George said he was sorry, but he thought Mr. Fox had other plans for him.

"Well then drop over and see me at my home some time, will you?" invited Murnau, casually.

His home is in Germany. He will take a long rest from picture making, but will probably come back some time, as he is very fond of America, and has expressed a wish that he might become an American citizen.

What's in a Name?

MALCOLM ST. CLAIR was describing the picture, *49th Street,* which he wrote and is directing for R-K-O, to his old pal, George O'Hara. He was painting it with broad strokes—a stupendous production.

"Well, Mal," interrupted George finally. "Why don't you change the name to *110th Street,* and make it a bigger and better production?"

Mal hesitated but a second, then came back, "Or, of course, I might call it *125th Street,* and make another one of these all-colored pictures!"

A Speech in Time

THE rush for the stage is on in the local theatres. These movie girls want to prove that they have voices and personalities which will compete with any New York player's. Really, it is amazing the salaries that our stars will take for just one stock production.

Sally O'Neill went out on vaudeville and sure enough, Pathé immediately signed for her three pictures. A real comeback for Sally.

Lois Wilson secured herself much movie work by playing leading lady for Edward Everett Horton.

Ruth Taylor, the little blonde, whom gentlemen preferred in the pictures, has opened in *Little Orchid Annie.* Probably Paramount will re-sign her when it sees her.

Leatrice Joy is out making vaudeville appearances and has been signed for several productions during her absence. The Eastern cities made a great fuss over her.

Tom Moore is being starred in a legitimate play called *This Thing Called Love,* and is playing in Mal St. Clair's *49th Street* between performances.

Any way to keep up with the invading New Yorkers!

Stage Fright

CARMELITA GERAGHTY is the only screen person playing in *Paris Bound!*

Anne Harding, Frederick Marsh, Herbert Clark, Charlotte, Walker, Julietta Crosby—oh, Pathé has lined up a list of Broadway notables which is rather breath-taking.

Carmelita admits it. She says she actually shakes every time she enters the set, so appalled is she by the newcomers.

More Money

COLLEEN MOORE was describing a yacht that she and John McCormick frequently charter. "It's cheap, too," she explained, enthusiastically. "Only a thousand a week, including everything."

Which may have been cheap to Colleen but—well, we don't all make more than ten thousand for the seven-day period.

Gallant

IVAN LEBEDOFF, the handsome Russian character actor, walked into the Fox luncheon room.

"My, isn't he grand?" one fan writer exclaimed, in a stage whisper.

"Yes. But I don't believe I have any perfume on my hand!" answered another chatter pen-pusher.

Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, are using Moran's gloved finger as crow bait. But his raised right hand suggests a necessary caw-tion, if the bird should bite.

So This is Hollywood

Mr. Lebendoff rose, walked to the table, kissed the hand of first one lady and then another. "As if perfumed hands really matter!" he complimented.

Rubbing It In

A WELL-KNOWN stage star desired to have the same masseuse employed by Alice White and wanted her at the same hour that Alice has her daily.

"If you'll let me have her I'll teach you about the stage," she generously offered.

"If you'll leave her alone and let me keep her, I'll teach *you* about the movies," was Alice's soft answer.

Lupe Gets Chummy

MORDUANT HALL is the most dignified of all New York's critics. He writes the pedogogical reviews for *The Times* and not even his closest friends have been heard to call him 'Mordaunt.

Lupe Velez met him at a tea. "I can't remember your name, so I'll just call you Cutie," she exclaimed, with a pat on the cheek to make him understand it was all friendly.

And not a soul dared to even kid him about it.

Senorita Cyclone Emotes

LOUD sobbing at the premiere of *Coquette* in New York City disturbed two flappers in the audience. They called an usher.

"We've stood that girl's hysterics as long as we can. Please have her put out," they ordered.

The usher hurried to obey. When he addressed the offender, Lupe Velez looked up, and stammered between her sobbing, "I can't help eet. Eet ees my Miss Mary, Meester Usher!"

The flappers made a personal apology.

Red Light

LILLIAN LEIGHTON, stage and screen character actress, purchased a new car and was driving down Hollywood boulevard for the first time, alone, in it. She went against a traffic signal.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" a policeman stopped her. "Get back there. Can't you see the signal?"

Lillian paled, then stammered, "Please, Mr. Policeman, won't you let me drive around this block and come back? I'll promise to come right around to this spot and stop as long as you want."

"What's the matter, can't you back?" the officer demanded.

"No!" Lillian answered meekly. "I've had only one lesson."

Winifred Westover, formerly Mrs. William S. Hart, is returning to the screen in the title role of Lummox.

Irish Ayes

BARRY NORTON, ploughing through his fan mail at the Fox Studio, opened a letter that made his well-known smile broaden a bit. It was an invitation to become a member of the Irrepressible Sons of Free Ireland. The writer said: "We make the suggestion because, while you may have been born in the United States, we feel certain from your name that the blood of the old land flows in your veins."

This would have fired Norton with much enthusiasm, but for the fact that the blood of old Buenos Aires, Argentina, flows in his veins and that his real name is Alfredo de Biarben, Jr.

Sponsored by the Navy

CHARLES BICKFORD, the stage actor who plays the leading role in *Dynamite*, has led an adventurous life.

During Roosevelt's regime, he traveled around the world with the U. S. fleet, working as a stoker. He later became a stock actor working all over the country. Every year he would go to New York and visit the casting offices, but for years he refused to work there because he could find no part to his liking.

The first part he found that suited him was that of Oklahoma Red, in Jim Tully's play, *Outside Looking In*, the role played by Wallace Beery in the screen version known as *Beggars of Life*. Ever since, Bickford has been constantly in demand on the New York stage as a character man.

Dorothy Sebastian props herself up on a dimpled elbow and looks altogether too seductive to make us believe she's had a hard day at the studio.

Dentist in Embryo

NILS ASTHER has an extraordinary fondness for wild animals, also an uncanny knack for handling them.

He loves to go into the cages on the M-G-M lot and frolic with the cubs. He has a

trick of catching the animals by the lower half of the jaw and holding them so that they cannot bite.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

HAS Paramount gone high brow? They have taken the pains to list all their college players. We quote from their listing:

Richard Dix, Minnesota, specialized in liberal arts and football.
Adolphe Menjou, a graduate engineer. Cornell is his alma mater.
George Bancroft, the Naval Academy.
Charles Rogers, journalism, University of Kansas.
Richard Arlen, University of Pennsylvania.
William Austin, graduate of reading college, England.
Clive Brook, Dulwich College, England.
Lane Chandler, business administration, Montana Wesleyan.
Gary Cooper, art course, at Grinnell, Iowa.
Jack Luden, medicine, at Johns Hopkins.
Frederick March, graduated, University of Wisconsin with a B. S. degree.

It is interesting to note that no women players are listed!

Place For Old Razor Blades

CLARA BOW has bought some property for a new beach home along the Malibu in Santa Monica. It's on a promontory, with water out the front, to the north and to the south.

"I selected this site," Clara said, "so that my guests could toss cigaret butts out one window, ginger ale bottles out of the other, with the ocean to haul away the trash."

Smart girl, eh?

She Autrey Sue Him For That

I WANT a picture I can show my mother," explained Sue Carol to Max Autrey, photographer at the Fox lot, who prefers to photograph his subjects more or less undraped.

"I'll make you a picture you can show *only* to your mother," was Max' laconic reply.

What about this, skeptics? Here's Doug, Jr., with Joan Crawford, and she's wearing what looks mighty like a wedding ring! This seems pretty strong evidence that their marriage has actually taken place.

George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver believe this is the age of speed, as shown in this race between scenes on the Universal lot.

What Price Temperament?

JETTA GOUDAL has won her right to be temperamental. In a verdict handed down by the Los Angeles superior court, she came out victor in her two-year fight against Pathé, when she was given judgment for $31,000 under a contract which she claimed was voluntarily set aside by the company. Much of the defense against the suit dealt with her temperament.

The Lowe-Down on Careers

TALKING pictures, in revolutionizing the industry more or less, have resulted in coining a new joke over at the Fox lot, what with many people coming and going all of the time—new arrivals from New York whose lives in the picture center seems to be about three months. The mot is this:

The only man sure of his job on the lot is the man who paints the names on the office doors. He uses water colors, too.

Edmund Lowe has the right idea.

He's going to invent a new paint. He's going to call it option paint. The paint is to be used to paint names on office doors, it is to last exactly 10 weeks, when it must turn a violent red.

This is the danger signal to the office occupant. At the end of the twelfth week, the paint disappears entirely. Options

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Coogan's Crown for Sonny Boy?

Al Jolson has given Davey Lee a start, just as Chaplin did for Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*. Is history repeating itself now?

By HARMONY HAYNES

MOTION picture history seldom repeats itself, but in all its annals there has never appeared so striking a similarity of personalities as those of Jackie Coogan and David Lee.

A few short years ago, Charles Chaplin, the dean of American comedy artists, released one of his most famous pictures, *The Kid*. In this picture appeared a certain big-eyed, chubby youngster who captured the hearts of all who saw him, and for the first time a child rose to the heights of stardom.

The boy's name was Coogan and from his initial picture with Chaplin his popularity grew by leaps and bounds, until his name flashed outside movie theatres was enough to cause a small stampede. But one cannot be a little boy forever, and Jackie inevitably outgrew his childish roles.

Jackie Coogan's retirement from this phase of his career left an aching void in the hearts of his admirers—but not for long. The talkies appeared on the ever-changing scene of movie history, bringing the famous Al Jolson to the screen for the first time in *The Singing Fool*, and with him a winsome youngster, whose adorable lisp cast a spell over those who saw and heard him, just as one Jackie Coogan had done some years before.

So similar is David Lee's triumphant march straight into the hearts of his public to the rise of Jackie Coogan to fame that it seems as if the pages of movie history had been turned back for a second reading.

Aside from the similarity of their rise to fame in the spotlight of public attention, Davey and Jackie are alike in character and appearance. Davey closely resembles the Coogan youngster who preceded him just a few years ago in his childish path across the silver screen. They have the same locks of soft brown hair, wide brown eyes that are nearly identical and the same wholesome disposition.

Jackie Coogan, at the height of his fame, was completely unaware of his imposing position as a motion picture star. Davey, innocent little four-year old, aside from being a little puzzled by his sudden popularity, does not know that he has become the logical successor to the Coogan crown.

Davey Lee, as he appeared in the arms of his discoverer, Al Jolson, in The Singing Fool.

There isn't any use trying to explain to Davey that he is different from any other little boy. He thinks that every tiny tot is blessed by the attentions of hundreds of strange people, just as Jackie Coogan before him thought. Neither of them could know the meaning of the several hundred fan letters that come daily.

Davey, still in his babyhood, memorizes his lines easily and his work is play. On the set his mother gives him his cues and his lines, indelibly inscribed on his impressionable mind, are repeated with childish ease.

The real charm of David Lee, just as in Jackie Coogan, is that refreshing way he has of just being himself, unmarred by the knowledge that he has become famous.

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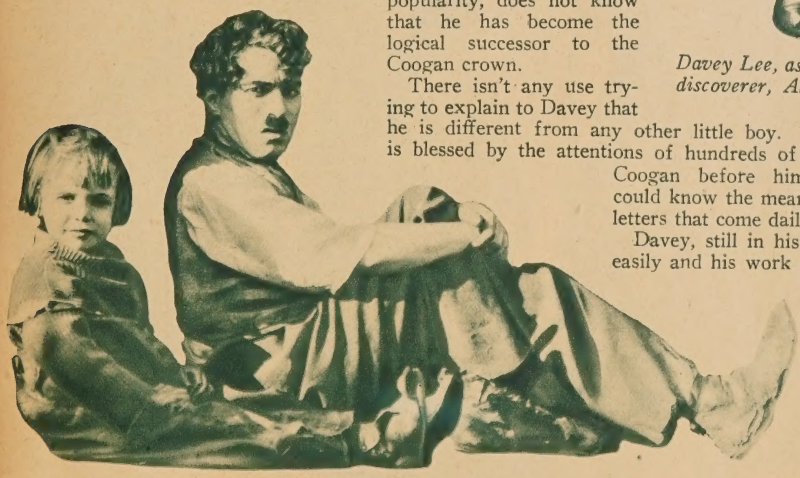

Jackie Coogan with Charlie Chaplin in The Kid, *the part that sent this winsome youngster skyrocketing like a meteor, into stardom.*

FOR *the* LOVE

Hovering over the heads of the motion picture stars is the talkie microphone. Here is Alice White arising for her daily tilt with the mike.

Here are Doris Hill and Director Roy J. Pomeroy on their way to work, but Nancy Carroll shoos them away—"shooting" is going on inside and there must be silence!

The second step in this talking motion picture business shows Dolores Costello, testing her voice in her own home, in trying out for a talking part.

OF MIKE!

Step by step along the path to talkie stardom

This shot shows the actual making of a talkie. Nils Asther and Raquel Torres are the principals. Director Van Dyke is near the microphone, with John Arnold, cameraman, grinding away from his sound-proof booth, through a double plate glass window.

Now—how will it sound? After the talkie sequence is made, the star can hear her own voice registered. Simple as playing the record over again! John Robertson, director, dropped around just in time to listen in with Ruth Chatterton to the part she played in Madame X. *She hardly seems to be taking herself seriously here, however.*

Ah, the picture is finished! Each of these huge horns belches forth a deafening loudness, simultaneously. The sound then sifts through the gigantic screen at the front—and lo! we have synchronization and a perfect talkie!

HARD TO GET

CAST

Bobbie Martin .....*Dorothy Mackaill*
Pa Martin .....*Jimmie Finlayson*
Ma Martin .....*Louise Fazenda*
Marty Martin .....*Jack Oakie*
Dexter Courtland .....*Edmund Burns*
Mrs. Courtland .....*Clarissa Selwynne*
Jerry Dillon .....*Charles Delaney*

LATE again. I never saw the beat. You won't have any more job than a rabbit if you don't look out."

Thus Ma Martin from the kitchen of the Umpty-umph street flat to the elegant young lady finishing a sketchy breakfast in the Martin dining room.

The elegant young lady paid scant heed to the remark. She appeared to be a stranger on a slumming expedition but the tone and the language of Ma Martin made it clear that this was none other than the daughter of the house, Miss Barbara, known among her associates at the Bon Ton Modiste shop as "Bobbie" Martin, who would presently take her place in the ranks of the mannequins modeling this and that in the imported line of women's wear.

"Now, ma, don't you get into a stew. I haven't been late in months but you go over the same thing every morning. Wait till I begin losing jobs before you go getting gray-headed over me."

And so the elegant young lady, clad in a costume whose chic in other days would have shattered her reputation as she emerged into Umpty-umph street, took her matutinal leave of the Martin flat and made her way to the avenue where she took up a prominent position on a prominent corner.

TO THE uninitiated she might have seemed a very great lady about to cross a bewildering thoroughfare or wondering what had become of her chauffeur. But to Jerry Dillon easing down the avenue in a Rolls-Royce she was just another frail looking for a ride downtown and so he drew up with a flourish.

"Come on," he said, "this car makes all stops."

Bobbie hesitated prettily and then clambered gracefully aboard.

"I suppose it's all right," she said. "I was waiting for a friend but he seems to be held up."

"Well, you've found a friend and I've never been held up yet. How far do you go?"

Bobbie named her destination, kept up a steady stream of bantering chatter, and disembarked at her stop, pausing for a prettily murmured thank-you and the customary fencing over where they should have lunch.

"You're quite welcome—any time you can catch me," he spoke.

And Jerry Dillon slipped the big car back into the traffic stream without the slightest reference to lunch anywhere, any time or under any circumstances.

That was a new one on Bobbie Martin and she hurled a few dagger glances after the expensive car as she hurried to join the mannequin parade at the Bon Ton. It was a funny thing. He was smart enough looking and he drove the right car, but he hadn't asked her name or tried to date her. Something was wrong somewhere!

Nothing like yesterday's Rolls-Royce, who had been just as smart but who had put up quite a battle for her name and a luncheon date. She had promised to tell him next time, perhaps. That was one way she made certain of transportation down the avenue in the mornings.

If Ma Martin had known how Bobbie achieved her undeniable reputation for promptness at the Bon Ton, what would she have thought?

Marty Martin knew. But Marty was her brother whose

All men looked alike to Bobby Martin, the hard-boiled mannequin, until she couldn't get the man she wanted—read the intriguing story of Dorothy Mackaill's forthcoming picture.

Adapted by

EARLE R. BUELL

From the First National Vitaphone Photoplay

Dorothy Mackaill
Bobbie was lost in meditation as she made her first appearance of the day.

privilege it was to bawl her out for next to nothing at all and to whom she paid only a little more attention than she did to Pa and Ma. Besides, who knew what it was that Marty did every night of the week? And who knew anything about the girls who were forever calling him up?

Something about today's Rolls-Royce had reminded her of Marty—Marty as he might have been if he had been given to driving expensive cars down the avenue.

But Pa and Ma and Marty had no need to be so critical of Bobbie. She was a girl, as she said often enough, who could take care of herself. "Hard to get," was her motto. Nobody knew yet just how hard Bobbie Martin was to get but it wasn't for lack of trying to find out.

Bobbie was lost in meditation as she arrayed herself in the poinsettia model No. 643 for her first appearance of the day. Bobbie meditated some more as she did the tea coat with the white fox collar for Mrs. Somebody and Miss Somebody who may have been to the manor born, but who could never in the wide world make the tea coat look as it did on her.

She was still thinking about today's Rolls-Royce as she left for home that night when yesterday's whirled up before her on the avenue and this time he was not to be denied his date.

He was bound to know who she was and where she lived and so she gave him her name which really had some style to it but she balked at Umpty-umph street and gave a number which just popped into her head, the number, as she remembered in a moment, of that Mrs. and Miss Somebody who had taken the fox-collared tea coat.

Bobbie should have seen the face of this man who told her his name was Dexter Courtland when she said that. But she didn't and that was that. Somehow she missed even the pussy-cat smile on his face when he hopped out of the Rolls with the big box of candy he had insisted on buying for her.

And so Dexter Courtland stood there while the butler came to the door and she marched straight into the house in the face of his astonishment, while Courtland climbed into his car and drove himself around a block or two.

THINGS seemed to be getting a little bit difficult with the butler when Dexter Courtland came in a little while later and smiled at her with that cat-that-ate-the-canary look. She saw it this time and, not being entirely silly, knew what it meant. Such luck, that it should be his own house.

But Bobbie Martin knew her way around and could take care of herself. Probably it had been years since anybody tried an old-fashioned, nineteenth century faint along that avenue anywhere, but Bobbie worked it and caught time to think.

Bobbie laughed it off and admitted the joke was on her. He claimed one dinner date as a forfeit and twenty-one minutes later she was borrowing a nickel from him to telephone her mother that she wouldn't be home till late.

After that it was a fencing match—Bobbie throwing her flossiest bluff and Dexter Courtland proving patient and likable. She high-hatted the waiter and generally demonstrated that she was accustomed to dining in these exclusive places.

There were more dinners after that but Bobbie was the original hard-to-get girl and Dexter turned out to be the kind that liked them that way. It is just as well that Pa Martin and Ma Martin never heard the comments of the other hard-boiled little mannequins at the Bon Ton, when the daily armful of roses began arriving at the shop with Dexter Courtland's card.

It was Courtland's regular campaign for the hard-to-get ones but how was Bobbie Martin to know that? There were times after a hard day when his tom-cat smile didn't seem to bother her much and when the way he held her as they danced seemed nothing to make a fuss about.

THEN came the night that raised his stock a full fifty per cent. They were dining and dancing as usual. This time it was in a garish speakeasy that had nothing to recommend it but the fact that it was new and they hadn't begun to cut the liquor quite so much as the rest.

One of Bobbie's worn out dinner dates of several seasons back was in the place, full to the ears and making a nuisance of himself. It was that fat fellow from Akron or somewhere that she had left standing on the avenue one night for a little discipline.

He made for her now and began to paw her, talking loud and breathing gin into her face.

Of course, Bobbie could take care of herself and any girl is hard to get with methods like that, but she was tired and she hated a scene, except, perhaps one of her own making in the privacy of her own home.

She could have kissed Dexter Courtland when he gave the man that inquiring look in his well-bred way and asked her if they hadn't best be going. In fact, that was the night she did kiss him for the first time. It was all right being the hard-to-get girl but you couldn't expect a man to keep putting out forever without some compensation.

It was queer how she thought of that other boy with his Rolls Royce just at the psychological moment when she ought to have been sentimental over Dexter's kiss. What had become of him? She hadn't seen him again after that day on the avenue. And he was the one man who hadn't tried to date her on the way downtown. Nice hair he had—and eyes. He did remind her of Marty somehow.

He must be the hard-to-get kind. Now if Dexter had had the sense to be more like that. But then, Dexter wasn't bad. He hadn't said much about what he wanted. Not enough to warn her that it was time to wash him up. And then, one night, Dexter did play the hard-to-get game. He was calling for her at the house now. Pa and Ma liked him. And the Rolls-Royce did make a stir in the neighborhood. But that night he was late. In fact, he was very late. Bobbie sniffed. For two bits she would break the date when he did come.

But there she was—just the same—dressed to kill in the bargain things she got at the shop. She looked particularly beautiful that night with a little flare of anger adding a priceless value to the rouge and lipstick she wore.

SO IT was she looked when Marty came in, Marty who almost never spent a night at home and probably wasn't intending to now. Who was it that Marty had with him? Who indeed but the hard-to-get boy with the Rolls-Royce.

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Edmund Burns and Dorothy Mackaill

Probably it had been years since anybody tried an old-fashioned faint along that avenue, but Bobbie worked it and caught time to think.

Hollywood—Home of Fashion

Simplicity is the keynote of this lovely gown of chiffon, with bodice simply modeled to fit the figure closely. Posed by Billie Dove.

The great god Fashion has his headquarters in Hollywood and from this center of all that's beautiful in a drab world, dictates the summer fashions for American women.

Mary Brian chooses this snappy outfit for slumber hours. The pajamas are of silk and satin and the jacket is of bright metallic cloth trimmed with fur.

Fashion dictates soft colors, a plain bodice and layers of tulle to form a bouffant skirt. Posed by Dorothy Revier.

HOLLYWOOD, as usual, is the birthplace of all that is new and delectable in fashion suggestions for American women. In all the latest creations there is a lack of elaborate design, skillfully replaced by a charming simplicity that makes the beauty of feminine wearing apparel astonishingly effective.

For evening wear the newest gowns are designed to fit the figure closely. Uneven hems are still dictated by the courts of fashion, the skirt being modeled in a flair that

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McLaglen—Soldier

Life in the raw, an itch for travel and adventure, a battle against he-man hardships—such is the story of his life as told to Dorothy Spensley

By Victor McLaglen

During the World War, McLaglen's company was sent to Baghdad, where, in 1917, Victor was appointed Provost Marshal of the city.

In What Price Glory? *with Dolores Del Rio, McLaglen's work gave him a definite place among the stars of filmdom.*

Here Victor demonstrates to Maria Alba in his dressing room, a new type of reducing machine.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Never has an actor come to the screen with such a unique record of adventures as has Victor McLaglen. Born in London, educated in Christian College, South Africa, McLaglen left home at fourteen and joined the pride of the British nation—the King's Guard! At sixteen he prospected for silver in Cobalt, Canada. Two years later he toured the world as a professional boxer, meeting Jack Johnson in Vancouver. In 1914, in England, he enlisted six hundred men, was sent to Mesopotamia and distinguished himself in four major battles. Was promoted to major and Provost Marshal of Baghdad. Later won the British army boxing championship and entered motion pictures in England. He is six feet two inches and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. His seven brothers and only sister served in the British army during the war. "What Price Glory?" "The Unholy Three," "Winds of Chance" and "A Girl in Every Port" are among his outstanding American successes.

The Story of My Life

WITHOUT a doubt the first four McLaglens were born with the itching heel. We were rolling stones that gathered moss, occasionally. There was never a dusty road in Kent or in Surrey or in Sussex that didn't know the imprint of our feet. Soft grasses by the wayside knew the feel of our bodies where we had thrown ourselves to rest. Even North Downs, the uplands near Maidstone, and Botley Hill, bear marks of our excursions.

Perhaps we got it from Andrew McLaglen, a Scotch-Irishman, who had been born in Capetown, South Africa, and had migrated, eventually, to Tunbridge Wells, where he married a little Scotch lass—Lily, and gave the world Fred, Leo, myself, Arthur, Lewis, Clifford, Lily, Cyril and Kenneth. We all grew into six-footers, and over; even Lily, our only sister, measured an even six feet.

# of Fortune

Victor played another slam-bang success in A Girl in Every Port, *with Maria Alba furnishing the main heart interest.*

Wearing the trappings of a desert sheik was no new experience for Victor McLaglen, whose itching heel often came in contact with arid sands.

Myrna Loy dreams to the tender love-making of this big, strong fellow in The Black Watch, *soon to be released.*

We didn't get our love of travel from our mother, of that I am sure. She much preferred the duties of parson's wife in the little suburb 28 miles from London. My father had been Bishop of Claremont in South Africa; he was consecrated in 1897, and when he died, last year, took with him the letters D. D., LL.D. He was a very righteous man, broad-minded and fiery, with firm convictions. He wanted me, like him, to be a parson. He wanted Arthur, who is now with me in Hollywood, to be an artist. We both turned out to be motion picture actors.

We have the itching heel, but we have a strong love of family that has drawn us together, like a magnet, from far places. Even when I was scouting around the continents, and the western horizon beckoned, I always felt that tug of home and home ties. Even when I was boxing my way through Canada, with my eyes on the great Pacific and Hawaii and China and India, my heart was back in a little Kent village. And when I was in Baghdad, with the hot Arabian sun pounding down on our pith helmets, I remembered the soft voice of a thrush in a cool English thicket. Even the shrill cries of the bazaar-wallas, screeching their wares, couldn't drown the memory of the England that a Britisher loves. But the adventure and the hazards and the excitement of campaign life compensated.

There was existence to a man's own taste. One day trekking out onto the desert, with perhaps a skirmish at Shaikh Sa'd, fighting, sweating, bleeding, cussing, living, loving; the next drinking *sake* or *lebben*, curdled camel's milk, along the bund and watching the tawny Tigris flow by our feet.

MY BROTHER, Fred, was the first to run away. When he was 14 he lied about his age, told the recruiting sergeant he was 18 and signed up with the Royal Horse artillery. He immediately became my idol. He played rugby and football at school; he fought in the ring; he was a boxer of no mean ability. I wanted to be the same.

"Look here, Vic," he told me on one of his leaves of absence, "here's a bit of advice. You'll need it. Hit anyone who takes an unfair advantage of you. But first be sure you are right."

That was not the creed of my father, the parson, but it sounded good to me. I adopted it.

Now then, the Boer war broke out. Fred was transferred to an active regiment, the Tenth Mountain artillery. He was sent to Africa. His letters were full of battles and gore and action. They were read aloud to us kids, and we sat there, aching to get into the thick of it.

One morning, when the sun was yet hazy, I climbed into my clothes and took the road that led to London. All I had in my pockets was 18 pence, about 37 cents in American money. It was my first trip to the city. I ached, with all the ardor a half-grown kid can summon, to give myself to the service of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India.

It was dusk by the time I had walked the 28 miles from Tunbridge Wells to London. My feet ached, my

tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, I was tired and hungry.

I trudged into Green Park, which flanks Piccadilly Circus on the right. Walking along I heard a voice say:

"I'd like to know where my bleeding belt is, Gawd blimey!"

It was a soldier.

"I've lost my belt, son," he said, looking at me, "and there's money to you if you'll help me find it. It's a heavy belt and it's got 40 sovereigns put into it. My whole savings, Gawd blast it. I was sitting with a jane in the park here, and now it's gone."

So the soldier went one way and I another about the dark park, looking for his belt. I had about given up the search when I came to an almost obscure bench and on it lay an object. It was the belt. I hurried back to where I had met the soldier, but he was gone. Here I was with a neat little fortune of about $200 and I couldn't find the owner. The stars, blinking out of a black heaven, looked more friendly. Strapping the belt to my middle, my eyes again sought the reflected glow in the heavens, and I walked toward Piccadilly.

An informal, heretofore unpublished picture of that memorable cast of Beau Geste, *taken on location on the California desert. Left to right, Norman Trevor, Donald Stuart, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Victor McLaglen, Neil Hamilton and Noah Beery constitute the lineup.*

To a boy from the country it was Paradise and Fairyland rolled up in one. There were pink lights, glittering and shimmering and gleaming, crowds eddying and swirling about, jostling me to and fro, and huge trams rumbling by.

There were women elbowing their way through the throng, pressing against likely looking men, peering into their faces. There were painted lips and whitened noses. There was beauty and evil and more beauty. It was pandemonium to a kid like me. I wandered about in it, finally approaching the Pavillion music hall, thinking to grab myself a bite of food. The first person I met there was the 40-sovereign soldier, a member, I could see for the first time by the electrics, of Roberts' Horse.

Andrew, seven, and Sheila, five, bask in the light of their father's famous grin.

"Soldier," I said, "I found your belt." I handed it to him. He was a good-natured sort of chap, doing the pubs with a couple of cronies, so, linking arms in mine, we went on to the Cafe de Europe. That was a place! One of the gayest in London, where the liquor and the ladies sparkled the brightest. "L'Europe," the soldiers called it. I was pretty green, young and inexperienced. I didn't have to tell the buddies that. They ordered me a lemonade and a ham sandwich, and set about, themselves, to drink their ale and bitters. In my pants' pocket were two sovereigns given me by the soldier for recovering his belt.

I GOT a room for seven shillings and a sixpence and the next morning at six I was in front of the recruiting office at Trafalgar Square.

"Do you want to join, my lad? You would make a fine Guardsman."

I straightened up to my tallest and the officer pulled at his grey moustache. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

He believed it.

"Yes, we'll put you into the Life Guards."

It wouldn't have taken a belaying pin to knock me over. A feather would have done it. A Life Guardsman! The pride of the British Nation! The King's own bodyguard. The regiment that my father had always told me about, with pride and esteem in his voice. The regiment that functioned at all public occasions; that escorted the King, the visiting Kaiser and the crown prince of Germany. The regiment that had only six-footers and over in it. As proud a regiment as Frederich

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Letters of a Movie Extra

HOTEL [illegible] STANFORD
HOLLYW[illegible], CALIFORNIA

Dear Dolly:

I have been rechristened, and how! By none other than Cecil B. De Mille, the godfather of the Industry, himself! I'll tell you all about it, only don't spread it around the prairie. I've been working for him for a change. Oh, quite a bit of change, because he pays well even if he does insist upon having you earn that money.

It must have been one of his famous diet days, 'cause he forgot to call lunch. I was simply starved, having been out so late the night before that I was too sleepy to get up in time for breakfast and was even five minutes late on the set as it was, for which, somehow (I never will be able to figure out just how he happened to miss the opportunity) he did not bawl me out. Well, it got to be 3 p. m. and my stomach was simply marking time and finally said, "For Heaven's sake, when do we eat?" My fool mouth just couldn't keep shut and blurted right out loud what my tummy had said.

That awful silence!—like the calm before the quake (only in this particular instance it was the qualm before the cake). Then Cecil thundered—his eagle eye roving over the entire crowd—"Who said that?"

Baby, if I had been full of cream when he made that remark, I would have been full of buttermilk a minute later. Something had to be done and done in a hurry. If I didn't speak up, he would go right down that line until he came to me, so I blurted, "I said it. You gave us an 8:30 call and it's 3 now." I'm surprised I didn't die of heart failure but I guess it was just because it's hard to die on an empty stomach.

"So, your poor, dear, little pampered stomach is of greater importance than my picture, is it?"

Now, I ask you, what would you have answered to that question? All I said was, "Well, to me it is."

So, being of the nature that likes to be different he merely said, "Lunch, everybody!"

Almost forgot to mention that I worked for Micky Neilan, not that Micky knew it, because I got my call from Bob Landis, his assistant. Micky's sets are more fun than a circus.

Mary Brian was on the picture as leading lady, and believe it or not, she talked to me! I was so thrilled because she is a dear, sweet thing and all the extras loved the way she didn't ritz us.

And now, last but not least, if my good fortune hangs out, I'll help dear Jimmy Cruze (if I don't get the call I'll just leave out that adjective) make a musical comedy. I went right up to him and said, "I understand you cried once 'cause an extra girl didn't get a job. Now, I'm an extra and I dislike very much seeing men cry, so you better give me a call." He just grinned and asked, "Can you sing?" "Nothing but a hard luck song", I wise-cracked, and he said if they decided to use any poor people he would give me a chance to prove that statement. And I have been singing *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum* ever since.

Love,

Francois Fern

Harry Carr's

THE PICTURE CIRCUS

Harry Carr

SAVED by the talkies—that's Mary Pickford!

It is as though she had been born again. Her picture *Coquette* has given her a new lease on life.

There is no question but that Mary was coming dangerously close to the end of her movie career. Her public didn't care for her in any other parts than spindle-legged little girls. And she didn't look like a spindle-legged little girl any more.

The talkies are a new deal of the cards for her. She can go on forever if she wants to. I confidently expect that she will go on as long as Mrs. Whiffen and celebrate her eightieth birthday in a studio.

Real Stories

WHAT applies to Mary applies to a lot of girls with brains.

It isn't only that the talkies give them a chance to use their voices. The real point is that it opens the screen to real stories. After all, there are only a few themes and a few stories that can be told without the use of words. The movies had about used up this supply.

Movies Under Fire

I HAVE been down on the Mexican border watching the horrors of war; and most of my playmates have been the movie newsreel men.

For cold-blooded nerve under fire, I will hand it to these boys. Two or three of them set up their cameras in box-cars so near the federal trenches at Naco that you could have thrown a paper wad into the fighting.

And take it from me, there is nothing comforting about the sound of bullets. There is one kind that sings past your ears with a long p-i-n-g. There is another kind that makes a sound like fssst and another that buzzes like a bumble bee.

Kidnaped the Rebels

ONE of the movie camera men is a young fellow named Varick Frazzel. He is just out of Yale with a lot of money, and a thirst for adventure and achievement.

One night, in the darkness outside of the Naco trenches, he was challenged by a band of deserters; and held up the whole bunch. He bundled them into his big Packard and delivered them over to the American cavalry officers for internment.

Talkies gave our Mary a new lease on cinema life.

The Last Sennett Girl

THELMA HILL seems to have emerged as the one Mack Sennett girl to survive the general cataclysm.

With the coming of the talkies, Sennett believes that the day of the bathing girl has gone forever—to his evident uproarious joy! He has given the famous Sennett beauties the air and has closed down the beauty shop.

To Thelma Hill he has given a five-year contract.

Where's Mack Now?

I AM waiting to see where, in his gorgeous new studio, Mack Sennett will transact his business.

In the old studio, he called in the talented architects and they made him an office so magnificent that nothing could appropriately be brought off there except meetings of the League of Nations. It was all teakwood and rosewood.

Mae Murray's charming voice brought her back to the screen after a long absence.

So far as I know, Sennett never saw the inside of it. He always transacted all business of every kind in the Turkish-bath rubbing room. The visiting celebrity sat on the rubbing table and Mack sat on the scales.

In his new studio, he has a grand room with carved desks and a great baronial fireplace and a thick carpet and electric lights peeking out through carved iron gargoyles and such.

Every time I have ever gone out to see him we have sat upon a couple of barrels in an alley behind the projecting rooms.

Calls Him Down

I HAVE never known any rich man so modest and unassuming as Sennett. He says he has had plenty of help from his old Irish mother. When she sees any symptoms, she says various things that begin, "Well, now just because you were lucky enough to make a little money, you needn't get the idea . . . etc, etc." None of which is calculated to increase the proportions of Mack's ego.

Leatrice Comes Back

LEATRICE JOY seems to have bridged the jinx that confronts a hand-picked De Mille star.

As long as these "De Mille discoveries" sail under the lee of his protection, they get along; but when they leave the old home and fireside, what happens to them is plenty.

The Bumps

IT IS really astonishing to consider the disastrous bumps that have befallen De Mille stars when they have left De Mille.

Agnes Ayres started like a million dollars with De Mille

Private Line

FROM THE INSIDE

and hit the rocks. Bebe Daniels went into a slump; but finally survived it and swam out. Vera Reynolds—well, with her as though a parachute had collapsed. Lois Wilson is one of the most conspicuous.

The Case of Lois

LOIS is one of those singular cases where a girl got tied to a part and couldn't let it go. The funny part is that she knew it and saw it coming.

Paramount put her in *The Covered Wagon* as the little innocent gal out alone in the open spaces with a sunbonnet and a brave heart. She never could get rid of it. She went all through the Zane Grey stories—one dern sunbonnet after another.

She Had a Yen

AS TO Leatrice Joy, her troubles are only temporary. She has brains and intelligence. Her new contract with First National to make talking pictures ought to be the opening of a new day for her.

She has been suffering from a tragic mistake made during the closing days of her contract at De Mille's. I have never known an actress who didn't have a yen to do something fatal.

Just as every lawyer is convinced he could be a great wheat farmer and every opera singer thinks he could manage a bank, so every actress has a pet idea—that usually means ruin if she ever gets a chance to do it.

Leatrice's pet idea was to be the heroine of one of those Von Stroheim beer garden stories—young ladies who fall in love with the haughty young officer. She finally got a chance to do it in a picture called *The Blue Danube*. It pretty nearly finished her.

Modern

OF ALL women on the screen, there is no other who so completely expresses the idea of real modern American woman as Leatrice Joy. Not the screen flapper with the lip stick, but the real American woman with real problems.

Thelma Hill, Mack Sennett beauty, shows no reluctance to shoulder a five-year contract.

Jack's Wife Then

THE last time Marilyn Miller came to the coast, she was the admiring wife of a movie star, watching his career from the side lines.

Now his career has been junked; and Marilyn has been signed as talkie star herself to do the perennial *Sally* for First National.

Her marriage to Jack Pickford was one of the tragedies of the film colony. If Jack could only have disciplined himself, he would have been the best actor who has ever been seen on the screen. D. W. Griffith told me that he was the best young actor he has ever seen in a studio.

Leatrice Joy has just signed a contract to make talkies for First National.

At Last, Dr. Fu

I HAVE never been in any studio for any length of time that somebody didn't come in with a plan to do *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu*.

It wouldn't be considered respectable for any scenario editor to hold his job for long without considering it. And now it is really to be made, with Tully Marshall as Dr. Fu.

I think it is not too much to say that Tully Marshall has played more great parts than any other actor on the screen. His career runs from *The Birth of a Nation* on.

The Cutting Room Floor

ONE of the finest examples of good acting I have ever seen on the screen was the part of the rich old roué done by Tully in *The Merry Widow*.

As is usual with Von Stroheim pictures, the best of it lies on the cutting room floor. It was a remarkable study of degeneracy—the old wretch who gurgles with senile excitement over women's shoes. Most of it had to be cut. If it were plain enough to be understood, it couldn't get by the censor. It it weren't plain enough to be objectionable, it had no point.

Von Again

ACCORDING to what I hear from Von Stroheim, he has decided to abandon his career as a director. His troubles with the Gloria Swanson picture were one blow too much. So he says that, in future, he will be content to plod along as an actor and leave the troubles of a director to others.

Yes, yes, yes. That's what Von Stroheim says every

(*Turn to page* 84)

How Director Howard

Like a puppet master, the director plays on the sensitive chords of each actor's temperament to get the best that is in him for the screen. Here is an inside story of a most difficult part of picture producing.

As told by WILLIAM K. HOWARD to Ruth Biery

BUCK JONES, Jack Holt, Owen Moore, Marguerite de la Motte, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, Rod La Rocque, Jetta Goudal, Joseph Schildkraut, Louise Dresser, Janet Gaynor.

These are some of the Hollywood stars whom William K. Howard has directed!

"Now, when it comes to Jetta Goudal—" began Mr. Howard.

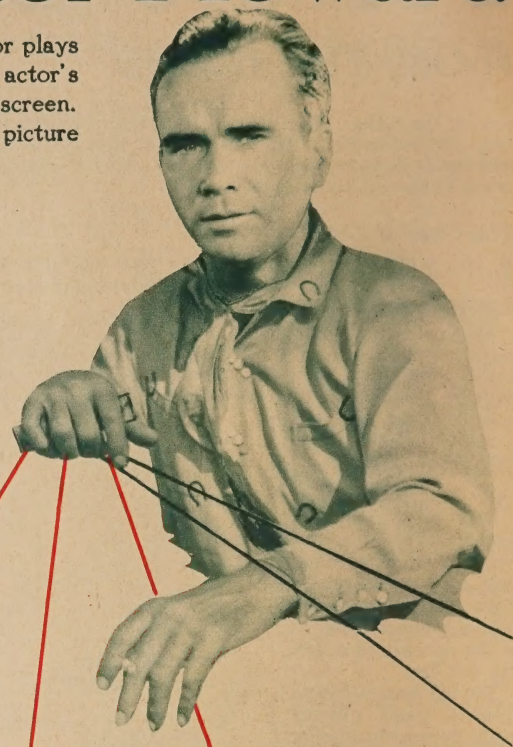
"But let's begin with Buck Jones, Bill!" I interceded.

"Oh, all right. But another director made his picture, then I was chiselled in to make it over. Making a western is always making a motion picture at its best, whether it's Buck Jones or Jack Holt. It is done in terms of action. That's the reason western actors are easy to direct. Most of them are like Jones. Big, lovable fellows and marvelous horsemen. He told his horse when to stop and I told *him* when to stop. No temperament—just one of those men who deal with animals and get right down to earth and create an illusion of reality by doing things on the screen as they would do them in real life.

"Now, it was different with Jetta Goudal—"

"Just a minute, Bill. Why are you so anxious to get to Jetta? Owen Moore and Marguerite de la Motte come next."

"Well, it was different with them, too! They are sophisticates of the cinema. Moore is an old hand on both the stage and the screen. He knows how to get the rabbits out of the hats. He uses his hands



William K. Howard is a psychologist of the first rank. He knows his players and by carefully manipulating the proper strings, he gets what he wants.

Both Jack Holt and Rod La Rocque do their best acting in parts of their own choosing. Both are effective actors.

"Lois Wilson is so darned nice, you really can't say anything about her. She is always lovely and never causes any trouble."

Pulls the Strings

more effectively than any actor I have ever directed. Yet, even as seasoned an actor as Moore has his temperamental moments. I remember one night when we were working at the old Mayer studio. We all had dinner together and then came back to rehearse a scene. Moore knew all the mechanics but he just couldn't do them. It was his dinner. He couldn't work until *that* was digested."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do? When a man can't do the work, he can't do it. I waited until he overcame that dinner.

DE LA MOTTE is another post graduate. She has a great sense of humor but she does not care to play parts which are not in harmony with her own feelings. Sincerity is a quality you cannot instill in an actress. You can sing *Mammy* and *Sonny Boy* to them, but if they don't really feel their characters, it doesn't do a second's good to try to make them believe it.

"*Red Dice* was a play done by Jeanie Macpherson, with a typical Jeanie Macpherson ending. A Christmas wreath hung in a window. Outside it was quietly snowing. De la Motte and La Rocque were to appear in the wreath; chimes from the neighboring church to begin their emotionings. De la Motte was to say, 'Do you hear the Christmas bells, dear?' And Rod was to reply, 'No, wedding bells, darling.'

"It came to the scene. The phoney snow was falling. Their heads in the wreath—they looked as good as any cigar box wreath in the country. De la Motte looked up into La Rocque's eyes and with perfect seriousness remarked, 'Papa, what is beer?'

"Janet Gaynor is the greatest feminine personality on the screen," says director Howard. Bebe Daniels proved difficult at first. But when the right string was pulled—presto! No trouble at all.

"It was hours before we could continue. She just couldn't feel the part. We had to change the ending. She did us a good turn, by the way—we got a better ending. But if she doesn't believe it, you'd just better change it or put somebody else in it. If she does, she plays it beautifully.

ANTONIO MORENO is enthusiastic and colorful. He is temperamental in the right way. If a director is loose and doesn't seem to care about a picture, Moreno isn't so good. He sets the pace for enthusiasm, much as does Douglas Fairbanks, and he expects you to feel that pace with him. If you do, Moreno is easy to handle.

"He was leading a band of horses for *The Border Legion*. The signals were not clear enough to start them. There was confusion; a horse was getting a pounding for the picture. Moreno squawked—not because of himself but because of the horse. The signals should have been clear—it shouldn't have happened. A director just remembers to keep pepped up to Moreno—to keep things moving smoothly.

"Lois Wilson is so darned nice, you really can't say anything about her. I had her in *The Thundering Herd*, up in the snow-covered mountains. She adapted herself quietly and efficiently to all these trying conditions. She's like Florence Vidor and Irene Rich, those girls who are always lovely and never cause any trouble.

"Talking about how you direct people, comes back largely to one fundamental, anyway. If you have a player cast for a picture and she begins work, it's a cinch they aren't going to take her out. A director might as well make up his mind that no matter what her short-comings, he better make the best of it. The best way I've found with one and all is to be very appreciative and after each scene say, 'That's fine, thank you,' no matter how many times you have to retake it. Of course, when it comes to Jetta Goudal—"

"But what about Bebe Daniels?"

HE SCOWLED and then smiled. The scowl for Jetta, I took it; the smile for Bebe.

"Bebe had the advantage of me to start with. We did *Volcano* together. She was in New York and I was in Hollywood. She wanted *her* cameraman, who had been with her three years. I wanted *my* cameraman, who had been with me three years. I was insistent and she kept the wires busy with her insistence. I won out and then I received this wire: 'You seem to have won the cameraman argument and I'm sure since you fought so hard for a cameraman you'll try just as hard to make a good picture.'

"Which is typical of Bebe. We made a bad picture, but we worked together and worked hard! The picture just wouldn't work. But we've been good friends ever since. Some day Bebe should be tremendously successful as a dramatic actress, not just leaping hurdles and swinging tennis rackets and riding bicycles. She's really a tremendous actress.

"Of course, you work with her to a certain point. We were making a graveyard scene. She said at the end of the third day it was rotten. I agreed with her. At the end of the next it was the same story. Again, I agreed

(*Turn to page* 90)

CUPID'S BULLETIN

Marian Nixon

WINSOME Marian Nixon is often seen with Carey Wilson, the well known scenario writer, these days. Mr. Wilson has made a considerable fortune in his profession and has a magnificent home in Beverly Hills. About a year ago he was separated from his wife and a divorce decree has already been granted.

All For Love

MONTAGUE LOVE, the English actor who has played many bad men of the cinema, has just wed Marjorie Hollis, of Hollywood. Each has been previously wed.

Washburn Says "I Do"

BRYANT WASHBURN, for many years a prominent star, has just wed Dahlia Pears, known in the films as Virginia Vance. Melbourne Spurr, well known photographer of Hollywood film stars, was best man.

Her Perfect Alibi

ELEANOR GRIFFITH, New York stage star, who was brought west by United Artists to play the lead in *Alibi*, gave Hollywood the slip as soon as the last scene was completed. She said something about shopping, packed bag and baggage and departed for New York, where she took a commuter's train for Greenwich, Connecticut, to wed John Halliday, stage actor. It is believed that both Mr. and Mrs. Halliday will return to the west for the talkies.

Marshall Neilan

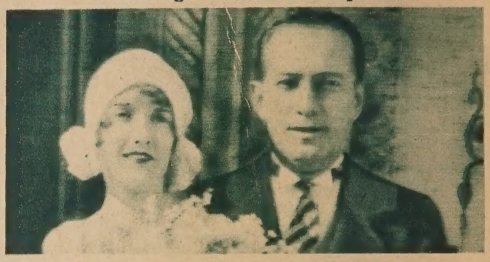
The Neilan-Sweet Difficulty

IN NEW YORK, Marshall Neilan has admitted to friends that he and Blanche Sweet are separated and that a divorce is in the offing. Miss Sweet was an immensely popular screen star a few years ago, and it is said she is ambitious to stage a comeback. Neilan's recent implication in the divorce affairs of Jim Tully are said to have culminated the break with his wife

Turn About Is Fair Play

SALLY EILERS broke off her engagement to Matty Kemp when she met young Bill Hawkes, to whom she is now engaged. So, Matty, casting about for a new object of adoration, seems quite entirely satisfied when Loretta Young smiles his way.

Talmadge-Netcher Nuptials



Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher

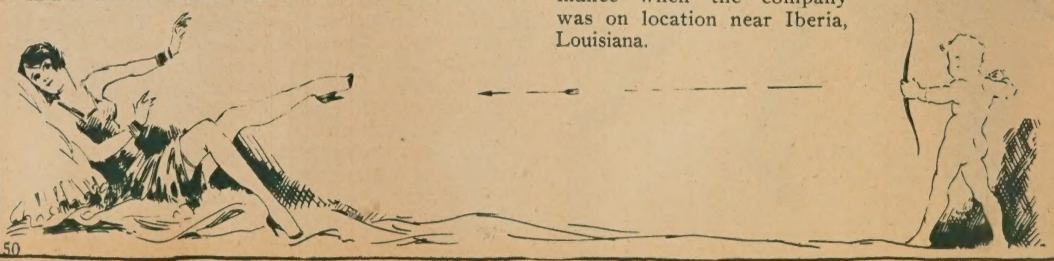
CONSTANCE TALMADGE and Townsend Netcher, son of the owner of one of Chicago's largest department stores, were married in the Hollywood home of Connie's sister, Mrs. Buster Keaton, on May 8. Buster Keaton, the frozen-faced comedian, gave the bride away. Here is Connie and her new hubby as they appeared after the ceremony.

Pringle Gets Freedom

AILEEN PRINGLE has been separated from Sir James Pringle some 10 years. Now, it seems, friend husband has intimated that he has found another lady he would like to wed. So, as Aileen's heart is engrossed with her Hollywood career, she has gracefully consented to give him a divorce. Cedric Gibbons, art director at the M-G-M studios, is looking particularly cheerful about the forthcoming freedom of the popular player.

Carewe Wedding Bells?

THE Dolores Del Rio-Edwin Carewe romance seems to be reviving again. At Carmel, California, where the company has been on location making *Evangeline*, the star and her director were constantly in each other's company after the day's work on location was finished. New Orleans papers also hinted strongly of this romance when the company was on location near Iberia, Louisiana.



Get Busy! Here's Final Puzzle

GRAB your scissors, clip these pictures! On your marks—ready—go!

Here's the fourth and final cut puzzle picture in SCREEN SECRETS fascinating $1,500 prize contest.

If you haven't started yet, go back and clip the pictures from the three previous issues and you'll be right at scratch with the early birds.

And you'll have just as much chance of getting the "worm"—which in this case is one of the 110 awards—as any of those who entered this contest with the April issue.

CAN you use $400?—then cut out the puzzles in each monthly picture, fit the pieces together and name the stars in each assembled group. When you have assembled each picture, write a brief biography of not more than 100 words on one star from each group—four biographies in all.

To aid you in preparing these essays, SCREEN SECRETS is publishing each month a short life history of various screen players (see page twelve in this issue).

Then mail in the four correctly assembled pictures and the four brief biographies to the Cut Puzzle Editor, SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Contest closes July 15, 1929.

Below is printed puzzle No. 4, which is the final puzzle in this contest.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

1st Prize . .	$400
2nd Prize . .	$200
3rd Prize . .	$100
4th Prize . .	$75
2 of $50.00 . .	$100
4 of $25.00 . .	$100
5 of $20.00 . .	$100
5 of $15.00 . .	$75
20 of $10.00 . .	$200
20 of $5.00 . .	$100
50 of $1.00 . .	$50

110 Prizes - $1,500

FOLLOW THESE RULES:

1. SCREEN SECRETS will award $1,500 in cash prizes, as listed, for the correct assembly of the four puzzle pictures of the contest, appearing in the April, May, June and July issues of SCREEN SECRETS; for the neatest presentation of the puzzles; and for the best brief biography, told in 100 words or less, on one star in each of the four groups.

2. Contest began with the publication of puzzle No. 1, in the April issue of SCREEN SECRETS, and continues through the May, June and July issues of the magazine.

3. Contestants must keep all puzzles until publication of final set in July SCREEN SECRETS. Contest closes July 15, 1929. Anyone may compete except Fawcett Publications employees and their families.

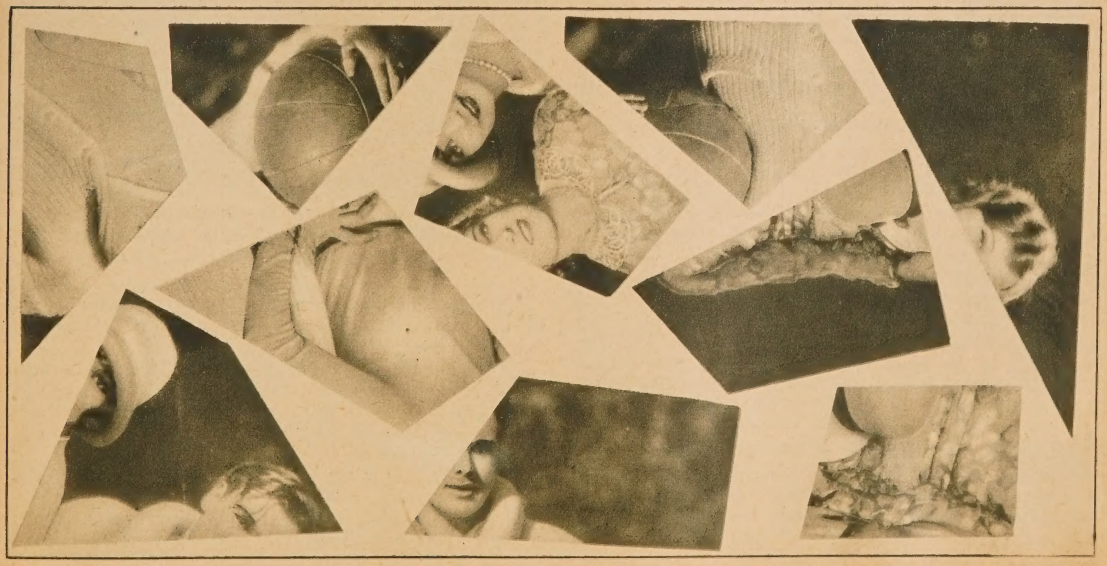
4. There are no entry fees, and contestants need not purchase SCREEN SECRETS to compete. Copies may be inspected at public libraries, and it is permissible to trace the puzzles on plain paper.

5. All entries must be sent first-class mail, prepaid. None will be returned.

6. The verdict of the judges will be final.

7. Duplicate prizes will be given tieing contestants.

8. Send your entry to Cut Puzzle Editor, SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



The Cynical

Aileen Pringle is Hollywood's real high-brow, yet she is still struggling for a foothold. Perhaps she makes the producers uncomfortable.

I CAN imagine nothing funnier than H. L. Mencken sitting down with Elinor Glyn to gurgle with rapture over an inspiration bubbling from their two souls. Aileen Pringle was the inspiration. She had the remarkable experience of being discovered jointly by the critical and high-brow Mr. Mencken; and by the fervid and ardent Madam Glyn.

Mencken is a great critic with a pen so terrible that the literati shudder at the mention of his name. Just one "G-r-r-r-r" from Mencken and every novelist leaps in terror for his burrow.

Elinor is the lady who wrote *Three Weeks* with a perfumed lip stick on cerise-colored paper. She is a specialist in writing about the great passion called Love. In the Sunday newspapers she answers souls crying in agony for love. She can tell you right off the reel what to do about an ardent Romeo with a bank account but poor manners. Every lovely waitress thinks of Elinor as a she-Cupid.

I have always been curious to know what kind of girl Pringle could be—with a mind keen enough to attract Mencken and the IT quality developed so fervently and lavishly as to merit the attention of the Love Goddess of Hollywood.

Obviously, she must be a very complicated young lady. Well, she is. That's what's the matter with her career. Hollywood doesn't favor complicated young ladies. It prefers simple souls. You know—that kind that weep with gratitude on the shoulder of the director when he tells her he has decided to give her the part of Tessie, the young lady who darn near got ruined. The kind who looks with big eyes at newspaper interviewers and tells them they never were so frightened in their whole lives and how can such a wonderful, wonderful writer bother about a little girl like her. The kind who talks baby talk to fat producers and asks their advice about clothes—because nobody ever had such WONDERFUL taste in clothes.

PRINGLE isn't that way at all. She makes the producers and the impressive directors uncomfortable. She never seems to be taking them quite seriously. And if they knew what an infinitive was, they'd have a dreadful feeling they were splitting all of them in her presence.

¶ Aileen is a man's woman, fearless, frank, Carr to wonder at the miracle of an intellec-

With Conrad Nagel, Aileen won fame in Three Weeks. *Now her best bet is the talkies, for she has a fine, personable voice.*

Further than that, Pringle is a man's woman. She always makes me think of Brett in Ernest Hemmingway's *The Sun Also Rises.*

According to popular fancy, it is the bald-headed row of fat old gentlemen who make the fame of girls on the stage and screen. It isn't so. Women stars—especially famous beauties—do not get many fan letters from men. Their adorers are all girls.

Aileen Pringle is the kind of girl that everybody calls "Pringle." She is fearless, frank and witheringly practical. She has what is called common horse sense to such a degree that it is appalling. And she is struggling to get by in a town where everything is show-off.

Miss Pringle

and practical, which caused the admiring Mr. tual rising to fame bound in a Glyn tiger skin.

Why is it that, despite her beauty, no one ever calls her "honey" or "dearie"? To all and sundry, Aileen is known as "Pringle."

IT IS a matter of tradition that no girl ever gets inside Pringle's house. All her dinners are stag. And therefore are quiet, interesting talk-fests.

She lives in an Italian-type house on the cliff at Santa Monica. One of her neighbors is a newly-rich who has a winged Victory in the bay window and another neighbor is Matt Moore, who has a tennis court that he insists upon playing with in the middle of the night. She has an automobile that used to belong to Mary Miles Minter and a library filled with autographed copies of books.

There are very few well known authors who do not visit this house when they come to Hollywood. Pringle is the high-brow belle of the world. Hergesheimer, Carl

Elinor Glyn wrote Three Weeks *with a lipstick and cerise colored paper, and Pringle was wafted to success on its wave of popularity.*

Van Vechten, George Jean Nathan have searched their souls to find printed words to say how nice she is. Yet she is still struggling for a foothold in Hollywood.

YOU have dinner in a dining room where the tall candles throw soft shadows across the monastic dining table. What you have to eat goes back to dim forgotten traditions. Pringle has trained her cook in the ways of the Basques.

Hollywood is filled with French, Italians, Russians and so on. So far as I know, she is the only Basque in the colony. They are a strange people from the mountains that lie between Spain and France. Nobody knows whence they came. Their language has no resemblance to any other known language. It is supposed that they are the backwash of some forgotten Gothic invasion of Europe. They are proud, disdainful, and more full of fight than the Clan-na-Gael on St. Patrick's Day in the morning.

Aileen was born in San Francisco, but all her people were Basques; and her tongue still knows that rasping and complicated dialect.

She told us of her marriage and how she came to get into the movies where she seems as strange a figure as a Greek statue in a 5-and-10-cent store.

SHE was married to a young Englishman—Pringle—whose father was in the British diplomatic service. They flitted around the world for a while; then settled down in Jamaica, where the family had a plantation.

Life became for her one long round of country life such as you read of in Thackeray. Every morning, she was wakened by a maid with her morning coffee. When she was dressed, the real breakfast came on. This was a five-story meal. There were always three kinds of meat and four vegetables.

After lunch—which was another lusty meal, they had an elaborate mixed drink which was almost a meal in itself. At four, they had sandwiches in the garden or terrace. At eight or nine they had dinner, with so many forks that nobody ever deciphered them all. Between times, they rode and visited the peasantry.

It is as easy to imagine Pringle going through this stuff as it is to imagine her as a protege of Elinor Glyn.

(*Turn to page* 102)

Society in

Bessie Love is here being decorated with the badge of the "Order of the Star and Garter" by Maurice De Mond, president of the Breakfast Club. Left to right are: Johnny Hines, Polly Moran, Doreen Paster, Norman Kerry, Blanche Sweet, Sally Phipps, Miss Love, Mary McAllister.

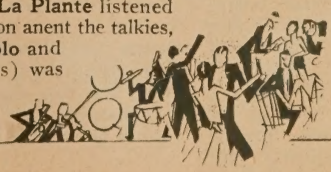
By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

SCREEN SECRETS SOCIETY EDITOR

CHARLIE CHAPLIN isn't going to let **Mary** and **Doug** have all the visiting nobility. One afternoon the comedian gave a luncheon at the Montmartre in honor of **Lord and Lady Wier**, their son **John**, and daughter **Elspeth**, and **Mr. Will Tevis** from Montecito. Judging from the frequent laughter, the party was a jolly one with **Chaplin** at his best, telling one story after another, pantomiming descriptive bits in the exclusive Chaplinesque manner.

BEFORE leaving on a trip east, **Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith)** entertained at a dinner in their palatial Beverly Hills home. Mounds of pastel-shaded flowers lent charm to the table and covers were arranged for Messrs. and Mesdames **Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Conrad Nagel, Fred Niblo, Richard Barthelmess, William A. Seiter (Laura La Plante), George Fitzmaurice (Diana Kane), Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton)** and **John Robertson; Misses Mona Maris, Beatrice Norton** and **Katherine Bennett** and **Messrs. Fred Niblo, Jr., Alex Bennett** and **Harry Crocker.**

While **Norma Shearer** and **Laura La Plante** listened eagerly or contributed to the conversation anent the talkies, **Enid Bennett** (who is **Mrs. Fred Niblo** and the mother of three healthy youngsters) was kept busy answering **Diana Kane's** questions about infants—Diana's **Sheila** was not a month old at the time.



AT A merry dinner-dance given at the Breakfast Club, **Bessie Love** was presented with the club's Order of the Star and Garter because of her beautiful work in *The Broadway Melody*. Other screen favorites to win this distinction have been **Dolores Del Rio, Dolores Costello, Billie Dove, May McAvoy, Claire Windsor, Vivian** and **Rosetta Duncan.**

Maurice DeMond, president and founder of the Breakfast Club, bestowed the order on the vivacious **Bessie**, cheered on by all the guests, who included among their number **Blanche Sweet, Lila Lee, Ruth Chatterton, John Colton, Sally O'Neill,** and **Molly O'Day, Lilyan Tashman** and **Eddie Lowe, Dorothy Burgess, Norman Kerry, Johnny Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, Mary McAllister, Sharon Lynn, Paul Bern, Julanne Johnston, Polly Moran, George Sidney, Gwen Lee** and **Eddie Nugent.**

CINEMALAND society makes a feature of *bon voyage* affairs, but it took six hostesses to stage a welcome home for **Peggy Hamilton** after a recent trip east. **Pauline Starke, Doris Arbuckle, Priscilla Dean, Ona Brown, Mary Dean** (Priscilla Dean's mother) and **Shirley Moorman** selected the Gypsy Lore Tea Room as a rendezvous and asked one of the press to lure **Miss Hamilton** thither on plea of an interview.

The six hostesses and guests, including **Louise Fazenda, Vera Reynolds, Pauline Garon, Ruth Taylor, Loris Fox, Natalie Kingston, Sharon Lynn, Gladys McConnell, Anita Stewart, Jackie Saunders, Ruth Clifford, Sally Blane, Lina Basquette,** and **Rita Carewe,** hid behind huge

Cinemaland

double doors and popped out with a loud and joyous "Welcome home!" when the unsuspecting victim put in her appearance.

"It's the very first surprise party I've ever had!" cried **Peggy,** after she had recovered from the shock. (Peggy herself has engineered more delightful surprises than anyone else in Hollywood).

We all sat around at the little red tables and listened to Peggy's eastern experiences, slipping off—one by one—to have our tea cups read by the "Irish Gypsy." Naturally everyone was satisfied to hear that Hollywood styles are far ahead of the east and amazed to learn of the appalling amount of cocktails swallowed on the wet Atlantic coast. "And they dare to malign the film colony and call us wild!" added **Peggy,** indignantly . . .

We all teased **Lina Basquette** when the fortune-teller predicted the event of the stork. **Vera Reynolds** chuckled wickedly at the news that there *might* be a wedding ring on her finger in a month or so (Vera slipped off her marriage circlet before entering the seer's booth—you know she is **Mrs. Robert Ellis**) . . .

ONE of Hollywood's youngest hostesses entertained one afternoon recently. Four-year-old **Mildred Gloria Lloyd, Harold Lloyd's** pride and joy, invited five little girls to help her play; the fortunate youngsters were **June Caprice Millard, Nancy Payne, Joan Williams, Nancy Brown** and **Aimee Jarvis. Gloria** is a capable young hostess and made it her business to see that her guests had plenty of ice cream and cake and bon bons and also enjoyed the various games planned by her helpful mother.

NOBODY knows how old **Eddie Lowe** is but his wife, **Lilyan Tashman,** gave a breakfast for him in honor of his natal anniversary and invited **Mr. and Mrs. Frederic March (Florence Eldridge,) Lionel Barrymore, Mary Duncan, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Carmelita Geraghty, Robert Ames, John Gilbert, William Haines, Joan Bennett, Lillian Cooper, David Butler, Zoe Akin** and **Sidney Howard.**

Bill Haines was up to his usual tricks playing jokes on unsuspecting victims, substituting salt for sugar so that everyone made wry faces over their coffee and almost breaking up the party when **Lilyan** discovered him in the act of pouring vinegar into the syrup jug. Vinegar on waffles—horrors!

RARELY does a week pass without bringing some pleasant social event in the home of **Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason.** This jolly couple live on a hill and always include directions for finding their domicile with all invitations; so when we were bidden to "come and eat hash with **Octavus Roy Cohen**" the other day, we were not surprised to find a curlycue map on the invitation.

The honoree, who is, as you know, a brilliant author, was much amused at the interviews he had had since coming west; he said that all any one appeared to be interested in was the fact that he had married his first cousin and that his father before him had done the same. **Mr. Cohen** has just written a book on Hollywood called *The Valley of Olympus.*

Raymond Griffith advised **Phyllis Haver** to go to Europe for her honeymoon but **Mrs. Gleason** objected, declaring that **Phyllis** was so much in love the trip would all be wasted on her. **Bertha Mann (Mrs. Griffith)** was looking particularly lovely.

Of course, the **Robert Armstrongs** were present. They are the Gleasons' closest friends. Then there was clever **George Abbott,** playwright, and **O. P. Heggie,** famous stage star who is now in the talkies.

MRS. GLEASON shared honors the following day at a tea given by **Miss Helen Mehrman** for her mother, **Mrs. Henry Mehrman** of Oakland, and the popular

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Vilma Banky was recently guest of honor at a tea given on the Fox lot. The group from left to right are: Ivan Lebedoff, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque, Frances Feyder, and Berthold Viertel, director.

Glorifying

Broadway with all its colorful musical comedy and soon delightful extravaganzas will furnish but for the entire nation.

Dixie Lee is an enticing bit of loveliness — no wonder she has a featured role in the Fox Movietone Follies of 1929.

Ann Pennington, knees and all, will bring the atmosphere of Broadway with her as she flits through the scenes of Warner Brothers' Gold Digger of Broadway.

Transparent slickers enhance the beauty of this scene and drive all the gloom out of a rainy day as the row of beauties line up for a high spot in M-G-M's Revue of Revues.

DO YOU remember the leading citizens' and citizenesses' New York visits? My, how they bragged! Of front tables at the Frolic, stage boxes for the Follies, whoopee, *cherchez les femmes,* also *femina dux facti,* what girls! What beauty, action, irresistible gayety!

The returned business man just made you roar, retailing the clever blackouts and funny wheezes. His wife trilled the catchy new airs, then—in tones awed or shocked—described the gorgeous peacockery of some scenes—and the near-nudes of others. "My dear, 'twas awful!" she whispered. "Don't tell the Dominie or the sewing circle."

Tired business man and night-loving spouse won't have to visit New York this year for a "rest," or if they do, the neighbors needn't envy. In every town will be a sound-film Follies, Scandals or Vanities as nearby as your nearest "wired" movie. The work of "glorifying the American girl" has been industrialized by the talkies with nearly every celebrity of the famed "girl shows" corraled in studio. Picture lots are opening up new "theatres" faster than a Fox cinema chain. The chorus-girl stock company is "it."

If you could get into the Hollywood studios (which unfortunately, you can't, owing to the requirements of

the Talkies

atmosphere has moved to Hollywood, entertainment not only for New York,

By HENRY MACMAHON

Jean Douglas is an inspiring "Lady of France" in the Follies Pageant sequence of Paramount's feature, Burlesque.

Lorena Carr demonstrates the Holland motif in the Ladies of the Dance sequence of Burlesque.

the "soundies"), the change of a year would seem magic. They used to have one cabaret day or stage-set day when a bunch from a vaudeville agency or a dance school would do its stuff. The girls and the buffoons came and went. No singing, no intricate numbers, and 'twas soon over. Today, each studio is a lively college of jazz with chaps like Larry Ceballos, Sammy Lee and Earl Lindsay as the professors, and eyefuls and earfuls of clever stuff taught for weeks. Take the M-G-M *Revue of Revues*—

LIKE the big New York girl shows, they make it as they go along, or that was my impression. Girls' workaday costumes are even franker than beach suits, the "kids" loving to dance bare-legged with trunks and blouses of the skimpiest. Look who's here! A pretty Oriental, shaped like Venus, sans attire unless silvern loin cloth and breast tabs be deemed such! She's nominated for the Pearl out of the oyster in the marine scene, and Harry Rapf asks her to oblige. My, how that girl can dance! Whirling and prancing seductively, she drops at last at Harry's feet—raising supplicatory hands.

"How did you like it?" asks the Pearl of the Sea, who in real life is Beth Laemmle, niece of Carl Laemmle. "I can change it any way you want it."

"More—er—effects," suggests Rapf, after consulting the board of strategy. "Less movement about the stage!"

Beth laughingly nods. She'll put more wriggles and shivers into it.

They try the Pearl of the Sea number again. This time big, fat Marie Dressler emerges from the scallop, and even the staid business executives can't help laughing at her elephantine Naiad mockery. Good old Dressler! She's made millions laugh, and will again. After 43 years of stage athletics she can still bend over backward or fingertip her toes seven times, just as she used to astonish the maidenish old ladies of Coburg, Ontario.

Girls, girls, girls! Who said the movies could never rival the most complicated evolutions of Ziggy's or George White's chorus? They're at it now in a West Point musical number, "Say it With a Big Brass Band!" the rear-rank boys clinking castanets, the girls doing arms-man-

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Another Gal Thrown

Untold hardships beset the path of Edwina Booth in the jungles of darkest Africa, where she is playing the feminine lead in *Trader Horn*, but she has fearlessly staked her life in a gamble to win stardom.

WHEN the roar of lions thunders in the ears of the movie people making *Trader Horn* off in the African jungles, the only girl in the cast isn't going to be afraid.

Edwina Booth put her head in the lion's mouth once before.

The inside story of this unknown extra's chance at fame proves why she was chosen from among more than 200 aspirants to the part of Nina in *Trader Horn*. And it proves why she has the spunk for such a hazardous job.

W. S. Van Dyke, whose Tahitan diary appeared in SCREEN SECRETS, had assembled all his cast for *Trader Horn*—except a girl to play Nina. Test after test was taken—none of the girls quite filled the bill. Then Van Dyke, at his wit's end, remembered a pretty blonde girl who had given him a thorough verbal trouncing three months before.

He didn't remember her name, but he remembered her spunk. She had been called to the lot for a publicity still, but through some error the girl had understood it was a "bit," for which she would be paid. So she had turned down another studio call, and then discovered she had been called for an advertising shot without pay.

EDWINA wasn't afraid. She told this famous director the circumstances, and described with considerable emphasis her feelings on the matter.

"Mr. Van Dyke was somewhat startled when I demanded a check for $7.50," Miss Booth told us afterwards, "and I'm afraid I gave him quite a piece of my mind. Well, he paid me out of his own pocket, and now, I suppose, I'll have to make good. He's got $7.50 invested in my career!"

Beauty of face and figure are not the least of Edwina's charms; it was her spunk that won for her the role that was sought by more than two hundred ravishing blondes

To go back, Van Dyke looked up the publicity stills, and found the girl who had bawled him out.

"That's the girl I want," he declared. "She's got grit. She'll need it."

And so Edwina Booth got the job.

WHAT she'll have to contend with in the way of danger and hardship will be a rigorous test. Before they sailed, Van Dyke told me what Edwina would have to face. Dangers so great that no U. S. insurance company could be found that was willing to underwrite the personnel and equipment of the daring group penetrating the African jungles to film this great epic.

"She will have every protection that I can give her, but that doesn't mean much when you're in the jungles," he said. "For example, in one scene she must face a charging herd of wild elephants. They will be real and they will be wild. When those beasts charge, Edwina will have to look out for herself.

"Throughout the picture, her costume consists of a very brief skirt of fur. She will have no hat to protect her against that deadly African sun. She will be nude from the waist up. She will wear no shoes or stockings.

"She must spend many days in the swamps. The flies and mosquitoes over there are bad enough for a naked body, but the jiggers are worse.

to the Lions!

By BOB MOAK

Edwina Booth has "charms to soothe the savage beast," and she will need them when she faces the ferocious animals that abound in the African jungles, where she has gone to play the part of Nina in Trader Horn.

"But I admire her grit. I have told her what she can expect.

"After leaving the railroad in Africa, we will travel 800 miles into the Belgian Congo by ox-cart. We will move most of the way through jungles in which there are no highways.

"She will be forced to rub shoulders with naked black men and women. Her only white girl companion on the whole trip will be Josephine Chippe, my script clerk."

I FOUND Edwina in the studio wig department, being fitted for a tall, hairy something that will adorn her head during the making of the picture.

"You'll have to talk to me here while the fitting goes on," she called to me as I entered. "They've kept me so busy for the last seven days that I'm all shot to pieces—shot inside with vaccines and outside with cameras for publicity."

Two big blue eyes shone out of a face that Van Dyke shortly before had described to me as "the perfect profile." The ashen yellow hair was topped with the big headpiece of the African priestess. As she rose from the hairdresser's chair, one guessed her height as five feet six inches; her weight about 120 pounds.

Edwina Booth was born in 1909 in Provo, Utah, where her father was a practicing physician and surgeon. When she was ten, the family moved to Salt Lake City, and, when she was seventeen, they came to Pasadena, California. Her real name is Edwina Woodruff.

"I remember how mother used to read to me for hours at a time. I memorized many of the things she read, for I decided that someday I would be an actress, and that I would train my mind to remember my lines. You see, I guess I must inherit a love for the stage. Edwin Booth, the famous actor, was my grandfather's cousin. That's where I got the name of Edwina. I took up the Booth, too, when I decided on a film career."

As she spoke, I caught a glimpse of a diamond ring on her "engagement finger."

"I suppose some one will miss you very much?" I asked smiling.

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Harry Carey and Edwina Booth, who will play the leading roles in the film version of Trader Horn, *with their director, W. S. Van Dyke, on board the* S. S. Ile De France.

CINEMA SLANTS

Robert E. Sherwood

At this writing, Mr. Sherwood is taking passage for a swing about merry England and the continent, and future issues will find his regular SCREEN SECRETS department of comment further enlivened with slants on the cinema from the foreign view. As former Editor of *Life*, Mr. Sherwood is well known for his critiques of the screen, and his writings are tempered with the rich vein of humor that has characterized his work for many years.

New Policies

IT HAS always been a good trick for press agents to announce that enormous insurance policies have been taken out on the more prominent portions of some star's anatomy.

For instance, Ann Pennington's knees have been repeatedly insured for fabulous sums. So have Paderewski's fingers, and Lillian Gish's eyelids and Mae Murray's pout.

Since the outburst of sound on the screen, it was to be expected that there would be frequent sensational stories of how this or that star has had his or her voice insured.

The First National publicity experts were among the first to realize the possibilities of this. Besieged by representatives of the press, the First National officials finally broke down and revealed the secret that the Commonwealth Casualty Company had issued a policy for one million dollars on Corinne Griffith's voice.

Thus it will be seen that, if the lovely Miss Griffith should develop a frog in the throat, her press agents could claim that it is absolutely and beyond all question of doubt the costliest frog in history.

The Vocal Double

PERHAPS the First National press agents will also insure the voice of that mysterious and anonymous tenor who did Richard Barthelmess' singing for him in *Weary River*. Certainly, that tenor must be safeguarded and kept on the job—because it would be disastrous if Mr. Barthelmess were to have a different voice in each picture.

Broadway Deserted

YOU have doubtless heard the story of how the ancient Romans, finding themselves short of women, dashed across the border into the Sabine province and boldly carried off several alluring specimens of the local talent.

What is now happening to Broadway is reminiscent of the wholesale abduction of the Sabine women. Raiders from Hollywood swoop down on New York's theatrical district and carry off actors, actresses, directors and playwrights. Hundreds of Broadway's most popular celebrities (starting with Al Jolson) have already been taken; more are to follow.

Recently a number of people assembled for the purpose of writing and producing a musical comedy. It was scheduled to go into rehearsal May 15, and it looked (in advance) like a sure hit. The group sponsoring it consisted of three stars, a famous composer, an exceptionally competent director and a librettist of questionable ability. One day the director announced, "I'm sorry, boys—but I can't be with this show. I've signed up to go to Hollywood to do talkies." Another director was obtained, and almost immediately he, too, went the way of all flesh to the west coast.

The survivors, however, were still determined to put on the show until suddenly the three stars were afflicted with dots before the eyes and they signed on them; as a result of which they are now employed by the Fox Film Corporation.

After that, the composer came to the conclusion that he could make a lot of money writing theme songs for pictures, and the Twentieth Century Limited carried him away.

So only the librettist was left—and in case anyone is interested in his fate, I can be addressed in care of this magazine.

Nevertheless, Broadway still manages to survive, and the prospects for its future are beginning to brighten. The talkies are not wrecking the theatre; they are actually helping it.

With Sound

THE advertisements of Clara Bow's first talking picture, *The Wild Party*, contained the startling challenge:

"See It!—Hear IT!"

Unable to resist so suggestive an invitation, I attended a performance of *The Wild Party* and it is my duty to report that "IT" looks much better than it sounds.

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Too Much Presentation

WHEN the powerful new producing corporation, R K O, showed its first "radio picture" at the Hippodrome in New York, it decided to accompany the all-talking-singing-dancing film with an elaborate and impressive "stage presentation." The picture was *Syncopation,* a tale of wild life in the jazz belt featuring Waring's Pennsylvanians band.

The presentation which introduced *Syncopation* consisted of Vincent Lopez and his expensive orchestra, assisted by several comely young lady soloists and a group of well-trained chorus girls.

It was very effective—in fact, *too* effective. For it caused the ultra-mechanical film which followed to seem dull and tame by comparison.

The great minds behind R K O will have to learn that it will take more than expert financing and colossal mergers to make for success in the film business. What is needed most of all is good pictures.

Crossed Wires

THERE was an expectant hush in the theatre when Mary Pickford's *Coquette* was shown for the first time. The assembled audience was excited; for it was about to see America's Sweetheart without her curls for the first time, the traditional "Pollyanna" of the screen was now to be revealed as a tragic artist.

No one, however, had anticipated just what was to be the real tragedy of *Coquette.* It was a dramatic development that could not have been foreseen.

Something happened to the wires connecting the projection booth with the loud speakers behind the screen, with the result that at times Mary spoke in a hoarse whisper—at other times she roared—and at other times her lips moved and no sounds whatever came forth.

It was a veritable disaster—and it proved that the new god, Machinery, is not by any means infallible.

Mr. and Mrs.

OF COURSE there is tremendous interest in the news that Mary and Doug will co-star in an all-talking picture. Just what this is to be is, at the moment, not

known—but whether they appear in a play by Shakespeare or in one by Mae West, the event will be one of international importance.

This joint appearance of the world's most famous married couple has been promised for years. They have appeared inconspicuously in each other's pictures, as when Mary Pickford impersonated the Virgin in a vision scene in *The Gaucho,* and when Doug doubled for the leading man in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.* (The leading man in question had to strip to the waist, and when it was discovered that his muscular development was insufficient, Doug stepped in to supply the required biceps.)

The most memorable incognito performance by a great star was in *A Woman of Paris,* which Charlie Chaplin directed. In one scene, in a railway station, a little porter staggered across the screen, bearing a heavy trunk on his shoulder. No one could see his face, yet there was something about his gait that caused the audience to roar with laughter.

It was, of course, Charlie himself.

Clean Talk

SCIENTISTS have advanced the theory that the ear is much more moral than the eye. This means that it is less harmful to hear a description of something risqué than it is to see that something in the flesh. Consequently, say the scientists, the film producers will be able to get away with a lot more snappy stuff in the future.

A good demonstration of this is to be found in *The Trial of Mary Dugan.* Norma Shearer, on the witness stand, tells the story of her scarlet past—and she doesn't mince matters, either. If that story had been visualized for the benefit of the audience, the censors would have cut to pieces. But they let it stand as Norma tells it. From all of which it would seem that action speaks lewder than words.

Brevities

VILMA BANKY'S accent is revealed for the first time in *This Is Heaven,* a semi-talking picture. Sometimes the accent is piquant; more often, it borders on the Milt Gross.

Alibi is an uneven melodrama, but wherever it is good it is great. Roland West, the director, has gone far ahead in demonstrating that sound can be used to heighten the effect of action. I can promise that *Alibi* will give you some terrific thrills.

Newspapers persistently refer to *The Trial of Mary Dugan* as "The *Trail* of Mary Dugan," just as they referred to that other Metro-Goldwyn epic as "The Trial of 98."

Norma Shearer is marvelous as *Mary Dugan,* and so is Lewis Stone as the attorney for the defense—but it won't bother me in the least if several years are allowed to pass before I see another courtroom scene in the talkies.

Something else of which I've seen enough for the time being is the story of the jazz-boy or jazz-girl who makes good in a big way. One of the latest, *Close Harmony,* is also one of the best, and it includes a fine performance by young Charles Rogers.

Not many people will have the opportunity to see the French film, *The Passion of Joan of Arc,* but those who do have that opportunity should seize it. Here is the silent cinema close to the summit of its artistry. Here is genuinely great drama.

Free advice to motion picture stars: Don't make personal appearances. Stick to motion pictures. (This means you, Lupe!)

Where There's a

Dangling from skyscrapers, racing death in dizzy motor rides, hazardous airplane flights and gambling with fate in wild animals' cages are all a part of the life of a film actor.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

WHEN you grip the edge of your theatre seat and gasp and shudder and moan as the thundering Limited flicks by to escape your hero by the proverbial eyelash, you often wonder how the actors do it.

"Do they really do those things?" you probably ask, and then you find yourself in a sweat over the frightful thrill of a girl in a lion's den, or a race with death in a careening automobile.

Those thrills are like weak tea compared to the dangers the stars flirt with to provide excitement for you. Below are told some of the outstanding risks which have occurred in the careers of screen actors, all for the purpose of giving you a thrill.

DEATH rides the moving picture trail at times, but more often her sister spectre, Danger, is in the saddle.

In Harold Lloyd's recent picture *Speedy*, a new scene was unexpectedly inserted when the comedian gambled with the twin spectres. Harold was driving the horse car hell-bent when an automobile suddenly appeared in his path, having broken through the traffic lines. He saw that he must either crash into the machine or hit an electric railroad pillar.

"It was a sure thing that the driver of the car would be killed if I hit him," explains Harold, "and a slight chance that I wouldn't if I crashed the pillar. I prepared for the shock, slammed into the pillar, uncoupling my horses, and was thrown clear over the dashboard. I won. All I got was a few bruises."

This was mere child's play to the comedian. Real danger to him consisted in some of the stunts in *Safety Last*, where he frolicked about on the steel frame of a building 12 stories from the street level, where the slightest misstep meant certain death, and no gamble.

In *Girl Shy*, in his chase to save the girl from marrying the villain, Harold utilized every known vehicle except an airplane. In one scene, he leaped on a fast-moving fire truck, grabbing the fire hose which immediately began to unwind. The gag was for Harold to keep on unwinding the hose until it came off the hose rack, and then fall off the truck. All went well until the nozzle flew off the hose and cracked him across the head, knocking him off the truck which was then moving at the rate of forty miles an hour. The hose gashed a six-inch cut in his head and it was a miracle his skull wasn't fractured. Two weeks later, when the wound was healed, Harold did the stunt again!

THE scenarist intended to have Ruth Elder, as the picture's heroine, make a thrilling escape from a kidnaper by leaping from an airplane 3,000 feet up in the

When time hung heavy on Harold Lloyd's hands in this daring stunt in "Safety Last."

How his audiences gasped when Harold loosed his momentary hold and struggled frantically for another grip in his "human fly" scene!

When Gladys McConnell, Pathe's serial queen, was told to drive her coupe into a plate glass window, she merely stepped on the gas.

Thrill There's a Way

Leaping from one building to another is part of the day's work to Bill Cody.

Tom Mix proved his intrepidity when he let himself down from a tree to rescue Dorothy Sebastian from a wrecked coach, caught on the crest of a waterfall, in The Arizona Wildcat.

blue. According to the script, the girl's parachute would then open and Ruth would come drifting down to safe landing.

But what actually happened? Ruth's intrepid young double, Lita Wichart, a stunt actress with dozens of successful parachute descents to her credit, took the leap from the wings of the plane; her parachute failed to open and she dashed to death before the eyes of her husband, one of the horror-stricken spectators of the tragedy.

Working with wild animals needs a stout heart and a steady eye. Jacqueline Logan had had experience with a lion in one picture, and zebras and leopards in another, so she felt few qualms in accepting the role of an animal trainer in Pathe's *The Leopard Lady.*

The "big scene" called for her presence alone in a cage with several leopards. Four men with shot guns were stationed outside ready to kill the big cats if they turned on the pretty actress. The trainer explained that everything depended on her will, her eye and the whip, which she must keep constantly in motion.

JACQUELINE entered the cage and heard it clang behind her. She waved her whip and snapped out an order. To her amazement, the creatures obeyed. This is easy, thought Jackie, and circled around the cage barking out commands in fine imitation of the trainer, cracking her whip like an old-timer.

According to the script, the breaking of her whip was the signal for one of the leopards to attack her—the actual attack to be double-exposed, of course. Jackie noticed that the animals which had been so docile at first were beginning to snarl in an ugly and threatening fashion, but she bravely continued the scene.

Her whip snapped at the proper moment and she waved the stump wildly, backing toward the door of the cage. One vicious beast started after her in a slow, slinking way; his tail waving ominously, his gleaming yellow eyes holding the girl's in a fascinated stare. Jackie's feet became leaden. She heard someone fumbling at the cage door behind her and knew it was now or never—in a second, the leopard would spring. She stood petrified. Then someone grabbed her ankle and dragged her out

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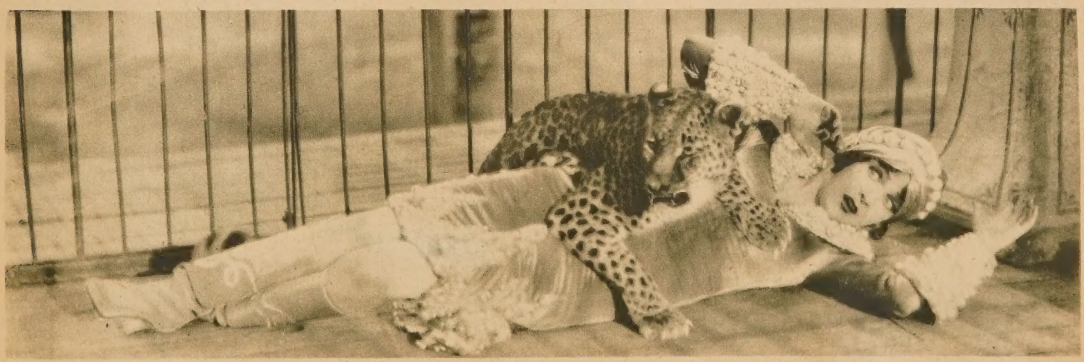


Jacqueline Logan's role in The Leopard Lady *required supreme courage. Here is a harrowing moment in the picture.*

NEW idols for the movie fans—a modernistic one, and another just as up-to-date! Merna Kennedy is now the idol of the hour on the Universal lot, for she has won a major triumph in Broadway, *the film version of the stage play.*

Marian Nixon—1929 Edition

Seemingly insurmountable handicaps stood in the path of Marian's career, but she overcame them all with dogged persistence. Now the microphone approves of her soft, feminine voice, and her troubles seem to be over.

By HARMONY HAYNES

MARIAN NIXON was trying to secure a little relaxation from her strenuous work at the studio. Being boxed up for days on a Vitaphone stage, even with Mr. Jolson there to make you laugh, or cry, depending upon how he happened to feel about it, is tiring. She looked a little weary, as if undetermined whether to laugh or cry. The polite way, in such a case, would have been to walk right by and leave her to her thoughts, but she's such a cute trick and has such a soft, truly feminine voice that I liked to hear her talk, so I breezed right up and said, Hollywood-fashion, "Cheer up, it might not be true."

She started. Then seeing it was no one more dangerous than a would-be-funny reporter, she smiled a little and said, "Well, it does seem too good to be true, but I guess it is."

"What's true? I didn't think we had anything like that out here."

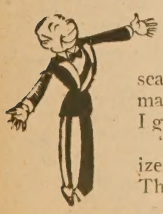
"Why, why—that I am to play opposite John Barrymore in *Captain Crack.*"

"Oh, at last! Well, well, just imagine a feminine voice in the making of a Barrymore picture. That's interesting. Tell me more about it."

WELL, there really isn't any more about it. Unless it's the *charm* still working."

"The charm? What charm? Is there something new afloat that I know nothing about?"

"No, it's as old as the hills. Just the wonderful old *Charm of Three.*" Then she motioned me to a seat beside her. A seat which, as you may have guessed, I gladly accepted.



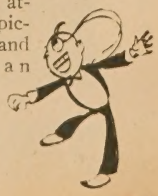
"Don't you realize that this is my third venture in pictures? The other two were flops. This one, the third, seems to be working.

Marian Nixon was too frail to screen well when she first came to Hollywood, but by persistent exercise she developed charms which have placed her quite definitely in the swim.

"It's a long story and perhaps a bit tiresome but I'll tell it just the same and you won't dare pretend it isn't interesting. You see, had I been born a boy I would have joined the navy and seen the world. But being a girl, and a very tiny one at that, I seriously took to heart that old motto about 'seeing America first.' I had a girl friend named Lillian Russell, not *the* Lillian Russell, just *a* Lillian Russell. We joined a very cheap vaudeville troupe and started west. Julanne Johnson was star of the troup. We had a good time on the trip but we didn't set the world aflame. However, when you are only sixteen nothing seems to matter much except the fact that the world is still revolving and you are going around with it. If the sun shines once in a while, so much the better, but if not, well, you always feel that it will some day.

THINGS were going along smoothly until we arrived in Los Angeles and then the company went broke. That left us in a strange town without a job. Sort of orphans of the storm. We took a room at the Lamm Hotel. I shall always bless that little fire-trap. It was cheaper than the Y. W. C. A. We paid exactly four dollars a week for our room—two dollars each. But even at that rate we wouldn't be able to pay it long unless we went to work. Lillian went to work almost immediately in an office at a studio, but as for me—well, I was too little and perishable-looking. No one could use me.

"Being in the atmosphere of pictures day in and day out, Lillian suggested that I try to get extra work. I did try, and I kept on trying but I



(*Turn to page* 104)

Our Snap Shot Album

DOROTHY MACKAILL *and* BILL BEAUDINE.
DOROTHY: "FOLKS, I CAME HERE TONIGH' WITH MY DIRECTOR JUST BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO GET IN GOOD WITH HIM. YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO STAY IN WITH THESE DIRECTORS!"

DIRECTOR BOB LEONARD, VIRGINIA VALLI *and* GLORIA SWANSON.
GLORIA: "YOU OUGHT TO SEE COUNT ANDRES DE SEGUROLA. HE'S JUST SO DRESSED UP. HE LOOKS SO CUTE."

RUTH ROLAND *and* BEN BARD
BEN: "THIS IS AN EXPOSITION OF THE KIDNAPPING— OF AIMEE Mc PHERSON / BETTER SEE IT AND KNOW ALL THE DIRT"

JACK L. WARNER WITH HIS WIFE *and* SON.
JACK: "SERIOUSLY NOW, WE'RE MIGHTY PROUD OF 'THE DESERT SONG' AND CONFIDENTLY BELIEVE IT WILL ATTAIN THE POPULARITY FREELY PREDICTED FOR IT."

The SCREEN SECRETS camera man catches a highly important event—the Hollywood premiere of The Desert Song. *Here's what various celebrities said as they arrived and stepped to the microphone.*

MOLLY O'DAY *and* SALLY O'NEILL

SALLY: "GOOD EVENING, FOLKS. I HOPE YOU ALL HAVE AS PLEASANT AN EVENING AS I'M GOING TO HAVE!"

JOHN BOLES AND HIS WIFE.

JOHN: "HELLO, FOLKS. I'VE DONE MY STUFF FOR TONIGHT OVER NATIONAL BROADCASTING BY SINGING 'THE DESERT SONG' SO I'LL JUST SAY GOOD EVENING."

AL JOLSON AND HIS WIFE, WITH SOL BERNSTEIN

AL: "I HOPE THE PICTURE WILL BE ALL RIGHT AND THEY MAKE A LOT OF MONEY ON IT, BECAUSE GOD KNOWS WARNER BROTHERS' STOCK IS LOW ENOUGH!"

Norma Goes Talkie

Threatening and ominous, the talkies appeared on Norma Talmadge's movie horizon, but she promptly turned the dark cloud inside out and is now launched on the most exciting phase of her long and glorious career.

By HELEN STARR

Br-r-r-rrring!

SHARPLY reverberating through the sound stage, the tyrant bell shattered Norma Talmadge's wistful description of a Hollywood of days long gone by—just as all that the bell stood for had shattered the Hollywood she had been describing. A Hollywood of yellow poppies, spacious fields, delightful expanses of orange groves with their gift of the exquisite perfume of orange blossoms, and everywhere the soft-leaved peppers that had made each path a sylvan glade.

"A change has come over the spirit of our dream," Director George Fitzmaurice added hastily, and then we all stopped talking abruptly; the bell is the Mussolini of a studio sound stage.

"Perhaps it is this harsh mechanical age that has changed Hollywood," Norma continued when it was again possible to speak above a whisper. "The regiments of automobiles—the myriad metallic birds in the air—the swift living. This is an age of terrifying uncertainty."

Terrifying, perhaps, but not to Norma—if one might judge by the spirit of quiet confidence that pervaded her every word and gesture. Trust Norma to realize the problem—and then coolly, competently and unwaveringly, wring its neck!

THE talkies, symbolizing progress, have placed new and formidable obstacles in the path of the older cinema stars. They must begin again. Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, Norma Talmadge, and other veterans must all face this new development in their profession. Mabel Normand has the spirit. She will conquer this sound problem, too, if her health permits. Small wonder, though, that many of the older stars have diverted their lives into new channels, forsaking the profession in which they won fame. It's a changed profession—and ow! But Norma, of course, has no thought of leaving the films; she's in this fight to win.

Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge in a charming love scene from Camille. *With the coming of the talkies, Norma's voice will make such scenes still more realistic.*

Norma's sense of humor is no whit disturbed.

"It all began when Hollywood bought its first motorized fire engine," she laughed. "They covered it with flowers and it was the sensation of the 1909 Pasadena Tournament of Roses. This was the mechanical ogre that scared all the mocking birds out of Hollywood. And now these new mechanical ogres are coming to send stars the way of the mocking birds!"

NORMA grew positively sentimental over the memory of her early days in Hollywood.

"Mother said I could go out West and work in a picture for Smiling Billy Parsons if he'd let us take the 'long lanky Dutch' with us. That was Constance.

"We were crazy over Hollywood. It was a garden and a fruit orchard. No rent was so low that it didn't include fig and orange trees, and a flower garden. Why, even the jail in those days was a cunning redwood bungalow half-hidden by roses! There were more horses hitched around the center of town than there were autos. (In our first car, Constance, Natalie and I drove in first gear all the way down to the Venice Speedway. We never shifted because we didn't know cars had another gear. Then the gas gave out and it stopped. We concluded we had a lemon, so we left it down at the beach and came home on a street car.) And it hadn't been so many years before that Hollywood

Norma, gazing intently into the flames of her hearth fire, sees a reflected vision of the Talmadge trio (Natalie, Constance and Norma) as they were in carefree babyhood.

passed an ordinance prohibiting bands of more than 2,000 sheep to be driven down the main boulevard at one time."

At that time it was the custom that if the producer couldn't pay salaries for two weeks, the players walked out, regardless of the unfinished state of the picture. So, when Smiling Billy couldn't pay Norma Talmadge she went over to Mr. Griffith where the Gish sisters, Mae and Margaret Marsh, Mabel Normand, Fay Tincher, Bobbie Harron and Marjorie Wilson were already working.

Norma Talmadge in consultation with her director and leading man on the set of The New Moon, *a picture released in 1919.*

CONSTANCE was cast for *Intolerance* and was unbearable at home, rehearsing, as she was, for that famous onion eating street scene that was a highmark of a great picture that first brought the "long lean Dutch" to fame. Norma played a part for Griffith opposite Bobbie Harron in an opus called *Missing Links* and they went to the then tiny town of Anaheim on location and for amusement took possession of the town bowling alley of an evening.

"And to look at Anaheim now," exclaimed Norma, "I rode through there the other day and it's a city of smart shops—it reminds one of Paris and New York!

"We often took scenes in the old days down at Hollywood's famous lily pond where the stems and big flat leaves of the water lilies were so firm that mothers could set their little ones on the floating leaves and they'd never be submerged. Where the glass stages of the Fox company now stand, they used to grow a fancy crop of winter cucumbers, to the stupefaction of tourists accustomed to winters forty below.

"Busch's Gardens over in Pasadena was the really elegant location. If the studio sent a cheap car to convey us to Pasadena, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Natalie and I hid ourselves under the seats, but if the studio Pierce Arrow wasn't busy in stories about the idle rich, they would send us in that, and we sat up very tall and preened ourselves like peacocks."

THE clanging bell again. Bringing us from the past to the present, with a jerk. Between scenes, Norma mumbles her lines; everyone is mumbling lines on the sets these days. Picture actors used to be camera-conscious and think particularly about their eyes. Now they are line-conscious and those little veins on the forehead stand out as they strive to remember what they are going to say. Great pains they are taking these days. Norma will rehearse and study six weeks before they record a single sequence in her first talkie.

Can it be new enthusiasm that makes her look younger than she did five years ago? How youthful she looks in her girlish sport dresses! That soft light in her large brown eyes and the beauty of her face have not changed. With admiration and excitement I watched her rehearse a tensely dramatic scene—a scene in *Tin Pan Alley,* Norma's first talkie, taken from the famous stage play of the same name.

This particular scene takes place in a kitchen. Norma has the role of a chorus girl who supports her lazy husband; the part of the husband is played by Gilbert Roland.

The husband lounges in from the street, tossing his hat and newspaper to one side.

At this point a telephoned report comes down to the stage from the glass-fronted signal tower where the electrical experts hold forth.

"That newspaper made altogether too much noise, Roland."

Several sections of the paper are promptly relegated to an ash can. Just the sport section is thrown; the sound reaction is satisfactory, and the scene progresses.

"Hello, mama," says the hubby. Roland is very interesting in this lazy character role—a part similar to the fascinating bum John Gilbert played in *The Show.* Roland's voice is deep and clear; he is going to be a huge success in the talkies.

The wife, played by Norma, doesn't answer. During hubby's absence, a girl friend has called and told the wife of his infidelity to her.

"What's the matter?" hubby asks.

"Did you stay all night with

An alluring Norma Talmadge as she appeared in The Song of Love, *draped in all the conventional trappings of a seductive vamp.*

So-and-so?" asks the wife. Norma speaks distinctly; her voice is rich.

HUBBY stalls. Jingles money in his pocket. There is a shout from the sound man above that the small change sounds like the rattling of tin pans. Roland empties his pockets, shifting loose matches around instead.

Hubby continues to stall regarding the accusation. But his wife has the goods on him this time, so he blurts out the truth. "I was drunk—she made me go upstairs and the cops came and made us put our clothes on—"

"Then you stayed with her—"

The modern frankness of the New York stage has crept into the new Hollywood talkie productions. They are going to tell it right out loud now, in spoken lines.

"And me like a darn fool staying home and freezing in a $15.00 coat for virtue while the other girls are wearing sables," screams the wife, almost hysterically. "Well, I won't do that any longer. Laugh that off on the other side of your face!"

Norma has an excellent memory for lines; she doesn't forget her cues. She has never done a stage production, but hopes to, later. Laura Hope Crews, the famous stage actress, is training the star to use her voice correctly. Like the good trouper she is, Norma takes the instruction avidly.

PATIENTLY the scene is done. Norma is careful to get the intonation of her words just right. It's no small task to speak them to please Director Fitzmaurice, with inflection according to Miss Crews, and with volume to suit the sound boxes of the signal tower experts above.

When the report from the glass box above says that the rehearsal was pretty good, they do it again and "put the sound on the wax."

They don't have to send film over to the developing room as in the case of the old picture rushes. The players can go into a sound projection room immediately following a scene, and hear the lines they have just spoken.

Suddenly, a tapping noise is heard. Where is it? The stage crew run hither and thither but can't locate or stop the sound. Someone opens an outside door and sees a dog's tail protruding from beneath the sound stage. Fido has a bone and as he chews, the bone taps.

It is such trivial, everyday happenings as this that cost the producers a lot of money, not to say anything about how the consequently necessary retakes try the players' souls. Yes, times have certainly changed from the days when a director at the megaphone sounded like the roar of the Century Limited.

Two famous sisters, Norma and Constance Talmadge, enjoy a week-end away from the studio at Norma's home in Santa Monica.

A demure Norma, as she appeared in the chic riding habit costume of one of her early roles.

AFTER a while, Norma joined me again and turned her attention to the present situation.

"Will I give up my career and retire, because of the advent of talking pictures? Just because I am up against a new problem? No! By this time, work and creative accomplishments have become an enjoyable habit. A diversity of interests puts one outside oneself. The dissatisfied, unhappy women, I have found, are those who do nothing.

"I think the radical change made by the talkies is the best thing that ever happened during my career. When we were kids in the beginning in pictures, we played too much. We finally learned that making good pictures requires ability, and takes work and patience if one is ever to get anywhere. Now we established stars are being stirred out of our ruts and are competing with stage players familiar with the art of learning lines and using the voice. We've always put in long hours in the studios, but now we must add new study and intensity of purpose. The transition in motion pictures may tax our strength and our ability, but the test will bring out the best that is in us.

"Adaptability! We must learn that to realize stardom doesn't mean you've got the world permanently by the tail. Mary Pickford's first talkie, *Coquette*, is a great personal success for her, but she worked hard to make it so. The rest of us are learning to adapt ourselves to the new changes. The adaptable will survive, and the others won't, and that's that!"

Our Modern Maidens

Billie Brown, a modern daughter of sophistication, risked the love of a man to gain her own selfish ends, and unknowingly drew her dearest friend into a web of intrigue. What happened when the climax came? Don't miss the last installment of this thrilling love serial.

Adapted by
DOROTHY CARTWRIGHT
From the original story by
Josephine Lovett

THE CAST

Billie Brown ..... *Joan Crawford*
Glenn Abbott ..... *Rod La Rocque*
Gilbert Johns ..... *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
Reg ..... *Edward Nugent*
Blondie ..... *Josephine Dunn*
Kentucky ..... *Anita Page*
An M-G-M picture directed by Jack Conway.

What has gone before:

CAREFREE Billie Brown, ultra-modern daughter of B. Bickering Brown, millionaire motor magnate, is engaged to Gilbert Johns, an attractive young member of her own gay set. To enable Gil to obtain a desired position in the diplomatic corps, Billie cultivates the friendship of Glenn Abbott, an older man of immense political power. Kentucky, a less sophisticated member of Billie's set, is secretly in love with Gil.

Billie invites Abbott to her birthday party. To gain her own selfish ends she carries on a flirtation with him and in spite of herself she is swept off her feet by the first real love of her life. Meanwhile, Kentucky, who is unable to suppress her love for Gil, draws him away from the others and the two find love in a burst of youthful passion.

After persuading Abbott to aid Gil in securing the diplomatic post, Billie announces her engagement to the latter with characteristic heartlessness. Abbott becomes embittered and ruthless. He takes Billie to his mountain cabin and in a burst of hatred attempts to take his vengeance by humiliating her. She realizes her cheapness and begs forgiveness. Abbott, however, resolutely thrusts her aside.

On the morning of her wedding day, Billie faces marriage with Gil, knowing that she really loves Glenn Abbott. Kentucky discovers that she is about to have a child and the three are caught in what seems a hopeless love tangle.

Now conclude the story:

PART IV

IT WAS Billie's wedding day. The gorgeous drawing room of B. Bickering Brown's millionaire establishment was a breath-taking example of what a highly paid decorator could do with a few thousand dollars' worth of flowers and streamers of satin and tulle.

Just off the drawing room the bridegroom and his best man waited nervously.

"Better have a drink, Gil."

"No, thanks," he answered shortly, taking another turn about the room. His eyes strayed absently to the window, beyond which gleamed the lake with its fringe of swaying pampas grass. He remembered with sudden poignancy that moonlight night when two young figures ran breathlessly into the darkness and fell, laughing, into each other's eager arms. He remembered Kentucky's eyes looking adoringly into his, her lips seeking his own, her arms tightening convulsively about him. Kentucky, who loved him as a woman loves *the one* man . . . .

BILLIE, in her boudoir, had donned her wedding gown of lustrous satin. From her sitting room came the giggles of the bridesmaids. Downstairs people were coming to her wedding.

She turned toward the window like a captive animal, and gazed toward the tree-covered hills that sheltered Glenn Abbott's cabin. He had returned to the Andes a day or two after that memorable day when he took her to his cabin and there revealed to her the cheapness of her code. He had gone without so much as a word of farewell; and Billie knew in her heart that he was the only man whose love had ever thrilled her into responsiveness—the only man who had ever made her want to be something finer than a jazz-mad modern maiden.

Two maids brought in the wedding veil. Silently Billie allowed them to adjust it on her sleek dark head. It would not be long now! Within an hour she would be married to Gil Johns, and Glenn Abbott would be but a secret memory.

NOBODY had noticed Kentucky's absence. Nobody saw her now as she slipped into the house by a seldom-used piazza entrance from some mysterious errand of her own. As she crossed the threshold she heard the first strains of the wedding march. Suddenly she realized for the first time what Billie's marriage to Gil—*her* Gil—was going to cost her. For a moment she sank against the wall, too weak to stand

—*Posed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford.*

The sight of the room crowded with all the best people and members of the press recalled her to her senses. Like an actress playing a difficult role, she took her place at the altar beside Gil.

alone. To her overwrought spirit it seemed as if the orchestra were playing an old familiar lullaby. A little sob rose to her lips. She fought to conquer it. She could not break now. She must go on!

Somehow she summoned the courage to go upstairs. As she opened the door into the sitting room, Billie emerged from her boudoir, her satin gown clinging to her slender young body, the wedding veil framing her face softly. Kentucky caught her breath sharply.

"Why, Kentucky! You aren't dressed yet! Where have you been?" exclaimed Billie in mild consternation.

The child smiled up at her, fighting back the tears. "I remembered you had nothing 'blue.' You know, Billie—'something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue,' to make a happy bride. You *must* be happy, Billie!" she cried passionately.

"Of course, romantic child!"

(*Turn to page* 98)

SOUND *and* SILENT

By CHARLES DARNTON,

CHILDREN OF THE RITZ (Sound)

THIS is a story which should appeal mostly to women, because of the beautiful clothes worn by the star.

Dorothy Mackaill is the attractive society girl who falls in love with the family's good-looking chauffeur. He wins a fortune on a horse race, just as her dad loses all his money. They marry. Her extravagance leads to quarrels and they separate, but she sees her error and returns to become a thrifty housewife. Jack Mulhall plays the faithful chauffeur-husband.

High spot: The return of the prodigal wife to her devoted husband.—*First National.*

SHOW BOAT (Talkie)

THIS is as good as a circus on water. The quaint picturesqueness of this big film spectacle gives it novelty and old-time attractiveness. Joseph Schildkraut plays the gambler-actor with just the right dashing, romantic air.

Laura La Plante makes the wife comfortably human and appealing.

Otis Harlan, as the easy-going show boat owner; Emily Fitzroy, as his sterner half; and Alma Rubens and Jane La Verne aid the principals in carrying this splendid picture to deserved success.

High spot: The show boat in all its glory.—*Universal.*

COQUETTE (Talkie)

MARY PICKFORD steps from silent to talking pictures in *Coquette.*

It is the story of a Southern girl whose father, thinking a certain youth has caused his daughter's ruin, kills the boy; later, discovering his mistake, he kills himself.

Henry Kolker, as prosecutor, helps Mary reach her biggest moments. John Mack Brown plays the luckless boy and John Sainpolis is the father.

High spot: Coquette sobbing in lap of negro nurse.—*United Artists.*

THIS IS HEAVEN (Talkie)

WE MUST believe that a poor immigrant can marry a rich American the moment she learns to bake pancakes, for such is heaven as revealed to us here.

Vilma Banky at the outset talks Hungarian freely. Later, she goes into her accent, which occasionally lapses into verbal goulash. She first flips flapjacks in a Child's restaurant on New York's Fifth Avenue, then goes out to a suburb for a day's work and lands a young millionaire.

High spot: Immigrant girl shedding wads of petticoats. —*Sam Goldwyn.*

SCREEN REVIEWS

SCREEN SECRETS' CRITIC

ETERNAL LOVE (Silent)

JOHN BARRYMORE in his final silent picture. This is an inane story and requires all that Barrymore can muster to put it over. It is a tale about life in the Swiss Alps, with Barrymore drunk again, and consequently glum and dull through parts of the picture. John loves a good girl, but a bad girl comes to his cabin and takes advantage of his drunkenness. He marries her.

Camilla Horn is pretty in the bloodless role of the good girl, and a little Mexican, Mona Rico, gets all there is out of the role of the bad one. Ernst Lubitsch directs.

High spot: Avalanche sweeping lovers to eternity.—*United Artists.*

THE DESERT SONG (Talkie)

SPLENDID, surprising, startling! The clear, full tonal quality of *The Desert Song* brought out by vitaphone opens one's ears to the fact that no form of musical production, not even grand opera, is impossible to the screen.

John Boles has a splendid baritone and Carlotta King sings charmingly. Myrna Loy, incredibly slender and fascinating, leaves no doubt that desert sands are hot. Johnny Arthur and Louise Fazenda offer rather old-fashioned comic relief.

High spot: Singing Riffs galloping over the desert.—*Warner Brothers.*

CLOSE HARMONY (Talkie)

CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS not only talks but sings, and does both well, in *Close Harmony* with Nancy Carroll, the girl with the open heart and the wide open purse. Money means nothing to her, for she's a vaudeville headliner and she believes in Buddy.

He is engagingly youthful and entertaining and what's more, he plays most of the instruments in a jazz band. Nancy gets Buddy and his band into vaudeville and everybody's happy.

High spot: Buddy piling himself and all the musical instruments into his kind-hearted girl's taxi.—*Paramount.*

THE LETTER (Talkie)

IN *THE LETTER,* we find the disturbing intelligence that a man may live with a woman twenty years without knowing her at all. Also, this is the most technically expert talking picture to mark the passing of the experimental stage.

Powerful of plot, *The Letter* contains lies, deceit, murder, love—strong melodrama. Jeanne Eagel's contributes the finest acting since the screen found its voice.

High spot: Gradual approach through the trees to the lighted house of impending doom.—*Paramount.*

JOY STREET (Talkie)

LOIS MORAN has gone whoopee. Yes, our own sweet Lois. She is the old time Lois at the beginning of *Joy Street,* an innocent little girl in a Swiss convent.

Then someone obligingly dies and leaves her a fortune and an estate in California. She immediately becomes the center of a rollicking rowdy set of carefree youngsters, and decides that it is more fun being a passion flower than a wall flower.

Lois does the best acting of her career. Nick Stuart has the male lead, although Rex Bell runs away with the honors.

High spot: The wild auto race down a mountainside. —*Fox.*

THE HOTTENTOT (Talkie)

BY THIS time you are probably aware that this isn't an African jungle picture, because if you missed the silent version of the funniest farce ever written, with Douglas MacLean, surely your Aunt Hattie has told you about seeing Willie Collier in the original stage play.

Edward Everett Horton is a young man who suffers from a mortal fear of horses and who is forced by a combination of circumstances to ride *The Hottentot,* a horse that has killed three men, in the steeplechase, to please his sweetheart, Patsy Ruth Miller.

High spot: Horton being catapulted onto the back of *The Hottentot* from an automobile when it goes over a bump.—*Warner Brothers.*

MADAME X (Talkie)

RUTH CHATTERTON has followed *The Doctor's Secret* with another remarkable characterization in *Madame X* and Lionel Barrymore has won his spurs as a director.

Ruth Chatterton is Jacqueline, once a lady of quality who slides down into the gutter, leaving behind her a baby boy. She finally commits murder and is defended by her son, unknown to either of them. At last she recognizes the boy's father, and knowing who he is, she wages a bitter battle to keep him from knowing her past.

High spot: Madame X coming face to face with her husband and son in her prison cell.—*M-G-M.*

INNOCENTS OF PARIS (Talkie)

OH! AH! Oo la la! Ce Monsieur Chevalier! He'll make you wish you knew more French. When you have seen him sing and dance his nonchalant way through *Innocents of Paris,* you'll understand why he was the idol of the Folies Bergere.

The story is a very slight affair about a happy-go-lucky junk dealer of the picturesque flea market district of Paris who aspires to the stage. This would be well enough were it not for the incredible complications brought about by the conventional irate father of the girl he loves.

High spot: M. Chevalier singing to a crying urchin until he makes him smile.—*Paramount.*

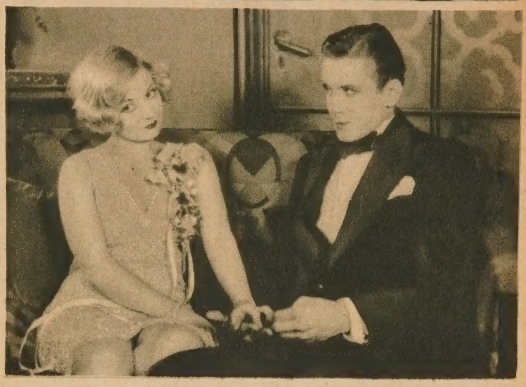
THE DONOVAN AFFAIR (Talkie)

THIS picture is a fast moving comedy-drama, with a series of triangles and two cold-blooded murders, which keeps the audience at the highest pitch.

There is no inkling as to the identity of the perpetrators of the crimes, both of which occur around a banquet table; until the murderer is captured by a clever ruse, in the dynamic climax.

Columbia has assembled an able cast for this company's first talking picture: Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, William Collier, Jr., Dorothy Revier, John Roche, Ethel Wales and Virginia Brown Faire.

High spot: The smashing climax which reveals the murderer to the audience.—*Columbia.*



HOT STUFF (Talkie)

ALICE WHITE gets a hotsy totsy role that takes her from dishing out gas at a service station to college, via cash which auntie receives as an accident settlement. Parties follow and Alice gets the reputation of being "hot stuff."

She tries to live up to this reputation, but William Bakewell, her college sweetheart, sees through her pose and persists in showing her how much he cares. She finally accepts his frat pin and the flappers are happy at the departure from their ranks of their most serious competitor.

High spot: Alice and William taking shelter from a storm in a deserted cabin.—*First National.*

TIMES SQUARE (Talkie)

THIS 11-reel feature, Gotham's first talkie, well deserves a place among the highly interesting short features which have been attracting favorable comment.

Times Square is the story of life, love, struggle and achievement in New York's Tin Pan Alley, that district wherein so many of America's melodies are composed. With force and directness it tells the story of a discouraged young song writer, Arthur Lubin, engulfed by despair over his inability to ring the cash register with his tunes.

How he rises from his despairing failure through the aid and love of a woman, Alice Day, is beautifully and forcefully told.—*Gotham.*

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN (Talkie)

THERE is just one discovery which you can be sure of making at *The Trial of Mary Dugan* and that is that Norma Shearer is an emotional actress of ability.

In fact, by the time she leaves the witness stand at the end of the big scene, you will very likely be pulling the stuffing out of the plush seats.

Mary is a chorus girl who is careless enough to have her sugar daddy found dead in her apartment. From then on, the picture is concerned with finding out whether Mary was goose enough to kill the Golden Egg.

High spot: Mary's confession to her brother from the witness stand.—*M-G-M.*

Hobnobbing with

A department of intimate gossip from the cinema capital by Grace Kingsley, famous columnist and feature writer who is closely associated with members of the film colony both on and off the set.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IF A dog bites a man, that isn't news, but if a man bites a dog, that's news."

Every newspaper reporter knows that old yarn about the editor's rebuke to the cub reporter.

Eugene O'Neill, playwright, qualified for the news column, we have just learned, from Humphrey Pearson, who wrote *On With the Show* for Warners.

O'Neill is a genial and humorous soul, despite his sad plays.

One night he came home in a gay and festive mood. He had a dog with whom he used to wrestle. That night, in a playful mood, the dog bit him and then dashed out of the house. O'Neill chased the dog till he caught him.

"Then, as he had no arms to hit me," O'Neill is quoted as saying, "and no stick to beat me with, or pistol to shoot me, I retaliated in kind. I bit the dog."

What will the wild waves be saying when Dorothy Sebastian appears on her sea horse?

Anita Page is showing George Hill, director, the key to the situation in case he should tumble out of his plane.

Another Screen Romance

SHARON LYNN and Paul Page are engaged, or on the verge of it.

When I pinned Sharon down, after seeing the pair together after a party, she got out of it by saying that Paul was serious, but she wasn't. All the same I'm keeping an eye on the third finger of Sharon's left hand.

Romance and Difficulties

MARY BRIAN and Buddy Rogers are seen everywhere together, and one wonders whether the undeniable hold which Claire Windsor had on Buddy's heart is completely broken.

Religion may play some part in the affair between Mary and Buddy, however, Mary being a good Catholic.

Religion, by the way, does play a part very often in these screen romances. For instance, George O'Brien and Olive Borden really are deeply devoted to each other, but Olive, we hear, has been married and divorced. George is a good Catholic—and so it is quite possible the two will never marry.

And Then There's Dorothy

ONE means Dorothy Sebastian, of course, who is engaged to Clarence Brown.

Miss Sebastian tells me that the reason she and Mr. Brown have not wed is because they never find time to be—that is, without hurrying right back to work.

"And that's not my idea of a honeymoon," said Miss Sebastian. However, she admitted that both hoped to find

the Film Folk

time for marriage and a honeymoon in May, after he finishes *Anna Christie*.

Then another reason came out.

"I want to make good in some big production before I marry, in order that people won't say I was successful because I married a big director."

Tom Moore, Hero

TOM MOORE has been playing heroes so long that maybe he just can't stop even in real life.

At any rate, I witnessed an act of real heroism on Tom's part the other day out at the polo grounds of the Uplifters Club at Santa Monica.

Tom was riding in a steeplechase and was approaching the last hurdle, when another rider lost his balance and was about to fall. Tom was in a fair way to win the race, but we saw him swerve to one side as he pulled his horse that way, and the two went down just to one side of the hurdle. Neither was injured.

Kathryn Crawford knows how it feels to "faw down and go boom!"

A bevy of M-G-M beauties stealing a ride on the rear end of a portable recording plant, make driving along Hollywood's streets an exciting pastime.

Chaplin's Kids Visit Him

BECAUSE Charlie Chaplin's children visit him at the studio, it has been rumored that Charlie and Lita Grey will be reconciled.

This, I am sure, is erroneous. There has been too much bitterness and there is too little in common between them in an intellectual way Charlie likes impromptu entertainment, as when he gathers two or three friends together in informal manner for dinner at his house, when there is chatter and talk of books and music, with Charlie perhaps unraveling a new puzzle of some sort, which he is fond of doing. He runs away from society life, while Lita loves a gang with "whoopee" tendencies.

The children have always visited him at his home. One day while I was up there, he pointed out a spot under some big trees on the side of the hill, hedged in with rose bushes and vines, where he said the children loved to play. As mute testimonial their playthings were scattered about there.

Polly Not Funny to Son

EVERYBODY thinks of Polly Moran as a cut-up, but to her adopted son, John Michael Joseph, she isn't always funny by any means.

"Why, she goes to church and she's awful serious," he said the other day.

"She's cross sometimes, too. Gee, I wish you could see her when I come in with dirt on my

(*Turn to page* 105)

CAROL LOMBARD *showed such ability in a single fleeting moment with William Boyd in* Power *that Pathe placed her under contract. Now her beauty is electrifying Boyd in* High Voltage.

A scene from the famous stage hit, Hold Everything, *in which this dazzling squadron of beauties display charms enough to make the members of the audience take a tighter grip on the arms of their seats.*

A Dowling Success

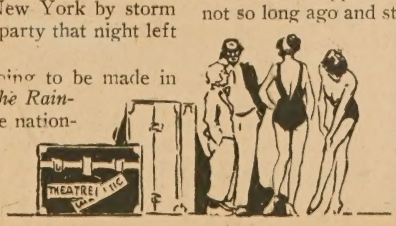
Redheads have their day—a real Joy comes to Broadway—D'Arcy explains—Babe Ruth makes another contract—Rudy Vallee's bid for saxcess—Estelle Taylor returns to Hollywood—opera stars sign for the talkies—and other news from New York.

By ERNEST HAYNES, SCREEN SECRETS' New York Correspondent

THE night that the big talkie hit, *The Rainbow Man,* opened here at the Selwyn Theatre, Eddie Dowling, its star, producer and author, threw a party on the nineteenth floor of the Biltmore Hotel that had the whole town talking.

Everybody was there. Al Smith, Jimmie Walker, Jesse Lasky, Sam Katz, and so on—far into the night. Politicians, financiers, movie folk, and first and foremost, Eddie himself. Eddie's one of the toasts of Broadway. Successful star of Broadway musical hits such as *Sally, Irene and Mary* and *Honeymoon Lane,* he jumped into the movie game with a vengeance and plenty of nerve. The firm of Dowling, Weeks and Goebel organized a film company called Sono-Art Corporation and produced its first talkie, *The Rainbow Man.* It took New York by storm and most of the guests at the send-off party that night left just in time for breakfast.

Eddie Dowling's next picture is going to be made in New York. By the time it appears, *The Rainbow Man* will have made Eddie's fame nationwide and there'll be no excuse for the Dumb Dora who, when asked how she likes Dowling, answers, "I dunno. How do you dowl?"



Just Dyeing For a Pass

HERE'S a hot one. The Rialto theatre announced one day that they'd pass in free the first hundred red-haired lassies who appeared at the box office before midnight, that night, and give 'em all a chance to see and hear Clara Bow do her stuff in *The Wild Party.*

Along the main stem they're guffawing about the mam'selle who paid ten berries to have her hair hennaed so she'd save the buck for admission. She was the hundred and first to arrive!

Oh, Joy! This Is Rich!

A COUPLE of popular film actresses arrived in New York to appear in vodvil. Leatrice Joy came to town not so long ago and started her act up at the Riverside, the big Keith playhouse up town. While Leatrice was headlining at the far-famed Palace, Irene Rich arrived in town to do her stuff over the footlights.

As for Leatrice, I can just picture some hardboiled film producer trying to decide whether the star

(*Turn to page* 111)

Estelle Taylor club members have flocked to her standard loyally, with the result that today more than four hundred belong. Here she is shown busily signing a stack of her latest photographs, to be mailed to her ardent followers.

Fan Club Department

The columns of this department are devoted to the latest fan club news. Information about the clubs may be obtained by writing to Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, in care of SCREEN SECRETS.

The David Rollins Club

THE David Rollins Fan Club wishes announcement. Dues are twenty-five cents per year and each member gets an autographed photo of David, a news-sheet called *A Rollins' Stone Gathers No Moss,* and a membership card. After young Rollins' work in *The Air Circus,* he should have loads of fans who'd like to pay him tribute. There's no better way than by joining one of his fan clubs. Elizabeth Maynard is the president of this one.

President of George O'Brien Club Speaks

RALPH A. SAVY, President of the George O'Brien Athletic Club, writes in to say that he would like all movie admirers who are planning to form or have already formed a Fan Club to write to him as he has an interesting plan to lay out to them. He will be grateful, too, he says, if all letters are accompanied with four cents in stamps to cover postage.

Club for Norma and Connie

THE Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, which Marie Leslie is now handling, is running once more in full swing. Dues are fifty cents yearly. Club pins may be had for sixty cents, and also club stationery. The club's main attraction is its photo exchange—anyone who sends in photos of Norma will be sent in exchange photos of any other player. They exchange magazines and newspaper pictures, besides post-card size, five by seven and eight by ten regular photographs—or, in fact, all kinds of photos and pictures. The club helps those who do not collect photos to collect anything they want if they send in whatever photos they do have to be exchanged. Connected with the Norma Talmadge Club, or rather a branch of it, is the Constance Talmadge Club. Miss Leslie writes that anyone interested in either of these two clubs will receive a prompt reply from her if they will enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Boosting Hugh Allen and David Rollins

A BRAND new club is the Wolverine Fan Club, formed chiefly in honor of those two rising young actors, Hugh Allen and David Rollins. Wayne Warrin is the President of this club and already has two hundred local members in Detroit, where club headquarters are located. Their greatest ambition is to produce an amateur motion picture sometime within the next six months, with members being used in every capacity. A story has even been selected and the cost of renting equipment and other necessary paraphernalia is now being considered. A monthly club bulletin will shortly make its bow and will be free, of course, to all members. Upon receipt of membership fee, each new fan will receive a large autographed photo of his or her favorite star and also a photo of Hugh and David. Mr. Warrin asks everyone interested in these two players to communicate with him as soon as possible.

Nick's News Parade

YOU are invited to join the Nick Stuart Fan Club by its genial President, Katheryne Berry. The way this club has been skyrocketing to success is due to the interest of its honorary President, Nick Stuart and the hard work and enthusiasm of the Berry girls. The first issue of *The News Parade,* the official club publication, recently came out and deserves a good deal of praise. If future issues are as good, other club editors will have to be looking to their laurels. The idea of having a full page index is a good one. Miss Berry is to be complimented on her originality. Personally, I think that *The News Parade* and its twin sister *We,* (official Sue Carol Club paper) rank well at the top where fan club papers are concerned.

So This Is Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 34)

in Hollywood, you know, are for three-month periods usually.

Spaghetti Rivalry

EVEN fun can originate on a sound stage. During the filming of *The Green Ghost* at M-G-M, Lionel Barrymore mentioned some spaghetti he had eaten in Italy. George Cooper promptly declared he knew how to make it. Richard Travers said he knew more about it.

The upshot was a spaghetti contest, with both men cooking it by their own methods. The contest was held at the home of Dorothy Sebastian, leading lady in the picture, with members of the cast present.

The contest was voted a tie. Twelve pounds of spaghetti were eaten.

Lon Chaney, Carpenter

WHEN Lon Chaney moved into his new home, Mrs. Chaney suggested that he build a bird bungalow in the back yard. Lon promised, but kept saying "manana," meaning tomorrow.

His pal, Clinton Lyle, the actor, visited them one day and reminded Mrs. Chaney about the idea. In fact he visited often and spurred Mrs. Chaney on.

"Don't remind her any more," Chaney pleaded.

Lyle got a great kick out of it all and kept on.

He dropped in on the Chaneys one Sunday. And behold, there was Lon in the back yard just putting on the finishing touches. Lyle has promised not to suggest anything more to Mrs. Chaney.

Not a Bark in a Carload

OUT at M-G-M, they've been holding an informal dog show every day among the members of the cast of *The Green Ghost*. The dog show takes place in Director Rupert Julian's quarters.

Richard Travers has six Scottish terriers that he won't leave home alone; while Julian himself is a dog fancier and has several pets he must take to work with him every day.

Home of Fashion

(*Continued from page* 41)

barely touches the floor, giving an added touch of dignified formality. Characteristic of the latest fashion modes is the entire lack of boyish attire, replaced by a refreshing return to femininity.

Chic and decorative atmosphere noted in the trend of fashion for the coming summer will allow American women to exercise their creative ingenuity to the fullest extent in selecting smart and fashionable gowns.

However hard it is to tell them, women should know of this new process which ends odor in this sanitary pad—a product already superior in comfort and ease of disposability.

ACROSS the counter, in offices, in drawing rooms, in country clubs—wherever women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at times. The unhappy self-consciousness which used to follow the realization is now ended. Kotex scientists have found (and patented*) a way to neutralize all odor in sanitary pads. This cause for worry is entirely dismissed. Women can meet any social emergency with a new light-heartedness.

Fear of self-consciousness gone, too

A certain bulkiness associated with old-fashioned methods has been overcome, too. Each pad is rounded and tapered in such a way as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

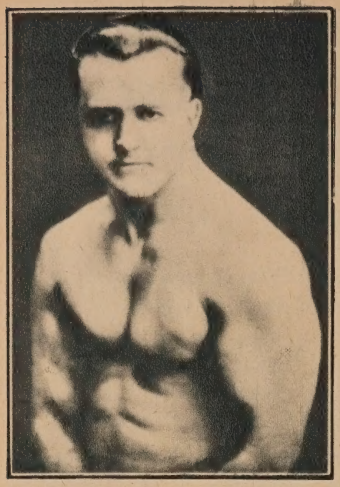
SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," Etc.

What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it's the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start. Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

I Can Give It To You In 30 Days

In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked for them.

You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders; that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. *And you can be that man.* Remember, I not only promise it. I GUARANTEE IT.

Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

Send for my New Book *Muscular Development*—64 Pages and IT'S FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1907 **305 Broadway, New York**

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1907, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir—Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Harry Carr's Private Line

(*Continued from page 47*)

once in a while. When I worked with him, he abandoned his career as a director as least three times a week.

You could no more keep that bird from directing pictures than you could keep a pet bull terrier out of a fight. He will go on to the end of his life—making great pictures and having trouble making them—periodically announcing his retirement from the career of director.

Von is a great chap—but a little tumultuous in the emotional part of his astute and subtle nature.

Evangeline's Grave

THE beauteous Dolores Del Rio has been the means of saving the grave of Evangeline, somewhere down in the bayous.

Personally, I don't believe there ever was an Evangeline—except in the imagination of the poet, Longfellow; but I am for the project. By all means let us preserve her grave.

By the time Dolores gets through with that tough-luck picture, by the way, it will cost enough to buy Canada and give it back to France.

Extra!

WITH burning excitement, I am inspired to pass on the news to a fevered and burning world.

Some of the movie girls have found a new kind of stocking that makes their legs look bare!

I am sure that there is some compelling and very important reason why this is better than wearing bare legs. I am not perfectly sure; but that is just the way I feel about it.

Louise Writes

LOUISE FAZENDA is, I understand, strongly tempted to take on a career of authorship as a side line. Several contracts have been poked in her direction.

Louise could write or do anything else that requires brains. And like most people with plenty of gray matter, she has eccentricities. Her's is a mild mania for going to "Get-Acquainted Clubs" for lonely people, and those urged to matrimony. About once a month, Louise ambles down to one of the clubs and gets proposed to by eligible bachelors of a mere 70 years or so.

Two Rounds

I REMEMBER one time Louise invited me to dinner. We both wanted to eat a lot and yet appear perfectly refined; so we ate for a while at one café; then moved over to another café to eat a while.

Doug and Joan

IT IS high time that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was getting married. He is beginning to play Hamlet at little theater performances under the auspices of society dames. When he is under control of sensible little Joan Crawford, there will not be many Hamlet performances. They don't get you anything.

I have insisted for a long time that Doug., Jr., and Joan were already married. "Well," said Doug at last, "there is no use arguing with you, but you are going to get a shock when the wedding comes off."

So the least I can do is to be shocked.

Mae Comes Back

MAE MURRAY, after being given up as a screen star, has just signed a long contract with John Stahl for the talkies.

She has a fascinating voice with queer, little choked cadences. You will see that she will knock 'em over as of old. There was no reason for shuffling off Miss Murray anyhow. Any more than there was for shuffling off Mabel Normand.

Cruel Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD is a cruel place. There are always people looking for a chance to pass the buck. Something goes wrong with a picture, or a studio's yearly balance turns up red, and what they do then is to look for a victim to blame it on. Somebody always has to be the goat. There is a strong practical reason why they like to pick some one who has been getting big money, to be the goat.

I have kidded Mae Murray much in the public prints for the same reason that one likes to heave mud pies at the shining sides of limousines. But she has an alluring and interesting personality. She will again be one of the big stars of the screen.

New Stars

AFTER all, the older stars still hold the stage.

A year ago, it was announced that the decks were to be cleared, the old face cards torn up. A new layout of genius was to be taken out of the hat.

But I don't see that this has happened. There have been about four new stars within the year who have made places for themselves. Foremost of them all is Lupe Velez, who is one of the greatest personalities who has ever come to either stage or screen. The others are Anita Page, Joan Crawford and Alice White.

Charles Eaton, blond, 17-year-old brother of Mary Eaton, was a big shot on Broadway. Whenever he walked into a cafe the band went brassy to make proper welcome. He was brought out here to play the lead in *The Ghost Talks.* Then he was transferred to another Fox picture as a mere extra. I've seen him in many public places and no one seemed to know him.

My Life Among the Stars

(*Continued from page 27*)

put a big box of clean sand in the yard for the children. I talked so long and so persistently about children needing something *clean* that they finally did it. I was thrilled and I felt superior.

BOYS! By this time I was nine and met boys of my own age rather than men years my senior. There were four in particular. They ran in pairs and were entirely different in their treatment of me. Charles and Harold Sackett were cousins; Johnny and Arthur Ellison brothers. I hated the latter. They were lovesick idiots. They'd stand in the hall and watch me put on my tam-o-shanter. I'd pose and primp and give them a good look over my shoulder but I'd go home with Charles and Harold. Harold was gallant. He didn't care if the other fellows did laugh at him—he'd bring me a big, red apple and put on my rubbers for me. And although he and Charles were rivals for me, they were pals and I was a pal with them. They'd say naughty things and I thought I was getting in on something!

The main thing I learned from these kid love affairs was to be one girl to one boy and one girl to another. If they wanted a pal—I was a pal to them; if they wanted to be lovesick, I encouraged their lovesick propensities. Arthur and Charles were bright. I felt I must be bright and keep up in my studies, so they would admire me. Love is either an inspiration or a hurt to a woman. She should make it an inspiration. I laid the basis for all my relations with men during this period in Frisco.

MY AMBITION and faith in my ability to become an actress was born at this time, largely through the influence of Clara Hall, my school teacher. She was only 18, but she understood me. She liked to show me off. I'd do long recitations, acting out the meaning without thought of self—just to make her more proud of me. Down on my knees when the poem was pleading—up on my tiptoes with arms outstretched when it was appealing to a Higher Order. And her praise, her words, repeated over and over, "You are a born actress, Betty," made me feel that I *was* born to be an actress and must become one to fulfill the destiny life had laid out for me.

Mother and daddy realized by this time that Frisco was no place to raise a growing daughter. I showed some musical talent and they felt that they must move where I could have advantages. Salt Lake City was the nearest place that was large enough, so Salt Lake was chosen.

Ah, the cruelty of youth! I could not realize the sacrifice this meant for my parents. Father had an excellent position in Frisco—in Salt Lake City he could get nothing worthy of his talents. For a few months we lived on a nice street and I went to the finest school with all the nice children. But soon father took the last of his savings and bought a grocery store in another part of the city. I was between 10 and 11 and I did not want to be a groceryman's daughter!

The day that we moved! Will I ever forget it? My life was wrecked—my heart permanently broken. No thought of my father with his Cornell degree behind him. No thought of my mother, who loved luxury like all other women. No understanding, whatever, that their ambitions for me had forced this fate upon them. There is no such thing as failure to youth. And I was young and my father—*my father*—had failed. He had lost his own fine profession and turned to a common groceryman and was dragging me to that walk of life with him.

MY FATHER took ill. Tuberculosis of the most virulent description. He was an out-of-door man accustomed to the rugged life of a miner. Measuring out sugar that his daughter might have violin lessons—ah, that was what did it.

We sent him to a sanitarium and mother tried running the business. But she couldn't understand the money end of it. She sold it for an insignificant few hundred dollars and rented a big house for roomers and boarders. It was a lovely house and in a lovely district but that sign—"Furnished Rooms and Board!" My God, how I hated it! When the boys began coming over evenings—it was in 1911, and I was a high school freshman—I'd drop the sign out the window. No customers could see it at night, anyway!

Mother cooked and washed and ironed and made beds from morning until night. And then the boarders beat her out of the rent! I wanted to help, but she wouldn't let me. "Keep yourself beautiful!" she would tell me. "You probably will never finish high school," she predicted. "Just take the things which will help your appearance and your general knowledge. Take what you *want*; perhaps it will be your only opportunity."

WHEN I was 15 father came home from the sanitarium. There hadn't been enough money to keep him there. We built a tent for him in the yard. There he lay—dying by inches. I didn't go to see him as often as I should have. I was afraid of contracting tuberculosis. Perhaps it was wrong. I would go if it were today. But then—didn't my whole future depend upon my physical condition? But one memory stands out vividly: I would stand in my bedroom window and play my violin for him. Over and over again—hour upon hour. It was the only thing which

(*Turn to page 87*)

HERE, GIRLS,

Is a Hint from Hollywood

We've gone to the casting directors of the musical shows and to the men at Hollywood who weed out the movie hopefuls—and they all say the same thing. A girl must have *lustrous* hair—*live-looking* hair—"*peppy*" hair—before she can be really beautiful.

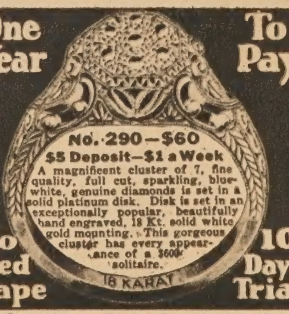
Lustrous hair is a flattering frame for *every* face—whether its features are good or bad. And lustrous hair is possible to *everyone*—thanks to Hennafoam.

The secret is the tiny pinch of henna in every bottle of this marvelous shampoo. It doesn't change the color. Oh, no. There's not *nearly* enough for that. But it does light the natural fires in your hair in a truly marvelous way.

You'll be delighted with Hennafoam merely as a shampoo. But it's after the last rinse that lustre comes—*and what a difference!* At dealers everywhere—or we will mail a sample on receipt of 10c. Just write Dept. 7-P, 511 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Hennafoam
TRADE MARK REG
SHAMPOO

One Year To Pay



No Red Tape 10 Days Trial

SEND NO MONEY After you get the ring, pay only $5.00 to the postman—balance $1.00 a week for one whole year. **All credit dealings kept strictly confidential.** No credit orders taken from persons under 20 years of age.

You take no risk in buying from this old firm of diamond importers. You have **10 days free trial**—If not completely satisfied with your bargain return it and **we will refund every cent that you paid.** **Money Back GUARANTEE**

PRICE CUT TO $60—WORTH $100

You can now buy this gorgeous ring at the **wholesale price.** Compare it with similar rings at $100. We guarantee it to **stand any test or comparison.** Greatest bargain ever offered by any jeweler. **We allow 5% annual increase** in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog

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Fifteen years ago, Charlie Chaplin's famous trick make-up and funny smile had not yet been recognized as the mark of genius which sets him apart today. Edna Purviance is smiling archly over her fan, in this scene from The Adventurer. *The big man at the left is Eric Campbell, Chaplin's "heavy," who was killed in an automobile accident in 1917.*

Backtrailing Movie History

Movie personalities and developments of a decade or so ago.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, a penniless extra, decided that he was the elegant *homme,* so marched suavely into the most exclusive tailor shop in Hollywood and blithely ordered six expensive made-to-measure suits—on credit. The appearance of prosperity brought in $10 a day bits with gratifying regularity. His first real opportunity came when he was offered the role of the king in Douglas Fairbanks', *The Three Musketeers.* Chaplin later gave him the leading male role in *A Woman of Paris,* opposite Edna Purviance. In this picture he introduced to the screen the sophisticated, polished man of the world whose nature still included a sense of humor and human understanding.

▲▲▲

Fourteen years ago James Cruze, who had for two years struggled in the extra ranks, was given his first big dramatic opportunity in *The Million Dollar Mystery,* a serial that proved astoundingly popular. The leading lady was Marguerite Snow, who later became his bride. After a successful career as an actor, Cruze decided to direct. He was allowed to try his luck with a picture featuring a delightful young juvenile, quite new to the screen—Wallace Reid. Today Cruze receives $7,000 a week at the very studios that once considered it a favor to hire him at $5.00 a day.

Before Mary Pickford's famous curls had established themselves in a stellar role, D. W. Griffith was casting her for red-skinned maids or young squaws in his early Indian thrillers. A smear of brown grease paint, a wig of coarse black hair, and her own high cheek bones make Mary a most convincing Minnehaha.

▲▲▲

In 1922, Mary Miles Minter, then at the height of her career after *Anne of Green Gables,* ranked in popularity above Mary Pickford . . . Ten years ago Eugene O'Brien and Pearl White were box office bets of the highest magnitude . . . Theda Bara had just appeared in *Salome* . . . . John Gilbert was playing in *The Yellow Stain* and *Arabian Love* . . . Priscilla Dean had just leapt into fame in her first big role, *The Virgin of Stamboul.*

▲▲▲

Back when it cost a nickel to go to the movies at most theatres and a dime in the de luxe places, a young exhibitor in Jersey City came near to landing in jail because he tried to put on a news reel. After a few weeks of showing prominent citizens shaking hands with each other, and others not so prominent doing things that might entertain their friends, Harry Fischbeck, now a Paramount cameraman, found himself in court. At that time the General Film company controlled all patents for the making and showing of pictures. Fischbeck experimented with his projection machine and found that he could not only project pictures, but make them. The court finally ruled that Harry had bought the machine for showing pictures, and couldn't use it for anything else. So he built his own camera and continued entertaining his home-towners with spicy bits of pictorial news that laid the foundation for modern news reels.

▲▲▲

Those of you who can remember back to the good old Ince days when *A Prince for a Night* was a mean heart-throb, will recall its famous star, Henry Woodruff. At the height of his career, he was engaged to Anna Gould of the famous Gould family. Her parents, objecting to Woodruff's theatrical connections, indignantly packed off the fair Anna as the bride of an Italian Prince, leaving Henry to assuage his grief in strong drink. He never married.

▲▲▲

Mal St. Clair was directing *The Small Town Idol.* There was a young man sent to him from the Belcher School of Dancing to do an exotic interpretive dance in it. His name was Ramon Samaniego. Today it is Ramon Novarro.

My Life Among the Stars

(*Continued from page* 85)

seemed to bring him much comfort. And one day as I stood there playing, thinking of life, what it meant—was there really anything to it?

MY mother was a wonderful cook! On Sundays, chicken and light, frothy dumplings, ice cream such as only mothers can freeze—all for 35 cents a dinner. That's something I've never been able to get over—the price of that dinner. You can see it couldn't bring enough to support us, that I realized I had to do something.

All that I knew, really, was my violin playing. My teacher was now giving me lessons for nothing. I turned to him and he sent me to the manager of the local theatre. "Because you are a pupil, I can give you only $15.00 a week, but you can have a place in the orchestra!" he told me.

Fifteen dollars a week was a life-saver for both me and mother. I played there for six months. It was exceptional experience. Playing for three vaudeville acts is no joke. You must pick up your cues, know what is going on back stage. It lays a splendid foundation for small-time stage knowledge.

During this six months, my father died. No! I didn't cry. I knew it was time for his passing. Mother and I couldn't have held out much longer. Having an invalid on your hands, even though he is your own father is pretty terrible. My mother was almost suffocated with sorrow. He was the only love of her life and even to have him near as an invalid brought inspiration. But she realized, too, he was better for him just at is happened. We sold the furniture and mother went to the Hotel Utah as assistant in the linen room.

To tell the truth, the death of my father meant freedom! As long as he lived I could never leave. I must always be the groceryman's—rooming house keeper's daughter. But *now!* vistas of doing something *big* and getting out of Salt Lake City loomed before me. I knew that the time had come—that in six months I would be out of high school, headed for fame and fortune. Just how it would come I could not imagine, but some way, some how—for now there was nothing, nothing whatever to hold to me. In a year two years—

In two years Miss Compson was in Hollywood and in pictures. In two years she had been in love with three men and nearly married each one in succession. How did she do it? Read it in the second installment of her life story in the next issue of *Screen Secrets*.

"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak"

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on *me* for a speech!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

I knew they were expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside.

I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced to Speak"—

Almost from the first word, the smiles and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers *now!* My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unfaltering—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling.

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I *had* been handicapped with a shy, timid, and retiring nature. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address board meetings.
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How to tell entertaining stories.
How to make after-dinner speeches.
How to converse interestingly.
How to write letters.
How to sell more goods.
How to train your memory.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to overcome stage fright.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to be the master of any situation.

A Lucky Accident

At last I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success.

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the *sheer power of convincing speech* has been the big secret of my success!"

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right *thing* in the right *way* at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun!

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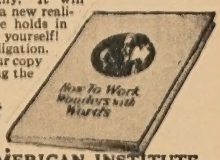

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¶ The Postal Pouch editor will answer your questions on this page. For a personal answer, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HELEN J.: The most popular and beautiful girl in Hollywood? Tut, tut, Helen! I'm not Mr. Ziegfeld! Conrad Nagel is very happily married—but not to Clara Bow. She is Scotch-Irish and single. Sure, Pola Negri is still an actress, though she is making pictures in Paris at present. Alice White is twenty-three, and Anita Page eighteen. Neither is married.

MARY ASTOR FAN: Your favorite was christened Lucille Langhanke, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, and is under contract to Fox Films, Hollywood. Clara Bow weighs one hundred and ten pounds. William Collier, Jr., has been appearing in Tiffany-Stahl productions lately, while Sally O'Neill can be reached at the R K O Studios, formerly known as F. B. O. Sally is just five feet tall, weighs one hundred and five, and was known in her pinafore days as Chotsy Noonan—with the shamrock as her personal emblem.

J. R. T.: Yes, Greta Garbo commits suicide in *A Woman of Affairs.* While you may see her and John Gilbert in other films sometime, it is understood that she and Nils Asther are to be screen lovers—*screen,* I said—henceforth. Also, the Asther-Garbo films are going to be printed on asbestos so they won't burn up the town.

BETTY H.: What sized shoes does Buddy Rogers wear? Aw gwan! I've never counted his teeth, either; but he was born on August 13, just twenty-four years ago. Write to our Fan Club Editor about his club. You wish you were Mary Brian? Well—maybe. She's a sweet youngster.

RUBY F.: You bet I remember you. We especially like old friends at the Postal Pouch. Clara Bow is twenty-three years old, five feet three and one-half inches tall, has red hair and agate eyes. No, the stars aren't too proud to write to their fans personally, they simply haven't time after working at least eight hours a day. Honestly, now, Ruby, could you work all day long, then go home every night and answer hundreds of letters from people you've never heard of? Since you must correspond with somebody "far away," try Santa Claus. Otherwise Clara is at Paramount, Hollywood.

Who Will Be Next?

Each month some star will send a personal reply to one of the letters of inquiry received by Postal Pouch. Ramon Novarro answered one of the letters this month and sent an attractive, large-sized autographed photograph of himself to Vera B. of Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Vera's letter and Ramon's reply appear below.

Dear Postal Pouch Man:

Thank you very much for the kind information I received. The weather is fine up here in "the cold lands" of Canada, as you say, and we have a swell time.

Can you give me some information about Ramon Novarro? Will you tell me his age, nationality, color of hair and eyes, height, or anything about him?

I'm coming back with more questions when I receive a reply to this one.

Wishing you loads of luck,

VERA B.
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Miss B:

Many thanks for your kind letter, and I will be very happy to give you the information you request.

I am a native of Mexico, my birthplace being Durango, and I was born February 6, 1900. My height is five feet, eight inches, and I have black hair and brown eyes.

May I take this means of expressing my appreciation of your interest in me and my work? It is indeed a pleasure to have someone interested in your pictures, and to know that you please them.

Sincerely,
RAMON NOVARRO

M. E. H.: Buck Jones is married and has a delightful eleven-year-old daughter, Maxine. William Haines is still single. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City. Buck is not making pictures at present. It would be impossible for one of the big stars to write to you personally, but maybe some of the newest actors who get very little fan mail could manage to squeeze in an answer themselves.

SUE M.: Try Greta Nissen at First National, Burbank, where she made *The Butter and Egg Man.* Janet Gaynor is engaged to Lydell Peck, a young San Francisco lawyer, but she and Charles Farrell are screen lovers. Their most recent picture has not yet been permanently titled, but I think it has a Holland setting. Can't you just see our Janet in a quaint little white Dutch cap?

ELOISE B.: Yes, I am a Sir, Miss, or Mrs. However did you guess? I'm quite sure William Haines mails out photographs—but don't forget the twenty-five cents. I don't happen to have ever seen Lois Hardwick's comedies; but maybe she will grow up into a big star some day, then you can say, "I knew her when—"

A RAMON NOVARRO FAN: Yes, he lives in Los Angeles, and has two sisters if I'm not mistaken. He is going to appear in talkies from now on, and you'll no doubt hear his gorgeous operatic singing voice—rendering the Suds Song from Lux, maybe. Renee Adoree and Dorothy Janis were in *The Pagan* with him. Any time Clara Bow is a dead one, just come to Hollywood and tell me all about it. Can't the poor girl have a cold in the head without everybody's wanting to send her crepe and lilies? Ruth Taylor is twenty-one years old and weighs one hundred and five pounds. Marion Davies and William Haines are both twenty-nine years old—just two days difference in ages!

Love Killed Him!

¶ Prince, Rudolph Valentino's German police dog, dies of a broken heart.

STARRED by Fate in one of the cruelest life dramas in which a dog was ever cast, Prince, the magnificent German police dog and boon companion of the late Rudolph Valentino, is dead in San Leandro, California.

The dog died of a broken heart after playing out his role to the bitter end, the role of a "one-man" dog whose inborn instinct of loyalty was the powerful element of tragedy.

Valentino, struck down in a New York City hospital nearly three years ago, in the prime of health and at the height of his much idolized screen career, was mourned by millions who soon forgot.

But Prince, in Hollywood at the time, never forgot. He waited for his master to come, and when Valentino never came, Prince suddenly disappeared from the star's home in Beverly Hills.

How the dog reached San Leandro is still a mystery.

ANYWAY, four months after Valentino had been buried, Prince walked into an office in San Leandro where Miss Mildred Pacheaco, pretty brunette, was employed as a stenographer. Footsore, shrunken from hunger and exposure, his once glossy coat a snarl of hair, the big animal mutely appealed to the young lady for the comforts that had once been his.

Not then knowing she was being kind to the famous comrade and bodyguard of her movie idol, Miss Pacheaco fed and bathed the uncouth "tramp" and took him to her home. Prince still wore the collar Valentino had placed about his neck. It bore his identification.

Miss Pacheaco was permitted to keep Prince. She immediately fell in love with the gaunt-framed, shaggy-haired dog, although her tender ministrations could not appease the animal's grief. Valentino's death had left a void in the mighty breast of the police dog, which none could fill. Far away from the glamour and excitement of bustling Hollywood, under the benign sun of quiet San Leandro, Prince waited in vain for the master who would never return. None but the hands of his new mistress were allowed to stroke his shaggy coat.

The big dog was given every comfort, yet only the dead Valentino was ever to know his affection. Through the long summer days, Prince dozed beneath the sun in the yard of the Pacheaco home, his head between his paws, his eyes blinking listlessly. He never played. Sometimes he would start up, sniff at some scent in the air and trot into the street as if expecting someone. But that someone never came.

So Prince died of a broken heart.

To Those Who *Do Not* Know

... THIS NEW *MODE* OF FEMININE HYGIENE ...

THE modern American woman is envied by the other women of the world today because of her independence. She is eager to take care of herself ... anxious to preserve far beyond the allotted years the bloom and buoyancy of youth. The modern American woman is fast learning that this depends largely upon a subject too often ignored ... upon *feminine hygiene.*

Heretofore, feminine hygiene has been achieved at great discomfort. Seldom convenient ... under some conditions it was impossible.

No Water - No Accessories

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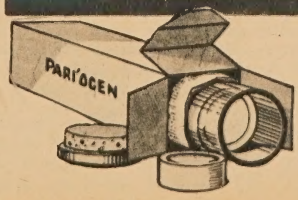

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How Director Howard Pulls the Strings

(*Continued from page* 49)

with her. But at the end of the third, even though I did agree with her, I said, "It may still be lousy, but we aren't going to spend the rest of our lives in a graveyard—" and that sequence was finished.

"Rod La Rocque? Ah! The swashbuckler of the cinema. He should be in the 18th century, scaling walls and riding over moats. He is terribly effective as an actor. And he's inclined to be *just an actor* in a character of which he is not fond. He was superb in *Gigolo*. But Rod had Gigolo long before he came into the picture. We merely took from him everything that he had and blended it with the other characters. He is a thorough student and very helpful. He depends upon no one to tell him about it. You may say, 'Rod, you are going to play an aviator in the *Lafayette Escadrille*,' and when he is called for the first day he comes in just like an aviator to the last detail of makeup and costume.

JETTA!" he smiled, rose and paced the floor, a bit hurriedly, unevenly.

"Well, she's the kind of a girl, who, if she were the greatest star in the world and were looking at one of her own pictures over the plaudits of a large and enthusiastic audience, would shrug her shoulders and say, 'The picture is wonderful, but it should have been much longer.'

"She is an amazing creature, that Goudal woman. She is the most brilliant woman in pictures. She knows more about a story than any director who directs her. Every story has its weaknesses and because Goudal is keenly aware of them she is constantly in a state of turmoil.

"Did you ever meet a woman whom you could kill at times and yet who fascinates you? She will leave the set on Tuesday evening gracious and kindly and on Wednesday morning walk in and speak to no one. She will pout and sulk and be tactful and beguiling and after you put all her moods together you will find she has given you a picture which is splendidly acted and intelligently perfect.

"I directed her in *White Gold*. The morning she came in and refused to speak when she had left the evening before in perfect good humor, I went over to her and said, quietly, 'If you're feeling badly, I'm sorry. Perhaps you'd rather not work today.'

"A shrug was my answer.

"We did another scene. She was perfectly indifferent. My patience was exhausted. I went over and said, 'You're no help to me here or no help to the picture. Please go home. When you feel better, come back, and not until then."

SHE looked around like a surprised child for a moment, but finally went home. She came back in a few days and resumed work as though nothing had happened. But there is certainly no set way to handle this woman. She's the kind I'd like to number among my interesting frineds, but the kind with whom I'd never want to make another picture.

"Schildkraut and Dresser? They are removed from the usual run of Hollywood players. Their characters are mellow, rounded out on the stage and screen of life as well as make-believe. They have reached the point where their viewpoint is solid and sweet and lovely and they make work a joy for the director.

"Janet Gaynor!" William K. Howard paused, rose, started pacing the floor again, but in different strides from when he had discussed Jetta. Now they were firm and assured. And his long, indrawn "Ah" was a cross between a sigh and an exclamation point.

"She is the greatest feminine personality in pictures, and she hasn't even started! When they stop making her suffer and she is permitted to show her talents as a comedienne, as well as an emotional actress, she will reach a peak surpassing even *Seventh Heaven*.

"A director has only to explain. He doesn't even rehearse. It is wonderful how she gives to the screen more than you have thought of yourself. Her frailty is her one great hazard. She gives so much of herself that 12 weeks on a picture is likely to leave her in bad shape physically.

"She's like a little mouse, with all the emotional qualities of Gish, but where Gish is ethereal, Gaynor is womanly. You can imagine her married to someone—the mother of little children.

"She absorbs a scene with one telling—and then she gives it something that just telling could never give her. Her acting is a gift, like the voice of Caruso or John McCormack!"

In forthcoming issues other directors will tell you how they handle the stars whom they direct.

—o—

SOME Paramount guests were being entertained in Buddy Rogers' dressing room. Buddy was strumming away on his miniature piano. Mary Brian was there too, listening intently. One of the guests spoke up:

"Miss Brian, do you play?"

Mary smiled and nodded.

"A little," she said.

"How's your Chopin?"

Before Mary had time to answer, Buddy whirled around on the bench and said, "Show pan? Great! Didn't you ever see her on the screen?"

—o—

GEORGE FAWCETT met an old acquaintance.

"Ya working, George?"

"Yep."

"*Drunk* again?"

"Oh, no, playing *fathers* now."

The McLaglen family in 1919, after Victor's mother and brother Fred had passed on. Standing, left to right, Leo, Kenneth, Clifford, Lewis, Cyril and Victor. Seated, Tweedy, Lily and Andrew, the father. Abdullah, Victor's Arabian servant, imported from Baghdad, reclines in his native robes in front of this group.

McLaglen—Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page* 44)

Wilhelm ever assembled at Potsdam. Special spurs that tinkled as we walked. Jack boots, white buckskin breeches, a red jacket, a hat with a plume.

BY the time nine months was up, I was still a kid, but I knew something of the rudiments of soldiering. I knew the sort of horseplay to expect in the barracks and the pranks that were played. I also knew that some day I was going to get the big plate of meat that "Daddy" Cooper dished up for himself every meal at the mess table. Cooper was the official mess master. The plates were always lined up for his filling. First the meat went on them, then the "gob-stick" slapped down the vegetables. And every time Cooper, himself, got the biggest hunk of meat by calling "Time!" and grabbing his plate before anyone else had a chance at it. I made a plan to outwit him.

This day they had turnips. I hated turnips, anyway. So when Cooper was ladling them out, and just before he came to his plate, I yelled: "I don't want turnips," and grabbed the plate. The "gob-stick" of turnips landed full in my face. And my fist landed in "Daddy" Cooper's eye. It developed into a beautiful "shiner." But I got the plateful of meat.

There was an official investigation. We were brought up before Colonel Bingham, who is now General Sir Cecil Bingham. He asked for an explanation.

"He was a-chewin' the fat to me while I was a-dishin' out the mess," Cooper told him.

"We can't have our men going around the barracks with black eyes," the Colonel told me, seriously, with a grin lurking behind his eyes. "Your leaves will be curtailed until Trooper Cooper's eye returns to normal."

Every day, then, I'd cautiously examine Cooper's eye. We weren't on speaking terms, but I would manage to see its progress. Finally it was but faintly yellow, with a tinge of green. I went to Colonel Bingham. "Trooper Cooper's eye is about well, sir. It's just about as good as new. Could I have my leave now, sir?"

THAT night Tom Elborn and myself, in red jackets, skin-tight trousers, gloves, sticks and tinkling spurs, paid a social visit to a neighboring pub. We walked up to the bar, three shillings jingling in our pockets, and ordered "two ales and two bitters."

Down the bar a distance was a corporal of the Royal horse artillery. Between the Life Guards and the Royal Horse was terrific rivalry, particularly because the latter rode to the right of the line on parade. The corporal ordered a whiskey and soda and moved down toward us. He raised his glass and in tones that could be heard all

(*Turn to page* 93)

Phyllis Haver
Pathe film star, is one of the screen's most enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.

The Stockingless Style

—the infallible test of a woman's daintiness

Imported along with other chic fashions from France, the stockingless style is sponsored by America's smartest younger set. But—it is a style you can *only* enjoy when you know that your legs are absolutely free of superfluous hair.

Before you go without stockings, or even before you put on your lovely, sheer, all-revealing hose, use Del-a-tone Cream.

Snowy-white, faintly fragrant, it will quickly and completely remove every trace of offending hair from your legs—leaving your skin soft and velvety smooth.

Dainty women find Del-a-tone indispensable, too, in removing hair from under-arm, forearm, back of neck and face.

One trial will convince you that it has advantages to be found in no other product of its kind. Send coupon today for trial package.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if not satisfied. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 97, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

Hair-free legs

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

Miss Mildred Hadley,
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Please send me, in plain wrapper, prepaid, trial package of Del-a-tone as checked herewith, for which I enclose 10c.

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In addition to our Low Price, I will send for your approval one of these Standard Watches, guaranteed for a lifetime of satisfactory service, not only by the Santa Fe Watch Company, but by the Great Illinois Watch Factory. They are found in the pockets of men in the service on every railroad in this country. Senators, Congressmen and Governors keep their official appointments by "Santa Fe Special" time. Thousands of these splendid watches are in use all over the World. If you want one on my liberal new LOW PRICE PLAN, write for Free Watch Book today and make your selection. I will send the Watch WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN—I will even allow you to wear the Watch 30 days FREE—then sell it to you on a binding money-back guarantee.

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Shows newest watch case designs in 4 colors. READ the so-called SECRETS of watch making. READ how you can save from ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF of your money—Buy "Direct." The wise man will act quickly if he wants a watch. EASY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOU—Write today—Your name on a postal brings the FREE Watch Book.

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Please send me the new Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.

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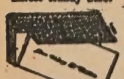
Latest Handy Size. 50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 35¢



Size 1¾x2¼. Choice of old English, Plain or Script Types.
Address - - - - - - 10c Extra
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With Novelty case and Fancy box. Send Stamps, Coin, or Money Order. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded. Agents Wanted.

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Hard to Get

(*Continued from page* 40)

She had heard Marty speak a hundred times of Jerry Dillon who was day floor man in the garage where Marty worked. But she'd never dreamed that Jerry Dillon could be the interesting young man in the Rolls-Royce who didn't seem to think that a drive downtown rated anything more than a thank you and a smile.

"Well," Jerry remarked, "I didn't know you were the sister of any such lowbrow as Marty."

"You never can tell," she replied, which is true enough.

BOBBIE was afraid that Dexter would come and when something was said about riding out to a roadhouse she was ready in a minute.

The car at the door had caused a stir in the neighborhood but it wasn't the Rolls-Royce. That had been a car he was tinkering up for somebody. But this one had Rolls-Royce parts in it, he said, and parts of almost all the other makes you could think of off hand.

They ditched Marty and made an evening of it, such an evening as Bobbie hadn't had in a pale blue moon. And yet, after all, Bobbie thought, what was the difference between this and a hundred other evenings?

Only this, perhaps, that Jerry's iron hard arm thrilled her and Jerry's line brought easy smiles and Jerry's dancing feet played a merry little game of tag with hers till he told her she'd forgot how to loosen up and dance as though she enjoyed it.

She was a little glad that Jerry didn't buy her drinks, and didn't take anything himself, in fact. And she, when they rambled on to a midnight spread, ordered chicken a la king instead of lobster a la Newburgh.

Oh, it was a different evening and mostly so that she didn't have to think about being the hard-to-get kind. He didn't even kiss her much when he said good-night. Not enough, to be exact.

She slipped into the dingy flat earlier that night than she had in weeks and shed in the dark of her room the dainty finery that had always meant so much to her without really thinking about it at all.

Suddenly in the dark she stood motionless for a moment remembering not only that he hadn't lingered, hadn't put any hidden meanings in his goodbyes, but that he hadn't said anything at all about seeing her again.

Her thoughts were winging now to the telephone book, to the call she would put through some time to the garage where he worked or to the house where Marty had told her he lived with his mother, not at all the kind of mother she had met once so casually with Dexter Courtland.

IT DIDN'T help any in the morning for Marty to tell her that she needn't go chasing Jerry Dillon. He had enough girls after him already. And was he hard to get!

"Well," she snapped, "if I chase anybody it will be the first time. Mr. Jerry Dillon needn't think he is a little tin god on wheels."

In this mood she accepted Dex Courtland's apologies with his roses that day and promised to show him a peach of a new dancing place.

And so, without an idea in the world that Jerry Dillon was peering under the hood of his car a few blocks down the street where it had played him false on the way to her house, Bobbie Martin piloted Dex Courtland and his Rolls to the new little dancing place and wondered what had happened to it in twenty-four hours.

When Marty and Jerry reached the spot an hour or so afterward with a couple of girls they had "picked up" there was the making of minor drama, and for no reason at all Bobbie wouldn't look at Jerry across the crowded dance floor, nor would Jerry look at her.

TO make matters worse, Bobbie paid no attention to Dex and presently he lost a little of his high social polish and marched her out of the place and into the big car.

"Where do you think you're going?" Bobbie asked him as he ran the needle up to seventy in a straight bit of road headed away from home.

"I don't know and I don't care," Courtland growled. "But I know this, you aren't going to play me anymore. I've had about enough."

Bobbie froze into silence and wondered what Jerry would say if she jumped out and killed herself.

The car lurched into a side road presently and when it rode to a stop the young lady who knew her way around and who could take care of herself found that she was fighting breathlessly in the arms of a man she despised.

He threatened first that he would make her walk back and then he tried to apologize to the empty night but his temper was gone at last and he jammed the clutch in viciously and found another way back while Bobbie Martin marched head up and with flaming cheeks along the pavement back to town.

IT WASN'T many miles before she stumbled upon a crazy machine with a young man's head beneath its hood. The tears in her eyes hadn't blinded her to the fact that it was Jerry's car and that it must be Jerry's head under the lifted panel.

Her heart sang for she knew that Jerry had ditched the other girl and gone in quest of her, but when she spoke to him his face frightened her.

He looked at her steadily for a moment and then turned back to the troublesome mechanism of the car.

A little sob escaped her but he paid her no heed.

She dropped down upon the running board, her face in her hands.

She heard him talking to himself, talking terrible things to the car that had failed him, talking garage profanity that made her heart leap with a wondering joy because she knew he had cared, because she knew that he had tried to find her—tried to save her.

He spoke to her for the first time, as he carefully closed the hood of the car.

"Where," he demanded in tones that chilled her heart, "is your boy friend? Is he through with you, too?"

She sprang up with eyes that flamed. She sought to speak but couldn't trust her voice. Then she swung about and, head high again, strode as proudly as she could down the moonlit pavement.

"Hey," his voice boomed in the night.

She stopped but did not turn. With all her will she sought to take another step forward but couldn't. She stood there and swayed, wondering if she were going to faint.

COME back here," he ordered as rudely as any man might speak to —that kind of woman.

Her proud heart told her that she wouldn't hear him, wouldn't heed his command but her aching feet played her false and led her, trembling, back.

She felt his gaze, deliberately avoiding hers, fall to her broken slippers. Then he turned away and strode into the circle of light before the head-lamps of his car.

"Come here," he commanded again and, fighting against the command with her weakening will, she followed him into the glare.

Now her eyes turned from him. Her cheeks grew warmer, flamed with chagrin if not with shame. But she knew his eyes were still upon her feet.

Those broken little slippers told their own story. Without her knowing it they pleaded for her. He knelt down in the road before her.

"I guess," he said slowly, "I guess—your slippers—tell the story. I'm a damned fool."

And now she was in his arms there in the gleam of the headlights and forever after she forgot about being—hard to get.

—o—

Her Own Secret

DURING the filming of *The Doctor's Secret*, at the Paramount studios, the microphone picked up a peculiar swish-tock, swish-tock, swish-tock sound which technicians with the sound devices could not trace. The noise was distinctly audible in a sequence wherein an English maid entered a room in response to a call from Ruth Chattreton. The electrical system was checked for flaws, but none were found. And then a keen-eyed technician discovered that the peculiar sounds synchronized perfectly with the maid's steps as she walked.

The girl was knock-kneed.

McLaglen—Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page* 91)

over the pub, he said: 'Here's to the right of the line, and the pride of the British Army—the Royal Horse artillery!"

He repeated it three times, so I went over and knocked him through the glass door. It was after that I met Colonel Bingham for the second time, and it was decided that the cost of the new door would come out of my pay.

I SHOULD have learned by the time kit inspection came again not to throw my fists around promiscuously, but fighting was second if not first nature to me. I had already won first prize as the champion boxer of the regiment, along with a prize for rifle marksmanship, sword competition on horseback, lance jousting in the field, and had dueled before the President of France and Prince Edward at the Agricultural hall. But, no, I had to fight.

This time I had my kit all laid out for inspection. Socks, shoes, underwear, uniform, all spread out on my bed. I turned my head and turned it back to find my socks gone. There was only one person who would have taken them. "Did you take my socks, you blinking fool?" I asked. We had to pay for our uniforms and accessories out of our salary. He didn't deny it.

"Well, you can meet me in back of the dunghill at three o'clock and bring your second."

And so, after the dunghill incident, I met Colonel Bingham in an official capacity for the third time. This time he said, "What you need is a damned good hiding."

I was about six feet two by that time and few could administer it. Least of all did I expect my father to. But he did. When I was seventeen and a half, my family, by parental right, had me released from the army. In so doing my father didn't give me a physical beating, but it was far worse, to my way of thinking. I was no longer a soldier. I was a veteran without a battle. I went home to Kent, but I still had an itching heel.

NOW then, it wasn't long before I was restless. I read, eagerly, the glowing advertisements of the Golden West, of Canada where a Briton should go. I read again the accounts of my father's work in South Africa, when he trained troups in Madagascar; of his adventures in Mauritius. I wanted to be on my way to carve out a future of my own. My father felt my impatience and advanced me funds to go West.

When I was 18, I was aboard the Lake Champlain, steerage, bound for a new world. Across from me at the mess table sat a big burly fellow with hands like huge mutton chops. His arms, even down on his wrists, were tattooed. He

(*Turn to page* 96)

$100 in 1 Week

If you want to make more money, read this: With my plan Van Allen's income jumped from $23 to $100 a week. Sanchez, a former store clerk, now makes $4 and $5 an hour. Hanson, a former drug clerk, makes $75 a week in spare time. Rachael Schryer, a former school teacher, makes as high as $23 a day. And now I am offering you the same chance to make big money that I gave these people.

Albert Mills

Groceries at Wholesale—and $15 a Day Besides!

Yes, right now, I'll give you groceries at rock-bottom, wholesale prices and a chance to make $15 a day! I'll give you the same chance I gave to John Tyler, of Pennsylvania, who reports earnings of $30 to $35 a day. Gustav Karnath, of Minnesota, says, "Made $20.35 the first 5 hours." Mrs. B. L. Hodges, of New York, writes, "Never fail to make $18 to $20 a day." You can make big money like this. Just send me your name and I'll give you full details of my remarkable offer.

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I am President of a Million-Dollar Company. I distribute high-quality Groceries and other Household Necessities direct from factory to user through Authorized Local Representatives. Last year my Representatives made nearly **two million dollars!** Now I invite you to share in this big money. I'll help you make money from the very start. And I will give you Groceries, Toilet Goods, and other Household Necessities **at savings of nearly one-half!**

No Capital or Experience Needed

You don't need capital, training or experience. All you have to do is call on your friends and my established customers in your locality and take care of their orders. You will have your own exclusive territory. **You alone get the profit on all orders from your territory.** I never sell to stores. YOU DON'T RISK A CENT. Keep your present job and start with me in **spare time** if you want to. Oscar Stuart, of W. Virginia, reports earnings of $18 in 2½ hours of spare time.

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NOT a contest. I offer you a new car free of cost—as an extra reward—*in addition* to your large cash earnings. Mail coupon for full information.

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Simply mail the coupon. I'll give you full details of my amazing new plan that gives you **groceries at wholesale** and a chance to make $15 a day besides. I will tell you how to get a newest model Ford Tudor Sedan free of cost. So don't lose a moment. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co., 1417 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me, without cost or obligation, all the facts about your new proposition that offers Groceries at wholesale and $15 a day besides. Also explain your Free Ford Offer.

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$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

Find 5 Objects

Starting with the Letter

"C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,800.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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Coogan's Crown for Sonny Boy?

(*Continued from page 35*)

Moulded in the same stamp as Jackie Coogan of earlier film fame, Davey gives promise of leading a successful life on the screen and has already in a large measure taken the place of his youthful contemporary. He remains, for all the attention given him, just Davey Lee, a little four-year-old boy who would rather play in the sand pile than be a star.

True to Type

(*Continued from page 29*)

time. That was my first camera work. At night I did a number on the Century Roof."

The lead that brought her to Hollywood, from Mr. Ziegfeld's shows where she had done her bit to glorify the Follies, was opposite Monte Blue. The picture was called *A Perfect Crime.*

"And I am afraid it was as far as my acting was concerned," said Jackie, lips a little crescent of mirth, tapping her cigarette in a small brass tray. "I should have done bits and minor parts, lots of them, before I attempted anything as pretentious as a lead. But I didn't. That was one mistake."

JACKIE was so bad, if you'll believe her, that she was immediately given another lead. And another and another and another. Figure it out for yourself. The producers did, and kept on giving her bigger and better parts. They knew a good bet when they saw it, even if Jackie thought she was a total loss.

"My second experience as leading woman was about as bad as the first. And it was all my fault. Tom Meighan had always been my favorite actor and when I was cast to play opposite him, all I did was stand around and gape. I was all awe and adoration. When I should have been acting, I was watching Tommie. And even when I wasn't supposed to be acting, I was watching Tom. 'My performance was frightful."

But Jackie's star was as much in the ascendency as was great-grand-uncle John's when he formed the Thirty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers and marched forth as Colonel to help free the slaves. She acquired a Paramount contract and it was only when she signed with the Thomas H. Ince Company that trouble frowned. With Mr. Ince's death, the company went to pieces. All of Jackie's high hopes were shattered. Like all other players under contract to Ince, she was out in the cold.

"What was there to do? You can't sit and fold your hands. You have to keep going. There were no contracts forthcoming from other big companies. I made some small independent pictures. 'Quickies,' you know."

In those days of five years ago, "quickies" were pariah dogs, skirting the edge of Hollywood, obliged to show their wares at small, shabby theatres. Unhonored and unsung, they were beyond the pale. But times and "quickies," like women, have changed. However, it was with no less bravery than the other Logan showed at Fort Donelson that Jackie went into the independent field. And won.

THINGS went well for a time. As well as Sherman's triumphant march through Georgia with General Logan in the vanguard. Our modern Jackie signed a Fox contract. But met with other difficulties.

"I was put in parts to which I was ut-

terly unsuited. Plays that had already been bought and, therefore, must be produced. It was a very unhappy circumstance."

It was all part of the gaff. When Jackie finally signed a contract with Cecil B. De Mille to play the part of the repentant Magdalene in *The King of Kings*, she breathed a sigh of relief and thought her troubles were over. They were—for a while. But only for a while.

IT WAS not only that. She was having troubles outside of pictures. A certain dashing Ralph Gillespie had laid seige to her heart and in a month had won it. He was something of a broker. A very charming fellow. But he didn't work at his craft, and things were all wrong. It ended by divorce, after a year.

That being dispensed with, the course seemed perfect for clear sailing. But not so. The De Mille organization was absorbed by Pathe, Cecil B., himself, transferred his artistic talents to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and all those pretty gelatins that Jackie had made with Bill Boyd and Alan Hale—*Power* and *The Cop* and the rest—were things of the past.

It was enough to make anyone commit early matrimony at Agua Caliente, the Mexican resort. Which was exactly what Jackie did. A tentative marriage to Larry Winston, which to become valid, would have to be repeated on this side of the border after the Gillespie divorce was a year old.

But there's still the grand old Logan pluck and luck and valor. Free-lancing and doing well, thank you, which would cause the twinkling eyes of General John Alexander to beam.

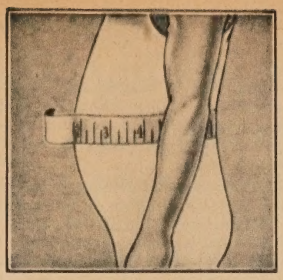
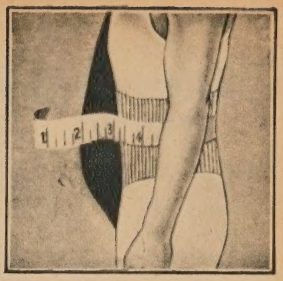
Meet Mrs. John Gilbert!

(*Continued from page* 28)

screen. Many have been the rumors of romance to link Gilbert's name with fair Hollywood stars. Even a few months ago we heard of his long distance telephone calls to Greta Garbo during her visit to Sweden. Once they were nearly wed. Others, too, have figured in these stories of romance, and for years the matchmakers hoped for something to come of Gilbert's affection for Renee Adoree. They failed to realize that this was a brother-siser attraction; that these two would never be sweethearts.

John has written his own surprise ending to all these surmises. May the last words be: "They lived happily ever after!"

Tourists who found it hard to get into the studios are up against a still harder obstacle now. No one can go on sound stages, least of all, those outside the profession.

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Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 1007 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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2 BUNDLES $3.80 ETC. 5 YDS FREE ALSO A PAIR SCISSORS

DIANA DRESS GOODS CO.
279 N. Wells St. Dept. 562, Chicago

McLaglen—Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page 93*)

was about 30. A rugged sort of chap, full of energy. I liked him. We struck up an acquaintance. He told me he had been 10 years in the British Navy. His name was Jack.

Here was the kind of man, I thought, who would be good on a homestead. The government offered 160 acres to everyone who would improve them. By the time we landed on the coast of New Brunswick, Jack and I were pals. We made our way to a little town near Montreal, and sat down to figure out a way to earn enough to stake ourselves on our homestead. There was food and bedding and clothes to buy.

A farmer named Grove needed two men, we heard, and soon we were trudging down the road to his house. But he wanted only one. I got the job and Jack walked on six miles to a friend of Grove's who also wanted a hired hand.

At meal time I could have eaten a whole joint of beef myself. They ladled out a small portion. Once I gathered enough courage to ask for another helping. Grove, a big hulking man who ate with his knife, looked at me and said, reproachfully, "You're hungry tonight!"

I WOULD have stayed there longer, because at least it was a place to lay my head, but one day, Grove ordered me to take a pig to town and while I was chinning with the man with whom I was to transact business, he told me I was too smart a boy to waste my time there, when they were picking silver nuggets off the ground in Cobalt, up near Lake Timiskaming in Northern Ontario.

That night I bundled up my few possessions and walked the six miles to where Jack worked. I got there at supper time, to see Jack seated at the head of the table with his employer's 11 daughters waiting on him and the old man asleep upstairs. Jack joined me in the hayloft and I told him Grove and I were at quits; that I wanted to be on my way to Cobalt and silver. Jack debated a moment, a stealthy moon picking up the scars on his chest where an open shirt revealed them. They were scars inflicted by Chinese during the Boxer Rebellion, he told me. He was thinking, probably, of the 11 daughters, the old man's health, which was none too good, and of his natural succession to head of the house, and then he put his hand in mine: "Kid, I'm with you." We slid out of the haymow and in half an hour we were on the road, bound for Ottawa to board a train that would take us as far as our money would permit.

The money wouldn't have taken us very far, and we were prepared to walk, but we met up with a crew of Italian road workers bound for Bird's Creek. One of the foremen asked us if we didn't want to go along as crew leaders, and we did. We soon eased our way out, however, and shoved toward North Bay, on the road to Cobalt. North Bay, then, was a rough and ready little town, full of miners. We struck an inn that night and Jack won over the miners with his ballads. He sang *Brave Robert Emmett* and *The Song of the Thrush,* while the tears streamed freely and one old miner got up and passed his hat until it was full of clinking coins. Enough to send us to our destination.

ON THE train to Colbalt, we met a little Russian-Jew named Silverman. He promised me a job at $2.50 a day, when we arrived in Cobalt. It was a squatter's town, built on the left of the railroad track. There were no hotels. We stopped at a Syrian's place. Twelve bunks in a room. A blazing stove. Outside were men in moccasins, knitted caps, whiskers. It was a typical Northwoods town.

All that night Jack lay in his bunk staring at me out of strange, glassy, unseeing eyes. "Jack!" I called, peering down into the dark at him. "Jack, old fellow! Come out of it." He only stared, unhearing, unheeding. That was an eerie night, with that maniac staring through the dim room at me.

I have had frights. Nothing, to this day, will make me walk down a dark stairway without a flashlight in hand. Once, in England, I stepped on a woman, a woman of the streets, as I walked down a dark stairway. I shall never forget the feel of soft flesh beneath my foot. Nothing can induce me to walk backwards, because I received a terrific blow from a lamp post once when doing that. Those are the only two things that I, now, have any definite fear of. But I shall never forget that strange night with Jack crouching in his bunk, his eyes gleaming at me.

In the morning, I went out to get some grub, and while I was gone, Jack went completely mad and they had to restrain him. They took him away.

THERE I was, a kid of 19, with $40 accumulated, sick to death of the Syrian's place, craving to get into the open. I went about two miles out of Cobalt into the tamarack woods, smelling of pine, agleam with cedars and maples, and hewed me some logs. I built a sizeable cabin and, funds exhausted, sat wondering about a roof.

Read how the youth Victor wrestled and fought in the Canadian timberlands, toured the world as a pugilist and stage actor and returned to England to recruit 600 men in 1914. How he was sent to old Baghdad, his plans of marriage and settling down into a thriving camel caravan business. And his return again to England, his marriage there—and the call to motion pictures and Hollywood, in the August issue of

SCREEN SECRETS
Out July 10

Classified Picture Guide

(*Other reviews will be found on page* 74)

DRAMA

ALIBI—A cabaret and a murder, with Regis Toomey doing the dying in Harry Stubbs' palatial night-life haunt. The work of Mae Busch and Irma Harrison helps to swing this picture into the first rank of the talkies and it may be counted on to give *The Broadway Melody* a run for its money.—*United Artists.*

WILD ORCHIDS—A gorgeous story of life in Java, with Greta Garbo falling for the fatal charms of Nils Asther, who plays a Javanese prince in this opus. But Greta's married to Lewis Stone, who, in a fit of anger, exposes Nils to a tiger, only to later relent and prove himself a gentleman.—*M-G-M.*

THE IRON MASK—Douglas Fairbanks and Marguerite de la Motte race through a picture alive with romance and as thrilling as only Douglas can make motion pictures. It proves that although well along in his forties, Doug still remains the most romantic figure in the world.—*United Artists.*

THE MAN AND THE MOMENT—Billie Dove and Rod LaRocque make a good picture out of Elinor Glyn's story. It deals with Madame Glyn's favorite plot of marrying the girl and then having her torn away from her husband on the eve of their honeymoon. Airplanes add a snappy touch to the picture and the minutes fairly fly!—*First National.*

THE LEATHERNECKS—William Boyd, Alan Hale and Robert Armstrong are buddies in the Marine Corps, who get into beaucoup trouble when the scenes shift from France to Russia to China. There is plenty of excitement and red-blooded action in this film. —*Pathe.*

WOLF SONG—Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper go through numerous love scenes which look for all the world like the real thing. Lupe sings industriously throughout the picture and does a good job of it, too.—*Paramount.*

THE FLYING FLEET—Ramon Novarro has the whole U. S. Navy supporting him in this production. Anita Page and Ralph Graves contribute enough of their personalities to rate a good word. The most effective aerial photography since *Wings*, will greet you here. There is a lost plane and a thrilling rescue, with Ramon providing the hero's tricks. —*M-G-M.*

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Bessie Love stands out in this splendid story of the Great White Way. Anita Page is her attractive sister. They play a vaudeville act and the unstable affections of a song writer do much to complicate matters. A new high mark in talking pictures.—*M-G-M.*

THE DIVINE LADY—Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi play Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson in a glamorous account of the historic romance. The climax, of course, occurs at Trafalgar, with impressive naval scenes.—*First National.*

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—Lupe Velez contributes effective work in just a fair picture. Love and lechery in diplomatic circles and a demonstration of love's triumph over social obstacles keeps the opus in the mediocre class. —*United Artists.*

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET—George Bancroft, Wall Street stock broker. Baclanova and Nancy Carroll provide the love interest, in which Bancroft finds himself holding the sack. George's fans should appreciate his talking performance here.—*Paramount.*

THE CANARY MURDER CASE—S. S. Van Dine intrigues picture house audiences with a clever mystery story talkie. Clever stuff—*Paramount.*

DESERT NIGHTS—One of those stories with a light plot, but John Gilbert's presence, together with the charming personality of Mary Nolan, helps to keep the picture from obscurity.—*M-G-M.*

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET — Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner and John Loder make a good talkie out of Barrie's *Half An Hour.* For adults only.—*Paramount.*

IN OLD ARIZONA—Actual sounds from God's great outdoors help make a genuine wow, although the story, by O. Henry, is a wow to begin with. Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe are excellent.—*Fox.*

SHOPWORN ANGEL—Gary Cooper's innocence and Nancy Carroll's inky past combine with tortures of war-time heartbreak to make this film.—*Paramount.*

COMEDY

THE DUKE STEPS OUT — Bill Haines in another of his inimitable sketches. Gwen Lee and Joan Crawford help speed up the action and manage to keep pace with Bill in a rollicking story of college, the prize ring and love.—*M-G-M.*

SPITE MARRIAGE—Buster Keaton flashes his poker face in this side-splitter. Dorothy Sebastian furnishes the romance, but leaves Buster flat and marries another.—*M-G-M.*

WHY BE GOOD?—Colleen Moore and Neil Hamilton play the shop girl and the son of the store owner, respectively. How can Neil help but fall in love with Colleen? He does and everybody's happy—*First National.*

THE GHOST TALKS—Helen Twelvetrees, a film newcomer, but an accomplished stage actress, acquits herself well in this mystery farce.—*Fox.*

SHOW PEOPLE—Marion Davies has Bill Haines to speed along this highly entertaining comedy, which shows a background of other movie celebrities. —*M-G-M.*

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

what is their dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men *at will.* One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can *truthfully* say "I don't understand what men see in her."
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Our Modern Maidens

(*Continued from page 73*)

Kentucky gravely pinned on Billie's shoulder a tiny enameled forget-me-not, then pressed her cheek against it.

"Silly baby!" laughed Billie tenderly, kissing Kentucky. "You are more nervous than I! Cheer up—this isn't your funeral! Now run along and jump into your pretty gown."

AT LAST the procession moved slowly down the wide stairs toward the altar where Gil nervously waited with his best man. Billie, on the arm of her father, seemed to see Glenn Abbott's grim, set face before her. For a moment she wondered if she could go through with the ceremony. But the sight of the room crowded with all the best people and members of the press recalled her to her senses. Like an actress playing a difficult role, she took her place at the altar beside Gil.

Above the bowed heads of Billie and Gil the clergyman's voice solemnly intoned, "if there be one among you that knows any reason why this man and woman should not be joined in holy wedlock, let him speak now or forever after hold his peace."

Kentucky looked up suddenly, her lips parted as if in answer to this challenge; but no words came. Her stricken eyes fell once more to the flowers held tightly in her shaking hands.

For an instant Gil, too, looked up quickly; then, like Kentucky, he silently dropped his eyes again.

The ceremony was over. Confusion reigned. Toasts were drunk to the bride as she strolled gaily from group to group, the life of the party as always.

"It's time to go," B. B. B. reminded her at last; and under his breath he added anxiously, "Remember to face the cameras!"

Gil seized Billie's arm and ran her to the steps. For an instant she paused, laughing down at the upturned faces of her bridesmaids.

Kentucky, her very heart in her eyes as she looked up at Billie and Gil, did not know that the bridal bouquet fell at her feet. She was not even aware of the other girls scrambling wildly for it.

BILLIE, dressed in her travelling suit, paused beside the window of her boudoir, lost in desperate thoughts of her own. Nervously she twisted the wedding ring on her finger, her eyes straying involuntarily toward the hills. With an effort she recalled herself and looked about the familiar room she was about to leave behind her, and with it, all that reminded her of her happy, carefree girlhood. Reluctantly she crossed the room and opened the door.

Gil was going downstairs, blithely whistling a syncopated version of the wedding march. From Billie's sitting room, Kentucky watched him. As he passed from sight, she sagged limply against the wall.

In a bewildered flash, Billie read the passionate love mirrored in Kentucky's eyes. She stepped over to her and slipped an arm about her waist. Kentucky, tragic and broken, did not move. She did not even seem aware of Billie's eyes anxiously looking into hers.

"'Tuck—'Tuck, honey!" cried Billie, shaking her gently. "What is it, baby?" Kentucky stared ahead, apparently deaf to Billie's alarmed questions.

DOWNSTAIRS the girls were pelting Gil with rice and shouting wisecracks. Through the tumult came Blondie's cry, "Get the bride!"

As the youngsters crowded toward the stairs Billie led—almost carried—Kentucky into her room and gently forced her to the edge of the bed. Billie had just time enough to run to her boudoir for a glass of champagne, and return to Kentucky before the crowd of young people swarmed upstairs in search of her.

"Nobody home!" announced Reg from Billie's boudoir. "Let's lock the groom in here until we find his bride. They're not going to make a sneak on us!"

"Aw, have a heart!" protested Gil good-naturedly; but his pleas fell on deaf ears.

Locked alone in Billie's room, his uneasiness returned full force.

Billie was urging Kentucky to drink the champagne to steady her nerves. Suddenly the girl snatched up the glass and, recklessly crying, "Bottoms up!" drained the contents. Billie watched her puzzledly.

Gil, in the adjoining room, heard with a growing sense of foreboding Kentucky's wild toast. Dimly he linked it with that memorable moonlit night when the two of them had carelessly drunk "bottoms up" together. He wanted to go into the room; yet something restrained him.

Billie, anxiously wondering how to bring up the subject of Gil in the kindest manner, absently picked up a bottle of cologne, and with her other hand reached into a drawer for a handkerchief. As she touched the purse, Kentucky screamed and snatched it to her breast, spilling half the contents to the floor.

There in plain sight lay the professional card of a noted obstetrician, and beside it a narrow wedding ring.

Kentucky sank to the bed. "I didn't want you to know, Billie! I didn't want you to know!" she cried brokenly.

Gradually the horror of the situation crept upon Billie, who drew Kentucky into her arms, seeking in vain for words with which to comfort her.

Gil, unable to remain alone any longer, opened the door between their rooms. He stopped short at the sight of Kentucky huddled in a pathetic heap against the dazed Billie. It was 'Tuck who saw him first.

"Oh, Gil!" she sobbed. "I was trying to be so brave. I didn't want Billie

and you to know. I so much wanted you to be happy!"

Gil's eyes dropped to the card now held loosely in Billie's fingers. Silently he crossed to Kentucky and took her in his arms protectingly. She shrank away from him.

BILLIE, standing apart from the stricken boy and girl, desperately searched for a solution to the tragedy. From the drawing room downstairs came the blare of instruments playing *The Big Brass Band,* B. B. B.'s song—his creed. *Play with the devil and pay in hell*—if you must! For years she had played carelessly without thought of payment. Now the debt must be scored. Well, she *would* pay. Kentucky must be spared at all cost.

Swiftly she stepped up beside them. "Stay here, and don't talk," she commanded, trying to summon her old gay smile. "No matter what anyone says or asks, *don't talk!* Everything will be all right."

"But Billie, what—?"

"Never mind, Gil. It's for the best. Stay here with Kentucky, who needs you." She gathered the girl into her arms for a fleeting moment, whispering words of encouragement and love. Tenderly, then, she kissed Gil; and in another moment she was gone.

Outside the door she prayed, for the first time in her life that she could remember. "Oh, God, give me an inspiration."

B. Bickering Brown burst into her sitting room, excited and hilarious. "Hurry, darling. The cameramen are complaining it's getting too dark for the pictures. Where's Gil? 'Mustn't keep the boys downstairs waiting!"

Silently Billie slipped into her father's arms and dropped her head against his breast. He would understand and help her.

"Dad," she said slowly, "I'm leaving without Gil. I must. I—"

"Leaving without—? Are you mad?" he shouted, thrusting her from him.

Roughly he shook her. "What sort of damned nonsense is this, Billie? You can't cause any scandal now! Why, every newspaper in the country would shout the story from the housetops! It would make me the laughing stock of the world!"

"Dad, darling, forget people, papers, scandal! I need you, dear—I need you!" Completely broken now, she sobbed.

B. Bickering Brown shook the girl again, believing her tears a sign of surrender. "I don't care what reason you think you have," he said sternly. "You'll walk out of this house with Gil, laughing and gay, with your face toward the cameras! You are *my daughter!*"

He looked about for Gil, then stepped to the door of the bedroom. With a cry Billie prevented him from entering. He turned in relief, believing that at last she had come to her senses.

Recklessly she laughed, choking back the sob in her throat. "It's no use, Dad, Gil wouldn't claim me as his wife—now."

B. B. B. stepped back as if he had been struck. Intently he searched her face, suspicion growing stronger every moment. "You mean you've disgraced yourself, and he has found it out!" he asserted grimly. Billie looked stoically away, unable to meet the furious denunciation in her father's face.

SLOWLY Billie adjusted her hat and gathered up her bag and gloves. Her hands were shaking; but her lips smiled courageously.

"You've brought this on yourself," announced her father with cruel finality. "And you'll stand it—alone!" For an instant her smile faded. Determinedly she summoned it back. Gil must be freed—for Kentucky. With head held high, she left the room.

The hall was filled with agitated guests and excited members of the press. "Focus on the bride!" reporters ordered the cameramen in flurried undertones. "Big story's about to break!"

Now all eyes turned greedily toward the stairway. Billie, her smile still fixed, head insolently high, stood surveying them coolly. "A modern maiden's version of a honeymoon!" she announced gaily at last. "The bride enjoys it—alone!"

Impudently she addressed a reporter. "What's the best pose for a runaway bride? This—or this?"

BRAVELY Billie sauntered out to the festively decorated bridal car into which inquisitive camera lenses were thrust. Through her wracked imagination there flashed the banner lines the newspapers would scream to the world within a few hours. A million eyes seemed to be leering at her; a million mouths whispering slyly to a million eager ears . . . .

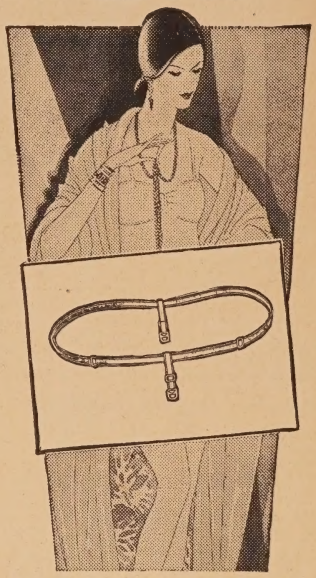
The car began to move slowly away. As the last curious eyes were left behind, Billie's bravado failed her and she sagged limply against the cushions, her pride and heart both breaking . . . .

BILLIE tried to forget her tragedy in New York. Surrounded all her life by friends, she found the solitude of the the next few weeks oppressive. Sometimes as she looked from the dizzy height of her hotel bedroom, she thought how easy it would be to find death. Yet courageously she faced the future, feeling somehow, without quite knowing why, that happiness such as she had never known before lay just ahead. She had done what seemed right to her. Kentucky loved Gil with all her heart, and he would be kind to her. After all, she, Billie, had always dominated him; but Kentucky would worship him as a god, and he would gain in strength because of her belief in him. But what of Billie? What would become of her now that she had sacrificed her name, position—even, perhaps, happiness itself? Always she was hounded by reporters who would not let her forget—who never seemed to weary of her as a source of newspaper copy.

A sharp knock sounded at the door.

(*Turn to page* 112)

New Personal Belt



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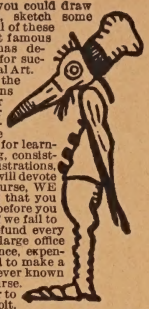

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ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 938, 7 East 43rd St. New York, N. Y.

Glorifying the Talkies

(*Continued from page* 57)

ual with trombones; those adorable young harmonists, the Brox Sisters, leading the intricate parade which weaves up and down and swarms on and off the grand staircase—for all the world like one of those sumptuous scenes at the New Amsterdam or Earl Carroll's.

THE show's a real revue, too—the pioneer of its kind, since William Fox Movietone Follies (scheduled for release in June) has decided to incorporate a thread of story.

This one's a fun free-for-all with most everybody on the Culver City stamping ground doing some specialty, from Lon Chaney and his fellow gorillas grabbing reluctant maidens to Buster Keaton's funny actions and dead "pan," and from Marion Davies' or Conrad Nagel's high comedy to the antics of Haines, Dane, Arthur, Joan Crawford and Polly Moran; the cast likewise including Charles King, Bessie Love and Anita Page, of *Broadway Melody* fame; Marie Dressler, Gus Edwards and Cliff Edwards, Ukulele Ike; Jack Benny, Joyce Murray and many other favorites.

As in the case of the New York eye-and-ear shows, the merit of it is up to three different kinds of genius—"acts," music and ensemble ideas. It has to be the best, otherwise it will not go at all. Hence Harry Rapf's board of strategy, inventors in each and every department; a musical bungalow of fifteen—count 'em—fifteen song writers, segregated off the lot "where they won't annoy the carpenters;" a girly-girly stock company of near 100 voices to try out the stuff—and Sammy Lee, ex-chief of Ziegfeld choristers.

Though it usually takes Ziggy, Earl Carroll or George White nearly three months to get their shows ready for dress rehearsal, Sammy avers he can train the coryphees for the sound recorder and sound-proof camera in four weeks. "Most of the girls are from around here," he said. Jazz education on America's western marge must be moving fast! Run-of-stock gets from $45 to $60 weekly. The hours are from nine to five, instead of from eight p. m. to midnight or after. Some of the girls are so young the California judges out here have to appoint guardians to collect their pay. A little peach of seventeen, Ruth Jennings, told me she'd covered New York and Los Angeles professionally in her brief span—"I was one of the eight California girls sent from the Mayan to dance in *The New Moon*, at the Imperial, New York, and now I'm back here as the end girl of Mr. Lee's chorus!" She was proud of it, too.

HOW'S this differ from ole Broadway?" I asked another of the few ex-Broadwayites, Joan Dixon, who used to traipse in Geroge White's Scandals of 1928.

"Well, it *was* pretty crowded there," she confessed. "Forty-eight of us girls dressed in the one room. Rates of pay about the same. Solid, steady work here, and a contract—I think I like it!"

"What about dressing accommodations?"

"Just at present, 12 of us dress in the monitor room—"

"Should think the young fellows who mind the monitors would be glad to work without pay—"

"Oh, they clear out before we come in," she said indifferently. "But, say, it's going to be *great* here—great for the girls, I mean. They're building seven new theatres on the lot, each with its complete chorus dressing rooms, make-up tables, mirrors, incandescents, wash-bowls, 'n everything! Big musical stuff came up so suddenly after the *Broadway Melody* hit that I guess they just had no place to put us."

Going from M-G-M to Warner rehearsal is like adjourning to a barn dance from a ballroom. The Warner boys and girls were having the liveliest kind of a time in a shack at Prospect and Talmadge Streets. One of Tin Pan Alley's most vigorous executants strummed the piano. Back in a corner Ann Pennington was trying out new dance steps. Hoofers were practicing on the side lines, and in the center a girl was obliging with a fast buck and wing. Out of the huddle of men around the athletic pianist, emerged the words:

"Now, girls, before Mr. Ceballos comes, we might try the theme song—" Shades of geishas, hetairae, and King Solomon's wives! This is what they sang—sang it lustily with effective little jazz tappings and motions keeping in mind the elaborate run-around they were to do for Ceballos later:

"Daughters of an ancient trade,
"Pick up, pick up your little spade,
"Gold diggers on parade, MARCH ON!

"'There is gold in them thar hills'
"—Yes, checks and yellow bills—
"Go get some, go get it 'fore it's gone!"

Interviewed a lot of the young ladies whilst still waiting for elusive Larry Ceballos. Didn't seem to be gold diggers, evidently were not; the ambition to chisel money from the male population being purely fictive. All I talked with were Warner chorines, trained in the brothers' Hollywood boulevard theatre, and alternating as flesh-and-blood prologue choristers and as film "stock." Seventy-five simoleons a week when they sound-record, and $37.50 to rehearse. So there you are—

TRANSPLANTING the chorus to the wide and almost bucolic spaces of East Hollywood has its advantages. Voices don't get husky in this clime. Athletic young ladies get their sleep. There are no Johns to be hot and both-

ered about. Problem of morale solves itself. Take for instance Warner Brothers' big musical, *On With the Show*, just completed. How could any extra be bored and un-peppy with Ann Pennington's cute comedy or Joe E. Brown's clowning to look at, Arthur Lake's eccentric dances, Sam Hardy's impersonations, Emperor Jones' harmony quartette harmonizing, Fairbanks Twins tweetering, Betty Compson and Louise Fazenda playing the tragi-comedy back-stage queens? Why, Harry Gribbon, one of the comedians, is a whole show in himself.

The arrival of the breezy, no longer elusive Larry Ceballos interrupted these reflections, and on my asking, "How can the films possibly can the greater musical productions?" he replied:

"We are learning to do pretty much everything that is done, even on the great New York spectacle stages. 'Twould take a day of your time and mine to explain it, but perhaps a couple of pointers would greatly interest your readers. First, the trick of handling spectacle and action in elevation, for the screen is about as high as it is wide, isn't it? We use its full altitude now, and show action on every part of it. Next, we dance against music-time instead of with it—a further development of jazz that will make the filmed girl-shows the catchiest hits of the theatre.

"For instance, we dance a three-four measure against a four-four tune, or going beyond that, vary our steps one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three-four, or even one-two-three-four-five—"

Well, well, well! The original Professor Einstein of the Higher Jazz! I'd been afraid Sammy Lee would pull a Sir Isaac Newton on me in this nebulous realm, and here was Ceballos realizing my worst fears and trying to convert SCREEN SECRETS into L'Etude. Weakly I protested, but he said he would have Ann Pennington and two boy steppers illustrate.

The athletic pianist cavorted into his amazing staccato, and the "hoofers" Billy Duthers and Lew Reed sandwiched redhead Ann between them. Most regularly irregular fellows I ever saw! Could write a piece about 'em, called "Feet That Stray." Lightning fast, too! Had to do it thrice over before I could lamp the hooves making double left-hand turns against rhythm-traffic signals, and game little Pennington (who had learned the routine only the day before) drew her traffic ticket likewise. I left the Warners' "barn dance" shack, well dazed by the professors.

THERE'S great dispute in Hollywood whether the natural-colors show's too great an eye-strain. I bet Warners hit the ball and rang the bell when they made *On With the Show* in all-color. The other companies are reserving it for special scenes or the last act of "musicals." But Main Street will never wholly glorify the American girl at home-town movie and give up spending New York car fare till Main Street can really see her in all her rosy beauty!

There's 500 feet of technicolor "Follies" in Paramount's *Burlesque*. It's a most gorgeous affair. The original stage *Burlesque* "lead," Hal Skelly, is in it with the delectable Nancy Carroll, Babe Kane, Dorothy Revier, May Boley and the Flippity Flop girls. They even revived Sliding Billy Watson's celebrated Beef Trust, and you "burlicue" hounds know what that means. Mavis Villiers and Margaret Andrus, billed as South Sea pages, looked more like Eve's Leaves. Rembrandt could have painted a new "Lesson in Anatomy" from some of the others.

Fox's nerve to run a non-story *olla podrida* "Follies" forsook him, so his minions cooked up a good back-stage yarn with Lola Lane and John Breeden in the roles of the lovers. Others in the big cast are: Sue Carol, Sharon Lynn, David Percy, David Rollins, Dixie Lee, Muriel Gardner, Arthur Stone, Warren Hymer, and the Fanchon and Marco girls. The William Fox Movietone Follies of 1929, with 10 special "acts," an undersea ballet in natural colors, an all-Harlem number including Stepin Fetchit, a beauty parade, Edward Royce ensembles and Conrad, Mitchell and Gottler songs, is going to be some wow.

Universal is in the running with *Broadway*, headed by Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon, and First National with *Broadway Babies*, starring Alice White. Admittedly, Merna Kennedy's a grand eyeful in the Universal concoction, and cute Alice White is backed up by a stunning bunch of First National "babies."

Pathe is following presently with full-length adaptations of "Pinafore" and "Mikado" and two-reel "tabs" of "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria," "Faust," "Aida," "Hoffman," "Carmen" and "Martha." Looks as if there were song numbers enough for everybody.

Rogers, Cantor, Jolson, Whiteman, most of the big funsters and players, have capitulated to the "soundies." Ziegfeld talks of putting the movieized *Show Boat* in Ziegfeld's theatre, and the canned Jolson winter-packed the Winter Garden. Yes, glorifying the American girl has gotten quite beyond the "one-man" job it used to be. Thanks to Will Hays' modesty complex in behalf of the "family time," there'll be no Follies displays or double entendre in this new medium which will spread her beauty and tunefulness to the ends of the earth!

—o—

THE gentle sigh that comes from the heart sounds like the exhaust of a boiler when carelessly microphoned. And a sneeze is liable to spoil the whole sound track by over-vibration. Don'ts for dramatists will doubtless ban sighs, sneezes and too-sibilant whispers.

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The Cynical Miss Pringle

(*Continued from page* 53)

She never could stand it except on the installment plan. The longest she ever stuck it out at one time was nine months.

WHEN the war came, her husband put on his uniform and went to the front to make the world safe for democracy. Aileen went back to San Francisco. To occupy her mind, she and another girl took a special course in the University of California in scenario writing. She discovered she was pretty good at it.

Then the war came to an end.

"What are you going to do?" they asked her.

"I don't know; what does one do when one's husband comes home? Go back to five meals a day and riding around to visit sick farm hands."

"Why?"

The result of that "why" rolling and rolling around in Pringle's mind landed her in Hollywood. She kicked around from one studio to another until Elinor Glyn found her. Found her and put her in *Three Weeks.*

That was one of the funniest episodes I have ever known in Hollywood. I remember one day that a newspaper critic panned Pringle and she flew to the telephone to complain to her mentor.

"I said to her," Elinor Glyn explained, "Why, Pringy, I'm surprised. Is there a mirror in the room where you are? Good. Now I want you to go right to that mirror and look at your tall regal self in that glass and you are to say: 'I'm Elinor's Pringy—and what do I care what they say!'"

Not that I want to knock Mrs. Glyn. I like her. She's the best sport I know; and I imagine that she finds all this love stuff about as foolish as do the rest of us. Only she finds it and her tiger skins to be a paying line.

Pringle made one of the great hits of screen history in that picture. Did it again in *His Hour.* Then she passed out.

She says herself that the reason for her slump was that the producers rented her around Hollywood to this picture company and that like a livery stable horse.

The real trouble was something that she does not suspect. She never found another Elinor Glyn to take her up. Being taken up is about three-fourths of the battle in Hollywood.

And producers and directors are a little nervous about taking up a young lady with a withering tongue and known as the little playmate of all the highbrows in the land. All the Hollywoodites have books and first editions; but Pringle reads hers, which is entirely out of line.

A young lady who hands you a chemical analysis of her bootleg booze after

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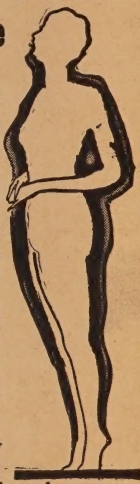

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What Made Him PROPOSE?

Frankly, it was simply because she used her brains. Dorothy was prettier, more highly accomplished, and much wealthier; but Gladys understood those simple little points of man's psychology which make him like wax in the hands of a nice girl who knows how to manage him—and the young clubman chose her instead. She learned this important psychology in a wonderful book entitled FASCINATING WOMANHOOD. We have prepared a 28-page booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book and in it telling much interesting information you would like to know. If you want it write name and address on margin and mail with 10 cents to THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS 4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 15-G

dinner is entirely too cynical for directors who like to call the striving young stars "Dear" and "Honey" and "Little One" on the sets. It is symptomatic that everyone calls this one "Pringle" . . . like a man or a college boy.

This is true about the chemical analysis. Instead of showing you the bottle, she hands you around a card with a chemist's correct analysis. One has formaldehyde; another wood alcohol and another furfural. One is guaranteed to be fatal after a certain number of drinks; another is harmful, but not necessarily fatal and another just burns up your stomach. I took formaldehyde. It sounded sanitary, anyhow.

It seems very likely that Pringle's real time is coming with the talkies. A good many fluffy young things are due to disappear from our midst with the advent of the talkies. Their little mousy squeaks are not convincing.

Girls like Pringle who have good, personable voices that sound like something, will find that their day has come. Pringle, without her voice, is only a half portion. This is true of all girls of real personality. It is only the baby dolls who did their best in silence.

———o———

THIS MONTH'S WINNING LETTER

Below is printed this month's winner of the prize of $5.00 offered each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies.

288 Steinway Ave.,
Long Island City, N. Y.

The talkies to me are just the berries;
I love them just like a bunch of cherries.
Some of their voices do enchant,
They surely put me in a trance.

I like to hear the one star I love;
I refer to the beautiful Billie Dove.
I've heard the "It" girl, Clara Bow,
And believe me, boys, she is a wow.

Mary Pickford's perfect voice I've heard.
She chants just like a little bird;
A voice as sweet as the birds in June.
Give me more of Mary and let it be soon.

I've heard a great many and they all can talk,
But I think Ruth Chatterton's the cock of the walk,
With the exception of Miss Pickford and Clara Bow,
And Nancy Carroll, I must not forget, oh, no.

To finish this up, I must confess
The talkies I think a great success.
The silent drama is all right, too,
But to hear them talk makes it more real to you.

(MRS.) AGNES CURRAN.

I Knew I'd Forget Something!

As usual, I'd packed in a hurry. It was just a week-end trip with my husband, and there wasn't much room for those accessories of the toilet which every modern woman possesses for the practice of feminine hygiene.

Fortunately, I had a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's feminine cones with me, ready to supply instantly, without inconvenience, all the requirements of the most fastidious for cleanliness and prevention of infection.

You, too, can avoid embarrassment and discomfort by providing yourself with a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's celebrated cones. Sent in a plain wrapper, prepaid, these cones come fifteen in a box—a very generous supply. The price is $1 a box, or three boxes for $2.50, with full instructions for their use.

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Marian Nixon—1929 Edition

(*Continued from page* 65)

didn't get far. I was five feet tall and weighed exactly ninety pounds and the boyish type wasn't in vogue in 1921. Finally after many trials, and more miles of weary walking, I secured a small bit with some lions in a Monte Banks comedy. I don't know why they picked on me for that part unless it was because they felt the lions would be merciful to so frail a looking creature.

"My work was all right and the photographer more than did justice to my face but people objected to little girls like me wrestling with big lions. That was a lot of bravery wasted.

"Later I tried Mack Sennett. I did a little work but I certainly wasn't the bathing beauty type. Figures, even in the full-dress bathing suit days were essential in securing a Mack Sennett contract. I wasn't, er—developed enough, they told me. Too frail, too small, too undeveloped! I determined right then and there to remedy that and, believe it or not, I did!" And she held a doll-like little arm up to prove it, perfectly moulded in spite of its size.

"About that time Mary Philbin was being featured in a picture called *The Temple of Venus.* It was a beautiful, mythical fairy tale using dozens of girls and fortunately for me, each girl had an individual bit to do in the picture. I put forth all my effort to make my own little bit stand out. And I guess it did. Any way, they chose me for the lead in *Kentucky Days,* which was Dustin Farnum's last picture for Fox. I played the sweet, shy country girl with the innocent eyes and the long curls, a particular type that was popular then.

"That lead led to a lead opposite the western star, Buck Jones, in *Big Dan.* It was funny about that picture. I didn't have much to do in it. Only one scene of mine stood out at all. I had to sew a button on Buck's shirt. That was easy after the Lamm Hotel days. Buck had the shirt on at the time. I looked up at him as I sewed simply because he was wise-cracking but that look seemed to put the scene over. Mr. Sol Wurtzel of the Fox Company saw it and sent for me. He gave me a year's contract.

"Was I thrilled? I thought, here I was, a great actress with a regular contract 'n everything. This was in 1924. Only three years in pictures, and a contract! That wasn't so bad for this little Minneapolis girl, so I thought and so thought my friends—but, sometimes contracts do more harm than good. They sometimes retard your progress rather than advance it.

"I continued to play leads for Buck Jones and for Tom Mix. Dear, sweet little country girls with fathers who had mortgages due. You know the type.

"Well, at the end of that year I was out. Westerns were rather passé with Fox and if they weren't making westerns they didn't need any little daughters with mortgage handicapped fathers.

"I went through the usual heart breaking nothing-to-do period and finally signed up for a western lead at Universal with Hoot Gibson. Then, a little later, Universal gave me a contract. The kind that every beginner longs for—a long term, leading roles and a sliding scale. I almost wore it out carrying it around and sleeping with it under my pillow at night. That was the beginning of my second picture career.

"Right here is where I changed from a Maude Muller to a city flapper and played rather sophisticated roles opposite Reginald Denny. I even went so far as to visit a barber and sever my connections with my curls. No more ginghams and spring water for Marian. No sir-ree, it was silk hose and champagne for mine. Universal even went so far as to borrow Buddy Rogers and let me lead him through some fancy paces in an ultra-modern version of Young America called *Red Lips.*

"About that time I married. Whether or not that had anything to do with my downfall I never fully determined but I do know that my long term contract died before it was full grown, and again I was out in the cold. 'Too bad'; 'She never had a chance' and such like conveyors of condolence drifted around, but no work. I just couldn't seem to get any at all. A few little parts here and there which did me more harm than good. My salary dropped to one-fifth of what it had been in 1926 and, well, there just didn't seem to be even a ray of hope.

"But you know, 'while there is life there is hope' and I was dead only as far as the screen was concerned. And as they say in the titles 'came the dawn' in the form of talkies. My weak little voice has always been a joke. My mind flashed back to the time when my weak little body was my handicap and I thought perhaps a voice, too, could be developed. I had a voice test but really didn't expect to ever hear from it. But a call for another test came almost before I had reached home. And that weak little voice registered into a contract for the feminine lead in *Geraldine.*

"This was the beginning of my third career in pictures. After *Geraldine* was completed I seemed to be again in demand, I played in a musical comedy opposite the stage star, Eddie Dowling; in *Broadway Bound,* another talkie; then I did *Headlines* for Warner Brothers. Then I was signed to do the lead opposite Al Jolson in *Little Pal.* And now—" Marian hesitated, almost as though the thought was too heavy for her, "now, this Barrymore lead. People say it's a gift but I say it's a charm—the dear old Charm of Three."

She smiled up at me like a sweet child who still believes in fairies and I quite agreed it was a charm—the Charm of Marian Nixon.

Hobnobbing With Film Folk

(*Continued from page 79*)

pants. It seems to me that she can see right through to the other side of me."

Fly at Their Noon Hour

THE handball and football games are all busted up over at the M-G-M studios.

Out on the lot, where directors, stars, assistants, cameramen and prop boys used to get together in a grand, democratic disregard for professional class, and toss the ball back and forth during the noon hour, it is as quiet as a Democratic convention hall the day after defeat.

Clarence Brown and a number of other directors, as well as Eddie Nugent, Billie Haines and some of the other stars, also assistant and property boys, are all up in the air for an hour or so. They chase over to the airplane field a few blocks away, hop into an airplane, and off they go for a short hop, returning to the studio full of zest for their work.

So far the actresses aren't taking to the air during the lunch hour, but I heard Anita Page and Mary Doran discussing it the other day, so I shouldn't be surprised to see them hop off any day.

Took Octavus Roy Seriously

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, writer of those clever colored folk stories, is married to a very fair lady with whom he kids continually.

But Octavus doesn't realize that the world doesn't know this. He took a chance and got a calling, out at the Breakfast Club in Hollywood, one morning.

Rising to speak to the assembled breakfasteers and over the radio, he declared that his wife was sitting on one side of him and a picture star on the other, and he didn't see why they couldn't have put a film star on both sides of him.

Now Mrs. Cohen understood perfectly, but there was a man present who felt called on to fly gallantly to the defense of a fair lady. He declared feverishly over the mike that Mrs. Cohen was far prettier than most picture stars, and that her husband had no right to talk that way.

Mrs. Cohen always kids her husband unmercifully. He told me with glee, one night when I met him at James Gleason's house, how, when a sob sister in New Orleans called on him to interview him, but found only Mrs. Cohen at home, she had told the caller that in reality her Mr. Cohen was a plumber. And that's how the story came out in the paper next day!

Lionel Barrymore a Lamb

I DON'T mean a member of the Lamb's Club—I mean to work for.

So many stories have gone out about the temperamental Barrymore family, that it is only just to let the world in on something about Lionel.

As a matter of fact, Lionel says, he has never been happy before in his life. But he loves directing talking pictures, and he is as amiable as a little lamb when you meet him on the set. He is very successful and that must add to his amiability. His actors all adore him, and the technicians will do anything for him.

He has succeeded in getting a lot of new effects with the camera, too. Being a good bit of a mechanic, he knows about as much about a camera as the cameraman does. But he doesn't shout about that. He pretends ignorance. When the cameraman tells him, "Oh, you can't do that," to some suggestion of his, Barrymore says gently, "Say, don't tell me too much about this camera. Just let's try."

Chester Morris, who is making such a hit in *Alibi* just now, tells me Barrymore was wonderful to work with on the stage.

"One night I came to the theater after having a tooth out. My jaw was so swelled up I could hardly speak. The play was *The Copperhead,* which is pretty tricky and demands good teamwork. But Barrymore was serene. I told him through nearly closed jaws that I could never speak my lines that night. Barrymore said, 'I understand.' I went on and managed as many lines as I could. Barrymore picked up the rest of them and I don't think the audience ever knew."

However, he was a bit trying at times, because he would go off for a walk just before fifteen minutes was called. Sometimes he went on without make-up as the result.

Lionel never liked acting, and has always been trying to get away from it.

Eddie Quillan, Oil Man

EDDIE QUILLAN has just started an oil business, along with William J. Craft, the director. They own three or four oil wells and an oil station or two. Eddie loves nothing better than fooling about in an old greasy pair of overalls, climbing in and out around the oil wells.

He says that motoring is spoiled for him. He can't go out and look at a California hill without wondering, "Is there oil in them thar hills?"

Doug and Mary to Co-star

JUST as we prophesied last month, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford will co-star in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Mary says that she is going to love playing Kate, and one can imagine the fun that will be going on outside the stage between these two. Douglas always says that Mary is the mother of the whole family, and she knows that

(*Turn to page* 109)

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Where There's a Thrill There's a Way

(*Continued from page* 63)

just as the jungle beast dashed against the side of the cage with a horrifying roar.

TUI LORRAINE carries a scar on one of her pretty heels—the mark of a lion's cruel teeth. Miss Lorraine is a celebrated tight-wire walker and was performing in one of Universal's serials when the accident happened. The wire was stretched above two lions and their cub, the trainer assuring the young stunt artist that it was higher than lions could jump. Tui took his word and began her perilous walk. Papa Lion proved to be good enough for Olympic competition when, goaded to fury by the keeper's whip, he leaped at the girl—his vicious teeth just grazing her heel . . . .

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN became unconscious under even more hazardous circumstances. While making *The Arizona Wildcat* with Tom Mix, the action called for Tom to rescue Dorothy from a wrecked coach, caught on the crest of a waterfall. Tom had to swing down from a tree overhanging the fall by rope, seize Dorothy and climb back with her to safety. In dragging the girl through the window of the overturned coach, Tom inadvertently "crowned" her against the bar and so had a dead weight to carry on his perilous climb to the tree.

Tom is accustomed to rescuing damsels in distress. In *Silver Valley*, he had to hang from an airplane on a rope ladder, holding Dorothy Dwan in his free arm. Instead of rising into the air, the plane dragged Tom and Dorothy along the ground for several yards, bruising and scraping them. Nervous and shaken, Dorothy went back into the scene. This time they rose swiftly and went higher than had been expected. The ground looked so far away that she became hysterical and if Tom had not taken a firm grip of her, she would have jumped from the ladder and been killed.

"Water stuff" always elicits groans from the actor, and well it may. Sally O'Neill in *The Girl on the Barge*, had to fall into the water during a storm. It wasn't in the script that she should catch her foot in a barbed wire that was secured at the other end to something far below, but that's what happened.

"Swim to shore, Sally!" megaphoned the director.

Sally couldn't get away from her barbed wire anchor. Somehow she made her position clear and managed to tread water until a life guard could reach her and cut her free.

"Do I live through it?" asked Natalie Kingston, when told that she would ride the rapids without a boat for *Pirate of Panama*.

"Sure. It won't hurt you. Not afraid, are you?"

Natalie said she wasn't, but she had the scare of her life when she was actually in the water, being carried swiftly along in the churning deep. Rocks bruised her, brush scratched her, she sprained one arm and hurt her leg before the welcome "CUT" came to put an end to her misery.

AFTER what happened in *Old Ironsides*, when several people were killed or maimed in an explosion, the idea of things being blown up isn't greeted with loud cheers by ye movie actor.

They blew up a ship for *The Rescue*, Ronald Colman's starring picture, and the studio evidently felt that their handsome hero's life was to be risked, for they insured him for $500,000 for the making of one shot. The danger was due to the falling debris after the explosion. A bomb proof shelter had been built for cameras and director, and Ronald was told to dive into this as soon as the shot was made. He escaped the heavier timbers but several splinters lodged in his arm and made work difficult for some days.

Norman Kerry did not escape so easily when, in *Merry Go Round*, the tree under which he lay, presumably wounded, was blown to bits. The scenarist fondly hoped the dynamited tree would go straight up in the air. So it did. But even motion picture trees must come down and this one did that also, with some dynamite, burying Norman several feet under the earth, and sending him, when dug up, to a hospital for more weeks than he likes to remember.

BEBE DANIELS has had more accidents and narrow escapes than any other girl on the screen. *Hot News* included a scene in which Bebe rode over the water in a breeches buoy. Just before the unfortunate star completed her journey over the slender cable, the tug to which one end was fastened gave a lurch, slackening the rope, and down went Bebe into the Pacific, only to shoot skyward again when the cable tautened!

If Bebe is the jinx's favorite actress, then Monte Blue is its favorite actor. Everything that can happen has happened to Warner Brother's he-man. Among his thrills is this, occurring in *No Defense*.

Monte, as construction engineer, was stationed on a railroad bridge to signal the train to cross, also to wave back the hundred-odd extras who were employed. He gave the signal; the train moved forward, but the crowd stood still. Monte turned to wave them back, frantically, and his foot slipped through the ties. There he was dangling, 200 feet above the river, trains approaching and the dumb extras still helplessly standing. He raised himself from the ties, found his foot injured, and hobbled off, shooing the crowd before him, reaching safety just as the train thundered past.

These poor gals who are pursued by

(*Turn to page* 108)

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Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 55)

actress. As **Helen** gaily put it, "I invited everybody and they all accepted and Mother almost had hysterics because she didn't know where I was going to put them in my tiny apartment but here they are and isn't it fun?"

And fun it was, too. We all sat down on the floor or on the window sills or chair arms and in almost no time most of the delicious food cooked by our hostess herself was gone; not that anyone needed more, we were "too full for utterance."

Those asked to meet the two honor guests were **Mesdames Al Christie, Chester Morris, Paul McAllister, Orville Caldwell** and **Al Boasberg** and **Misses Julia Dean, Rene Clifford** and **Margaret Smith.**

Julia Dean is an old-timer from the stage enjoying our California sunshine. "*And* the movies!" she added, vivaciously, "I bet I'm one of the biggest fans in the world. Every Monday I go down to Los Angeles and with mere half-hours for lunch and dinner, take in *six* pictures from ten in the morning until midnight!"

REGINALD DENNY entertained the **D'Oyle Carte Opera Company** at a luncheon given in the Indian Room at Universal Cafe. **Denny's** father was one of the principals in the original cast of this company formed in London in 1875 and **Reginald** himself has known many of the company since childhood. The luncheon was one long happy reminiscence.

MOST of the *bon voyage* parties of this month have been given for **Ona Brown** who is contemplating another trip abroad. Ona, herself, admits to being a "party hound" and can go on day after day and night after night without feeling the least fatigued. But **Pauline Starke,** who has been invited to all these particular social events, admits to being a bit dazed. "I've eaten miles of sandwiches and gallons of salads and drunk quarts of tea, coffee and punch," she sighed, "and right now I have the awful feeling that I shall commit a *faux pas* by suddenly waking up and wondering just who my hostess is. One thing I'll never be in doubt, as to the guest of honor!" She gave **Ona** a happy little squeeze.

ONE of the largest farewell functions for **Mrs. Brown** was given by **Mrs. Helen Wolfe** with the Hotel Roosevelt as a setting. The guests included **Dolores Del Rio, Billie Dove, Ruth Roland** (home from her honeymoon and vaudeville tour), **Jane Winton, Camilla Horn, Madge Bellamy, Pauline Starke, Louise Fazenda, Kathryn Carver, Alice** and **Marceline Day, Pauline Garon, Lily Damita, Laura La Plante** and **Mrs. Don Alvarado.**

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Where There's A Will There's A Way

(*Continued from page* 106)

the villain! You don't know the half of it, dearie!

CARMEL MYERS came to grief in one of these pursuit agonies. In the *Incoming Tide*, she had to run across the glass skylight and through a heavy door. As she neared the door, her heel went through a pane of glass and she fell, striking her face against the door, But worse befell the heavy. He was that in both senses of the word. He tripped over Carmel, fell in another direction, going face downward through the glass, slitting his cheek from eye to mouth!

If anybody asked you to drive your coupe into the glass front of a store, you might hesitate, but any picture actress who hesitates is OUT. So Gladys McConnell, serial queen of Pathe, merely took a deep breath and obeyed.

After all, what was that to a girl who had been thrown into the ocean with her hands tied behind her for this same picture, *The Fire Detective?* Hugh Allen was to leap from a boat and rescue Gladys, but Gladys was pushed overboard before Hugh was ready and Gladys spent a bad few minutes trying to keep afloat with her feet doing the propelling.

Leaping from one building to another is just part of the day's work to Bill Cody, but one day Bill misjudged the distance and came out over thin air. Only a swift twist and a reach saved him and he landed with slight injuries to hands and knees.

All this and more can happen to your favorite star. He can fall from a horse, get tangled in the stirrup and be dragged, like Ken Maynard; he may have to endure the torture of a stream of water played on his bare body, like George Duryea in *The Godless Girl,* or play his scenes among blazing timbers and falling beams, as did this young actor and Lina Basquette in the same picture; he may be asked to swim in a lagoon with several sharks lurking in the water, as did Ramon Novarro in *The Pagan.*

It's a great life—if he doesn't lose it.

Another Gal Thrown to the Lions

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Oh, he wants me to go. Billy is different from the rest—he understands that this is my big chance, and he wants me to make good. He said he'd wait for me, too.

"And when my ship comes into port, Billy will be at the New York pier and we'll be married then—if he doesn't change his mind!"

But if Billy is a red-blooded lad who admires beauty, brains and commendable determination, he certainly won't change his mind!

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Hobnobbing With Film Folk

(*Continued from page* 105)

Doug, to do his best work, must do a lot of kidding to get into a mood for comedy. She herself doubtless will play a hoydenish Kate, and it will be delightful to see what she does with the role.

De Mille as Reformer

EVEN as Charles Dickens did no end of good by his books on schools and prisons of England, so it looks as though Cecil B. De Mille is going to accomplish something for some of the girls' reform schools in this country, through his *Godless Girl.*

The Dean of Radcliffe College has written De Mille asking him concerning certain episodes in the picture, and whether such conditions really existed. De Mille not only investigated conditions through agents and through secret reports, but he personally met and questioned many inmates or ex-inmates of girls' reform schools. All and more than he shows are truths about many reform schools.

"There are many good institutions, however," he said the other day. "But I was amazed to find that the officers of these institutions did not know the conditions in the bad reform schools."

Lew Cody, Jokester

LEW CODY has been ill, but I saw him sitting up and acting cheerful, at Arrowhead Hot Springs, the other day.

I was up there at the Springs, resting over the week-end, and ran down to Lew's bungalow. Norman Kerry was there.

Lew told me about the time when, hearing a band over the radio at night, he got the idea that he wanted it to visit him. So he telephoned to the station, and the boys came out.

"It was too good a band to waste," explained Lew. "I wanted my friends to enjoy it. It was a negro band, so I blackened up my own face, and proposed to lead the musicians. We went over to Norman Kerry's, crawled in through a window, went up into his room, walked around his bed and serenaded him. Norman protested and we left. When I judged he had got back to sleep, we went again. By this time Norman had recognized me, and he sat up and we made a night of it."

But Norman it seems, got even.

"Fatty Arbuckle, Buster Keaton and I went over to Lew's house one morning," related Norman. "We got the cook on our side, and then we proceeded to put breakaway vases in place of all the expensive ones Lew had so long and carefully collected. We had had duplicates made, over at the studios.

"Then we sat down and waited for Lew. As he came in the door, Buster jumped up to greet him, and knocked a large vase off a table close at hand.

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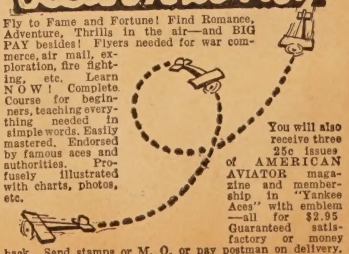

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It broke into a hundred pieces. Lew looked aghast, but smiled painfully. 'It's all right,' he said faintly.

"Then I rushed over close enough to the piano to knock off a vase of flowers, and that vase broke. Lew's eyes stuck out, and he looked awfully hurt, but like a good sport he said nothing. I pretended contrition, and he said, 'Oh, all right.'

"Next Fatty Arbuckle knocked over a big jardiniere and it went to pieces with a sound like thunder as it struck a chair. Lew tried not to mind, but the perspiration was starting out on his forehead. Fatty said he would make it good.

"Then we made a mistake. We broke a perfectly good vase. It was a rare one, too. The joke was on us. Lew's face had taken on a look of relief when he had discovered the joke that was being played on him, and he wouldn't believe we'd broken a real vase until he had a look at it. Say, we three spent the next weeks trying to find a priceless vase to replace that good one."

Louise and Harry Again

FOR the first time since the old Mack Sennett days, Louise Fazenda and Harry Gribbon are working together in a picture. Both are playing in Humphrey Pearson's *On With the Show*, which Warners are making.

Louise was sitting on a pony trunk on the set the other day, and Harry was awaiting call perched on a barrel. The set was a back-stage scene. We reminisced.

"The last time Louise and I played together," said Harry, "we were looking for a pet seal that had disappeared in the Pacific Ocean. Louise felt awfully responsible. She had recommended the trained seal to Mack Sennett, and the seal and its owner had got the job in the comedy.

"We were working at the seashore, and suddenly the seal decided not to mind his master, but to seek his old pals in the sea. Off he swam. His owner said he would come back. But he didn't.

"Louise and I sat up all night on the beach, with the seal's owner, watching for that seal. Sure enough, along about daylight we saw a black head bobbing about in the water, and a minute later Mr. Seal had plop-plopped to his master."

Nils Asther Builds House

NILS ASTHER is building a big house on the top of a Beverly Hills hill.

We wondered if he was intending to get married, but he said an emphatic no.

It appears that Nils was married when little more than a boy to a Swedish actress. He was not at all happy, and was divorced. Now he looks askance at matrimony.

He left his house in Hollywood, he said, when his dog died; just couldn't bear to be around the place after that.

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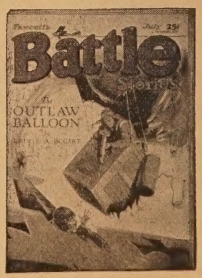

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A Dowling Success

(*Continued from page* 81)

should be allowed to undertake the vodvil booking and concluding, "Oh, well, let Joy be unconfined."

News From Paramount

OUT at the Astoria Studios, Paramount's New York production center, *The Lady Lies,* is being produced under the direction of Hobard Henley with Claudette Colbert and Walter Huston in the leading roles. Claudette has already appeared in one talkie, *The Hole in the Wall,* with Edward G. Robinson, the best character actor around these parts—and Walter has been seen in a short talkie, *The Carnival Man,* which tried to cash in on his stage success in *The Barker.*

A Bad Record

YOU'VE got to watch your words out there at the sound studios. And your coughs, too. One well known actress carelessly indulged in some harmless profanity in the midst of a conversation the other day while the mike was working. A few minutes later when they ran off the reel she heard her naughty words floating out, right in the middle of the scene that was being taken at the time. "The worst part of it was," she explained, "everybody recognized my voice, so there was no denying I was the guilty one. Anyway, I put 'em all wise on what the well-dressed woman will swear."

Not So Bad

ROY D'ARCY, one of the screen's favorite naughty-naughty men, has been here at the Biltmore Hotel with his recent bride, a New Rochelle heiress whom he re-wed in Mexico at the end of March—a month after their divorce became final. Everybody was anxious to know the significance of Roy's rumored engagement to Lita Grey Chaplin.

"Lita is a nice girl," said he, "and we're good friends, but we never were engaged. Her announcements were purely for the purpose of securing publicity."

Roy's anxious to do big things on the legit before returning to Hollywood. He's sick and tired of being bad. He's been quoted as saying that he's so fed up with being wicked that he'd like to do Little Lord Fauntleroy for a change!

Say, d'ya suppose that when Roy left Hollywood the headline read, "D'ARCY BLOWS!"?

Early To Wed

AFTER all, Babe Ruth's recent wedding is news for the film world, too. Remember Babe in *Babe Comes Home,* which he made with Anna Q. Nilsson for First National?

Babe was welded to Claire Hodgson, former Follies girl, at five-thirty early in the morn at St. Gregory's Church. The same day Babe was knocking out home runs for the Yanks in their opening game at the stadium!

Babe and Claire had been pals for some time and they first planned a secret wedding because of the tragic death of Babe's first wife in a Boston fire. The wedding took place an hour earlier than announced, but reporters were on hand, expecting some such attempt to avoid publicity.

Now you know what's swat!

Speaking Of Estelle

NOT long after we saw Estelle Taylor, wife of Jack Dempsey, at the welcome luncheon for Lupe Velez here, she packed up and returned to Hollywood to start her next film venture.

Estelle's latest show is *Where East is East,* in which she appears with Lon Chaney and Lupe Velez.

And that reminds us, that a certain wise-cracker has dubbed Jack Dempsey a Taylor-made man.

Vallee Wows 'Em

GOD'S gift to the New York flapper is Rudy Vallee, the most talked of performer in these parts. It was recently announced that Rudy is to make a picture for R-K-O, featuring his gang of melody hounds, *The Connecticut Yankees.*

Rudy's history is a swell example of the proverbial "Local Lad Makes Good on Broadway" stuff. Not so long ago, he was playing the sax in a number three Ben Bernie orchestra. His radio announcing and singing put him over big. Now he's under contract to play at the Paramount Theatre for some weeks!

If you're looking for Rudy, remember that sax marks the spot . . .

Singers Are Sought

HERE'S quite a bit of vocal color, folks. Warner Brothers have signed the great German singer, Michael Bonin. This gent declares that the future of the opera is in the singies. None other than John McCormack said the same thing some time ago. And now he (the Irishman) has signed with Fox to receive a half million (believe it or not) for a Fox movietone feature to be made in Ireland. Fox has also signed the great Chaliapin and Tita Ruffo has a contract with Warners'. Mary Garden is also to make singies. So the opera stars are well represented. Say, Bill Shakespeare, shouldn't it have been "The Play's the Sing"?

Favorites Turn To Films

TWO of New York's musical comedy favorites have been snatched by the films. One of them is Irene Bordoni who will make an international talkie for First National. It's to be in French, German, Spanish, and English. And Marilyn Miller who's now risking her

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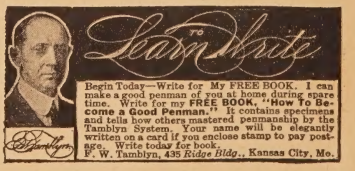

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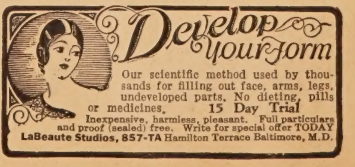

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life in Chicago is to receive a mere one hundred thousand dollars for making *Sally*, her big stage success. She's to get the same for her next film and $150,000 for the third if she clicks with the movie public. Don't worry, Marilyn only has to do one of her snappy clog dances to click.

Tempering With Jeanne

THEY'RE giving Jeanne Eagels the razzberry for her fits of temperament out at the Paramount Astoria Studio. It seems that whenever Jeanne gets sore she develops a case of illness. She claimed she was sick while *The Cardboard Lover* was on tour, and as a result was suspended from the stage for a year and a half by the *Actor's Equity Association*. And it's happened at other times, too.

After her success in *The Letter*, it's rumored that her attitude during the making of *Jealousy* for Paramount has tried the patience of almost everyone on the lot. And after a squabble with Jean De Limur, the French director, Jeanne developed a bad case of "laryngitis" and didn't appear on the set for many days.

The bets are divided. Some say she'll go on with pictures. Others say that she'll carry out her plan of starring in the London performance of *Congai*. Anyway, ever since Jeanne has been flying off the handle out at Astoria, the favorite song around there is "The Eagels, they fly high . . ."

Colman Visits New York

SAMUEL GOLDWYN and his wife came to town with Ronald Colman and a couple of English bulldogs named *Dust and Ashes* and *Just in Time*. Ronald just finished the screen production of *Bulldog Drummond* in which he deviates from his usual romantic role.

The reason for Ronald's visit is to get a good taste of New York night life for a few weeks and then he plans to return to Hollywood for a good rest. New Yorkers expect to see Ronald in their favorite night clubs every morning in the week.

Two Arrivals From Hollywood

VICTOR VARCONI who played opposite Corinne Griffith in *The Divine Lady* came to New York to board the S. S. *Olympic* with Mrs. Varconi for a visit to Hungary, his home. He'll make two pictures abroad before returning. Another arrival in New York was Dr. Paul Fejos, who will direct Paul Whiteman in *The King of Jazz*, and who came East to discuss plans with the star. Say, who started this idea that nobody loves a fat man?

Peggy Brings Suit

PEGGY WOOD, wife of John V. A. Weaver, won a $36,000 suit against the Talka Phone Pictures in the Supreme Court here. Peggy declared that the picture company broke a contract to pay her $12,000 a week for three weeks to work on a film called *Black Face*.

Anyway, she's to appear in M-G-M's *The Wonder of Women*, with Lewis Stone. Incidentally, these directors are pretty persistent about casting the first Stone.

Jottings

PAT ROONEY and his wife, Marion Brent left Hollywood to celebrate their silver wedding here . . . Bryan Foy is all upset because of his brother's (Eddie's) recent-yen for Bessie Love . . . Mae Murray who just signed a long contract with Tiffany-Stahl is coming to New York with her hubby, Prince David Mdivani . . . Mary Duncan will be seen around these parts after a short vacation at Palm Springs . . . . . Dorothy Farnum, M-G-M scenario writer, passes through New York to embark on the *Ile de France* for a vacation in Yurp . . . New York is still laughing over Texas Guinan's twittings at the law . . . The *A. M. P. A.* ball reported here some time hence, cost the club five thousand berries . . . Mary Miles Minter, it is reported, lives with her hubby, a Navy man, near Central Park . . . Chester Morris, who wowed 'em in *Alibi*, was heard here over the radio . . . Camilla Horn and Thomas Meighan may be seen here again soon . . . .Albertina Rasch left for Hollywood to direct a ballet of twenty-four girls to be seen in *Burlesque* and to open a school of dancing there; would you say that the Rasch is breaking out in films? You wouldn't? Well, who asked *you?* . . . Stop.

Our Modern Maidens

(*Continued from page* 99)

Billie crossed to it and said, "I'm busy. I can't see anyone."

She was about to turn the key when the door was thrown open and Glenn Abbott stepped into the room. Billie fell back, unable to believe her eyes. In an instant he swept her into his arms.

"I've looked everywhere for you, dearest," he told her, holding her close. "I heard—you needed me. Billie, let me take care of you—always. I love you."

Gratefully she dropped her head against his breast. In the security of his love all the horror fled from the tragic weeks behind her. No longer need she battle for courage to face the future, for she was safely protected by the clean ardor of the only man she had ever truly loved.

Slowly she raised her eyes to his.

"Oh, Glenn," she whispered, smiling through the tears that filled her happy eyes, "take me away. Teach me to live your way, content with peace and beauty. Take me home with you."

His lips, against her own, held a world of promise . . . .

(THE END)

Buzzin' Around

HOW much buzz does one bee buzz? That's a talkie problem. To solve it, James Gleason, who writes dialogue for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has put a bee-hive into his home. Before he writes in a bee, he wants to know just how practical the bee will be in a talkie.

We wonder who will test out the lowly mosquito?

Light of Their Lives

KLIEG eyes, once the terror of every player in films, have met their doom with the coming of talking pictures.

Instead of facing powerful Kliegs, sun-arcs, mercury vapor and carbon are lights, actors and actresses now perform beneath huge banks of incandescents, counterparts of the lights used in the home, which do not have ill effects upon the eye.

The change is due to the necessity for absolute silence in filming talking pictures. Arc and mercury lights set up a slight hissing sound which is picked up by the microphones and recorded in the film with the players' voices, whereas, the incandescents are noiseless.

Specially constructed incandescent spotlights to take the place of the "baby" arc spotlights are in successful use.

Wise Cracker

EDDIE NUGENT, M-G-M, wise-cracking player, thinks Jimmy Cruze should re-do *The Covered Wagon* for the talkies. "The spokes of the wheels would be so effective!" he tells us.

Don't Smack Your Gum

CHEW gum in the talkies? Just try it! Wesley Ruggles spent several hours trying to train the microphone and Laura La Plante to get together on it so it wouldn't sound like a pop-gun in her latest picture, *Scandal,* then gave it up. Either Laura hadn't been trained right or they need another invention.

What They Are Doing

Richard Barthelmess is starring in *Drag,* heavy drama, for First National.

Lila Lee plays the vampire in the same picture.

Alice Day plays the clinging vine wife in the same picture.

Ben Lyon is working in *The Flying Marine,* a Navy-air picture for Columbia.

Shirley Mason is doing the same.

Victor McLaglen is making *The Cockeyed World,* at San Francisco, story of after the war, sequel to *What Price Glory,* with same cast, 10 years later, for Fox.

Mary Astor is the girl.

Charles Farrell is making *The Lucky Star,* melodrama, for Fox.

Janet Gaynor plays with Farrell.

Lon Chaney is making *Thunder,* for M-G-M.

Phyllis Haver plays opposite Chaney in her last screen appearance.

Harry Carey is in Africa playing Trader Horn, in a picture by the same title, for M-G-M.

Edwina Booth, newcomer, plays the girl.

Marion Davies is making *Marienne,* musical comedy, for M-G-M.

Greta Garbo is making *The Single Standard,* for M-G-M.

Josephine Dunn is making *Black Magic,* a mystery story, for Fox.

Henry B. Walthall plays opposite her.

Jacqueline Logan is working in *The Bachelor Girl,* a society drama for Columbia.

Buster Collier, Jr., is her leading man.

Dorothy Mackaill is starring in *Hard to Get,* comedy drama, for First National.

Sue Carol is making *The Exalted Flapper,* comedy drama, for Fox.

Barry Norton plays opposite her.

Nancy Carroll working in *Burlesque.*

Al Jolson starring in *Little Pal,* musical melodrama, Warner Brothers.

Alice White is rehearsing for *The Girl From Woolworth's,* for First National.

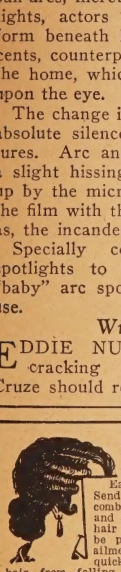
Alice Joyce is playing in *The Green Goddess,* mystery story, Warner Brothers.

Marion Nixon plays opposite Jolson.

Corinne Griffith is rehearsing *Lilies of the Field,* talkie, for First National.

Patsy Ruth Miller is playing opposite Jack Mulhall in *Twin Beds,* for First National.

Bebe Daniels is preparing for work with RKO.



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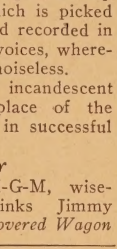

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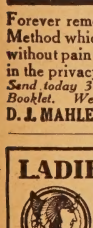

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"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $25 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred too. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The schools will do wonders for you, I know. We've got several I. C. S. men right here in the bank.'

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JUST LIKE ORDINARY CIGARETTES. BUT SUCH REAL STARTLERS! The box contains ten genuine cigarettes of excellent quality. They appear so real, but when each cigarette is about one-third smoked, the victim gets a very great surprise as it goes off with a loud BANG! A great practical joke, yet entirely harmless. **Price 25c box.**

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GREAT CURIOSITY Smallest Bible in the World. Size of a postage stamp. **200 Pages.** Said to bring good luck to the owner. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Make good money selling them to friends, church acquaintances, etc. **PRICE 15c** each. **3 for 40c, 12 for $1.35, 100 for $7.50.** Also obtainable in Leather Binding, with gold edges. **Price 50c each, 3 for $1.25, $4.50 per doz. Magnifying Glass** for use with Midget Bible, **15c.**

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The most confidential messages can be written with this ink, for the writing **makes no mark.** Cannot be seen unless you know the secret. Invaluable for many reasons. Keep your postals and other private memorandums away from prying eyes. Great fun for playing practical jokes.

Only 15c a Bottle; 3 for 40c.

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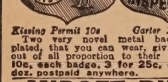
STAGE MONEY



With a bunch of these bills, it is easy for each person of limited means to appear prosperous by flashing a roll of these bills at the proper time and peeling off a genuine bill or two from the outside of the roll, the effect created will be found to be all that can be desired. **Prices, postpaid: 40 Bills 20c, 120 for 50c, or $3.50 thousand postpaid.**

Wonderful X-Ray Tube

A wonderful little instrument producing optical illusions both surprising and startling. With it you can see what is apparently the bones of your fingers, the lead in a lead pencil, the interior opening in a pipe stem, and many other similar illusions. A mystery that no one has been able to satisfactorily explain. **Price 10c, 3 for 25c, 1 dozen 75c. Johnson Smith & Co.**

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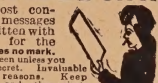
Every Boy His Own Toy Maker



A great book for boys. It gives plain, practical instructions for making all manner of toys, machines and other articles, amusing and useful. Tells how to make a Steam Engine, a Photographic Camera, a Windmill, Microscope, Electrical Machine, Galvanic Battery, Electric Telegraph, Electrotyping Apparatus, Telephone, Kaleidoscope, Magic Lantern, Aeolian Harp; how to make Boats of all kinds, Kites, Balloons, Paper Toys, Masks, Card Racks, Wagons, Carts, Toy Bows and Arrows, Popguns, Slings, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, etc. 200 illustrations. **PRICE 25c Postpaid. Postage Stamps accepted.**

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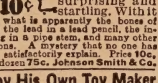

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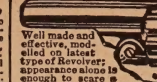

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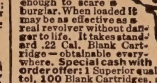

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It is great fun mystifying your friends. Get this Conjurer's Cabinet, and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for over 100 tricks, including The MAGIC BALL AND VASE TRICK (a wooden ball placed inside and upon replacing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone's pocket); The HINDOO TRICK CARDS (can be made to change completely no less than five times); DISAPPEARING COIN BOX (a coin, placed in the wooden box, vanishes entirely or changes into a coin of another denomination); The CAT AND COCKLET TRICK (a coin is dropped into a glass of water and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished and is found somewhere else); the RIBBON FACTORY (FROM THE ROOT TRICK, a seemingly endless supply of colored paper ribbons comes out of your mouth); the DISAPPEARING HANDKERCHIEF (a handkerchief held in the hand mysteriously vanishes); the WIZARD'S RING COIN TRICK; the ENCHANTED BOTTLE (no one but yourself is able to make it lay down); the GREAT HAT AND DICE TRICK (a number of dice, placed under one of a hat, disappears and is found underneath yet no one has touched the hat), and last, but not least, the GREAT PHANTOM CARD TRICK, or two from five leaves nothing. Full instructions are sent for performing each trick. In addition to the above, a number of other tests and illusions are fully explained for which you can easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. **Price complete $1.00 postpaid.**

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You may have a lot of fun with this peep-show. Regular starter. Made entirely of metal, having a microscopic lens in the eyepiece. While the victim is absorbed in admiration of the pretty pictures and interesting stories

the confident expectation of seeing something interesting, a spring syringe is brought into action, and the observer is sprinkled with water. **50 cents each postpaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.**

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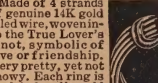

Hold the **MAGIC INDICATOR** over a man's hand, instantly it moves in a straight line, backward and forward. Hold it over a woman's hand and it describes a complete and continuous circle. The same action can be obtained over a letter written by a man or woman, etc. It is fascinating! baffling. We have never been able to figure out how it's done, but we have never seen it fail. Many novel and entertaining feats may be performed with the Sex Indicator. For example, similar results can be obtained with animals, cats, dogs, rabbits, over birds, chickens, canaries, etc. Also used to predetermine the sex of chickens and birds, etc. In fact it is sold as a patented, egg tester in Europe. **Price 25c, or 3 for 65c, postage prepaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.**

BABY TANK 25 Cents

Most remarkable toy ever invented. By drawing the Tank backward, either with the hand over the floor or table and then placing it down it will crawl along, overcoming all obstacles, in the same life-like manner as the larger Tank that proved so deadly in the great war. What makes it go is somewhat of a mystery, for there is no mechanism to wind up as is usually understood with mechanical toys, yet this tank will keep plodding along ten times longer than the ordinary run of toys. It will perform dozens of the most wonderful stunts. **25c prepaid.**

ITCHING Powder

This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfort of your victim to everyone, but themselves is thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary is to place the ball rolling is to deposit a little of the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more. **10c box, 3 boxes for 25c or 1 doz. per dozen.** Shipped by Express. **Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 907, Racine, Wis.**

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One of these glass vials dropped in a room full of people will cause a commotion that is Anarchy personified. These sell entirely disappears in a short time. **10c a Box, 3 Boxes for 25c or 75c per dozen.** Shipped by Express. **JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY**

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Johnson Smith & Co., Dept 907, Racine, Wis.

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Lots of harmless fun and amusement wearing these rings. Made of platinoid finish (to resemble platinum), with wording on enameled, as illustrated. **Price 25c ea. Postpaid**

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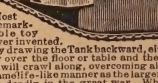
Rubber Chewing Gum



It is just like a regular package of chewing gum and looks so real that it fools everybody. And no one of course suspects it is not genuine until they start to chew it. There's a world of fun in this rubber chewing gum. 6 sticks to the package. **Price 10c Package; 3 for 25c; 12 for 75c, Postpaid.** Stamps taken.

10c a Pkge. 3 for 25c Postpaid

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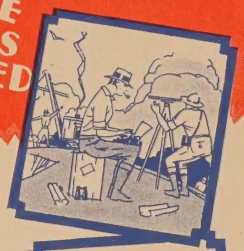

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THE IDEAL PREMIUM GIFT

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I guarantee your sales—You just CAN'T lose!

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Exclusive Territory to Producers
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Screen Secrets

THE VOICE OF SOUND PICTURES

AUG. 25c

MARY PICKFORD'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT
by Edwin Bower Hesse

John Gilbert, My Real Life Lover

By INA CLAIRE

Miss Phyllis Haver—Lovely Pathe Star

Wherever beauty Congregates Maybelline tells its own Story

IN Hollywood there occur certain social events which bring celebrities of the screen together, to make the most striking panorama of feminine beauty the world is privileged to look upon.

Gorgeous jewels are in abundance and gowns are such as seem possible only in fairy tales. Yet the material glitter and grandeur of the spectacle is noticeably dominated by an exquisite note of charm—a charm which *everyone* feels—and which, quite obviously, emanates from the *eyes* of those present. For, every eye sparkles, and is vividly aflame with amazing expression as it casts melting glances thru dark, long, luxuriant lashes made so by Maybelline.

Such is the story of Maybelline and the fascinating eyes and lashes it makes—whether the setting be in Hollywood as typified by Miss Phyllis Haver, whose picture appears herewith, or whether it be any assemblage of smart society anywhere. For Maybelline is always in evidence where beauty is made more beautiful by eyelashes transformed from scantiness to dark, dense fringes of enchanting loveliness.

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"I find Maybelline ideal for darkening and beautifying eyelashes and eyebrows. It is so easy to use and gives such marvelous results.

I would not think of being without Maybelline for everyday use, as well as for best effects in my screen work." Sincerely yours,

Phyllis Haver

Solid Form

BOTH Solid and Waterproof Liquid Maybelline are made in Black and Brown from secret formulas and are widely imitated but never *duplicated*. Both forms are perfectly harmless. To be sure that you get the genuine, look for the Maybelline Girl on the package. Obtainable at all toilet goods counters—75c. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO.

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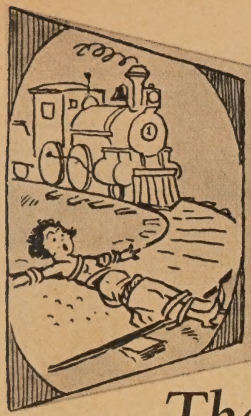
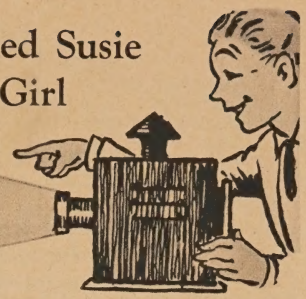


"Save me, Cyril!" Cried Susie the Sewing Machine Girl

You don't go to see magic lantern shows any more, do you? Then why waste time and money on *ordinary talkies?* M-G-M, in marvelous pictures like *"The Broadway Melody"* and *"The Trial of Mary Dugan,"* has made the early talking pictures seem just as old fashioned today as the old stereoptican pictures of our grandfathers' day.



—and now

The NEWEST *and* GREATEST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

"Sinner? . . . Yes! . . . but in the eyes of humanity she is an angel!"

The world's most famous emotional drama now truly immortalized by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the sensational all-talking picture—MADAME X. For power, pathos, and gripping humanity the screen has not had its equal. RUTH CHATTERTON, in the finest performance of her career, makes it one of the greatest attractions of all times. Lewis Stone, Raymond Hackett and a great supporting cast perform brilliantly under Lionel Barrymore's direction. Don't miss this truly remarkable drama. You'll never forgive yourself if you do!

Madame X

From the play by Alexandre Bisson. Dialogue by Willard Mack

Cast out from the luxury of her home. Torn from the side of her babe. And then that never-to-be-forgotten moment when her own son rises to defend her whom he knows only as "Madame X"!

She sinned, and the world exacted a heavy penalty. Follow the tragic, heartbreaking career of the mysterious woman known as "Madame X."

99 out of 100 people who see it proclaim it the most stirring picture they have ever experienced

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"The Broadway Melody"—conceded to be the greatest all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture ever made.
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"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

Screen Secrets

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LILY DAMITA
From Gay Paree!

This little mademoiselle from Gay Paree—oo-la!-la!—tells SCREEN SECRETS readers her life story—the details of her many love affairs and heart-conquests, beginning with her trail of broken hearts that started in Europe and led to Hollywood. Read what she has to say in this spicy, fascinating life history which begins in the September issue of

SCREEN SECRETS
Out August 10

The September issue will contain a wealth of other attractive movie features, direct from the film capital.

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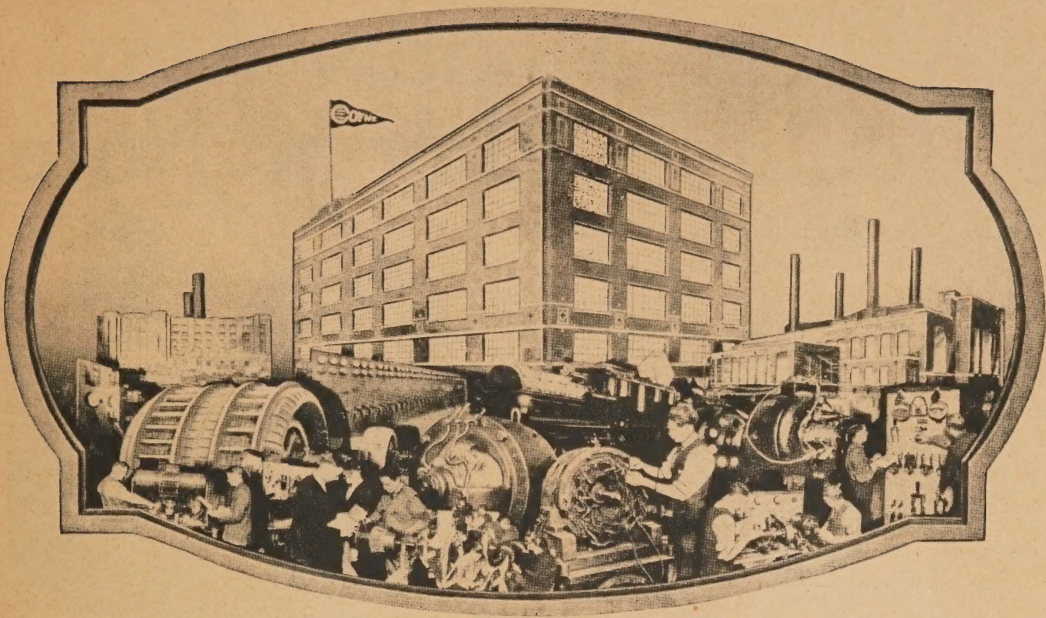

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Inventor — Unlimited
Maintenance Engineer — up to $100 a Week
Service Station Owner — $60 a Week and up
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A Few Months Ago I Couldn't Play a Note

Now I Can Play Anything—Ballads, Classical Numbers and Jazz

I ALWAYS liked music.

I envied people who could sit down at the piano and play.

But I never considered taking piano lessons myself. I couldn't afford to pay a teacher and I didn't have much time for practice.

But a few months ago I heard about a system of learning music which *didn't require a teacher*—a system by which you could *teach yourself* to play the piano or the violin or any other musical instrument by note in half the usual time.

I made inquiries. I found out that this system was called the "Print and Picture" method—that it had been successfully used for 28 years by the U. S. School of Music in New York City—that it had taught over half a million people to play musical instruments. When I found out that the cost of the lessons averaged *only a few cents a day,* I decided to try the course in Piano Playing.

My Big Surprise

What a revelation that course was! Music isn't difficult. It doesn't take long to learn. The "Print and Picture" method makes it wonderfully easy—wonderfully simple!

I was amazed at my rapid progress! Before I knew it I was playing simple tunes. And now I can play anything I like—stirring marches that make the blood tingle—haunting melodies that hold folks spellbound—snappy, jazzy numbers that start feet shuffling and shoulders swaying.

What fun it is to play! And what good times I have playing at parties and dances! The minute I sit down at the piano I'm the center of a laughing, singing, jolly crowd. I've made scores of new friends. I'm sought after—invited everywhere! Honestly, I'm getting more fun out of life than I ever thought possible!

What Learning Music Does For You

This story is typical. Hundreds of thousands of people have learned to play musical instruments by the "Print and Picture" method. You can do the same.

There's real enjoyment in knowing how to play. You can entertain yourself for hours at a time—especially during evenings at home. You can entertain other folks—play at parties—make yourself popular.

You can play with friends in amateur bands. Or you can join a professional orchestra or band and make money. Good musicians earn $60 to $150 a week playing in orchestras. Always a demand for them. Many pupils of the U. S. School of Music now have good-paying positions.

How This Method Works

The "Print and Picture" method makes every step clear and simple. First you are told what to do—then a picture *shows* you what to do—then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it clearer.

Children—some only 7 years old—have found this method easy as A. B. C. You don't have to know a thing about music to start This system makes the reading and playing of music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book.

Ovide Musin—head of the Musin Virtuoso School of Violin, in New York, said: "How can you teach violin through written lessons?" He was invited to visit the U. S. school of Music where he was shown the fully illustrated lessons for violin beginners.

"Ah!" exclaimed Musin, himself a marvelous Artist, "You have taught me something. I take the bow and the violin and show the pupil how to hold them and tell him to do the same. He has to go home and carry that in his mind until he comes for another lesson. But you give them a picture of the correct positions, and they have it before them all the time!"

One of the reasons for the quick results is that learning is such *fun.* Instead of waiting a year before playing tunes—you *learn* by playing tunes. You play simple, familiar melodies by note right from the start. No tiresome scales. No laborious exercises. You learn at home in your spare time and without a teacher. You study when you please—and as much or as little as you please. You learn *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study by old-time plodding methods.

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Cello
Organ	Sight Singing
Violin	Ukulele
Drums and Traps	Guitar
Mandolin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Clarinet	Harp
Flute	Piccolo
Saxophone	Trombone
Cornet	Speech Culture
Voice and Piano	Finger Control Accordion
Automatic Piano	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	

Get This Free Book

A 64-page, illustrated book *"Music Lessons in Your Own Home"* will be gladly sent you on request. You will find it one of the most interesting books you ever read.

The book explains how the short-cut "Print and Picture" method works—why it gets such quick results. It contains a set of tests questions which show you whether or not you have musical ability.

It explains several ways in which the course enables you to make money *even while taking the course.* It tells how our courses qualify you to teach music—how to get a teacher's Certificate.

The booklet also contains dozens of letters from students telling what they think of the U. S. School of Music courses, and what these courses have done for them. Here are a few quotations from these letters:

"I would not take $1,000 for the knowledge I have gained from your lessons."

"My progress on the violin has been much faster than I had hoped for."

"I took piano lessons from you and am teaching music now."

"Since finishing the course, I have been teaching, playing in churches and at recitals, and am receiving a fine salary."

Free Demonstration Lesson

Just read the list of instruments in the panel. Decide which one you want to play. Then sign and send the convenient coupon. You will receive by return mail the free booklet, *Music Lessons in Your Own Home.*"

You will also receive a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows you plainer than any description could, just how our system works. This Free Lesson tests your musical ability—shows you that you need no special talent—shows you how easy the "Print and Picture" method is, and how quickly you can learn—and proves to you that you really can learn to play a musical instrument without a teacher.

Don't let the fact that you can get this Booklet and Test Lesson easily and without cost or obligation, keep you from sending for them or make the mistake of undervaluing them. By showing you how easily and cheaply you can learn to play a musical instrument, this Booklet and Free Lesson may mean the difference between a whole lifetime enlightened by the joys of music and a lifetime also tell you about our amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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And now you may learn this rare beauty secret of the stars.

Cosmetic Beauty Proved Under Blazing Lights

Make-Up, to blend with beauty naturally must be in color harmony. Cosmetics...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials must be in colorings to harmonize with the individual complexion. Otherwise, grotesque effects result and make-up appears off-color, loud or spotty. Max Factor discovered this, produced cosmetics in color harmony, and proved their beauty and lifelike realness under the blazing motion picture lights...beauty's severest test.

Make-Up for Every Woman—Every Day

Based on this same principle, proved so successful in pictures, Max Factor perfected Society Make-Up for every day and evening use. Universally the stars of Hollywood adopted it...Nancy Carroll, Mary Brian, Esther Ralston, and a host of others whose beauty has enraptured you, enthuse about the wonderful lifelike colorings, in the powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials of Max Factor's Society Make-Up. And each star has her own color harmony, suggested by Max Factor, to blend with her complexion colorings and personality.

Now you, like the screen stars, may share this beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart...free. Then you'll know—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead, exactly the shades in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials you should use to bring out your beauty; to enhance the alluring charm of personality.

And in Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" you'll find invaluable beauty advice and make-up hints that will reveal to you the magic of make-up as it is used in Hollywood. A priceless beauty gift which Max Factor will send to you free...so mail the coupon to Hollywood and learn the precious make-up secret of the stars.

ESTHER RALSTON, Paramount star, in approving her make-up color harmony suggested by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, remarks:
"Make-Up, when in correct color harmony, as in Max Factor's Society Make-Up, becomes a natural part of beauty...unnoticed, unseen"

NANCY CARROLL In "BURLESQUE"

Paramount Production
Make-Up by Max Factor

In Paramount's big production "Burlesque", the all-talking, all-singing super-feature, even the enchanting loveliness of Nancy Carroll is enhanced with Make-Up by Max Factor.

Nancy Carroll says: "Individuality in coloring....that is the artistry I am enthusiastic about in your wonderful Society Make-Up".

These Paramount Stars Use Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Esther Ralston	Baclanova
Mary Brian	Fay Wray
Jean Arthur	Nancy Carroll
Leone Lane	Ruth Chatterton
Evelyn Brent	Doris Hill

One of the striking scenes from Paramount's big production "Burlesque"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 5-8-18

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*, and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in spaces with check mark	Age
Olive		

Max Factor's Society Make-Up
HOLLYWOOD
"Cosmetics of the Stars"

For the Sun Tan Fashion—Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Make-Up—At Drug and Department Stores

CLASSY SERVICE DESIRED	
WHO	X
WHAT	X
WHERE	X

NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD — CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute*
RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets*
FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

JACQUELINE LOGAN is now Mrs. Lawrence Winston, bride of a socially prominent Los Angeles broker. This pair were married in Mexico some months ago, but because Miss Logan's final decree of divorce from Ralph Gillespie had not yet been issued, the marriage was declared illegal in California. Recently, however, the decree was issued and Jacqueline and Larry said "I do" all over again.

-•-

Marian Nixon has been signed to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in his next picture, *Young Nowhere*. Dick expressed his desire of having Miss Nixon play opposite him in his next production and First National moguls immediately closed the contract by wire.

•-•-•-•

Jason Robards has been signed by First National for a prominent role in support of Irene Bordoni in *Paris*, the star's stage vehicle. Jack Buchanan, the English revue star, has also been signed for an outstanding role. Production has been begun under direction of Clarence Badger.

-•-•-•-•-•-

Wallace Beery has gone over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He is now working in *Magnolia*, his last picture at the Paramount studio.

•-•

The Love Parade, an original talking picture operetta, has been announced by Jesse L. Lasky as being Maurice Chevalier's next picture. Jeannette MacDonald, Broadway star of *Angels*, has been signed to play opposite the fascinating Frenchman. Ernst Lubitsch will direct.

-•-

The Actors' Equity, which has theatre employment under control, is making a renewed drive to unionize actors in motion picture studios, issuing an ultimatum that none of its members can sign other than Equity standard contracts with producers hereafter. Actors are also being solicited to join Equity's motion picture branch. Most of the leading producers have taken a flat stand against Equity's entering the industry and have rejected all Equity proposals. A deadlock seems certain.

Edwin Carewe, noted director, has remarried Mary Akin. The couple were first married in 1926, and divorced in Mexico in July, 1928. The Carewes have two children. Mary Akin is a former Chicago girl and Sennett bathing beauty. Mr. Carewe, the discoverer of Dolores Del Rio, continues to direct the Mexican beauty in her pictures, also producing them.

•-•-•-•

Nina May, pretty colored heroine of King Vidor's *Hallelujah*, has been signed to a long term contract by M-G-M. Nina May was recruited from the New York stage production, *Blackbirds of 1928*.

Lenore Ulric herself, she who is almost a tradition in New York, has capitulated to the talkies. She has signed with Fox. Allan Dwan will direct her first picture, *Frozen Justice*, several scenes of which are to be filmed in Alaska.

-•-•-•-•-•-

Catherine Dale Owen, blonde stage beauty, has been chosen to supplant Greta Garbo as leading lady to John Gilbert in his first talkie, *Olympia*.

•-•

William S. Hart has signed a contract with Hal Roach to appear in a talking western. Lambert Hillyer, director of nearly 30 of Hart's successes, is slated to direct the new venture. The story is now in preparation at the Roach studios.

•-•

W. S. Van Dyke and his *Trader Horn* film expedition recently departed from the last outpost of civilization in Nairobi and are headed across Lake Albert to their first jungle location site. Commander Bockler, noted African guide, is leading the party. Filming is scheduled to begin on July 1.

•-•-•-•

The Big Shot, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, authors of *The Front Page*, has been purchased by Pathe and will be produced as a special, all-dialogue feature.

-•-

Ken Maynard and his wife have left Hollywood to spend what remains of the summer in the agreeably cool breezes of the Hawaiian Islands. He is said to be engaged in Honolulu in writing a story with Hawaiian background.

-•-•-•-•-•-

Pauline Starke has filed suit for breach of contract for $6,000 against James Cruze, director. She charges that she was summarily dismissed after four days' work, although she had been signed for four weeks to play a role in *The Great Gabbo*.

20 Selections on any 10

Records

Send No Money 10 Days Approval

HERE'S A RECKLESS OFFER

I'M going to mail out, at my risk, 500,000 sample lots of records just to prove that I have developed an extremely low-priced record which is clearer and richer in tone than records costing seventy-five cents each or more.

Will you consent to be one of the half million persons to whom I am going to give a beautiful concert in your own home at MY RISK? Will you accept, without obligation, a shipment of ten superb records which may not cost you a single cent? They are in the standard ten-inch size and play on any phonograph. Just use the coupon below. Send no money.

When the records arrive, you can give yourself and your friends one of the pleasantest evenings you have ever had. Play each one of the ten records on both sides: twenty superb selections in all. Try the records as many times as you wish for ten days.

Then send them back to me at my expense UNLESS they are so good that you DO NOT WISH TO PART WITH THEM. Don't feel "sorry" for me," but shoot the records back unless they are positively better than records you have ever had at any price.

That's rather a reckless offer on my part, many people say. But I've already shipped out over seven million records on exactly these terms, and I know exactly how much risk I'm taking. I'm not afraid of any man's honest opinion.

All I ask is that you give me a fighting chance by going over carefully the list of records below and picking out the ten records that have the best chance of making good with you. Simply write the catalog numbers on the coupon and mail today. If they sell themselves to you on their own merits, and you want to keep them permanently, then they are yours at less than ten cents per musical selection. See terms on coupon below, and notice how I protect you against any possible loss or risk. Please act at once so you won't be too late to get this offer.

POPULAR SONGS

2446 Carolina Moon
Life Without You Is Just a Bubble
4228 Hallelujah I'm a Bum
The Dying Hobo
2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon
4225 Rock Candy Mountain
Bill You Done Me Wrong
2460 Precious Little Thing Called Love
I Need You More
2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal of Yesterday
2471 Button Up Your Overcoat
I Wanna Sail Away
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
2323 Get Away Old Man
Well I Swan
2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzy
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
4133 Jesse James
The Butcher Boy
2437 Rainbow Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4237 Murder of Little Marion Parker
The Pardon Came Too Late
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks

POPULAR SONGS

4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane
4167 The Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee
4180 My Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Land of Dreams

POPULAR DANCE
All with Vocal Chorus

1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1596 Wedding Bells
How Do I Know You Love Me
1703 Sweetheart of All My Dreams
Let's Get Together
1712 Lover Come Bak to Me
Emaline
7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
4068 Turkey In the Straw
Arkansas Traveler

POPULAR DANCE

4158 Old Time Jigs and Reels
Favorite Barn Dances
1587 Sweethearts on Parade
How Long Have You Waited
SACRED
4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes
4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4215 When They Ring the Golden Bells
Is My Name Written There?

COMEDY

4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4004 Flanagan in a Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4232 Button Buster (Laughing Record)
Common Bill

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB, PU-48
135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 plus postage from factory), in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

(Write Clearly)
1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
5.....
6.....
7.....
8.....
9.....
10.....

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock. (Write Clearly)
1.....
2.....
3.....

IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name .....

Address .....
(Write Clearly)

City ..... State .....

SEND NO MONEY

A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

Some Voice in the Matter

LAURA HOPE CREWS prepared Norma Talmadge for the talkies. She did such a good job that Gloria Swanson is now learning her "A-E-I-O-U's" and "Hit the teeth with the tone" from the same source.

Oh! What a Lark

CATHERINE CRAWFORD, the bride, and Jean Hersholt, the father, stood on the steps of a cathedral.

"Camera," called Renaud Hoffman, directing *The Climax* for Universal. The extras and onlookers were silent.

The cameras began to grind.

Hersholt began his lines.—A donkey emitted a long-winded bray from a neighboring enclosure.

"Cut! Get rid of that donkey," bellowed Hoffman.

Ten minutes later, the donkey out of the way, Hoffman again called "camera."

The extras fell silent. Hersholt began his lines.—A bevy of meadow larks burst into loud welcome.

"Perfect!" cried Hoffman.

Speaks Well for Them

HURRAY, the girls get a break! After all that's been said about the superiority of the male voice in the microphone, along comes William J. Cowen, RKO director, with the following statement: "Girls with pleasing tones record more truly than masculine voices. I had to make hundreds of tests before finding the right recording for a boy whereas it took only a few minutes to select a girl."

Charlie's Talkie

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, who has declared to the world that he would never make a talkie, is going back on his word. He is, in fact, now writing and directing a two-reel dialogue picture to be produced to accompany *City Lights*, when it is realeased. Charlie is taking no chances on the quality of the short subject which will supplement his own effort. However, it is not his intention to appear before the camera in this short talkie—or in any other talking film. At least, that is what he says right at the moment.

SCREEN SECRETS Talkie Letter Contest comes to a conclusion in this issue. The final winning letter giving a frank opinion of the talkies appears on page 114.

Not So Worse

EDWARD DU PARR, a cameraman at Warner Brothers, invented a certain valuable camera device to aid in the taking of talkies and instead of registering the patent he sold it to the studio for the sum of one dollar! This gesture, however, isn't quite so foolish as it may seem. Out of gratitude, Warner Brothers have decided that as long as their organization exists, Du Parr will be working for it. A life-time job—with good pay—isn't to be sneezed at in the movies!

SILENCE GIVES CONSENT
Mean advantage taken of a talkie star by an assistant electrician.—The San Francisco Franciscan.

All Dialogue Serial

NOT all the "talkie beats" are scored by Warner Brothers and Fox. Universal is now making the first talking serial. It is to be called *Ace of Scotland Yard*, and there will be ten episodes of two reels each. Crawford Kent, whom many will recall as a prominent heavy in the old days of the movies, will play the detective hero. And every episode of the serial will be 100 per cent dialogue film.

Oh, These Censors

CENSORS in Kansas found a scene in a late Warner Brothers film objectionable and ordered a big cut in the picture. But—so far—American censorship has no control over dialogue and as the talking was recorded on disc, exhibitors found it necessary to have their screens dark for two minutes while the voices went merrily on!

In Montreal, with the Canadian censorship regulations differing from the American laws of control, the dialogue in one sequence of *The Broadway Melody* was cut while the film continued on the screen. The audience thought something had gone wrong with the projection machine until the fact that they were being saved from evil was discerned.

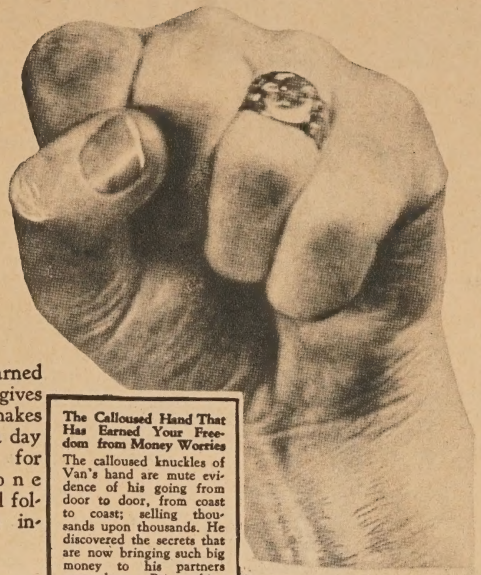
Talkies Predominate

WITH the production schedules of practically all the bigger studios completed for the season 1929-30, the number of talkies that will be made next year totals five hundred and four, of which three hundred and sixty will have silent versions. But the most significant phase of an analysis of the announced schedules is that only forty-three straight silent films will be made. Universal, with eight of that total, is the sole large studio to plan the production of any straight silents, and Fox, conforming with their announced plan, is the only one to make no silent versions at all of their talkies. M-G-M, controlled by Fox, will make thirty-five of their fifty dialogue pictures with silent versions. Altogether, it looks like the talkies are slowly but surely choking their silent foes to death!

The Hand that knocked at 150,000 Doors

Signs a Guarantee of $15 a DAY- Steady Income to You

What other man could have dared to make such an outstanding written Guarantee as C. W. Van De Mark now offers to every honest man or woman? He can do it only because of the amazing principles which he discovered in his active experience of 33 years. "Van" himself has knocked at 150,000 doors! And the secret he learned —which he now gives you — makes $15.00 a day easy for anyone who will follow his instructions.



The Calloused Hand That Has Earned Your Freedom from Money Worries

The calloused knuckles of Van's hand are mute evidence of his going from door to door, from coast to coast; selling thousands upon thousands. He discovered the secrets that are now bringing such big money to his partners everywhere. By working the hard way, he discovered the easy way for you to be free for life from all money worries.

I'll Make You MY PARTNER

In My Established Business and Give You Half of Every Dollar We Take In!

This is my solemn promise to you (and I am known to 20,000 partners as the man who always keeps his promises). Send the coupon today—let me show you how I set you up in a permanent dignified business of your own in your own locality and GUARANTEE your income.

I'll Take All the Chances

I don't want you to risk a penny. I'll take the chances—I'll furnish everything; I'll set you up in a position of your own and show you how to make others earn money for you. My instructions will show you how to be free from money worries for life.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Simply distribute teas, coffees, extracts, foods, things people need, to an established list of my customers. I want you to look after my business in your locality. No experience needed —I show you exactly what to do—guide you and help you every step of the way.

I FURNISH CHRYSLER COACH

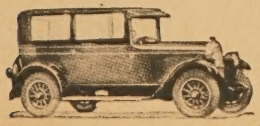
I offer a new Chrysler coach to every one of my partners. I give it absolutely free to producers to use in our business. No strings attached—it's yours to keep.

SPARE TIME OR FULL TIME

Thousands now free from all money worries through my new, easy way of making money in their spare time or full time. I guarantee $3 an hour for spare time work to anyone who will follow my easy plan. Hundreds have quit hard, low-pay jobs to make from $95 to $150 a week easy with me. Mail the coupon now!

YOU CAN HAVE $50 EXTRA CASH NEXT SATURDAY

Send coupon at once and I will prove my honest promises by making it possible for YOU to have $50 EXTRA CASH within a week from tonight!! Someone else in your locality may be reading this same offer this minute—so rush the coupon to me at once and have a steady income for life.



C. W. Van De Mark, President,

Health-O Quality Products Co.

1053-HH, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

LET VAN PAY YOUR BILLS, TOO!

You Paid the Mortgage on My Home

C. V. McMurphy

Says Rev. C. V. McMurphy of Alabama. McMurphy got "Van's" offer. The first afternoon he made $30. He writes, "The notes on the house have been burned—we have a new car —I no longer fear financial problems." He has made as high as $300 in a week.

Mother Makes $2,000 Spare Time

Mrs. S. M. Jones of Georgia, mother of four, says "First hour and half made $36.47." She could only work on Mondays and Saturday afternoon. But with this easy work she has made over $2,000 in a few short months.

Big Money in Spare Time

C. C. Miner, Iowa, made $74 his first four days—part time. His first 15 days (part time) he made $200! He writes, "Van, I thank God for the day I signed up with you."

I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE TO YOU AS I HAVE FOR THESE PEOPLE

MAIL TODAY

C. W. Van De Mark, President,
Health-O Quality Products Co.,
1053-HH Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Van:—Without cost or obligation to me rush me your amazing portfolio, $15 A DAY GUARANTEE and FREE food products and FREE CHRYSLER offer. Prove to me that I can have $50 cash in my pocket within a week.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

START TONIGHT AND REDUCE WEIGHT!

Reduce 2 to 4 Pounds Tonight at Home and Feel Better Tomorrow Morning than You Have for Months

(Every Statement Certified From Actual Experience)

Send the Coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro Baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam, oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want to

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effects on abdomen, hip, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full-size packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much.

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and name and address will be given on request.

More Than a Million Fayro Treatments Have Been Sold

Fayro, Inc. PFU-8-29
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

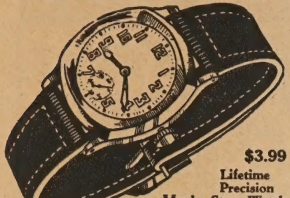
Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

BUY DIRECT FROM IMPORTER—SAVE 50%!

SEND NO MONEY. ∴ Just Fill in Coupon Below.
Pay on Delivery. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.



$3.99

Lifetime Precision Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock-proof and weather-proof. Perfect timekeeper. Radium Dial—tells time in dark—Fine imported full jeweled movement—Silver finish, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Genuine leather strap. Absolutely a $10.00 value. Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.99 plus postage. Fill in coupon.

$2.98

Fifty Shot Target Practice Air Automatic

Box of Ammunition Free.

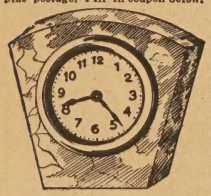
Guaranteed to hit a fly at ten feet. The ideal pistol for target practice. Get one today and become a good marksman in short time and at very little expense. Shoots buckshot with accurate precision and great force. Holds fifty shots in magazine. Easy to reload. Excellent for hunting birds, etc. Looks like a real pistol. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $2.98 plus small express charge. Fill in coupon below.

Latest Type Harmonica $1.98

A new development in the art of making musical instruments created this double harmonica. Nothing like it ever offered at our special price compares with it for tone and real beauty. Plays on both sides from the lowest to the highest notes. Each harmonica in a special box. Rush your order. Limited quantity. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon. Pay on delivery $1.98 plus postage.

New Imported Sewing Machine $2.96

For young and old—this sewing machine is a great labor and time saver. Will do all your plain sewing in half time. Small and convenient to carry, can be clamped anywhere. This is a genuine imported machine, of strong and durable construction, guaranteed to give service. Furnished complete with instructions. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $2.96 plus postage. Fill in coupon below.



Genuine French Marble Clock $3.74

This is a genuine marble clock. Both the clock and marble are imported by us direct from France, that is why we sell them so low. $15.00 value. The clock is of the better French make, carefully tested and regulated, with two years' written guarantee. The frames are of genuine French marble in the richest natural colors and in assorted modernistic shapes. Very chic and ultra-modern in appearance. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

Imported French Binoculars $4.69

Buying direct from France, we are able to offer you this binocular at low wholesale price. Full $15.00 retail value. Magnifies everything 5½ times. Has six well constructed lenses. The ideal glass for camping, touring, hiking, sports, outdoor or indoor. Elegantly finished, adjustable sides. Complete with carrying case. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $4.69 and postage. Fill in coupon below.

Genuine Imported Accordeon $2.88

No greater value was ever offered in such a high-grade musical instrument. Sweet tone, double action keys, two sets of tune adjusters. Finished in beautiful black. We searched all over Europe to find an accordeon that will answer every requirement for a fine instrument. You can obtain this accordeon at our ridiculously low price of $2.88, plus shipping charges. Limited stock. Rush your order. Fill in coupon, mail today.

22 Cal. Six Shot Blank Automatic $4.99

With Box of Cartridges Free.

No Permit or License Required

You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but absolutely safe and harmless automatic. Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—a real home protector—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearms at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame. Makes powerful loud report. Has six shot magazine that can be reloaded instantly. Uses 22 cal. blank cartridges. Checkered Grip. Box of cartridges free with each automatic. Convenient pocket size. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $4.99 plus express charge. Fill in coupon below.

GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER FREE WITH EACH PISTOL

Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol $1.78

The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. Built to retail at $5.00. Our introductory offer $1.78. In nickel or gun-metal finish. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.

$2.39

"Famous" Skull and Bones Ring

Surprise your friends with this most original ring. Made of solid sterling silver, handsomely decorated. Worn for good luck by both men and women. SEND NO MONEY. Just specify size. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

$5.98

The "Princess Mary" Ladies' 6 Jewel Wrist Watch

Complete with Extension Link Bracelet.

A new creation in the jeweler's art, representing the latest style in watches. Combines exquisite beauty with the highest quality. Case elegantly engraved, white gold finish in platinum effect. Fitted with a wonderfully perfected 6 Jewel movement, tested and adjusted accurate, and having a two years' written guarantee. Supplied complete with ultra-modern extension link bracelet to match. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.98. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.

22 Cal. Repeater Blank Automatic Complete with Box of Cartridges $2.85

No license or permit required to carry this newly patented Blank Automatic. Built like a real firearm, same in appearance, makes a powerful loud report, yet it is absolutely safe and harmless. Use it for protection—to scare away burglars, frighten tramps, drive away dogs, etc., for camping, outing, towns, in city or farm—or play a practical joke on your friends. Uses 22 Cal. Blank cartridges. Can fire two shots simultaneously. Easy and quick to reload. Box of cartridges free with each pistol. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $2.85 plus small shipping charges. Fill in coupon below.

Jazzy Saxophone Greatest Bargain Ever $2.74

With this full size saxophone you will be able to play the latest jazz music in a very short time. Full set of ten keys will give you every tune desired. Greatest value ever offered. At our special price $2.74. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $2.74 and postage. Fill out coupon—mail today.

Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

$3.99

One of the greatest Bargains in America today. Storekeepers and installment Mail Order Houses charge a great deal more for this watch—*We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.* Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved assorted shape case, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Exquisite dial, with raised gold letter figures, *fully jeweled movement,* guaranteed for two years. Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and Rolled gold effect link bracelet for evening or party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

$1.79

Pistol Shape Cigarette Case

Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

GENUINE DIAMONDS *Set in 14 kt.* SOLID GOLD RINGS **$4.98**

No Installments to Pay. Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K solid gold rings set with genuine diamonds only $4.98. Installment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealer's profit. Remember, these are genuine diamonds set in solid 14K gold rings at only $4.98. No. 1 and No. 2 are ladies' rings and No. 3 is a men's ring. SEND NO MONEY. State ring and size wanted. Pay on delivery $4.98. Fill in coupon below.

Science Has Created the World's Finest Reproductions of $500 DIAMONDS

At last! A new process is discovered. The result—we challenge experts to tell these from $500 Diamonds! Living fire plays over their diamond-cut facets — dazzling, sparkling, scintillating!

Choice of Six Rings, $1.98

When shown recently in New York City these new Jenkins Diamonds created a sensation. You, too, will be thrilled! Instant beauty for the hands!

GIRLS! MEN!

No not confuse Jenkins Gems with ordinary "imitations." Nothing has been found to compare with their lasting beauty. Every stone set in famous DEAUVILLE mountings, guaranteed 20 years. Put your faith in a ring that won't disappoint you!

SEND NO MONEY!

Just pay postman $1.98 plus a few cents postage when ring you choose arrives. No installments to pay. Order by number. Rings No. 3 and 6 can be had in MEN'S style.

Tie string around finger for size. Buy for GIFTS! Act NOW!

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 8-R-72, 683 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C. O. D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired).

....Lifetime Precision Watch	$3.99	....Pistol Shape Cigarette Case	1.79
....Six Shot Blank Automatic	4.99	....New Imported Sewing Machine	2.96
....Newest Style Ladies Watch	3.99	....Skull and Bones Ring	2.39
....50 Shot Air Automatic	2.98	....Genuine Diamond Ring (Specify size and kind wanted)	4.98
....Cigarette Lighter Pistol	1.78	....French Marble Clock	3.74
....Blank Shot Repeater Automatic	2.85	....Jazzy Saxophone	2.74
....Latest Type Harmonica	1.98	....French Binoculars	4.69
....The Princess Mary Ladies Wrist Watch	5.98	....Imported Accordeon	2.88

NAME .....

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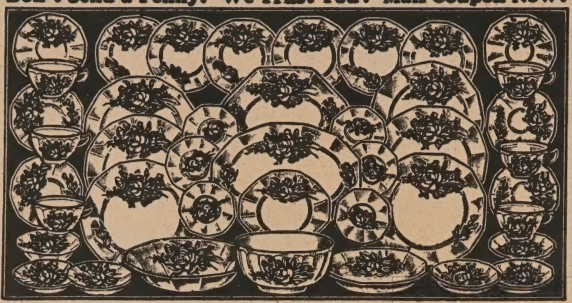
All These Beautiful Presents Given

Full Size 42-Piece Dinner Set Free

Don't Send a Penny. We Trust You! Mail Coupon Now!



Here is a set you will be proud of. Rose and Foliage pattern. Newest Colonial shape. Guaranteed first class. Just sell 12 large size bottles "SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume as illustrated below (*Giving away a Perfume Novelty Free with each bottle*) and remit per plan in Premium Catalog. Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Mail Coupon Now! TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* E-28 CHICAGO

BIG MOVIE Machine Free!

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU

Shows Large Size on Screen

Operates on same principle as expensive professional models. It's equipped with imported double Convex lens, uses regular size films as in big theatres. Very simple construction—all steel and heavily made. Complete outfit enough for full hours show including practice reel of Tom Mix film, etc. Send coupon for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with each bottle and easy plans for obtaining Movie Machine.

Mail Coupon

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* E-28 CHICAGO

MA-MA DOLL

She can do almost anything a real live baby does. Is fully dressed as pictured. Given for selling only 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each (Giving Perfume Novelty free with each bottle). Easiest plan ever offered. Trevaux's Salut D'Amour fastest seller today. See illustration near coupon — Biggest value ever. Send no money. Just fill out and mail coupon today.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept.* E-28 CHICAGO

GIVEN

This Ladies' or Girls' Watch is very dainty. Has fancy engravings front and back. Set with blue sapphire crown —Jeweled Movement guaranteed 10 years. Send for 12 Large Bottles SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume which sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you GIVE AWAY Free and easy plans for obtaining this Wrist Watch. Don't send a penny. Mail Coupon now!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
DEPT. E-28 CHICAGO

10-Pc. Toilet Set - full size

This Ivory Finish Toilet Set consists of 10 FULL SIZE pieces. Biggest Value offered. Given for selling only 12 Large Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each. With each bottle you give away free a Perfume Novelty. Greatest value offered. We are big reliable company. Don't send a penny. We trust you. Mail coupon now.

Trevaux Perfume Co.
Dept. E-28 *Chicago*

High Grade Violin & Bow

FULL SIZE

Send No Money *We Trust You!*

The quality of this outfit will amaze you. Violin is made of selected woods, smooth round corners and full size. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a Bottle. Give away Free Perfume Novelties. Select Violin per catalog plan. See coupon. TREVAUX Perfume Co. Dept E-28 Chicago

FREE COASTER WAGON GIVEN

This big wagon is 16x 36 inches. Heaviest construction known. Best materials, hardest woods used. Roller bearing. Heavy tires on double 10 inch steel wheels. Mail coupon today for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume which you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away Free, and easy plan for obtaining coaster wagon. Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. E-28
CHICAGO

Here is what you Sell!—

We send 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume to be sold at 25c each (first time offered in America). We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with Salut D'Amour Perfume. It makes sales easier. 50c value for 25c. Help us advertise and introduce Salut D'Amour. It is put up in large size bottles as illustration at right—This large size you sell at 25c.

Actual Size

BIG 500 Shot Repeater RIFLE Free!

This is a big rifle with REAL POWER. Genuine KING Rifle that has the LEVER action. FREE for selling only 12 bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a bottle. With each bottle give away a Perfume Novelty FREE. *A 50c Value for only 25c*

Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. E 28 Chicago

Strap Watch

Guaranteed 10 Years

Suitable for Boys and Men. New shape, white metal case, leather strap, 10 year guaranteed movement. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume that you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE, and easy plans for obtaining wrist watch —Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. E-28 CHICAGO

MAIL COUPON

Send No Money

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., DEPT. E-28 CHICAGO

I want to help you introduce "Salut D'Amour" among my friends. Send me 12 Bottles to sell at 25c each. Also send 12 Perfume Novelties to give away free with "SALUT D'AMOUR. Will remit you within 30 days and select gift from Catalog sent with perfume according to offers.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Print or write name plainly and mail today!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO. DEPT. E-28 CHICAGO

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU

What is the one great secret of a woman's charm?

WHAT makes a woman irresistible to men?

It cannot be beauty alone, for many women without beauty are charming.

It cannot be personality alone, for there are women with rich personalities who somehow do not charm us.

It cannot be dress alone, for even the best-dressed woman can look unattractive.

What is the subtle, elusive quality which makes a woman stand out sharply in contrast to others—which draws all eyes in her direction the moment she enters a room—which makes her attractive at all times, in any clothes, at any age?

Why Many Plain Women Are Appealing

According to Josephine Huddleston, famous expert on beauty and feminine appeal, *any woman can be charming.* "Even a homely woman can make herself attractive if she knows how to express feminine appeal," says Miss Huddleston. "Without that appeal, even the most beautiful woman has no charm."

For years Josephine Huddleston has conducted a charm and beauty column syndicated in many newspapers and reaching millions of women. Hundreds of thousands of these readers have written to her for intimate advice . . . and she has had an unusual opportunity to study individual needs. As a result, no one is better qualified than she to help women become *more appealing.*

"Secrets of Charm" By Josephine Huddleston

Because so many of her readers requested it, Miss Huddleston has written a book which she calls "Secrets of Charm." It is a complete outline of *tested methods for expressing feminine appeal*—based upon years of experience with women of every type.

No woman can afford to be without this gold mine of valuable information! Here are the secrets of famous stars and models—the specialized knowledge of the beauty salons—the scientific hints of the best physicians. It is one of the most important and significant books on feminine charm ever written.

Complete In One Volume Examine It FREE

Josephine Huddleston has shown hundreds of thousands of women how to be *more attractive.* She has helped them express personal beauty they never even dreamed they possessed. Her secrets of charm are *never failing;* they have been used successfully by stars, models, society women. Miss Huddleston herself is a celebrated beauty.

Whether you are tall or short, fat or thin, blonde or brunette—"Secrets of Charm" will show you how to make yourself more attractive! "I salute Miss Huddleston's volume!" says Florenz Ziegfeld.

Please examine it FREE. Try some of the "secrets"—*judge for yourself.* If you aren't thrilled and delighted, return the book within 5 days and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and send only $1.98 in full payment. Send off this coupon *NOW!*

Examine this remarkable book FREE

G. P. Putnam's Sons,
Dept. 38. 2 West 45 St., N. Y.

You may send me "Secrets of Charm" by Josephine Huddleston free for 5 days' examination. Within that time I will either return the book, or keep it as my own and send only $1.98 in full payment. *I am the judge.* I will keep "Secrets of Charm" only if I want to.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

HELLO EVERYBODY

In my next picture, 'Smiling Irish Eyes', I'm actually going to— TALK to you—SING for you"

Folks you ain't heard nothin' yet! Wait—you have a big thrill coming.

Imagine the excitement when you HEAR the voice of the *greatest of all* screen stars—when you meet the real Colleen for the very first time.

That's the treat the next First National Vitaphone TALKING Picture—"Smiling Irish Eyes" has in store for you.

Colleen not only TALKS all through it, but SINGS four songs you'll whistle for days, and DANCES like only she can.

Watch for the date in your home town!

HEAR HER Sing These Witmark Hits

"Smiling Irish Eyes"
"A Wee Bit of Love"
"Then I can ride Home with You"
"Darlin' My Darlin'"

JOHN McCORMICK

PRESENTS

COLLEEN MOORE

IN

"SMILING IRISH EYES"

100% TALKING AND SINGING PICTURE

Directed by William A. Seiter

FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURES

The Editor's Opinion

MOVIE MUSIC—AND OTHER TALKIE DEVELOPMENTS.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor

ONE of the strange phenomena connected with sound pictures which we accept without surprise in this miraculous age is the growth of the theme song. A frantic producer cries, "We gotta have a tune!" A frenzied composer sits down at a piano, and in a few weeks, check girls in Palm Beach and garage men in Fargo are humming another song.

Al Jolson scribbled a few lines on the cardboard of a shirt which had just come back from the laundry as he put on his black-face make-up for *The Singing Fool.* In New York, Buddy De Silva moved the piano in his apartment to the telephone, and in a few minutes' time, over thousands of miles of long distance, *Sonny Boy* came into being.

Con Conrad, who wrote much of the music for the *Fox Follies,* sits down at the piano, without an idea in his head, works himself into a frenzy of rhythm and out of it comes a popular hit.

Music publishers tell me that before the advent of the theme song, it was most exceptional for a popular song to run into a million copies. Now it is a poor theme song indeed that doesn't sell that many.

Imagine the despair of a Beethoven if told he had to knock out another Sonata before quitting time to synchronize with that necking scene under the lilacs. Music, in the trend of modern times, is undergoing the change from an art to a business.

Fighting the Combines

AS MERGER follows merger, in the frantic film world, there are gradually coming to the fore certain lone wolf producers from whom we may expect great things. One of these is Jimmy Cruze, long an outstanding figure in the industry. Very quietly, without any fanfare of publicity, he has taken over a studio of his own, completely disregarding the mergers, and has two pictures under production which promise to be world-beaters. He isn't worrying about an outlet. Any releasing organization will be glad to show his pictures.

F. W. Murnau, the great German director, and Robert Flaherty, famous for his films of far places, will make pictures together at the Color Art studios as soon as they return from a trip to the South Seas.

Chaplin remains the mystery man among the artists who have walked alone, but it seems more than probable that following his split from United Artists, he too, will become a lone wolf and produce his pictures without benefit of supervisors.

The appearance of these solitary figures on the picture horizon is a healthy thing for the industry in this day of consolidation. Free from studio policies and politics, they will make pictures that will set a standard for the others.

Now—Color

OUT of a clear sky, Warner Bros. have dropped another bombshell into the industry almost as great as *The Singing Fool,* the first widely successful talkie, with the production of *On With the Show,* the first big picture to be made entirely in color. It will silence once and for all the critics who have said it is impossible to make a picture all in color because it is too hard on the eyes. There is nothing hard on the eyes about watching the twinkling legs of comely chorines filmed in their pleasant natural tints. Warner Brothers are wise enough to realize, however, that color can be used effectively in the reproduction of musical comedies, and they are going to confine it to this medium, at least until the public becomes accustomed to color as it has to sound. There are still too many obstacles in the way of color films to allow them to become universal yet, such as the high cost of production, involved by more expensive sets and costumes, and the lack of sufficient apparatus. But when we think back to the first color film, *The Dhurbar of India,* made some fifteen years ago, which looked like changing stop and go signals in a motorist's nightmare, we can realize that all things are possible.

Why Bring That Up?

THE screen career of little Davey Lee is in danger of being snuffed out as suddenly as it came into being. A few months ago he was taken from studio to studio as an extra, and it was a lucky day when he could get five dollars for his services. He was chosen from a group of extras for the role in *The Singing Fool,* which picture made him. Lately he has been making $650 a week. But when the Publix Theaters offered $3,500 a week for personal appearances, it made that sum look small. But there was a clause in his Warner Brothers contract forbidding personal appearances and now they are suing for termination of the agreement. If the suit is successful, he may of course, sign elsewhere, but smaller matters than that have terminated equally spectacular careers.

It all brings up the question whether the studio or the actor deserves the credit for these successes, and whether a career is an actor's own private property. But that can be argued *ad infinitum,* and, as Moran and Mack would say, I'd rather not talk about that.

DeLuxe First Nights

FOR some strange reason, talkie first nights in New York have acquired a standing among the intelligentsia and the world of celebrities, never attained by silent pictures. Famous names of the entire entertainment field that shunned silent picture openings are now as thick at talking picture openings as at any stage premiere. And prices have sky-rocketed accordingly. Eddie Dowling's *Rainbow Man,* far from a sensational picture, attracted great crowds of notables. And consider these names "among those present," at the opening of *The Cocoanuts,* with the Four Marx Brothers: Marilyn Miller, Claudette Colbert, Jesse Crawford, Paul Ash, Mary Eaton, etc., etc. Perhaps it is only loyalty, for many of them are already packing their bags to go to

Snappy chorus ladies, as this group in a scene from Broadway Babies, *starring Alice White, once sang and danced only for blasé Broadwayites. Now musical comedy entertainment has been brought within the range of every neighborhood theatre via the talkies.*

Hollywood. However, I don't imagine producers care so much about the celebrities at openings as long as Pa and Ma and the family are there when the picture hits what Mr. Mencken is pleased to call the "Bible Belt."

Von Stroheim Returns

AMONG those who have found shelter with Cruze is none other than Eric Von Stroheim, the Peck's Bad Boy of directors. Von Stroheim, however, has returned to first role as an actor. He has finally surrendered. He says he will never direct again. It is a great tragedy, for he found the fullest expression of his weird genius behind the megaphone. But as regards his personal finances he is not suffering, for his salary as an actor is a high one—and he has no chance to spend any of it on the production.

Marian Reaches the Top

FOR all movie-struck girls who are thrilled by the prospect of fame overnight, I submit the case of Marian Nixon. At this writing she is working on the Warner Brothers lot, day and night, with John Barrymore as his leading woman in *General Crack,* in what will be her first overwhelming success as a recognized artist of the first rank. Five years ago she played her first part in Hollywood on that lot as an extra.

Those five years between have been filled with heartbreak and disappointment, alternated with success as a comedienne, but always with the chance to display her very real emotional talents denied her. Five years is a lifetime in Hollywood. But by sheer perserverance in the face of obstacles, Marian made the grade. Incidentally, she has one of the sweetest natures of any girl in pictures.

Not for a Steady Diet

YOU might as well make up your mind to like musical comedy, because in the next year or so, you are going to get lots of it. In music, producers have found a new toy. And until they tire of it, or unless the public tires of it first, the less recently found toy of talking pictures will take a second seat.

The trouble with musical comedies on the screen is that the plots are all so bad, and screen audiences have been trained to expect suspense, or at least, excitement. It will be a great thrill at first seeing and hearing all the celebrities you have heard about, but who have principally been available only to the privileged few who are able to see them in New York. We can only fold our hands and fervently pray that the producers will turn to something else before musical comedies get to be a frightful bore.

Extras Become Important

THE day of the star with a capital "S" upon whose shoulders rested the success or failure of a picture has passed with the silent picture. True, the big names still stand out. They receive the same billing at the box office as of old. But the wise ones now surround themselves with a strong supporting cast since the coming of spoken lines has changed drama to an exchange of emotions between persons, and eliminated the elaborate pantomime which could only be expressed in talkies by the obsolete soliloquy.

Plotting to Spoil the Plot

WHEN are they going to stop breaking in on the action of a picture in mid-career, with the fate of all the characters hanging in the balance, to hear some one warble a few golden notes? They stopped the action of *The Pagan* so that we could hear Ramon Novarro sing. In *Careers,* Billie Dove's new picture, we are worked up to a great pitch of anxiety as to what is going to happen to her and her husband, and then left to wait for what seems like an eternity while an imported tenor entertains a garden party in the picture. He may have entertained the garden party. But he failed to entertain me.

Roscoe Fawcett

Olive Borden depicts the true spirit of the modern Southern belle. *Companionate*, her forthcoming picture, is a perfect vehicle for her temperament.
—*RKO.*

John Gilbert, My

Even the steady glare of the spotlight of public attention could not reveal the true character of the screen's greatest lover—but here is presented a picture of the real John Gilbert, as revealed to Bob Moak.

By INA CLAIRE

In Ina Claire, lovely luminary of the stage and screen, John Gilbert has found his dream girl. His cinema romances were public property, but his love for Ina is a sacred thing, not to be shared with the world.

HOW is it that I have found real love after an acquaintanceship of only three weeks? The answer is that when love comes to you, you do not have to wait months or years to find it out. When John asked me to become his wife, I knew at once that I had found that which had long eluded me—a truly great love. We are very, very happy. We shall continue to be so. Of that I am positive. That is all that matters in life.

"What impressed me most during the first few days I knew John Gilbert? His mentality. I can honestly say that he is one of the most brilliant and polished gentlemen I have ever known. He is an idealist and I discovered that we have many ideals in common.

"John Gilbert, the actor is no more like John Gilbert, the husband, than day is like night. They have but one thing in common, these two Gilberts, and that is their gallantry.

"The 'love them and leave them' attitude he assumes before the camera is only a pose for his public. Down in his heart he is convinced that woman's love is God's greatest gift to mankind.

"The dash to the altar in Nevada—some might call it an elopement—was as foreign to the real John Gilbert as are many of his screen characterizations. To John, love and marriage are two of the most sacred things in life—things not to be taken lightly. But when John proposed and I accepted him, we could see no reason for a long engagement. We are old enough and worldly enough to know our own minds. Each was positive that love had come to us.

"Under the California law, a couple must wait three days after applying for the license. It happened that John had two days off from the studio and I wasn't to start work for four days. That was the reason we made the overnight trip to Nevada.

"Some of our friends, when we told them of our plans, suggested that we go to Agua Caliente, Mexico, because it was nearer, but John refused to listen to that. Marriage meant more to him than merely a ceremony performed in the vicinity of a border gambling casino.

"In our wedding party were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, whom I have long known and who are intimate friends of John. Arthur Richman, author of *The Awful Truth,* my first film story, was also in the party. So you see we were not running away."

THE dressing room phone rang sharply at this point, just as Ina Claire was about to unfold more intriguing facts about the real John Gilbert. I mentally cursed the instrument for interrupting us—it had been difficult enough to persuade Ina to talk about the biggest event in their lives. It is something sacred to them—something they believe they do not have to

Real Life Lover

share with the universe. But a moment later, as Ina answered the phone I was thankful it had rung.

"Yes, darling, you know I do," I heard her say. It was John Gilbert inquiring as to whether she still loved him. Please remember that they had left home and gone their separate ways at 9:30 that morning. It now was 12:30. Parted for three long hours!

Then, from Ina:

"Jump in the car and run over. I'm entertaining a man in my dressing room."

The conversation was quickly concluded. But Ina, turning to me as she replaced the receiver, said:

"John will be here in a minute."

I got her back to her story by asking her what she meant when she said John had a dual personality.

"As I told you, I have seen him in only two films," she answered, "but I haven't yet found John in any way like the type he portrayed in *Love,* in which Miss Garbo was his leading woman.

"There he was the bold, sophisticated lover, and very gallant, I thought, in that he seemed to deliberately let Miss Garbo have the picture when it rightfully was his. The John Gilbert I know is not bold; rather he is bashful. He is not the hardened sophisticate he appears on the screen. Instead, he is a sweet, lovable boy. But he is as gallant off stage as he is on.

"There you have his dual personality. The world has seen one side of John Gilbert, and it is not the side that I know best."

Ina Claire is distinctly different from any feminine type that John has encountered on the screen. Her charms consist of an irresistable combination of beauty and brains.

THE new Mrs. Gilbert philosophized a bit.

"Sometimes, when persons are younger, they mistake infatuation for love," she said. "There is a vast difference in the two. The first is seldom lasting. The latter is."

And on the subject of the Gilbert kiss:

"John never has kissed me in the way he kisses his leading women. The screen kiss is the kiss of passion, not of affection. But as long as the public prefers the former, then I guess John will have to go on providing them in pictures. However, when he begins to bring them home, I will be sure that his love is on the wane. However, I am convinced that that time will never come."

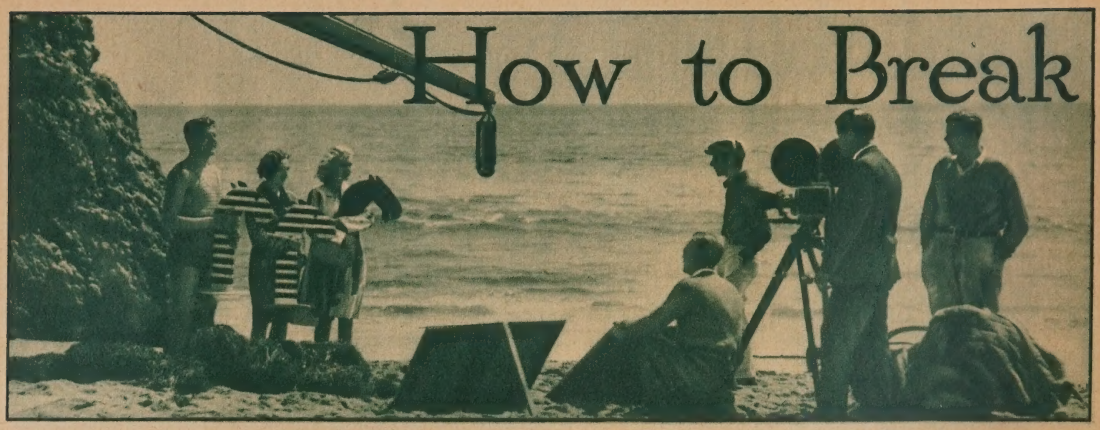
"The John Gilbert I know is not bold—not the hardened sophisticate he appears on the screen. Instead, he is a sweet, lovable boy—as gallant off stage as he is on."

Miss Claire told me she had planned to make three pictures, then resume her stage work. But that was before she met John Gilbert.

"It is hard to give up something that you have labored to attain, but stage stardom passes into insignificance when placed alongside of a happy state of matrimony. I do not believe I would be satisfied to give up work entirely,

(*Turn to page* 94)

How to Break



Three horses' necks manage to get photographed with Joel McCrea, Julia Faye and Josephine Dunn, M-G-M featured players, working in sound pictures on the beach at Santa Monica.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The talkies have revolutionized the situation for the newcomer in Hollywood, as well as for the star during the past few months. Almost overnight, conditions have undergone such a radical change that an entirely new type of girl is now in demand.

Realizing that girls who have movie aspirations would be interested in becoming informed as to these changing conditions, SCREEN SECRETS has persuaded Pearl Eaton, who is in charge of chorus production at RKO and who interviews hundreds of girls every week for extra jobs in the talkies, to give her version of requirements necessary for breaking into the movies under the talkie regime.

Miss Eaton has staged choruses for many of the leading New York stage shows, including *Three Cheers,* with Dorothy Stone and Will Rogers; Beatrice Lillie's shows; the revival of *The Black Crook,* and many other recent successes. She is also a member of a famous theatrical family and a sister of Mary Eaton.

Pearl Eaton

By Pearl Eaton

GET out the tap shoes, girls! Roll up the carpet, turn on the victrola, and learn to make your feet behave to the tune of a syncopated clog or a buck-and-wing.

For if you want to break into the talkies in this year of our Lord 1929, and from now on, you must dance your way to Hollywood and you might as well get going on it now.

Many changes have come over this citadel of the cinema in the last few months and not the least of these changes is the re-routing of the road to stardom.

No longer is a pretty face of itself an entering wedge into the ranks of screen players. No use now for girls to come to Hollywood to take temporary jobs in shops or restaurants where they may flutter their eyelids and pout provocatively in hopes that a director not quite blind to feminine charm may some day come their way.

It is not what you *look like* now, so much as what you can *do* that counts. Beauty still is, and always will be, a considerable asset to a screen career.

No More Mobs

MOB scenes, affording thousands of lovely girls and stalwart young men a chance to mill about in the background and perhaps be recognized some day for bigger and better things, are out.

Which means that a popular pathway to fame and fortune is now closed. Those true life Horatio Alger stories of sudden discoveries among the ranks of extra girls, which lead to stardom overnight, are now a thing of the past. In its place a new road is opening up, the road to success through the talkies. It is a longer, harder road, which fewer will have the courage and the equipment to take, but it is a straighter, surer road, with fewer heartbreaks along the way. And it is a road that begins at home.

THE starting place for stars will be in the choruses of musical comedies on the screen. There is already a great demand for these synthetic versions of Broadway musical shows. And where there are musical shows, there is always a demand for chorus girls.

Here at RKO, as at other studios, the new regime is already in full swing. We are hard at work on the screen version of *Rio Rita,* Flo Ziegfeld's great success of two seasons ago. And there are many more to follow. For this picture alone, we will use about 100 girls. A small number compared to the mob scenes of silent pictures, perhaps, but every girl will have steady work for the duration of the picture, and a chance to show what she can do! And when you think of all the musical comedies in production at all the studios, it means that there will be a

into the Talkies

Shake the kinks out of the old legs. Get them in working order, advises Pearl Eaton. Here is Earl Lindsay, dance director, coaching his talent in Why Bring That Up? *Paramount's first Moran and Mack starring vehicle.*

considerable demand for the girl who can make good.

Plain Girl Now Has Chance

THE plain girl with brains, with accomplishment, who has felt perhaps that pictures were closed to her because she did not have arresting beauty, is now to have her chance.

The girl who has beauty but no experience, had better learn — or settle down and be a housewife. It is no longer necessary to be an Olive Borden in looks to succeed in pictures. But it is necessary to know something—to be able to do something.

And the essence of that something is dancing. Singing is important, yes. And a pleasing, cultivated voice. But a girl will never get that necessary break in the chorus of a musical picture until she is able to dance.

PERFECTION in dancing is a matter of learning, of experience, of training, and of working—on the stage, before an audience. There is just one qualification that you must have at the start, without which it is useless to try to learn. That is a sense of rhythm. No one can teach it to you. You either have it or you haven't. That is easy enough to discover, however. If you can keep time to music, if you don't start to dance on the off beat, then you have it. It's as simple as that.

Granted that you have a sense of rhythm, first of all you

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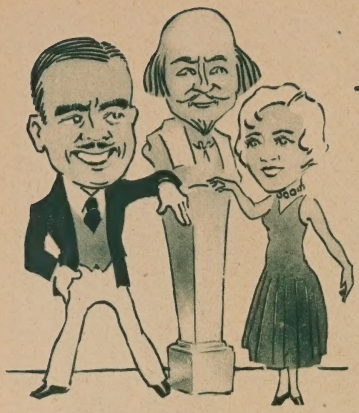
Choosing members for David Carroll's operetta, The Love Prince, *a First National-Vitaphone production. The physical qualifications of girls for chorus work in talkies are much more exact than for extra girls in silent pictures, says Miss Eaton.*

Merger!—Doug,

Although many fans are afraid that Mary can drama is an "expedition too rashly larity as a result, America's two greatest film with the Bard of Avon will produce



Old Bill Shakespeare beams with favor on his partnership with Mary and Doug in The Taming of the Shrew.

Imagine wistful Mary Pickford as Katharina, *"as curst and shrewd as Socrates' Xantippe, or even worse." Vinegar changes to honey, however, and Mary is her own lovely self at the final fadeout in* The Taming of the Shrew.

AND now it has really happened!

All these years people have been saying, "Why don't Doug and Mary make a picture together?"

Every year since they first decided to co-star in Hollywood's greatest off-screen domestic romance, they have toyed with the idea, discussed it, and finally filed it for future reference.

So often, in fact, has the subject come up for discussion that when they did announce recently that they actually were going to make a picture together, Hollywood was still incredulous. But matters have already progressed beyond the planning stage. They have had story conferences and they are now hard at work together before the same camera.

They would pick none other than William Shakespeare to write the original script for their first—and quite likely their only—co-starring appearance.

And they would find among that merrie gentleman's literary efforts the one piece that was ideally suited to them; a piece as riotous and fast-moving as a Sennett comedy, a piece that hasn't been spoiled for us by having it crammed down our throats as "literature" in high school, *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Bill Shakespeare was a fore-sighted old gent. He must have been gazing into his crystal ball, looking 300 years into the future, when he wrote that play. He must have written it with Doug and Mary in mind, for the two leading characters. Katharina and Petruchio are, in a way, a synthesis of all the characters for which Doug and Mary have been best known on the screen.

KATHARINA is not a shrew, as we usually think of the word—an ordinary, tiresome, fussy scold; she is a wilful, wayward, high-spirited, yet charming girl, who breaks heads and hearts with equal gusto for the purpose of exercising, in Bianca's words, "our sex's best prerogative, to wish, and have our will."

Petruchio is just the sort of swashbuckling, devil-may-care madcap which we will always think of as best typified by Doug Fairbanks on the screen. He is the tempestuous lover and blustering bridegroom, "the mad-brain rudesby full of spleen, who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure, who does everything under the name of the perfect love." And he tames Katharina by displaying higher spirits and tougher mettle than her own.

"The poorest service is repaid with thanks; and so shall mine, before you touch the meat," says Petruchio, *pulling the sheet off the table, when* Katharina *remains obstinate.*

Sam Taylor has finished the script for this first Shakespearean play to be made into a talkie, set designs have been approved, casting has been completed and rehearsals have begun.

Those who have seen the scenario say that it verges on slapstick throughout. At any

Mary and Bill Combine

and Doug's sally into the field of Shakespear-plotted" and that they may lose their popu-favorites are willing to gamble that their merger an epic that will make film history.

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

Petruchio *should be a most natural part for Douglas Fairbanks. When asked if he would woo the shrewish* Katharina, *he replies just what we would expect him to say: "Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar?"*

rate, audiences the country over should get many a hearty laugh over Petruchio's sorry wedding habiliments, which include: "a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword case ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points."

DOUG will ride a horse to his wedding "hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred." No horse like him has ever been in the movies, for Petruchio's beast is "full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten."

How Petruchio executes, step by step, his campaign to take the edge off Katharina's shrewish spirit and obstinacy, is a gem, which, translated into the talkies, should long endure in the annals of the motion picture industry. Petruchio craftily begins his design by treating Katharina with feigned frigidity, but with studied politeness, always reminding her that he loves her, while he sarcastically applies to her such adjectives as "sweet, loving, mild, meek and humble."

Bewildered somewhat at first, Katharina weeps when it appears as though Petruchio will fail to arrive for his wedding; and later, at the ceremony, when Petruchio swears violently in response to the priest's questions, causing the cleric to drop his book, Katharina trembles and shakes. As the priest stoops to pick up his book, Petruchio shoves him down, causing Katharina to pray —something she had never done before.

There are high moments of merriment in the honeymoon trip to Petruchio's country home, which should provide great scope for Mary and Doug's repertory of tricks. When Katharina's horse slips in the mud and falls on top of her, Petruchio goes blithely on his way; and when they reach his country home, he neither dines her nor lets her sleep, keeping her hungry with groundless fault-finding about the cook's work and keeping her awake all night with oaths and brawling.

SO THOROUGHLY tamed does Katharina become that on a visit from Petruchio's home to her father's town, Petruchio admires the moon, although it is broad daylight. Katharina calls it the sun, but on being mildly remonstrated with by her husband, she heartily agrees that it is the moon. He then tells her she lies—that it is really the sun—and again she concurs.

In the final act, Petruchio wagers 100 crowns with two other newly-married husbands that his wife is the most obedient of the three women and that she will come more quickly into his presence when he calls for her than they will respond to their husbands.

The priest let fall the book; and, as he stooped again to take it up, the mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff that down fell priest and book, and book and priest."—thus Shakespeare describes a sprightly scene in his famous story.

Mary Pickford is certain to shine in this scene, which is really the highlight and climax of the plot. Not only does Katharina win the bet for Petruchio, but she contributes a glowing speech on a wife's duties to her husband, a thorough victory for Petruchio in his taming of the shrew.

"We aren't going to pretend that we are ashamed of Shakespeare," said Doug, full of enthusiasm at the prospect of the play. "We aren't going to hide his name

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SO THIS IS

BEING Charlie Chaplin's leading lady is not so bad, Virginia Cherrill will testify. Not that testifying is necessary, you know. There are luncheons in his dressing room, interpolated with exhibitions of the famous roll dance made famous in *The Gold Rush,* and tricky tangos performed by four agile Chaplin fingers to the accompaniment of a phonograph and the silvery peals of Virginia's laugh.

The big difficulty is Chaplin's rigid supervision of her diet. He doesn't want Virginia to go fat on him before he finishes his picture, which may take from two months to two years.

With this in view he bans all sweets from her menu and it is only the benign Henry Bergman of the famous Henry's Cafe that saves her life, for Virginia likes her pastries. Henry sneaks fattening edibles to Virginia when Charlie is not looking.

In four months, Virginia says, Chaplin has made only two scenes that he considers useable. In spare time, and there's plenty of that, Virginia engages herself in the projection room having the operator run off Chaplin's old comedies, *A Dog's Life, Shoulder Arms* and other old favorites.

Clara Bow and Joyce Compton laugh and dance their way through the IT girl's latest picture, Dangerous Curves, *a circus story.*

Jack Holt doesn't seem any too anxious about getting his neighbor, Ernest Torrence, all lit up.

Adois, Tango!

MONTMARTRE Cafe went Spanish for four Saturday afternoons last month, hired Molino's Orchestra in their bright-colored night shirts, served chicken patties, little bread-and-butter sandwiches and tea and advertised itself as offering a Tango Tea. It was the instant signal for all the sleek-haired lads of various descents, mostly Latin, to congregate with ladies and undulate here and there in the name of tango.

Estelle Taylor was star guest of honor at one five o'clock gathering, and the following Saturday Raquel Torres and Jose Crespo, representing Mexico and Spain, watched the proceedings. Among those who were baited by the rhythm of Andalusian music were Harry Crocker and Diane Ellis, Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres' ex) and Mona Maris, Helene Costello squired by Rene Cordona, Juan Morena and Manuel Sortres; Paul Ellis and others of Latin persuasion came unencumbered by femmes and proceeded to pirate upon the luscious ladies at the table of the guest of honor. Among those were Billie Dove, Lilyan Tashman and Jane Winton.

But apparently there was too little hot Spanish blood in Hollywood. Eddie Brandstatter stopped the Tango Teas and Carlos Molino and his Tango Orchestra folded their gay blouses, sadly, and took their guitars forth into a sad and unappreciative world.

Time for a Swim

WE HAVE it on reliable advice that John Barrymore has practically ruined the Costello-Barrymore plunge as far as healthy interest in aquatic sports is concerned. John has seen fit to install a beautiful antique sundial in the exact center of the pool, and although in itself it is a work of art, still various and sundry guests are loathe to make a detour to avoid it in their paddling about the dippery.

Fony Spelling

SPLENDID example of phonetic spelling, and I wonder how Madge Bellamy and William Fox feel about this? Sign on a local theatre, where, apparently, they had run

HOLLYWOOD

By
ANNE HOWE

Beautiful Carmel Myers gets the benefit from two mirrors in this back-to-back view.

short of alphabet: "Ma Noz Best," which as you will recall, is none other than our classic friend *Mother Knows Best.*

An All-Wheezy

WE HAVE before us, for consideration, the sad plight of the distinguished silent picture director who is unqualified to direct talkies, what with a listening microphone ready to catch every sound on the set, even heavy breathing. The director, alas, has asthma.

No Reflection on Sue

THE plate reading "for Sue's use only" that was attached to the mirror in Nick Stuart's car, has been removed. This gesture does not betoken a rift in the Carol-Stuart romance, but merely a gentlemanly regard for his lady love's feelings, since too many casual onlookers were all for chiding the two about the avowal.

Hair Today and Gone Tomorrow

MARY PICKFORD'S curls are gone forever. It would be a sentimental sacrilege, to her way of thinking, to pin them back on again for any purpose whatever. She keeps them, well wrapped and guarded, in a chest at Pickfair, and when someone asked her recently to consent to posing again with them tucked to her smartly shingled head, she was adamant in her refusal. Mary has never, since they were clipped from their silken mooring, had them to her head.

That's Her Weakness Now

IT'S funny how little things complicate our lives. Billie Dove's life has always been terrifically complicated by a weakness for animals. Her house is always something of a

So This is Hollywood

Anita Page might well be listening to the tune of Sitting On Top of the World, *but she's not. Nacio Herb Brown is crooning his own melody,* Singing In the Rain, *song hit of* Hollywood Revue of 1929, *M-G-M's musical extravaganza.*

western branch of the Bronx Zoo and they are such a problem.

Once she saw a lamb. She simply had to have it. It was such a lamb! So she brought it home. Everyone told her that it was a goat, but she knew in her heart it was a lamb. Even when it butted a gardener and had to be banished to remote realms, she knew it was just a lamb that was misunderstood.

Then there were the prairie dogs. She saw them when she was on location in Arizona. They were simply irresistible. She had them brought home. But the unfeeling brutes refused to come above the ground.

Oh, yes! And Oscar, the turtle. Oscar was gifted beyond his kind. He could climb stairs. But Oscar had an unsocial habit of nipping at visitors' heels.

And now the animal kingdom has annexed her studio bungalow. There was a tortoise shell cat on the lot. One night it went Way Down East and brought a family of kittens into the world—in Dorothy Mackaill's best hat. Then feeling that perhaps it had committed a social error, the cat, with kittens, disappeared.

One day when Billie returned to her bungalow, here was the cat with a kitten, which it had brought in through a window.

Kiss'n Make-Up

HIS highness, Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the old gentleman once known as the Kaiser, who might one day have been Kaiser himself if his family had gotten a break instead of a bust, is the pet of Hollywood these days.

At a recent party given in his honor, he stood in the reception line, kissing with European gusto the famous hands that were presented to him.

Al Rogell, the director, was looking on.

"Think," he murmured at last, "just think—of all the different kinds of powder he must have tasted in his day!"

Too bad this isn't a motion picture. Evelyn Brent's pose suggests some serious competition for Gilda Gray.

A Royal Yes-Man

AN ACTOR, finding a wonderful chance to try out his German, approached the Prince, and let loose a volley of gutterals intended to be intelligible to the Prince in his native tongue.

"Yes," said the Prince, smiling politely.

Nothing daunted, the ambitious actor let loose another volley.

"Yes," said the Prince again, hoping that was the right answer.

And still more gutterals.

"Yes," said the Prince, now with a sigh.

"You're okay, Prince," said the actor finally, "You knov how to get by in Hollywood."

A Latin Invasion

AMONG the budding romances is Helene Costello's marked penchant for the Latin race and one Rene Cordona, a young Spaniard, whose home is in Cuba. Although, we will admit, there is a question in our mind about her exact preference because there is a young Juan Moreno who travels in the three-some who tango and tea and swim together. Helene, you will recall, is not long divorced from her childhood sweetheart, Jack Regan, after a short married life.

Both of the Spanish lads are in motion pictures; Cordona

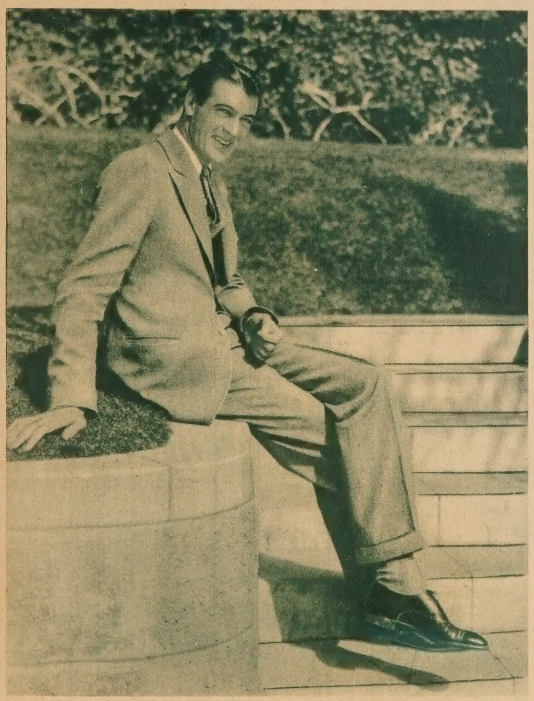
appearing with Raquel Meller in her Fox Movietone picture, made a year or so ago.

He's Funny that Way

THE wages of fun are French hilltop homes. That's what Chester Conklin now has. Chester, who used to be a Sennett comedian until Mr. Lasky thought he was funny enough for his pictures, has, with Mrs. Chester Conklin's aid, just completed the furnishing of a ten-room menage far above Hollywood in that section known as Lookout Mountain. It has a high iron fence, and a sign in front that bears a picture of Chester, false mustache, glasses and all. Inside, everything is very swell with marble illuminated columns and tile floors, to say nothing of a grand pipe organ that Chester, disconsolate, had to wait months for before it could be installed, for some reason or other. We personally suspect the organ people got lost en route to his hilltop domain. We almost did.

There is a large recreation hall on the second floor and in panels are framed pictures of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Ed Wynn, Charles Chaplin, and a score of others with whom Chester has worked. Anita Loos, a really celebrated authoress, I mean, and the one who wrote *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, has written "to Chester, my favorite candidate for Lorelei Lee." There are pink and blue guest rooms and a nine-year-old dog named Jinx, who rises on his hind haunches at the sound of his name. It's a very swell house and the view from the veranda is one wide sweep of glimmering lights from Los Angeles to the sea.

Doris Hill and Nancy Carroll believe that it requires lots of sand and backbone to brave the smiles of a scorching California sun.



Gary Cooper, at his home, relaxes after the sun dips over the Hollywood hills and the day is done.

Chester, in retrospective mood, remarked on the night of his housewarming, "It is a glittering sea of diamonds." Which is not a mean line from anyone's mouth, you'll agree.

True to Her Public

PATRIOTIC gesture on the part of Colleen Moore. It is not generally known that she makes a habit, through her manager, of buying municipal bonds from every state in the union, and for this reason. Colleen feels that each state contributes to the revenues secured through the showing of her pictures and, therefore, in reciprocity she is glad to put golden clinkers back into their municipal coffers.

Cutting Down the Budget

ONE reason Lois Moran and her mother, Gladys Moran, give for opening the Evans Sport Shop near the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills is that Lois needed so many sport things in her wardrobe that it kept her poor buying them, what with the exorbitant prices. The most simple way, then, to solve the problem was to establish her own fashion font. Which she did, with marked success.

Writing for Money

MORE fun and everything when they initiated Billy Bakewell into the Thalian Club. They blindfolded him, but not for a cigarette test, and placed him in a chair that had been electrically wired.

"Now before we continue this initiation," said Lincoln Stedman, president, "I want to make a little plea for the Thalian Beach House. We need money if we are going to put it over. We need at least one hundred dollars. The first person who stands and waves his hand in the air, will be privileged to write a check for that amount."

Phyllis Haver rises to chirp that this is a night club scene from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Thunder, *starring Lon Chaney.*

With that they let the electricity run into Bakewell's chair. "And I jumped three hundred dollars worth," said Billy, telling of it later.

Such are the little pranks that make Thalian life worth living.

Heavywit Champion Tells One

PERTINENT, or impertinent (as you see fit) comment, from Arthur Caesar, heavyweight wit champion from Broadway, now frisking in Hollywood. It seems a producer invited him into his projection room to ask his verdict on a picture that was very, very bad, indeed.

"Vhat vould you do vid it?" the producer asked, palms outspread.

"Well," answered Arthur, after a pause, "You can tear it down and make mandolin picks of the celluloid."

Nick Goes to Jail

NICK STUART traveled all the way to Paris to meet up with his most embarrassing moment.

Fox sent the young leading man over to play the role of a news-reel cameraman. Fifteen hundred persons congregated within a few minutes after the equipment had been set up in a street of the French capital. Traffic was blocked.

Two French cops rushed up to Nick, protesting in loud tones, and Nick, thinking Director Dave Butler was putting one over on him, pushed the policemen out of the way.

It took Butler half a day to induce attaches at the American embassy to obtain Nick's release from jail.

Blame it on the Talkie

INNOVATIONS in the making of talking pictures: George Arliss, veteran stage star, now making *The Green Goddess* and *Disraeli* for Warner Brothers, halts work every afternoon at 4 o'clock while Jenner, his "man" for twenty-three years, serves him tea.

Ina Claire, also a stage importation, moves about the unventilated Pathe sound stages dragging her own oxygen tanks.

Next thing we know C. B. De Mille will be caught directing a film minus his famous boots.

Clara Sunburns Dangerous Curves

BELIEVE it or not, Clara Bow sleeps on her stomach.

Not long ago Clara hied herself to her summer home at Malibu Beach, donned a bathing suit, and proceeded to take a mid-day beauty nap in the sand.

"Third degree burns," pronounced the doctors, summoned the next day.

For one whole week, Clara dined off the mantel. Her picture, *Dangerous Curves*, in which she portrays a bare-back rider, was held up for the some length of time.

Beware of the Clause

WHEN a screen player tells you that his employer has awarded him a long-term contract, he doesn't exactly mean what he says.

Movie agreements today are more or less one-sided. The producer signs the actor for five years in a series of six-month options. He can hold the star for the full term or he can drop him at the end of any six-month period.

All of which means that the actor actually has a long contract, with a clause inserted making it possible for him to be fired every six months by something other than enthusiasm.

Kathryn Crawford kicks back her heels in delight when she hears she's been chosen to sing with Jean Hersholt in Universal's The Climax.

Leaves *from* an Extra Girl's Diary

This month SCREEN SECRETS culls a page from the diary of Francois Fern, who glories in her extra's job in Hollywood.

My Diary

Well, I'm something to look at now, because last night I was at the Montmartre, *as a guest!*

It happened this way. I met a big Daffy and Dough man from the east who wanted to see stars. I naturally suggested the *Mo-mart,* never once thinking he would actually take me there, but he did. I felt like a Gloria Swanson, climbing those golden padded stairs, while the orchestra played *The Man I Love.* Well, we got a ring-side table and were handed a bill-of-fare. Gosh, I took a hurried look at it and decided they didn't know any signs except dollar signs, so I shoved it away and said, "Well, Mister, I'm not hungry so I'll just take lamb chops." And it's a good thing I didn't order anything more, because those lamb chops cost $16.50.

The Two Black Crows are here in Hollywood making a picture—over at Lasky's studio and I am, or rather was, playing a nurse. We worked on the big new sound stage. Gee, it's like a huge ice-box, only it isn't cold. You go through two doors a foot thick, which are closed and barred after you, on the outside, so once you're in, you're there to stay, until your time is served or you're let out on good behavior.

It was a hospital scene. We were all gathered around Moran, who is supposed to have been injured, and we were to weep. The scene was going great when I happened to think how ridiculous it was to be weeping instead of laughing over "The early bird catches the worm" and I giggled under my breath. No one noticed it then. *But,* when we went into the play-back room to hear it, there was my "tee-hee-hee" as plain as day.

And oh, did the mercury go up! I'll say so! That director hit the ceiling and screamed, "Who did that?" For once in my life, I didn't imitate the Father of my Country and confess, I just patterned my actions after a more recent occupant of the White House and played Silent Gal. It was rather a dirty trick to play on the other girls, but I felt as my mother did when she spanked me for something I didn't do: It'ud make up for some time when they should have gotten it and didn't.

Just after lunch, George Bancroft visited the set. He has always been my *Big Moment* so I sidled over to him and smiled. He smiled right back. And say, is that man smart? I'm headlining the fact that he is. Why, he took one look at me and said, "Just what are you doing here? You should be playing leads."

Wasn't it terrible about that aero-wedding of John Gilbert's? Still, I suppose it is nothing to be shocked about, since he does things like that ever so often. I saw him on the M-G-M lot the other day and, really, he didn't look as interesting as he did before. About the only hope we have left is Richard Dix and I get panicky every time he starts a new picture, for fear he will fall for the leading lady. Still I guess he's safe, since he didn't fall for Gladys Belmont, for honestly, she is the most beautiful little thing that ever lived and I'd forgive Richard Dix or anyone else if he grabbed her. She's a cousin of the Day girls.

Buddy Rogers day-dreams over the lovely feminine vision of his desire, which is none other than a composite of Mary Brian's hair, Mary Pickford's eyes, Clara Bow's nose and Marian Nixon's mouth and chin.

Buddy Rogers' *Dream* Girl

In love with five beautiful girls—that's Buddy Rogers' predicament. But he doesn't intend to marry them all—instead he hopes to find in the girl of his dreams the sum total of their charms.

By BOB MOAK

COULD Charles Dana, great journalist of a by-gone day, have returned to earth to sit at my side while I interviewed Charles "Buddy" Rogers on the subject of love, he would have lingered long enough to revise his famous definition of what constitutes news.

Mr. Dana, you will recall, was the gentleman who refused to get excited about the dog that bit the man. Now had the man sunk his teeth into the ear of the canine, well—that would have been worth talking about.

And just so in the case of young Mr. Rogers.

Mary Brian's soft, lustrous hair is appealing to Buddy, "perhaps because I am partial to brunettes," he explains.

I'll admit I was somewhat startled when this bashful unsophisticated boy from Olathe, Kansas, admitted to me that he was in love. It didn't sound like the Buddy who used to blush at the nod of a girl.

"Of course I'm in love—" said Buddy.

"Now that's news," the ghost of Mr. Dana would have remarked.

But—

"I'm in love with five beautiful girls," finished the star of the celluloid.

"Heavens!" the Dana specter would have cried. "That's BIG news."

"Miss Pickford's eyes seemed to bring out in me something that has since remained dormant" is Buddy's high tribute to America's Sweetheart.

BY HIS own confession, Buddy stands convicted of having perpetrated a gigantic fraud upon the world at large.

For three years, the sympathy of the universe has gone out to this lonely lad as his big, sad eyes have flashed into the screen close-ups. Old John Fan and his wife and daughter have wiped away many a tear as their thoughts wandered to Buddy battling for his place in the Hollywood sun.

Handsome, accomplished, successful Buddy! But what an empty life for a youngster just out of his teens! A $16-a-month room, with a police dog, a saxophone and a Ford car as his only companions! If he but had a wife, or even a girl friend to keep him from being lonesome!

Little wonder, then, that several millions hearts went out to Buddy Rogers.

But save your sympathy from now on. The only reason Buddy hasn't joined the benedicts ere this, is that he has been a bit too exacting in drafting the list of specifications for his ideal girl.

Let Buddy describe his dream lady in his own words:

"You see," he said, "it is going to be a rather difficult matter for me to find my ideal girl, for she is a composite of five with whom I have worked in pictures.

Dimples are Buddy's one great weakness. He believes June Collyer's are most attractive.

"She has the hair of Mary Brian. Her eyes are like those of Mary Pickford. She has the nose of Clara Bow. Her mouth is that of Marian Nixon. She has the dimples of June Collyer.

Clara Bow has a perfect nose. Buddy chose her as part of his dream girl.

"Whether she has a college education or whether she, too, is in the films, matters little. However, I must insist upon refinement and a sunny disposition.

"I should want my ideal to be able to play the piano, for music means pleasant evenings when you are alone with your wife. It is an antidote for any craving a husband might have to roam with his boy friends.

"I should also want her to be fond of horseback riding, for that is the sport about which I am most enthusiastic."

I asked Buddy if he would marry this dream girl if she could be found.

"Certainly, I would," he replied. "In fact where lives the man who wouldn't marry this vision of loveliness that I have sketched? Wouldn't she be marvelous—this composite of five wonderful girls?"

BUDDY believes he is sure of his ideal because of the opportunities he has had to study the originals while working with them in the picture studios.

"I have picked Mary Brian's hair," he told me, "because I

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Marian Nixon's mouth is small and shaped as if moulded by some great artist.

THE PLUCK O' THE

Colleen Moore inherits from her sturdy Irish ancestors a tenacious manner of fighting her own battles and in her first talking picture, *Smiling Irish Eyes*, the inimitable character of this popular lass is plainly revealed.

THE Cathedral-like hush of a Vitaphone stage during recording was interrupted by angry words, softened somewhat by a delightful Irish brogue: "An' what right has that scatter-brained swaggerer to be stintin' us of our divarsion?" demanded a resentful feminine voice. "Isn't it true that I've been stayin' up o' nights gettin' my new dress ready, and didn't we have the auld house shod just so he could be takin' us to the fair tomorrow?"

The speaker wasn't visible from where I stood.

The silence-bell had caught me behind one of the bulky sound-proof camera booths that formed a concealing semi-circle about the scene being filmed, and I stood in a state of suspended animation, afraid to make a move for fear that it might echo in the sensitive microphone.

Nevertheless, it wasn't difficult to visualize Colleen Moore, characterizing a saucy little daughter of the "Auld Sod," with her "Irish up." The charming brogue was an audible version of the quaintly costumed colleen I had seen a few moments before, talking eagerly with several members of the staff—a sparkling personality in a slender, animated body.

The vivacious spirit of Colleen is admirably suited to her latest role in Smiling Irish Eyes.

Certainly, no screen role Colleen has even enacted so perfectly suits her appearance and personality as her characterization in *Smiling Irish Eyes.* If she lived in a thatched cottage in County Kerry instead of the attractive, modern residence she occupies in exclusive Bel-Air, Colleen would be precisely the rougish little Kathleen she is portraying in her first all-talking picture. She wears her little Irish shawl in a jaunty fashion that seems to typify her Irish personality; she slips easily into the musical brogue of Erin, and the sparkle of Irish wit in her screen dialogue is quite like the flashes of quick humor that characterize her own speech.

A keen sense of humor, a true Irish love of drama, and undeniable pluck are qualities that have brought success to this winsome miss.

IT MIGHT be gathered that anyone with the name of Colleen Moore comes honestly by such Celtic traits. She does, despite the fact that it is merely her professional name. Before her marriage to the producer of her pictures, John McCormick, she was Kathleen Morrison, and —but let me tell it in her words:

"Irish?" exclaimed Colleen, in response to my question,

IRISH

By BURNS BRADLEY

James Hall seems to have the situation well in hand with Colleen Moore in this love scene from Smiling Irish Eyes.

Colleen with Granny, who tutored her in the true Killarney brogue which the petite star has mastered to a delightful degree of realism for her latest role.

after we were seated for a chat between scenes. "Well, my grandfather's name was Patrick Kelly, if that's any indication—Pat Kelly, of County Kilkenny, Leinster, Ireland. He was a big, impulsive Irishman, who eloped to America with his 'acushla'—That's just an Irish expression for 'sweetheart,'" she explained, noting that I was puzzled, and then continued: "The Kilkenny girl he married was Mary Moylan. She's over eighty now, and she lives with mother and dad just a few blocks from us. When I first came to Hollywood to go into pictures, granny came along, and she's just as interested in my screen work today as she was then.

"Kilkenny isn't far from the Killarney district, which is the setting for *Smiling Irish Eyes,* so granny speaks the brogue we use in the picture. Naturally, I learned how to speak my lines from her. It just pleases her tremendously to know I'm making an Irish picture.

"Well, I'm getting 'way ahead of myself. Mother is the daughter of Patrick and Mary Kelly—she was born in Michigan, and christened Agnes.

THE other side of the family is Scotch. Dad's parents were Robert Morrison and Mary Henderson Morrison, natives of Glasgow, who came to America shortly after their marriage. So you see, I'm really Scotch-Irish."

"Didn't some genealogist say that the combination of Scotch and Irish blood is unusually well-balanced?" I offered.

"Perhaps," replied Colleen, "but sometimes my Scotch and Irish pull me in opposite directions. The Irish side of me is always stepping on the accelerator, while the Scotch is stepping on the brakes!"

"Well," I commented, "The Irish must step the hardest, because you certainly have gotten somewhere in the world."

"Oh, that's just the 'luck o' the Irish,'" said Colleen, depreciatingly, and was off with a quick smile and a hasty apology in response to a call from her director, William A. Seiter.

Possibly the proverbial "luck o' the Irish" had a part in carrying Colleen to the peak of screen popularity, but there are most certainly other qualities, peculiar to the

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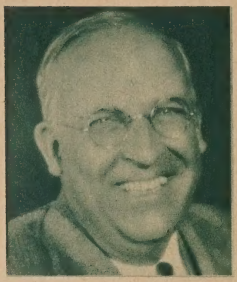
Harry Carr's

THE PICTURE CIRCUS



Harry Carr

AT THE end of the seventh inning, everybody leaps out of the bleachers into the reserved seats—first come, first served—and look out for your own shins.

That about describes the present condition of Hollywood. On account of the talkies, all previous bets are declared off.

Everybody who has been a flop in the movies is stampeding in again. All the old plays are being re-painted until they look darn near as good as new. Old pictures are having conversation squirted into them. Ladies whose faces didn't screen are hopefully trying to convince the producers that the audiences will not notice their buck teeth hardly at all—now that they can use their velvet voices.

Taking it by and large, I should say that Hollywood has become a free-for-all scramble. May the best man win—only, he isn't at all likely to.

A "Success Story"

NOW this is really curious. I don't know if he quite realizes it, but Warner Baxter, who comes pretty near to leading the parade in talkie success, owes his change in fortune to a piece of business in a picture.

He says, himself, that he changed his luck by mental treatments. He went to his open window every morning and faced the rising sun with thoughts of success.

It is a cinch he got that from *Ramona*. In every old Spanish household in the early days of California, each member of the family did that very thing—with a prayer and morning hymn.

However it may be, *In Old Arizona* still remains one of the most successful of the talking pictures.

Dry Rot

I DON'T know how the talkies are going to come out in the long run; but I do know that they were inevitable.

The movies were dying of dry rot. Same old stale stories—same old stars. They were overworking the devotion of a very long-suffering and patient public.

After all, the stars whom we were supposed to adore consisted of a handful of extremely blasé young ladies and gentlemen—of whom we were growing tired.

Since Constance Talmadge recently became Mrs. Townsend Netcher, her screen career is ended, thinks Mr. Carr.

Look Out, Clara

IT IS a question which stars will survive.

Among those who are in danger is Clara Bow. She was lately the target for the most savage and brutal beating I have read in any public print. At that, it wasn't a blow. It was an execution by the ling chee—the death of a thousands cuts.

I think I was the first writer who predicted a great triumph for the delectable Clara. I still believe in her, but she is in danger.

She Hasn't Woids

THE great difficulty in reducing—or elevating—a Clara Bow movie to the talkie class is to find words.

On the screen, her wild, tomboy performances look cute; they have—as she has—virility, fire, enthusiasm, "IT." When you bring in words to fit—they do not fit. To put it as delicately as possible, Clara looks a lot of things not proper to be said. She lacks the voice of insinuation. Reduced to words, Clara's sparks become hot hunks.

The Triumph of Jeanne

OUT in Arizona, you still have to be careful what you say about the famous old gun fight between the Erps and the Clantons. And in Hollywood, you have to watch your step when you speak of Jeanne Eagels.

Lily Damita had hardly become settled in Hollywood when along came Prince Louis Ferdinand, grandson of the German ex-Kaiser, a-courtin'.

Having been disciplined and turned out to pasture by the Actors' Equity for having been unruly, Miss Eagels comes to Hollywood and makes a talking picture which must be the best or the worst ever made. There is no middle ground. Either *The Letter* is the last word, or else the director should be led out and shot and Miss Eagels banished to Siberia.

The Paramount producers think it has knocked the amusement world cock-eyed. After seeing it, they raised Miss Eagels' wages from $125,000 to $150,000 per picture.

A Silly Picture

ANOTHER of the numerous stage stars who have invaded Hollywood is likely to make good. She is Helen Twelvetrees.

This child really has an alluring and fascinating personality. Any girl who could survive *The Ghost Talks* must have something unusual. I'll put that down as the stupidest picture I have seen up to date.

I give the cruel world fair warning. The next time I see a picture which consists of a colored brother seeing a

Private Line

FROM THE INSIDE

ghost in an empty house, I am going to leap up with a scream and throw an orchestra chair through the screen. A fellow can stand just so much.

The Wolf and Mary's Door

IF MARY PICKFORD hasn't become one of the richest women in the world within the last few months, then I am no guesser.

Coquette, which she made against every one's solemn warnings, will put at least $1,500,000 in her pocket. In addition to this, I understand that she cleaned up on the stock market when it was announced that United Artists would combine with Warner Brothers.

At last Douglas Fairbanks is going to make a picture with "America's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford. They should smash all box-office records!

A Matter of Figgers

THERE is tremendous and uncontrolled excitement among the feminine hearts of Hollywood as to Mary's voluptuous figure as it appeared in *Coquette.* Many ardent friends contend that it just grew that way. But others—the cats!

Mary and Doug

FOR several years, Mary and Doug have said that some day they would make a picture in which they would co-star; and that it would be the last picture either would make. And now they are going to make a picture together—*The Taming of the Shrew.*

Whether the talkies are a boon or a bane to Clara Bow's career seems yet to be determined. But, judging from this picture, the IT girl doesn't seem to be worrying.

My private conviction is that it will be the last picture for them in the same sense that each one of Madam Schumann-Heink's concert tours is the final farewell.

No doubt they expect it to be their last; and no doubt they will expect every picture they make for the next 30 years to be their last. There will not be any "last" until they are buried. And movies will be taken even of that.

Patsy Ruth Miller is finally really and genuinely engaged; at least, this time she admits it. Tay Garnett is the lucky one.

Screening Shakespeare

WERE it involving any one else, I should say that a picture made from a Shakespearean play would be the last for any one who made it. But I have an almost superstitious respect for Mary's business judgment. I have heard of people who had their fingers on the pulse of the public. Mary doesn't wait for the pulse; she gets it at the heart pump.

Mary Will Manage Lillian

A LITTLE bird whispers to me that Miss Pickford is going to take over the management of Lillian Gish's screen career. If she does, watch the Gish!

You can paste this in your hat: the greatest part of Miss Gish's career as an actress is yet to come. You are going to see a day when she is a riot at the box office.

That she is now down and out, snubbed by producers and ignored by the public, is partly the result of stupid management on the part of the producers and partly through a bad choice of plays on her part. Strange to say, it is the result of a pronounced inferiority complex.

All Lillian needs is a little conceit and some one to fight her battles. Any one who has ever been in a fight with Mary Pickford will rub his scars thoughtfully.

Von Stroheim—Actor

HOLLYWOOD is the place for irony.

When Von Stroheim signed to direct Gloria Swanson, it was in the contract that he should not be one of the actors. That was at the insistence of the producers.

Now Von has blossomed forth as an actor, having shed his directorial wand. No less an authority than Madame Nazimova says he is the best actor who has ever been on the screen. I am inclined to agree with her.

Jim Cruze has signed Von for a great role — as an eccentric ventriloquist in his new picture.

Director St. Clair

Harold Lloyd, Mary McAlister, and Mal St. Clair, enjoy a welcome moment of relaxation on the set of Lloyd's forthcoming picture, Welcome Danger.

As told by MAL ST. CLAIR to Ruth Biery

I AM called Hollywood's whispering director, because I never speak instructions aloud to my actors. If you were doing a difficult scene and I hollered aloud before the electricians, the prop boys and the assistants, wouldn't you be embarrassed? Wouldn't you be conscious of the fact that they were all waiting to see if you acted according to my instruction? Give them the benefit of the doubt! Then if the audience—and don't think that our motion picture actors don't have an audience as critical as any in a theatre—says, "Wasn't that clever?" you'd get the credit. To let everyone know what I expect of him is like telling the point of a story before the beginning. You spoil the entire effect of the thing for both the actor and the people who are watching.

Take *The Fleet's In* for instance. There's the fight scene in the dance hall. Clara Bow is in the middle of the fight. "When the camera catches you, be sitting on the floor alone, oblivious, smiling naturally," I whispered. Persons on the set clapped when the scene was finished. After all, Clara did the acting. Wouldn't it have spoiled it if I had told her *aloud* how to do it?

Direct Clara? The story of all directors would be the same about this youngster. No director *could* make a really bad picture with her. But the secret is to use indifference. By all means, indifference! Pay no attention to her and she immediately reacts to you. Pay her a lot of attention and she is liable to have nothing to do with you. Always look beyond her when you are talking. When you begin a picture tell her the whole story. Then, each day, tell her exactly what part of the story is to be taken—in story form, always. She will sit like a child listening to a fairy tale, then say, "All right; I know!"—then go right in and do it.

THE funny part of it is that to Clara it's just a job. She's like a clerk or a stenographer who goes to work as a matter of course each morning. She has no feeling at all that she is an actress. She's just a natural, everyday kid earning her living. She turns on her emotions as you would turn on a water fountain. And you never have to wait for them! No glycerine, no onions. If it's time for tears—she has them; if it's time for hysterics, on come the hysterics. But her first time is the best. I never rehearse with Clara Bow. Late? Temperamental?—not any more than the average woman in the average job is temperamental. Of course, she doesn't really know until the picture is finished what it is all about. She knows the *story* but not the picture. Every morning when she comes on the set, it's, "What clothes do I wear today?" just as the clerk would ask, "What are the specials we're having?"

Says It with Whispers

This famous director, by shielding the feelings of the players he directs, secures the most that's in them.

The people who I've directed? Do you really want me to list them for you? Well, here's a few from my dictionary—Ford Sterling, Charlie Murray, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Chester Conklin, Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Richard Dix, Clive Brook, Lois Wilson, Harold Lloyd, Constance Talmadge, Don Alvarado, Alice White, Tom Moore, William Powell, Wesley Barry, Ruth Taylor—and Rin Tin Tin.

IF YOU insist, it *is* said, I presume, that I am the only director who never had trouble with Pola Negri. But that's simple. She is a child and you must treat her as one to get along with her. But she is at all times of interest—a fascinating woman and actress.

We would go into the projection room together to see the rushes. We would have all of *her* rushes strung together. She liked to look at herself and was not interested in seeing those who supported her. She always called me "Mally" and she'd slip her hand into mine and exclaim, "Is she not beautiful? Is she not gorgeous, Mally?" If a bad shot came along, she'd close her eyes and demand, "Wake me up when that is over, Mally."

While we were making *The Tattooed Countess,* she was madly in love with Rudolph Valentino. Whoever she was going with at the moment was always the greatest love of her life. She talked about him incessantly. One morning she came in and wanted to do her crying scene. She had had a quarrel with Valentino. We were doing light comedy; there was no crying scene but I said nothing about it. I just led her onto the set, called camera and directed her in a good cry. She didn't know it wasn't in the picture. She had had her way; she was happy. It had taken perhaps 10 minutes. If she couldn't have done her crying scene, wept out her emotions about Valentino, she would have been unable to work all day.

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Mal St. Clair and his charming wife. The famous director's happy married life may be the result of his observations, during his work on the set, of nearly every sort of feminine temperament.

CUPID'S BULLETIN BOARD

The Ambassador of Love shoots his arrows into Hollywood hearts.

EVEN gay, careless Hollywood sighs at times, and wishes some of its "real romances of the film colony" would stay put.

Douglas MacLean

Douglas MacLean and his wife, who have been married for 13 years, have been considered among the reliably wed. Part of our social backbone, as it were. But now, even this pair has separated. The star is living at a beach club and his wife is residing in their Beverly Hills home. Mrs. MacLean was formerly Faith Cole, of a socially prominent Long Island family, her father having at one time been speaker of the New York State Senate. MacLean has starred in many of his own productions, and is well known as a crack yachtsman.

Ruth Elder to Marry

HOOT GIBSON tells the world that he wants Ruth Elder to be leading lady in all his forthcoming western thrillers. Hoot has gone in seriously for aviation, and altho he never used to appear at the popular dancing emporiums, is now often seen breaking into the social limelight with Ruth. It is believed that when Hoot's divorce decree becomes final these two will wed.

Ruth Elder

Reconciliation

WALLACE McDONALD, well-known screen leading man, reserves the right to change his mind. Or perhaps his wife, Doris May, clings to her feminine prerogative. At any rate, six months ago this couple were talking divorce and property settlements. Now they have decided it is all a mistake and have become reconciled. Hollywood has long pointed out the McDonalds as one of the film colony's ideally happy couples.

In Love With Love

BESSIE LOVE, who didn't have very good luck with her romance in the story of *The Broadway Melody*, seems to be having more romantic success in real life. Eddie Foy, the eldest son of the late Eddie Foy of vaudeville fame, is being very attentive to Bessie.

Pola's Heart Troubles

POLA NEGRI is not only going to get a divorce, it seems, but, it is rumored, may soon wed Rudolph Friml, the composer.

It is rumored that a break with Prince Serge Mdivani, her husband, occurred because, after he had secured a contract for the star with a French film concern, she did all in her power to break her agreement when a better one in England was offered her.

Romance for Colman

WHAT can this mean? Ronald Colman, who is politely indifferent to all the delectable stars of Hollywood, has been escorting Gertrude Lawrence, the English musical comedy star, about during his recent visit to New York City.

Carmel Myers Marries

CARMEL MYERS is now Mrs. Ralph Blum, wife of a prominent Los Angeles attorney. Mr. Blum is the son of a California rabbi and was for years a great friend of Carmel's father, the late Rabbi Myers.

Carmel Myers

David Wark Griffith once spoke of Carmel Myers as the most beautiful Jewish girl he had ever seen. She was one of several other film stars who began their careers in small roles in *Intolerance* and have since achieved fame. Her singing voice tests have been so unusually fine, that she will continue her career in musical comedy and in the talkie films.

William's Sweet Williams

Ada Williams

ANOTHER romance and one that has been hitherto unsuspected, is the engagement of Ada Williams to William Ince, the late Thomas H. Ince's oldest son, a romance on which Hollywood and Mrs. Ince herself look with extreme favor.

Bill has just returned from a trip around the world in time to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, but he couldn't forget the blue eyes of sixteen-year-old Ada during the cruise. They met nine or ten months ago at a party, and since then Ada has played in Raymond Cannon's *Joy Street* and also the part of one of the Daingerfield sisters in *Magnolia*. Isn't everything *Magnolius?*

Dan Cupid

Happily Ever After!

In which Joan Crawford and her hubby, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., give their recipe for a happy married life, touching on nearly everything from death to taxes, and reveling in love as it exists in the first pink flush of newlyweds' honeymoon.

By BELLE CLAIRE

Joan and Doug, Jr., have agreed to get angry one at a time—never both at once. But those who know this romantic pair doubt that either of them will ever show irritation toward the other.

Lovely Joan Crawford as she appears in Our Modern Maidens—*her new husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is in this film also.*

JOAN CRAWFORD vows she is happily married.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., solemnly swears he is happily married.

That makes it unanimous!

While the movie world slumbered, Joan and Dodo, as she affectionately refers to him, gave all their friends in New York the slip last June third, and were married in the rectory of St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church.

It was to be a secret. Hollywood had them married in the frigid month of February, secretly of course, in Mexico. Very well, they would have the last ha-ha. But somehow, and there's always a thousand versions as to how things get out, a leak was sprung.

The wide world was soon in on movieland's cherished romance. For two years their friends had been waiting breathlessly for news of their marriage. Rumors burst forth periodically. Finally, it happened.

WHEN I met the newlyweds at their honeymoon hotel suite in the Roarin' Forties of New York, both of them seemed to be spinning in a whirling and dancing joyousness. The eternal beam of happiness played about their faces.

Young Fairbanks, always modest and usually in full possession of his poise, was palpably flustered. Joan, veritably blushing, pink, joyous and a smart eyeful in her sport ensemble, clung nervously to her newly-made husband's arm.

"Yes," gasped Doug, Jr., "we've just been married."

A wistful smile slid across Joan's lips.

"Gosh," exclaimed her husband, "we thought we could keep it secret. Well—it's out, so what's the use."

"How about plans for the future?" I asked.

"Now it's my turn to talk," asserted Joan, coyly.

"No, you're interruping me," protested Doug.

"But listen—"

"No, you listen to me," he insisted.

For a moment I thought I was going to be witness to the first scrap in the married life of Joan and Dodo.

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Ann Christy entertains a group of Wampas Baby Stars at luncheon. Left to right, are: Renee Torres, Mona Rica, Madame Helene (in background), Sally Blane, Doris Hill, Polly Ann Young, Betty Boyd, Miss Christy.

SOCIETY *in*

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS SOCIETY EDITOR

THE outstanding social event of the season was the costume ball given by the **Basil Rathbones (Ouida Bergere)** at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It was a brilliant, sparkling affair marked with gorgeous costumes and a wide variety of characterizations.

Mrs. Rathbone was superb as the Empress Eugenie—blazing with priceless French jewels—while **Mr. Rathbone** appeared as a Russian Cossack with a double-headed gold eagle on his breast.

Prominent among the two hundred or more guests was **Prince Ferdinand** of Germany, who is sojourning in Cinemaland. The royal visitor hovered close to piquant **Lily Damita,** who came garbed as a Spanish dancer and flirted outrageously. **Bill Haines** as a circus trapeze artist with a weird haircut and waxed mustachios, **George K. Arthur** burlesquing Harry Lauder, **Marion Davies,** mischievous Pierrot, and **Newell Van Derhoef,** a resplendent Arab in white satin and red rubies, proved the chief fun-makers of the evening.

Greta Garbo made a somber Hamlet and **Peggy Woods** a lovely Portia. **Robert Leonard,** disguised as a comic hunter with a funny little popgun, spent his time pursuing his own pretty spouse, **Gertrude Olmstead,** who was a soft, small, white bunny. A mysteriously beautiful Oriental turned out to be **Jetta Goudal** and a beautiful *Rachel,* **Hedda Hopper.**

John Roche was a romantic gondolier in green and white, **Renee Adoree** an adorable Parisian Apache, **Eleanor Boardman,** Grecian, in gold and silver, while her husband, **King Vidor,** disported as a Russian peasant. Perhaps the **Irving Thalbergs (Norma Shearer)** created more comment than any one else because they appeared dressed exactly alike in cocky West Point uniforms.

Marion Davies as Pierrot—she wore this tricky garb to Basil Rathbone's costume ball.

Then there was **John Gilbert** and two of his cronies, garbed as sinister Ku Klux Klansmen. When the cold gray dawn finally broke on the marvelous party of the **Rathbones, John** invited everybody out to his house to finish out the morning with a ham and eggs breakfast.

AN EAGER group of friends met **Estelle Taylor** on her return from the East. She was happy to be home again and looked youthful and charming in a dark blue sailor suit. Immediately everyone began to entertain in her honor—breakfasts, luncheons, teas and dinners followed in quick succession.

A SWIM in the surf preluded the dinner given recently at the beach home of **Bebe Daniels. Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson** and **Colleen Moore** created merriment over a pretended contest in high diving. **John McCormick** and **Harry Martin** posed as life guards ready to rescue the damsels. The remaining guests were **Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Joseph Schenck, Luther Reed, Marie Mosquini, Ann Pennington, Nance O'Neil, William LeBaron, Edgar Selwyn** and **Sid Grauman.**

THE Montmartre was the setting for a brilliant luncheon given by **Elizabeth Meehan** for **Fanny Hurst,**

CINEMALAND

Principals who are assisting in the production of a screen version of Lummox *gather at a luncheon in honor of Fanny Hurst, the author. From left to right, they are: Elizabeth Meehan, scenarist; Herbert Brenon, director; John W. Considine, Jr., production chief; Miss Hurst and Winifred Westover, star.*

who has come west to assist in the filming of her *Lummox* for the screen. Around the C-shaped table, decorated in delicate flowers and lighted with tall green tapers, were seated many of filmdom's elite, including **Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove, Norma Talmadge, Lois Wilson, Lily Damita, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hedda Hopper, Mrs. Raoul Walsh, Diana Kane, Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. Warner Baxter** and **Mrs. H. B. Warner. Winifred Westover Hart,** who is to play the title role in **Miss Hurst's** picture, was late in joining the party; she was wearing an attractive ensemble in black and white.

UNITED ARTISTS also entertained in honor of **Miss Hurst.** Besides the members of the press, **John Considine, Winifred Westover Hart, Herbert Brenon** and **Elizabeth Meehan** were present. Clever speeches were the order of the day.

THE birthday anniversary of pretty little **Marceline Day** was celebrated by her mother with a dinner-dance at the Ambassador. The tables were elaborately decorated with bright flowers and blazing candles and favors were tiny dolls—miniature dancers in bouffant skirts and modish figures in tuxedos. **Alice Day** assisted her mother in receiving.

Bidden were **Messrs. and Mesdames Don Alvarado, Kenneth Hawkes (Mary Astor), Mervyn Leroy (Edna Murphy), Reginald Denny (Betsy Lee), Al Rockett** and **Ray Rockett** and many others.

TO COMPLIMENT **Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving** of London, England, **Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Geraghty** were hosts at a dinner recently. **Mr. Irving** is the grandson of the late **Sir Henry Irving** and is an artist of repute.

The Netcher-Talmadge bridal party just before the ceremony. From left to right, they are: Mrs. Buster Keaton, Townsend Netcher, Constance Talmadge, Walter Lohman and Norma Talmadge.

Mary and Douglas Fairbanks were dinner guests and were most enthusiastic in their praise of **Mr. Irving's** talents. The artist designed the sets for *The Iron Mask* and has consented to help with *The Taming of the Shrew,* which will be the first co-starring vehicle for Mary and Doug.

Carmelita and **Sheila Geraghty** assisted their parents in receiving. The guests were: **Charlie Chaplin, Matt Moore, Hedda Hopper, Georgia Hale,** the **John Robertsons** and **Dennis O'Brien** and **Robert Fairbanks.**

SOCIAL affairs of the younger set center around luncheons given at the Montmartre or at one of **Madame Helene's** fascinating tea rooms.

Accentuating the youth and beauty of her guests, **Virginia Lee Corbin's** table decorations at her

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Problems in

When the film continues and the dialogue stops, when an actor sings a love song while he nonchalantly smokes a cigarette, when an actress recites passionate love lines while she munches a tea biscuit—something's wrong. This article explains such freakish happenings.

Hal Roach examines the new projection machinery which has been installed in his studios for "playbacks." Roach comedies in dialogue will be released by M-G-M.

THIS is terrible. I can't tell you any more."

It was Alec Francis talking, in *The Terror.*

He raised his fist for emphasis and when his hand came down, again he boomed forth: "This is terrible. I can't tell you any more." Then he turned, and as he strode across the room, his own voice followed him, seeming to haunt him with: "This is terrible. I can't tell you any more."

Of course the audience snickered—who wouldn't? Suddenly the screen went black and the once familiar but long forgotten "One Minute, Please" sign flashed on the canvas. Skeptics guffawed, children applauded and just natural died-in-the-wool pessimists vowed that the talkies never would be a success, that neither God nor science could ever hook up voice and action simultaneously and successfully.

That was months ago. Today, while most of the talkie troubles which beset the machine operators have been ironed out, life for the man in the projection room is far from a bed of roses. Equipment today is infinitely better than it was a year ago. Yet, things come up daily, which, while they do not reflect upon the ability of the operator, do much to keep the public in a semi-skeptical mood.

QUITE recently, Mary Pickford appeared in *Coquette.* Came the scene when she dramatically addressed her plea to Lewis Stone, her defense attorney. Things progressed splendidly to a bold and striking climax when —words failed her! Mary spoke, but no words came forth. The audience, keyed up to a high pitch of expectancy, turned dark looks toward the projection booth, but the operator was powerless to save the scene. The cell walls of the Vitaphone disc had broken down.

If you wonder how this could happen, picture a record many times more sensitive and many times softer than a phonograph record, upon which a standard phonograph needle is used. After a disc has been played from four to six times, the cell walls become quite fragile and in many instances they crumble unexpectedly, in the midst of a scene. When this occurs, the needle remains in one groove, like a phonograph needle at the end of a record, playing the same passage over and over again. If this catastrophe happens at the beginning of a disc, the operator stops his machine and starts a new record. Should this misfortune occur at the end of a disc, the audience will seldom notice the trouble, and in sound pictures, with no dialogue, they will not be cognizant of it at all, since sound alone is rarely of vital importance to an acting sequence, unless it occurs in the actor's playing a musical instrument. For instance, should the needle remain momentarily in one groove, or should it skip the sound track to another groove, the break in the music is not sufficiently serious to cause a bad break in the picture.

Talkie Presentation

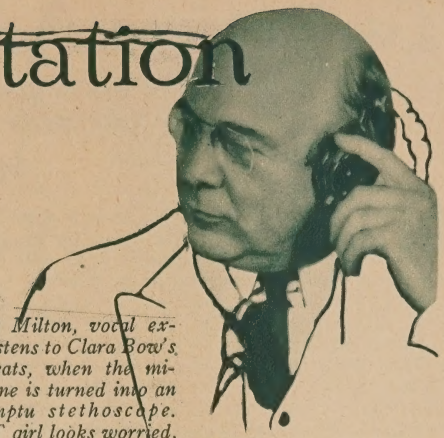
By WALT RASCHICK

It was precisely at this moment in one showing of The Desert Song *that the Red Shadow, played by John Boles, poured out his heart in fervent song to Margot (Carlotta King), while his lips were pressed to Margot's.*

From four to a half dozen complete sets of discs are sent each motion picture house with each disc talkie picture. Incidentally, talkie disc playing begins at the center and ends at the outside, in exact contrast to a phonograph record, which begins at the outside rim and ends at the center.

RECORDING bass notes causes deep grooves in a disc, while soprano and falsetto notes, which producers try their best to avoid, barely make a mark on the disc, so that when the disc is played in reproduction, the bass notes cause the needle to dip and often remain in the low groove rut. Such an occurrence explains an actor's repetition of his lines. So also do high notes swing the needle rapidly and lightly over their grooves, often skipping portions of the disc grooves, with the result that whole sequences are thrown out of synchronization and thus ruined for the audience.

Take the case of Milton Sills in *His Captive Woman.*



Robert Milton, vocal expert, listens to Clara Bow's heartbeats, when the microphone is turned into an impromptu stethoscope. The IT girl looks worried, but Milton's expression indicates that her heart did everything expected of it.

In one scene the virile Sills grabs a fellow by the shoulder and yells: "You won't do it!" So forcefully does he shout and so low is his voice that the needle remains in the low groove. Sills strides across the room, whips out a cigarette and lights it, all to the accompaniment of his own voice: "You won't do it! You won't do it!" But by this time the operator realizes that this won't do; the picture stops abruptly and a new disc starts to play.

IN MUSICAL extravaganzas, the audience is often thrown into confusion by a strident discord, caused by the volume of the chorus' singing throwing the needle off the sound track. In one showing of *The Desert Song,* John Boles, as the half-witted Pierre, twice was heard singing, once when he was not even on the screen, although Carlotta King's (Margot's) lips were moving. This was rather difficult for the audience to grasp, to say nothing of such behavior's being a decided breach of etiquette on the part of Pierre. On another occasion, in the same picture, during a kissing scene, the Red Shadow pours out his heart to Margot in fervent song, while his lips are pressed to Margot's. It is such dire happenings as these that try the souls of the men in the projection room, over the heads of the audience.

And there are other problems, too, not caused by faulty equipment. In Clara Bow's recent picture, *The Wild Party,* for instance,

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This is a strip of Photophone film. No. 1 marks the sprocket holes, which hold the film in place in the projection machine; No. 2 shows the sound and dialogue track, marked by long and short shadings for loud and soft tones; No. 3 indicates the picture, or action — what you see on the screen.

Twelvetrees Answers *Your* Questions

Hovering over the lovely head of Helen Twelvetrees is a flaming question mark that finds its answer in this remarkable interview.

By RUTH BIERY

HELEN TWELVETREES is one of the newcomers, one of the long list of Broadwayites which has invaded the movies. Only she came ahead of the others—sort of a vanguard for that long line of stage people who are pouring into Hollywood daily.

Naturally, she was curious about everything in Hollywood and the movies. Curious about the people—the Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, John Gilberts, and Gary Coopers; anxious to see the Montmartre, the studios, pictures in the making. But there was one thing which interested her above everything else and that was the *fan mail* of which she had read so much and received so little.

Although she had been on the stage for years, made a hit as *Roberta* in *An American Tragedy* and a success in *Broadway,* she had received, like all stage people, a few mash notes and complimentary squibs, but no mail that necessitated a secretary or a special mailbox at the post office. Yet she understood that popularity was rated upon letters in pictures. "Billie Dove received more mail last month than Clara Bow. Gary Cooper and Buddy Rogers head the male heroes." She had read that often.

"I'm going to keep track of every letter and see what these folk who write film stars really want to know!" was her one Hollywood resolution, made the night she left New York City. Of course, she expected it would be years before she received enough to amount to anything. She has been here only ten months and her letters number hundreds weekly! She already has someone to help her open and sort out what the mailman brings daily.

With only one picture released, *The Ghost Talks,* she doesn't quite understand it. Of course, her election as a 1929 Wampas baby star helped. And the fact that she employs a capable press agent. But—

I CAN'T realize why, but here are the letters to prove it!" She showed me the neat stacks in the parlor of her little two-rooms-and-a-kitchen home which clings to the side of one of our nearest mountains. "And I've kept my resolution. I've listed all the questions they've asked me and when I get the money and can afford to answer each letter, I'm going to make it a point to tell them everything they want to know about me!"

"Just what do the fans want to know?" I, too, was curious about the letters which come to such a new person.

"I've made a list. I'll read it to you. First, *'Is your name really Twelvetrees?'* Funny about my name. Almost everyone who writes is curious about it."

"Well, is it?"

"No, it's my husband's. My name was Helen Jurgens, but it didn't seem to bring me much luck in my profession," she made an unpleasant grimace. "You see, I went on the stage when I was seventeen but for two years I couldn't seem to do much more than *carry a spear.* That's what we call playing bit parts on Broadway; it's like extra work in pictures.

"Then I got a part with George Gaul in *Kismet.* I say a *part.* I was the atmosphere which draped the fountain. But I was thrilled just to be in his production. I used to slip up and change from one chiffon to another and rush down and watch him do his prison scene. Night after night, matinee after matinee, I stood there watching until he couldn't help but take notice. Then we'd talk together. I kept asking him how he got his start and he'd tell me about his experiences at the American Academy. I made up my mind I, too, would attend that school of acting.

"And my first year I saw Clark Twelvetrees play the lead in *The Romantic Age,* one of the school plays given at the Lyceum theatre. I was crazy about him. But I didn't know how to meet him. The day of the Pirates' Ball at the Ritz, I had an inspiration. I went out and got my costume, went back to school and hung around his classroom until he came out. I started down the stairs before him, carrying the huge box with my costume in it, tripped, fell—of course, he carried it for me and asked what was in it.

"Why, I'm going too!" he answered.

THAT night I completely forgot George Bradshaw Crandall, an artist for whom I posed for magazine covers, who was my escort for the evening. I danced every number with Clark. The next day he took me to lunch—and the next!

"The second day we also started out early for dinner together. But we landed at the New York city hall. They wouldn't marry us because I was from Brooklyn, so we rushed over there and got in just in time.

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Back of Helen Twelvetrees' pensive eyes are the answers to many questions that pop up wherever her name is mentioned—answers that are an expression of her own insatiable curiosity.

FAST LIFE

An entertaining story of modern youth, with events revolving around a frenzied murder—and the birth of a greater and deeper love on the ruins of tragedy.

Adapted by

EARLE R. BUELL

From the First National Vitaphone Photoplay

"And they never suspected a thing," Doug was saying. "Wouldn't they get a jolt if they knew?" laughed Pat.

Posed by Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

WHOOPEE was being manufactured in Doug Stratton's apartment.

It wasn't the largest shop of its kind in the world, but it turned out a quality product. None but the best grade of bottled-in-bond synthetic gin was used among the ingredients.

"Right off the boat," sighed Paul Palmer, son of the governor, as he tossed one off.

"Right off the side of the boat, judging by the wry face you just made and the shudders that are even now chasing each other up and down your spinal column," laughed Pat Mason, she of the glorious grin around which the party revolved.

"Come on, get aboard for the big parade," bellowed Rodney Hall, who was already well started. He picked up somebody's saxophone and began an Indian dance about the room. One of the boys with a guitar fell in behind him and a quick serpentine followed them.

"The band seems a little light," shrieked Patricia, and shoving a tall perfume atomizer into Doug's hands, led the way with him, pretending to play.

THE little apartment wouldn't have stood the strain if it had had enough chairs in it for the crowd, but Pat, who was studying interior decorating and had practiced on Doug's hangout, had solved the problem by making everybody sit on cushions that could be kicked into the corner when things got gay.

"They don't break so easily as chairs," she had told Doug, between kisses, before the party started.

There would have been poundings on the apartment walls if everybody in the place who was at home that night hadn't been having a party of his own. Trust Doug and his crowd to pick the right location. Little Pat's "three jacks," as she called Doug and Rodney and Paul, had to have a place to play and now they were playing in it with a short dozen of their cronies.

"Where'd you two disappear to over the week-end?" asked Tomboy Tina Johnson as soon as conversation became feasible and the cocktails were going around again.

Pat's eyes flashed to Doug's and for a moment neither of them answered. Silence began to be heard.

"Just a little trip up the country," Pat presently tossed off and jumped up to lead another parade. But it didn't go so well. The party had settled down to serious drinking and to petting in the pillowed nooks.

Pat didn't pet. Not there, at least, and not then. She never petted with one of the "three jacks"—not when the other two were around. She had enough trouble with them as it was. And besides, those days were over now. But she wasn't telling anybody.

SHE wondered what she was going to do about going home. Paul and Rod would both ask her. She must get a word with Doug before they did. They whispered together for a moment behind the colorful hangings of the doorway.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," she said. "I'll throw them both off by making them take me home. Paul can still drive his car."

And so, presently, there was a noisy leave-taking. The party had bogged down a little at the last—after that question of Tina's. And Patricia Mason ran lightly down the steps with Paul and Rodney. She threw a meaning glance back up the stairs to Doug.

"See you soon," she called, with bright laughter. There was something moving in her voice, something that gave to the words a special significance.

A quick ride through the deep night and she was at home. She ran lightly to the door, waving good-bye. Only she knew that there was no one in the house. The two boys shoved off in Paul's car and a few minutes later glorious Patricia Mason was hailing a

CAST FOR FAST LIFE

Patricia Mason	*Loretta Young*
Douglas Stratton	*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
Paul Palmer (Doug's friend and the son of Gov. Palmer)	*Chester Morris*
Rodney Hall (the boy who is killed)	*Ray Hallor*
Tina Johnson (the tomboy)	*Rita Flynn*
Governor Palmer	*William Holden*
Warden Palmer (his brother)	*Frank Sheridan*
Burton Hall (Rodney's father)	*P. Pratt*
Rev. Andrew Stratton (Doug's father)	*John Sainpolis*
Defense attorney	*Landers Sterens*

taxicab and giving the number of Doug's place. Less than half an hour after the party died, Pat was back in Doug's arms in the bright room.

"And they never suspected a thing," Stratton was saying.

"Wouldn't they get a jolt if they knew?" Pat laughed and slipped away to Doug's dressing room, while the boy pulled out a miraculously concealed bed and adjusted it for the night, or what was left of it.

He was emptying the ash-trays and bundling the glasses and shakers and bottles off to the kitchenet when she came back more glorious than ever in orchid negligee.

NOW her soft body was in Doug's arms again, her moist lips on his. Those kisses of flame. Patricia Mason laughed—a laugh that was almost a purr. The girl flung herself upon the bed and pressed her hot cheek to the silk coverlet. Wonderful, wonderful love. How had she ever lived without it? She was glad she hadn't waited.

A window open to a tiny balcony was clearing the room of smoke and fumes of gin. She drank in draughts of the cool air. And then she screamed. For beyond the circle of light which now was the only illumination in the room she heard the step and saw the figure of a man.

"What's this?" a fuzzy voice inquired. "Another week-end trip?"

It was Rod's voice and Rod had had far too much to drink.

"What do you mean breaking in here through the window like that?" she cried. It was a silly thing to say. Rod stood there weaving. He was the sort that drinking made canny, suspicious, dangerous.

"I thought there was something funny," he said, "the way you looked at each other when week-ends were mentioned." His voice had steadied now. It was low, even, deadly. He laughed harshly. "And I thought you were—" He broke off with a gesture of disgust.

"Oh, for God's sake, Rod, go peddle your papers. We've been married since last Friday. Can't you leave us alone?" It was Doug's voice coming to the rescue.

"Married!" There was a world of scorn in the way that single word was spoken by the drunken Rod. Patricia felt as though she had been whipped across the face.

In a flash, Doug, in pajamas and dressing gown, sprang at the intruder.

"You insulting idiot," he whipped out. "Get out of here before I throw you out of that window. I'll teach you to sneak and spy on Pat and me. A swell kind of a friend you turned out to be."

THE girl cowered on the bed while they fought or tried to fight, the one befuddled by drink, the other hampered by the long dressing gown. She wanted to laugh at these two friends of hers scuffling there before

Loretta Young, who plays Patricia Mason, tries frantically to help her lover when she learns he must die in the electric chair.

Whoopee was being manufactured in Doug Stratton's apartment. Somebody picked up a saxophone, started an Indian dance and a quick serpentine followed.

her. It was too absurd. And yet there was the horrid lash of that scornful word. Deliberately or not, Rod had chosen to disbelieve, to doubt, the marriage. That, at least, was a question of fact. She sprang to her feet.

"Rodney Hall," she cried, "you get out of here with your rotton insinuations. We can prove we are married and if you don't leave at once I'll—I'll have you arrested."

Hysterical as she was, she realized she was still saying silly things. Why didn't Rod go? It wasn't fair.

Suddenly, the drunken one let out a howl of anguish and doubled up on the floor.

"Get up," came Doug's voice. "I didn't hurt you."

"I know it," Rod groaned, "but something's got me. It must have been that liquor. Call a doctor—quick." He let out another anguished groan and Doug flashed out of the room, just as he was, to bring up a doctor from the floor below.

Pat bent over the prostrate man to ask if there was anything she could do for him, when he sprang to his feet. She cowered back upon the bed, staring at his flaming eyes.

"Now," he cried with an oath, "I'm going to take you out of here —whether you want to go or not."

The girl screamed. He had been shamming. He had tricked Doug out of the way and now he was in an uglier mood than ever. He seized her by the arm.

"Go away," she cried. "Can't you see? Haven't you sense enough in your addled head to know that I wouldn't be here if we weren't married?"

Rod's powerful arms were about her. Rod's sickening breath fanned her face. Rod's voice told her in horrid terms what he thought of her and threatened dire things if she didn't get out of there with him.

SUDDENLY there was a rush and a crash. Doug had come back. Doug's fist had smashed into Rod's face. Doug was raining blows upon the cruel mouth that had leered down at her. The girl fell to the floor, freed from those brutal arms.

And now the two were battling in real earnest. Doug had thrown off the dressing gown and his movements were quick and sure and free. Rod, sobered, was fighting with a ferocity she had never seen before in any creature.

Pat threw herself back on the bed, out of the way of their plunging bodies. She wondered what she could do if Doug should be hurt. Every blow that found its mark on his face or body hurt her to the heart. Her breath was coming as quickly as his. Slowly he gave ground. The powerful Rod was proving too much for him, but he was making a real battle out of it.

Chester Morris, as Paul Palmer, the governor's son, who stands by Doug and Patricia during dark days.

Doug backed to the open door and then with one of Rod's rushes was borne out into the hall beyond her sight.

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Hunches that Brought

Queer turns of fate have had an amazing influence on the lives of stars—no wonder they play for big stakes just on the dictations of a capricious hunch!

MARY NOLAN, blonde beauty of the cinema, stepped from her yellow sports roadster, and nonchalantly entered a Hollywood Boulevard cigar store.

From her purse she produced a five-dollar bill; from the pocket of her white leather jacket, a gem-studded cigarette lighter.

"I've a hunch you're going to pay for my lunch today," said Mary, addressing the alpaca-coated clerk as she tossed the currency on the counter and pressed the lever of the mechanical match. A tiny spark . . . a flame . . . Eureka!

"Thanks," remarked the actress as she picked up her five-spot, plus another contributed by the attendant, and retraced her steps to the curbing. A frown registered on the clerk's countenance as Mary pointed the nose of her car toward the Montmartre.

Dolores Costello is another celebrated member of the film colony who believes that hunches are worth their weight in gold.

Betty Compson had a hunch to keep this grass skirt, presented to her by a hula dancer—not long after she staged a comeback to the screen with Milton Sills in The Barker.

IT'S a great racket, this business of betting even money that the other fellow's lighter won't work on the first try," he told me a few seconds later. "Yea, a great racket—except when the party of the second part is operating on a hunch!"

And he knows. Doesn't he wager his cash against that of from fifty to a hundred persons a day? And hasn't he found that the percentage is with the house "except when one of them there movie blokes gets a hunch?"

Playing hunches! It's Flickertown's most popular sport, both indoor and outdoor.

The boys and girls of the silversheet don't consider themselves psychic, any more than you or I. They don't call these frequent urges to do things "premonitions."

In Celluloidia they are HUNCHES, nothing more. And hunches fill an important niche in their everyday lives.

Didn't Al Jolson make $1,500,000 on Warner stock on a hunch? Didn't Lon Chaney win his first film recognition in the same way? Didn't Raoul Walsh cop $18,000 on his wedding day? Didn't Bessie Love stage one of the greatest of all comebacks? And . . . .

Didn't Ben Lyon ignore a hunch about flying on Friday, the 13th, and didn't his plane crash, with injuries to himself and his co-pilot?

Yes, by all means, play your hunches!

IT'S because the luminaries of Shadowland are children at heart—children chasing rainbows and playing hunches—that they flock across the Mexican border to the gaming tables at Agua Caliente and the race track at Tia Juana. It's because they play on the hunch that Goldie's, an institution featuring roulette, blackjack and craps, is a Hollywood landmark; $25-a-hole golf is the rule rather than the exception on the Hollywood courses, and the extra of today becomes the star of tomorrow.

They preach against gambling in Sunday School. At least, it was con-

Fame and Fortune

By BOB MOAK

Ben Lyon throws a mean pair of dice, much to the delight of Marian Nixon, who took a chance on a hunch that told her to free-lance.

sidered a vice in my day. But listen to Jimmie Hall:

"When I play a hunch, I'm not gambling. To gamble means to take a chance. To play a hunch means I've got a sure thing."

So that's that, for Jimmie's views are identical with those of other hundreds of Hollywoodians.

Take the case of Al Jolson, who became a millionaire because of his ability to shout "Mammy" over the footlights. The blackface artist increased his income by safe and sane real estate investments.

"Play the stock market? Not me," he used to inform the friends who volunteered to let him in on the "ground floor."

Jolson signed a contract to make a picture for Warner Brothers, then a small concern trying to get along. "Trying" was the word in those days, if you know what I mean.

But Jolson had a hunch that Warner stock was due for a rise. Unknown to them, he bought their stock in the open market.

They say Al's salary and percentage on *The Jazz Singer,* the canned-tongue masterpiece of its time, brought him close to a million dollars. But his hunch on Warner stock increased his bank account by a million and a half.

Whatever may have been his financial fate during later fluctuations of the stock market, that was one time Al rode a hunch and made a real killing.

AND speaking of Wall Street . . .

When Lois Moran was making tests for the featured lead in *Joy Street,* her banker chanced to remark that the market was on the upward trend. Stocks, you know, have contributed considerable toward Lois' upkeep in recent years.

One of her favorite investments is rubber. Another is Studebaker. Both were active, the banker informed her, but he advised Studebaker. Lois, however, was inclined toward rubber.

All evening, Lois thought the matter over without reaching a decision. Next morning she climbed into her car and started for the studio. En route she was halted by a traffic signal. She noticed the California license plate on the car ahead of her. It was "R-178." A hunch! "R" stood for rubber and 178 was the price at which it had closed the previous day.

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No wonder Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson smile. Al's hunch to play the market netted him nearly a million dollars.

The Life Story

Betty's performance opposite Richard Barthelmess in Weary River *is heralded as the best in her screen career.*

As Nita, queen of Warner Brothers' On With the Show, *Betty Compson is surrounded by a troupe of admiring chorine subjects. At the right is Betty, attractively posed in her swimming suit. Long may she wave!*

# of Betty Compson

Popularity, life in a road show, first love, disillusionment, a colorful career climaxed by stardom—Betty Compson gives to SCREEN SECRETS readers all these intimate feelings of her innermost being. Throbbing with truth, alive with utter frankness is this story, as told to Ruth Biery.

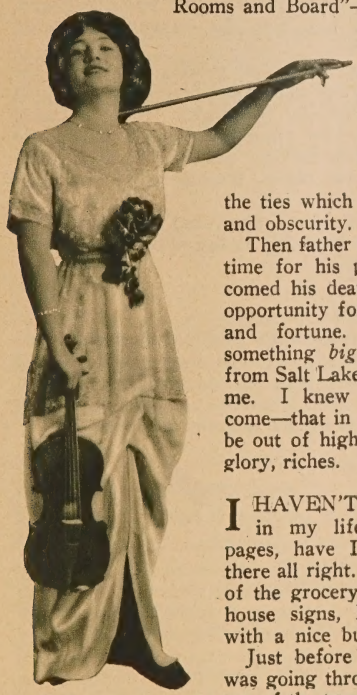
By *Betty Compson*

Betty Compson is universally recognized as one of the most beautiful women on the screen.

MY WORK in a Salt Lake City movie house, where I played the violin in the three-piece "orchestra" for $15 a week, fired me with the ambition to become a motion picture actress.

As I told you last month, I would find myself looking up to the screen as I played, envisioning myself in the actors' roles. My violin playing was becoming humdrum—I knew I was not destined to become a Kreisler or a Heifetz and I longed to do greater things.

The sign on our house, "Furnished Rooms and Board"—God, how I hated it!—attracted enough customers to enable mother and me to live, and with father ill with tuberculosis, it was impossible for me to break away from the ties which bound me to home and obscurity.



When Betty played her violin in a Salt Lake City movie house, for $15 a week, she purposely dressed to make herself look older than her fifteen years.

Then father died. I knew it was time for his passing and I welcomed his death as a heaven-sent opportunity for me to reach fame and fortune. Vistas of doing something *big* and getting away from Salt Lake City loomed before me. I knew that the time had come—that in six months I would be out of high school, headed for glory, riches.

I HAVEN'T mentioned the men in my life for quite a few pages, have I? Oh, they were there all right. Somehow, in spite of the grocery store and rooming house signs, I managed to run with a nice bunch of youngsters.

Just before my father died, I was going through the torment of one of the two unrequited loves of my life. Mercy, that sounds conceited, doesn't it? But remember, my whole family believed that any woman could get any man she wanted. And there are really only two who have interested me whom I have not interested. One was the football coach. He had charge of the assembly room study period. I was insane about him; would thrill when he made a move up there at his outlook-post before us. Now he's fat and bald-headed; married, with loads of children. Whenever anyone comes from Salt Lake City, I'm told about him. Still, I'd rather like to go back and have a conquest.

Only two men—(She paused a moment, cupped her chin in right hand again and meditated. Who was the other man who had baffled this go-get-them person, I wondered. She sighed, looked up—) He didn't know I was in love with him. He was just kind. But I certainly used to put on the works. Well, anyway he'll know when this is written.

AFTER my father's death, there were literally hundreds of boys. I found it didn't make any difference *whether* I was working or *where* I was working. There were enough boys so I could afford to be particular. Of course, I was talked about. What girl who is popular with the male sex, isn't?

Lowry Allen was a doctor's son. He wanted to convert me to the Mormon religion. He was going to Germany on a mission. Julian Burton was a banker's son. I was very fond of him. He never proposed to me, but it was my fault he didn't. It was his importance which thrilled me. And Alex Jacobson, a millionaire's pride and joy!

Then—well, I met my first thriller. And this was the first time I encountered the mother's proverbial fear for her daughter—that danger of being what we so commonly called "ruined." His name was Gattison Jones and we called him Gatty. He came from a good family but he was the type who sloughs school, a wonderful dancer, a natural actor. He wanted to go on vaudeville with me. He would draw pictures of a rich drop curtain with C (for Compson) on one side and G (for Gattison) on the other and tell me that those were what we would have when we were headliners. What a kick that boy did give me!

Naturally, I had let boys kiss me, but the kisses to this

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CINEMA SLANTS

Quality before quantity in the film output—audible anatomy—the ballyhoo king's gross exaggerations—two heads are better than one at the megaphone—and other crisp comment on the latest activities of filmdom.

Palms

THE movie industry was utterly disrupted by the sudden arrival of talking pictures, but the speed of its recovery from this shattering upheaval has been little short of phenomenal.

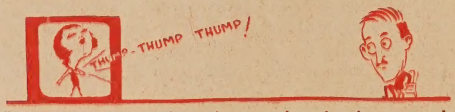
Not only has Hollywood learned, in a few months, how to make dialogue films; it has learned how to make superlatively good dialogue films. The quality of the screen entertainment that has come forth since January first has been amazingly high.

Consider this list: *The Broadway Melody, The Letter, Alibi, Hearts in Dixie, Show Boat, The Trial of Mary Dugan, Close Harmony, In Old Arizona, Madame X, The Voice of the City, Coquette* and *Bulldog Drummond.*

The movie industry has a right to be proud of itself for the manner in which it has withstood the shock of sound.

Hear My Pulse

IN AN advertisement of the film, *His Captive Woman,* appears this startling phrase, "You can almost *hear* the heart-beats of this daring drama!"



Does this mean that the movies, having permitted us to listen to the voices of stars, will now reveal to us their innermost anatomical secrets?

Before long we'll be seeing and hearing X-ray moving pictures, with sound accompaniment recorded through a stethoscope.

Collaborators

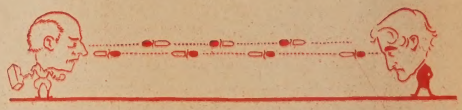
STARRING teams have been popular in the past—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, Douglas MacLean and Doris May, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Now, for the first time, we are beginning to hear of directorial teams. On many talking pictures you will observe that the credit for the direction (or the blame, perhaps) is shared by two men.

One of them is an experienced movie director, the other an experienced stage director, and their different talents are combined.

The best directorial team that has been heard from to date is that of Edward Sutherland (of the screen) and John Cromwell (of the stage). They were responsible for that excellent picture, *Close Harmony*—and they worked together in close harmony in more ways than one.

Fortunately, Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Cromwell are smart, broadminded and easy to get along with. They know their limitations, and neither one of them bothered or irritated the other.

Such non-temperamental directors, however, are regretably hard to find, and it is a safe bet that this practice of teaming up two men on one job will be productive of many terrific fights.



I know I should hate to be the movie director who is assigned to work with David Belasco—or the stage director who is assigned to work with Cecil B. De Mille.

Wise Observation

FRANK CRAVEN, the famous actor and playwright, was called in to help with the dialogue on Harold Lloyd's first all-talker.

Speaking of the difficulties of making comedy on the audible screen, someone said, "The trouble is, we don't know how long to wait for the laughs. If the audience laughs in an unexpected place, then they'll drown out several of the lines that follow. And if they don't laugh at one of the expected places, then there'll be an awkward pause."

"That's true," said Mr. Craven, and added, "It's too bad that no one has been able to figure out how to synchronize an audience."

The Loud Speakers

IT IS always fun to watch the antics of the movie press agents, and to listen to the strange monologues of selling talk that they deliver. So talented are these fellows that, frequently, their promotion campaigns are much more entertaining than are the pictures they promote.

The greatest of them all, unquestionably, is Harry Reichenbach, a publicity expert who stops at nothing. It was Harry Reichenbach who once walked into a Broadway hotel, bringing with him as luggage a large cage which contained a live lion. He registered at the hotel as "Mr. T. R. Zann and lion," and the odd incident was chronicled on the front pages of all the newspapers before it occurred to anyone to surmise that there might be some connection between "Mr. T. R. Zann" and a movie called *Tarzan of the Apes* that was about to open in New York.

It was Harry Reichenbach again who planted, also on all the front pages, the story that secret emissaries of the Sultan of Turkey had just arrived in New York in pursuit of a beautiful virgin who had escaped from the Sultan's harem and was seeking refuge in this monogamous country. When the newspapers finally discovered

by Robert E. Sherwood

Thorough understanding of the background of cinema art and constant observation of its progress over a period of many years have given Robert E. Sherwood, America's foremost movie critic, his singular ability to view the picture situation from a distinctly constructive angle. His terse discussion, illuminated by a sparkling vein of humor, is a regular monthly feature in SCREEN SECRETS.

Robert E. Sherwood

the hoax, the whole town was talking about a forthcoming film entitled *The Virgin of Stamboul.*

Small wonder that Mr. Reichenbach, when he is called in as a specialist by some company in need of publicity, is paid a salary much larger than that of most stars.

His recent efforts have been in behalf of the screen version of *Show Boat,* and he has been entirely successful in tooting the calliope for that popular production. One of his advertisements, however, is open to serious question, and I challenge him to prove a statement contained in it—to-wit:

"Fifty thousand Senators say that *Show Boat* is the first genuine movietone hit."

Who were the Fifty Thousand Senators? And even if so, isn't it possible that Fifty Thousand Senators might be wrong?

A Mean One

TWO loafers had stopped, as two loafers will do, to watch the work in a vast excavation in New York City. Suddenly the concrete mixer started functioning.

"Listen!" said one of the kibitzers, "It sounds just like Clara Bow's voice."

Sights for Sore Eyes and Sounds for Sensitive Ears

MARIAN NIXON listening in *The Rainbow Man.*

Helen Kane declaiming, "I was an innocent gir-rul" in *Nothing But the Truth.*

Dorothy Mackaill going native on a desert island in *His Captive Woman.*

Betty Lawford calling "Daddy" in *Gentlemen of the Press.*

Mary Duncan opening a White Rock bottle (you can hear the *squisssh*) in *Through Different Eyes.*

Helen Morgan, perched on the piano, singing *Bill* in the prologue to *Show Boat.*

Sylvia Field telling her lover that she is all his in *The Voice of the City.*

Nancy Carroll shouting "You're yellow!" in *Close Harmony.*

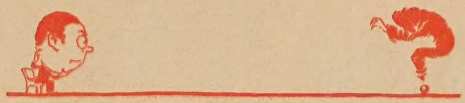
Sue Carol justifying the title in *Girls Gone Wild.*

Diane Ellis "telling it to the Marines" in *The Leatherneck.*

Lily Damita doing practically everything in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (you can't hear her, but, oh, how you can *see!*)

Deceptive Clues

IF THEY must have mystery melodramas on the screen—and apparently they must—I wish the producers would at least have the decency to play fair with the audience.



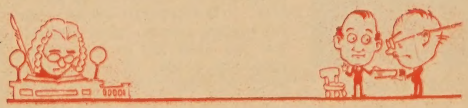
Through Different Eyes is extremely effective—well acted and well told; but much of its value is lost because so many attempts are made to cheat the spectator. Three terribly suspicious characters are introduced, and they are never accounted for. They are shown in close-ups from time to time, with strange expressions on their faces, to indicate that, if they would only tell all they knew, the mystery of the murder would be cleared up instantly. Not one of them has any connection with the story.

The net result of these unnecessary intrusions is that the audience feels it has been gypped—and, when you come to think of it, it has.

Willard Mack

ONE director who doesn't seem to need any assistance from anyone is Willard Mack. This picturesque veteran of a thousand bad plays went into the movies with his usual Irish vigor, and his first production, *The Voice of the City,* is one of the big successes of the year.

Not only did Mr. Mack direct this picture; he also wrote the story and the dialogue, and acted the most important part. It is a one-man triumph.



Order in the Court

HAVING lately witnessed some 86 trials for murder on the screen, it seems to me that the one line that has been spoken most often in the talking pictures is: "Doyousweartotellthetruththewholetruthandnothingbutthe truthsohelpyouGod—Siddown!"

Who's Who in Filmdom

SCREEN SECRETS publishes each month biographies of filmdom's favorite players. Save this page for your scrapbook.

George Fawcett

George Fawcett

GEORGE FAWCETT, veteran actor, was born on an estate near Alexandria, Virginia. He was graduated from the University of Virginia. He was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, a fraternity brother of the late Woodrow Wilson. After leaving school he joined a stock company in Baltimore. When only twenty-one years of age, he went to New York City and made his bow on Broadway. Among his early successes were *She, Paul Kelvar, The Legal Wreck, Othello* and possibly the best known of all his successes, *Blue Jeans*. He first came to Los Angeles with William Gillette in *Held by the Enemy*. Four years later he again returned to Los Angeles with the Palmer Stock Company. So great was his name that playwrights wrote parts especially for him to secure the weight of his importance for their plays. During his stage career he was associated with every leading player including Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*. He made his first picture in 1914 at the old Morosco studios in *The Majesty of the Law*.

Leatrice Joy

Leatrice Joy

LEATRICE JOY was born in New Orleans. Her first stage experience was as an ingenue in a California stock company, managed by John Griffith Wray, the director. This gave her an idea that she might also play in pictures. Her first picture role was with the Selznick company. Her rise was rapid. Possibly her greatest success was in *Manslaughter*. She was starred by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in many pictures, among them *The Clinging Vine, Eve's Leaves, Made For Love*, and many others. She was at one time married to John Gilbert. This union did not last long, but it brought to Leatrice Joy a baby daughter, whom she says is her greatest inspiration. The child is now three years old. Miss Joy is five feet, three inches tall and has large brown eyes and black hair. She has never been known to possess such a thing as temperament. Always sunny, always kind, makes her one of the most loved young matrons of the motion picture colony. She has just signed a long-term contract with First National.

Norma Shearer

Norma Shearer

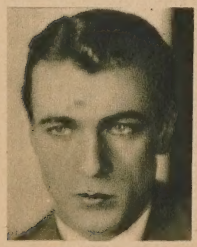
NORMA SHEARER was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904, of wealthy parents. Sudden financial reverses sent her to New York, while she was still young, to aid in the support of her family. Here, after a disappointing tour of theatrical agencies, she met Louis B. Mayer who became impressed with her distinctive beauty and induced her to come to Hollywood. The best-known of her first pictures are *The Stealers* and *Channing of the Northwest*, in which she attracted the attention of Irving G. Thalberg, whom she later married. Among her recent pictures are *The Actress, Latest From Paris, Lady of Chance, The Trial of Mary Dugan* and *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Miss Shearer is five feet, one inch tall and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. Her hair is brown and wavy, her eyes blue. Recent pictures have proved that her voice is one of the best in the talking pictures. She is regarded as one of the most intellectual, as well as most beautiful actresses of the motion picture world.

Edward Everett Horton

Edward Horton

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON was born in Brooklyn, New York, and was educated in the public schools there. From public school, he went to Columbia University. It was while in a class play there that he discovered his talent for acting. After graduating, he went on the stage. His first appearance was with Louis Mann at the Lyric Theatre in New York. Some of his early successes were *The Cheater, The Man Who Stood Still*, and *Elevating a Husband*. After playing New York for some time, he toured the country with plays. One show brought him to Hollywood and he was invited to join the parade into pictures. For a time he deserted the stage entirely. Some of his first pictures were *Ruggles of Red Gap, Helen's Babies, The Whole Town's Talking, Marry Me*, and *The Beggar on Horseback*. He returned to the stage again in March, 1928, and since that time he has been dividing his talent between the stage and the screen. Mr. Horton is a bachelor and remains to himself outside of working hours.

Gary Cooper



Gary Cooper

GARY COOPER was born in Helena, Montana, twenty-seven years ago. He spent his youth on his father's ranch and at the age of eleven was sent to London to attend Dunstable preparatory school for three years. Later he enrolled at Grinnel College in Iowa. He fell in love with a schoolmate and with thoughts of impending marriage in his mind, left for California to seek his fortune. His attempts to secure work with newspapers were unsuccessful. With one thin dime left in his pockets, Gary purchased a loaf of bread to dull the pangs of hunger and sallied forth to the Fox studios to seek work as an extra. His first major part was with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Among his recent pictures are *Lilac Time, The Shopworn Angel* and *The Wolf Song*. Gary Cooper is one of the tallest stars of the screen, standing six feet, two inches in his stocking feet. His bronzed face, dark hair and erect carriage make him a striking figure.

Dorothy Gulliver

Dorothy Gulliver

DOROTHY KATHLEEN GULLIVER was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on September 6, 1908. She attended school there and never gave a thought to pictures, when along came a contest conducted by the Universal Pictures Corporation and Dorothy won the contest. She came to Universal City with a six months' contract tucked under her arm. She had had no experience in picture acting and was cast in short comedies and in westerns as try-out pictures. Her work was excellent and she was given a two-year contract with Universal Studios. Her first big part came as a co-ed in *The Collegians*, opposite George Lewis, and although she has played leads opposite Hoot Gibson and other stars, she is still appearing as the leading lady of the famous *Collegians* series. Owing to her picture work, she was not able to attend college, but so eager is she for a higher education that she employs private tutors. She is fond of horse-back riding and all outdoor sports. Miss Gulliver has brown eyes and red-brown hair.

Nick Stuart, Lois Moran, Marshall Ruth (the fat boy) and Rex Bell, all members of Hollywood's Whoopee Club, indulge in a bit of heavy drinking—but it's only soda pop.

The Whoopee Club

A crowd of filmdom's youngsters who drive house detectives mad with their wild whoopee antics—all without imbibing a single drop of drink.

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY

THE Whoopee Club is Hollywood's latest sensation. Whoopee making has become America's favorite indoor sport and from queries pouring in daily upon the Chief Exalted Whoopee, Lois Moran, it would seem that like organizations will soon become the excitement of the nation.

This is the way the whole thing began:

Raymond Cannon, casting his picture *Joy Street,* could not find suitable players for this jazz-age story among the people sent through Central Casting Bureau, so he and Robert Carr, the boy author of the tale, wandered from set to set on the Fox lot, picking out actors and extras who fitted into the picture until they found the sixty youngsters necessary.

Realizing that a new method of direction was vital if *Joy Street* was to be a success, Ray Cannon threw away his megaphone and adopted a whoopee manner. He came on the set each morning to shouts of "Let's make whoopee! Hey-hey!" An orchestra was going full blast all the time and he had to learn to concentrate beyond it. If his players felt like dancing, they danced; if they felt like singing, they sang; the idea was to make whoopee—and make whoopee they did.

THEY had such a good time that as the picture neared completion, the cast decided they could not bear to break up. Lois Moran, Rex Bell, Nick Stuart, Jose Crespo, Sally Phipps, Maria Alba, Dorothy Ward, and all the rest of the sixty were counting the days that were left to them, as though the end of *Joy Street* meant the end of the world.

"Let's have a club and never separate!" suggested Rex.

They all began to plan. Among other things, they decided to originate a dance all their own and to dance it at all gatherings. Lois, Rex and Ray Cannon made a business of going about to night clubs and picking up odd steps. Then they combined the various steps, adding movements of their own, and Con Conrad, well-known composer, wrote the music to the *Joy Street Dance,* which

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THEIR HEAVENS

"After death—what?" This vital question has elicited many intensely interesting answers. Herewith are presented the opinions of some famous film players.

By ALYCE CASTILE

GALLANT lot-actors! Is it because they are trained to cover their real feelings and to seem always something else that most players die as debonairly as they live? Or is it because they feel, more than the rest of us, the sympathy and understanding of an audience that they go into the next world as joyously as they ever made their entrance onto a stage or studio set?

There is a strange atmosphere surrounding death, in the minds of the screen folk. Whenever one of their number dies, a sort of a hushed pall hangs over the movie colony. Particularly the old-timers. They have seen so many come and go. Meteors. Comets. Or perhaps just a falling star. The unspoken question is, "Who will be next?"

Movie stars hate to think of death. Perhaps it is because success is the mark of a long, hard struggle that they hate to think of losing it. Perhaps it is because they are just beginning to enjoy life, to make up for the endless sacrifices and hardships they have undergone. None of us really knows. We are not movie actors, you see.

Since Charles Farrell played in *Seventh Heaven,* it seemed logical to start my research into the movie stars' heaven with him. On a rustic country set, with just tons of very real dirt, he grinned cheerfully at my question. "My idea of heaven? It's a happy hunting ground—with a good golf course! Seriously, though, I believe heaven's right here on earth, and so is hell.

"I was with Fred Thomson when he died. I feel differently about death now. The closer you get to it, the less awful it seems. He was a great, strapping, good-looking devil, and to sit up with him, night after night, and to see how like a sport he took it all—! I'd like to die like that, like a sport, a good fellow.

"I used to dread death. Scared of it. Right now, I'm not scared, no. It all depends on what mood you're in when someone asks you a question like that. I'm not serious now. In fact, I'm feeling great. Besides, it's daylight. But if you were to ask me the same question at three o'clock in the morning, well—!"

I resolved to ask him that very same question sometime at precisely three in the morning.

Vilma Banky believes she has found heaven in her romance with Rod La Rocque.

Lily Damita is a fatalist. In the mad whirl of the gaiety of her life she has no room for thoughts on the possibility of a hereafter.

ALICE WHITE giggled. Alice would. She was having trouble with her pajamas when I arrived. Did I know anything about sewing? Well, she didn't know what to do then. Her maid had sewed them up three times already, and they still were too tight when she sat down. She must be getting fat. She'd have to do something about her diet. At my question she suddenly seemed inspired.

"Oh, I've always wished someone would ask me a question like that! You see, I have thought about it a lot—death, I mean, and I have come to the conclusion that I *must* have been a boy in past ages. I just don't feel like a girl. I'm sure I must have been a very nice one, too, a general or maybe a commander. I don't know just exactly what I will be in my next life—probably a nice, wire-haired fox

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Brave Toreador!

¶ Richard Barthelmess visits Mexico City and sees a glorious bullfight.

By HARMONY HAYNES

Dick plays with the bull-baiting equipment, after seeing one of the greatest toreadors in action.

I CERTAINLY never will forget that bullfight of mine," said Richard Barthelmess, upon his return from Mexico City. "Oh, don't misunderstand me, I did not do any fighting, but since the event was given in my honor, I reserve the right to call it my bullfight.

"While visiting in Mexico City, I met Canero, Mexico's greatest toreador, and we became quite friendly. I was interested in bullfights, naturally. Who isn't? I suppose I displayed the enthusiasm of a 10-year-old.

"Well, any way, my friend Canero thought enough of my hero worship to stage a corrida in my honor, and, although I felt rather embarrassed at the time by this unexpected honor, I am glad now that Canero did so. I have always had the average American's horror of a bullfight and might never have attended one had I not been, more or less, forced into it by being honor guest.

Barthelmess was all set to make a bullfight picture, when the Mexican revolution flared up and wrecked his plans.

Richard Barthelmess and Canero, Mexico's greatest toreador, who staged a bullfight in Dick's honor when the film star visited the Mexican capital.

"It was the most colorful thing I have ever seen. Oh, how those people love their bullfighting! I spoke to Canero of their enthusiasm. He smiled and said, 'Si, senor, Mexico, like Spain, would rather perish with the bullfight than survive without it. It is in the blood.'

AND it seemed to be, for every Mexican, or Spaniard, seems to be a true aficionado—a fan we'd call them—of the taurine art. Men, women and children attend; all dressed in their fighting togs. Those people have clothes that they wear to no other event than a corrida. The mantillas, bright shawls, parasols, all moving—never still a moment—made that grandstand look like a bevy of butterflies in a flower garden.

"The bullfight is opened with a grand parade. Municipal officers lead. They are followed by the gaily-dressed espadas, or bullfighters, banderelleros, picadors and

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Their Red Letter Days

July's calendar is marked with events of great importance in the lives of motion picture people

REX APPEAL

Gang pictures wiped the horse operas from the face of the screen and despite Rex Bell's valiant stand in favor of Western thrillers, he began to lose ground —now he is back at the front of the parade in a new and different role.

By HELEN BURNS

FOUND—a cure for the inferiority complex, the curse of the wallflower, the bane of the would-be sophisticate, and the delight of the ardent reformer.

Rex Bell, now playing his first dramatic role in *Joy Street,* a William Fox production, does not preach his cult, he has proved it.

Less than two years ago, Rex, who is six feet tall, blue eyed, and curly headed, rode a bucking broncho past the casting director and to success in the Western thrillers, but, because he possessed an inferiority complex, he gave nine-tenths of the credit to his horse.

"I knew I could ride anything on four legs," he says, "but I thought that the fans would start yawning if they had to watch me for more than five minutes without my horse."

In those days Rex had very definite ambitions. He wanted to do a great epoch of the west, where courage and chivalry counted a great deal, and poise and go-gettingness not at all.

Then, a few months ago, western pictures fell into the discard, and the higher ups at the Fox studio, being loath to let Rex depart with the screen cowboy, said: "Throw away your spurs, boy, and don a tuxedo, for in your next picture you will be a spoiled son of wealth, a product of the jazz age, a young man with the world at his feet and no hesitation about walking upon it."

"My best pal and severest critic," was Rex Bell's attitude toward his horse until he cast aside his spurs and became the jazz-hound type.

Lois Moran and Rex Bell illustrate the steps of the new dance originated for Joy Street, *the picture in which Rex reveals his new personality.*

REX read the part, and, having finished reading, decided that the hero had the sum total of all the qualities that he, Rex Bell, lacked.

"I can't do it," said Rex. "That fellow is cocky, and musical, and sure of himself. That part is beyond me."

Many of the directors agreed with Rex. They said he was a definite type, and no amount of coaching or directing could make a jazz hound out of him. But Director Raymond Cannon banked on Rex's smile to put him over. It was a contagious smile, and he felt that it could win its way anywhere if only Rex's blue eyes would back it up.

"You may be a modest young fellow to the rest of the world," said Cannon, "but you'll be a singing jazz hound for me."

That settled the matter. He did not ask advice from his friends, he did not read books on the subject, he did not

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ANN PENNINGTON fascinated the theatre world with her rhythmic pulsations as one of the sensations of the Follies, and soon her charms are to be thrown upon the screen in The Gold Diggers, *a forthcoming Warner Brothers' opus.*

McLaglen—Soldier of Fortune

Prize ring battles that took him half around the world, a turn in vaudeville and a man's part in the World War—then—fame in the movies! The Life Story of an actor-adventurer, as told to Dorothy Spensley.

By Victor McLaglen

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Victor McLaglen gives here the second and final installment of his life story. In the first part, he told of how, at fourteen, the McLaglen itching heel urged him to run away from his English home, to enlist in the King's Guard. After three and a half years, he returned home, but he was soon on the bounding main, sails set for Canada. Work enough for ten men kept him busy on a farm. McLaglen soon tired of this and struck out for the Cobalt silver region. Here he stayed for a while at a Syrian's place, with a buddy he had met on shipboard. His buddy went mad and was taken away, leaving McLaglen, a youth of nineteen, with funds exhausted and a roofless cabin over his head. No go on with the story.

In his current production, The Black Watch, *Victor McLaglen gives a stirring, he-man portrayal of a gallant leader of riflemen.*

AT THE Syrian's were four young fellows, living on remittances from their parents. They were anxious to get away from the place and suggested coming with me; they, to supply a roof and food. This plan went well until they began to complain about supporting me. With that, a fight developed, and one day I had the lads running down the hills, me after them. They reported to the Chief of Police of Cobalt that I had turned them out, but the Chief was a friend of mine.

"Run along, boys, you're foolish," he told them. "Why, I saw that lad buildin' that house. It's his."

So there I was, king of my own little domain; the stove that had been displaced in the brawl, re-instated; provisions enough for a long siege and a water-tight roof over my head!

I DON'T believe I was ever actually happier in my life. Sublimely happy, with nothing to worry about. Nothing to do but hunt and fish and do a bit of shadow boxing. I wore a tam o'shanter, a mackinaw, and my toes, frozen at Grove's, were rapidly healing to normal in warm moccasins. Strangely enough, later, and in one of my first American pictures, *Winds of Chance,* Frank Lloyd directing, I played just the sort of character that I was at

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This bit of business with a half-caste girl was one of the high spots of the comedy element in What Price Glory? *McLaglen's work in that monumental production started him definitely on the road to bigger things.*

Lilyan Laughs *at* Life

Through the eyes of the true sophisticate, Lilyan Tashman regards life from the lofty pinnacle of her varied experiences.

In spite of her serious philosophy, Lilyan has a sense of humor that adds much to the potent charm that is distinctly her own.

By CHARLES GRAY

ACCORDING to Tashman:

Billy Haines is the world's funniest white man.
Stage actors will dominate the sound pictures.
Sidney Howard is the playwright of the hour.
The ideas of the outside world about the money made by picture people is laughable. Most of the latter are worried constantly, trying to get along.
Clara Bow has something which the other "IT girls" are unable to counterfeit.
Really vital women have no age.
Los Angeles, because of the present difficulty of New York producers in casting shows, may become a greater producing center than New York.
The talkies have made of Hollywood a civilized place in which to live.

AND he said to me, 'Hollywood is like a trip through a sewer in a glass-bottom boat;' and I said to him, 'Fella, isn't that a case of the pot calling the kettle black?' "

She ducked her head and laughed. A man at the next table knocked over his water, a waiter knocked over the mustard, and I felt as if all my creditors suddenly had been knocked for goals.

Some day soon some wide-eyed producer is going to make a sound film of Lilyan Tashman's laughter—and the best of all possible theme songs would be *Good Scout, I Love You.*

A wow, and nothing else but. I had heard about her for years, from a host of enthusiastic sources—that she had charm and wit and a sense of humor. But it had been my fate to go on seeking interview material from the sort of cuties who still believe in Santa Claus and that Rex Beach is a summer resort . . . Well, I suppose I'll go on interviewing those sort of gals, pictures being what they are; but I'm afraid they're going to seem awfully flat after Lilyan. For she *has* charm and wit and humor and Heaven help me!—a brain! A brain! In an actress! I do believe in fairies! I do!

WHEN I first came out here, four years ago," she confided, "I thought Hollywood was the end of all things. But now I'm believing that it's just the beginning of everything for me."

The story of a struggle lies behind that offhand statement, and a real one. The story of a girl leaving the New York stage—on which she had won the reputation under Ziegfeld as being one of the cleverest, as well as one of the best-dressed, of women—deserting friends, associations as metropolitan as was she, to cross the continent to a town in which she was a stranger. Years of endeavor in an atmosphere which she considered provincial; of seeking to impress upon the film-makers the possibilities of her type. And at last, with the advent of the sound films, arriving at the destiny for which she had planned.

The talkies have been as fortunate for Lilyan as they have proved the Waterloo of scores of others. More emphasis upon sophistication is being placed in the newer

(*Turn to page* 110)

PETITE, auburn-haired Doris Hill's only professional background was that she is a cousin of Eugene O'Neill, the dramatist. Paramount, however, cares little for background; they're pushing her into the foreground as a featured player. Here she poses as a ballet dancer.

SOUND *and* SILENT

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS,

BROADWAY (Talkie)

THIS is by far the finest picture Universal has produced since *Foolish Wives,* and that was long ago.

Broadway, in talkie form, may lack somewhat the tenseness of the stage play, but its faults are minor ones and Carl Laemmle, Jr., is to be congratulated for giving the theatre-going public this fascinating picture. Dr. Paul Fejos does a mighty able job of directing.

Where the picture suffers, if at all, is in the situations where padding has been inserted. These additions are far from helpful in the main but they are there and so we can only try to overlook them, as we thrill to the puissant lines of the original play. Thomas E. Jackson, Broadway Theatre star, scores heaviest of all the cast in his excellent portrayal of Detective Dan McCorn.

Robert Ellis and Paul Porcasi, respectively playing the parts of the bootlegger murderer, Steve Crandall, and the smoothly villainous Nick Verdis, night club owner, are superb.

So much for the stage people in this splendid production. In the motion picture realm, Evelyn Brent walks off with first honors, for the reason that she does the relatively small part of *Pearl* with such finesse that it stands out as one of the finest characterizations in the film.

Glenn Tryon portrays the role of *Roy Lane,* a difficult part which Tryon does excellently. Merna Kennedy also does well as *Billie Moore.*

Broadway is certain to bring the whoopee that once was (and in some quarters, still is) Gotham's, to the great open spaces where there isn't any. Yes, it should be received by theatre-goers as one of the very biggest noises of the season.—*Universal.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS (Talkie)

HERE is a picture for those people who think that newspaper work is a fascinating profession. It catches very clearly the heartbreak and the lure and the grind of the Fourth Estate.

The story concerns one Wickland Snell, who was a great newspaper man in his way, and his futile efforts to break away from the business that has held him in slavery throughout his life. For a time he breaks loose and becomes a publicity man, broadcasting the merits of mausoleums, but not for long.

There is an underlying love theme in which Snell goes on with a tiresome affair with a dangerous woman, in order to keep her away from his daughter's husband.

Snell returns to newspaper work to find relief from the impetuous advances of Kay, the vamp in question. A phone call informs him that his daughter is in the throes of childbirth and in a critical condition. As he is about to leave for the hospital, a big story breaks; he stays on the job while his daughter dies and the audience weeps with emotion.

Walter Huston, who plays Snell, is the perfect reproduction of a newspaper man. And the screen has made a great find in Kay Francis who plays the part of the dangerous woman. You'll see her again in Clara Bow's next picture, and, we hope, again and again. She knows how to play a modern vamp convincingly. Betty Lawford is attractive as the daughter, and Charles Ruggles is a riot as the bibulous reporter. These names? They're all from the stage.

High spot: Snell getting out an extra edition, while his daughter is having a baby in the hospital.—*Paramount.*

SCREEN REVIEWS

SCREEN SECRETS REVIEWER

THE SQUALL (Talkie)

LIKE a squall out of a summer sky, Nubi, a gypsy girl, sweeps into the quiet life of a Hungarian peasant family, bringing havoc in her wake.

Squall, my eye, she's a tempest, and not in a teapot, either. That's Myrna Loy again. She's much in demand for exotic roles, these days.

Nubi is a wanton woman. Always wantin' this and wantin' that. She wants the hired man, the husband and the son, in turn, not to mention odd bits of jewelry. And she gets them all, although the other women folks eventually crab her game.

The vampish ambitions of the exotic Nubi raise havoc with every male member of the cast and her seductive charms cast their hypnotic spell over a willing audience. Nubi is not immoral, rather, unmoral; a condition of being entirely without restraint, excusing the delightful random with which she bursts into flame at frequent intervals. Complications are the result of Nubi's activities, but they are all over when the gypsy chief returns and claims her as his wife.

The Squall was written for the stage some years ago as one of those one-part plays. Myrna has the part. You should see her slink. She's the best indoor and outdoor slinker in Hollywood. Loretta Young and Carroll Nye are pleasing to look upon as the wholesome young folks, but pale along side of Nubi. Richard Tucker and Alice Joyce handle with deftness the God-awful lines that are given them to speak.

You'll like it—on account of Myrna.

High spot: Myrna vamping Carroll Nye.—*First National.*

THE PAGAN (Sound)

HERE is a picture in which sound becomes too much of a good thing. It's the first picture in which Ramon Novarro has a chance to make use of his really beautiful voice.

The action, however, has an inconvenient habit of halting, to give Ramon a chance to sing. Which is all very well, except that you forget what has been happening in the meantime.

Ramon's ambition to become an opera star led him to study voice for some years, and in so doing, he unwittingly prepared himself for the talkies. His voice registers far above the average and is of such quality that one wishes the plot of the picture might fade out of view and allow the silvery tones of Novarro to play about unceasingly in the depths of the loud-speaker.

The picture is a soothing affair, with Ramon cavorting through the scenes, exposing the better part of his marvelous physique to the hot tropic sun.

The Pagan, taken from John Russell's short story, concerns the struggle between Novarro as a half-caste who simply wants to be happy in his own way, and a white trader who seeks to exploit him, principally over the latter's adopted daughter. This gives Dorothy Janis, the little Indian girl, her first sizable chance and she handles it nicely.

The little humorous touches along the way make the picture entertaining in spite of itself, and as said before, the singing is beautiful. There is a Sadie Thompson subplot that were better left out.

High spot: Novarro trying to master the intricacies of store-keeping.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

BULLDOG DRUMMOND (Talkie)

HERE'S one that will keep you guessing. Now it's comedy and now it's melodrama, and you're never sure which is which. But, after all, it's great entertainment, so who cares?

Bulldog Drummond is one of those dashing young Englishmen who couldn't be anyone else but Ronald Colman. Barbara Bennett is the girl.

It goes to show what sound can do to make hair-raising pictures still more thrilling. And Ronald Colman has a musical voice beyond your dreams.

High spot: Auto chase at night, with sound effects. —*Samuel Goldwyn.*

WHERE EAST IS EAST (Silent)

THIS picture simply couldn't happen any place but somewhere East of Suez, where the best is like the worst. And believe it or not, for once Lon Chaney is a bad man with a good heart.

He lives a peaceful enough life with his daughter, Lupe Velez, working every day, from nine till five, catching tigers for the circus. Lupe is to be married to Lloyd Hughes and everything is perfectly grand. Then along comes Estelle Taylor as a half-caste, but wholly designing vampire. You never saw Estelle look so—well, *that way.*

High spot: Lupe trying to keep back the tears, while playing games with her father.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SHE GOES TO WAR (Sound)

YOU wouldn't think it possible to build a stirring dramatic movie on the silliest plot in the world, eh?

Eleanor Boardman is the usual pampered daughter of society who has a yen to do something in a big way when war breaks out. She gets as far as a front line canteen, and then when her worthless sweetie, Edmund Burns, providentially gets drunk, she pinches his uniform and goes into battle in his place. The war scenes are great, and manage to ring true.

High spot: American troops, loaded in tanks, advancing to the attack through a barrage of liquid fire—with sound.—*United Artists.*

PRISONERS (Talkie)

CORINNE GRIFFITH, in spite of the talkies, is still one of those violets that bloom in the mire.

This time she is a cabaret singer in Vienna who aspires to better things. She gets a job in a pastry shop and falls in love with Ian Keith, who is a struggling young lawyer. Then follows a battle to get Keith to fall in love with her. Finally she is accused of stealing some money and prevails upon Keith to defend her. He loses the case, but finds his love for her. Ian Keith gets everything he can out of a role that is a little threadbare and theatrical.

High spot: Keith realizing that he loves the girl as he defends her in court.—*First National.*

TWO WEEKS OFF (Silent)

THERE'S something about a Mackaill-Mulhall comedy. Whatever the story, you're always sure of light, breezy humor and pleasant love-making.

This is one of their funniest. It's the old O. Henry plot, about two ordinary people who meet on vacation, pretending that they are somebody quite swell. Jack Mulhall is a plumber who pretends he is a movie star, until he is exposed while making a personal appearance speech. He disappears, and Dorothy thinks she will never see him again. But she does and everybody's happy.

High spot: Household afloat while Jack neglects plumbing to woo Dorothy.—*First National.*

FOX MOVIETONE FOLLIES OF 1929 (Talkie)

AND now the American girl is to be glorified in the tank towns. Unless you pinch yourself, you might think you were right on old Broadway.

The story is about a young Southerner who buys up a show so that he can fire the star, his sweetheart, because he thinks her place is in the home. There is a wealth of new talent from the stage, including Lola Lane, Dixie Lee and David Percy. But Sue Carol carries off first honors in her song and dance numbers, with David Rollins. Stepin Fetchit is a comedy riot, as usual.

High spot: Sue Carol leading the chorus in the new dance, *The Breakaway.*—*Fox.*

CAREERS (Talkie)

IN WHICH Billie Dove comes out in the talkies with colors flying. Billie has a lovely voice.

The story is laid in Cochin-China. Billie's husband, Antonio Moreno isn't advancing as fast as he should, so she goes to the firm's president about it. He, Noah Berry, makes a hobby of beautiful women and tells Billie quite plainly how she can best help her husband.

At that point he is conveniently murdered by persons unknown. The dramatic twist to the story comes when Moreno sets out to discover who last saw him alive.

High spot: Billie explaining the situation to her husband.—*First National.*

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL (Talkie)

HERE is the old time musical comedy made into a bright and rollicking talkie.

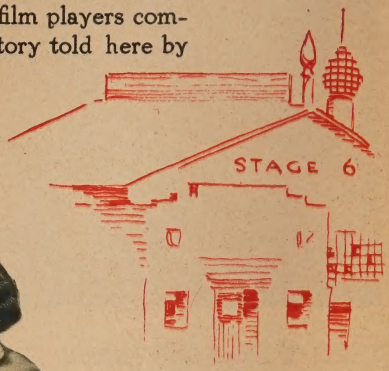
Jimmy Crane, played by Grant Withers, works for a man who sells worthless stock. The climax comes when the boss thinks he hears his wife in Crane's room. Gertrude Olmstead slips into the room, however, while Betty Compson slips out of it, and the husband, contritely gives his wife a check for $20,000. Thereupon Crane sells the wife $20,000 worth of her husband's worthless stock, which enables him to marry Gertrude.

High spot: Betty slipping out of bedroom while husband pounds on door.—*Warner Brothers.*

WOLF!

Hollywood's movie celebrities are surrounded by bunco wolves eager to prey on fat incomes—how film players combat the scheming gyp artists is the fascinating story told here by

FRED GILMAN JOPP



NOWHERE are charlatans more abundant than in Hollywood. Stars, directors and cinema officials are besieged by disreputable salesmen, schemers, blackmailers and beggars, not to mention those parasites who gain entrance to the studios as extra players, through introductions from relatives, and by contemptible means.

It is great fun—for everyone but the celebrity involved—to watch a star peep forth from the studio door, scent the plebeian air with dilated nostrils, then scuttle to a chugging motor car, with the remark: "Beat it, James! Quick!" Even so, the chauffeur must instantly give his bus the gun, that the bunco wolves, already gnawing at the doors of the machine, may be shaken from the running boards. It has come to that, really.

In the past six years, Lon Chaney has turned down fully 2,000 schemes, stock propositions and other glittering bait for his hard-earned coin. Every day sees at least 30 visitors at the doors of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, trying by some pretext or other to gain access to him. Most of the propositions are fantastic, so strange that one wonders how they ever could be considered seriously.

Diligent watch is maintained that only those having legitimate business may get into the studios—but the wolves work outside the studios, too.

Clara Bow once befriended a hungry young man and was nearly kidnaped as a result of her kindness—she, too, has had experience with the wolves.

"I suppose," says Chaney, "that most of these people think that picture players are so loaded with money they don't know how to get rid of it and are clamoring for an opportunity to gamble, lose or give it away."

QUESTIONABLE publications are also offered the stars as investments. William Duncan, the serial star, in a moment of weakness, once invested in a film magazine, then had to publish it for a whole year. It cost him a fortune.

Haunting the studios and the stars' homes are scores of salesmen who solicit advertising for magazines that spring up overnight in Hollywood, and which die with equal suddenness.

What can a coming young player do but give, give, give what she or he can ill afford? If these youngsters don't give, they are threatened with being blacklisted.

Dolores Del Rio was called from her dinner table recently by one of these blackjacking artists, and told that she *must* take space in a certain newspaper. (Business of igniting dynamite.) Whenever Dolores goes rabid she lapses into her native tongue. And, WOW! how she can set fire to liquid Spanish! She literally burnt up that hard-boiled salesman who, even today, admits that carbolic acid, in any foreign language, is— poison. Imagine forcing one's guests to await her return from such monkey business! Why, it simply isn't done.

Some stars employ financial experts and those who do

WOLF!

The fierce specter of the bunco wolf casts a sinister shadow over the studios—a constant warning for movie people to keep a tight hold on their purse strings.

not are capable of doing for themselves. Chaney, for instance, is a clever real estate operator, besides being part owner of a large industrial plant. John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks and Jean Hersholt are all directors of banks. A hundred others might be cited. However, none of them completely get away from the "touch" and untold sums are generously given each year to men who are temporarily down on their luck.

RAYMOND HATTON, too, knows the bunco wolves intimately. His support of a widow and six starving children is a tale that must now be told.

After reading the widow's first pathetic letter—the stars receive countless begging letters, you know—Ray sat down and bawled, after which he decided to make her heavy burden a little easier to bear by sending her weekly checks. This went on until the following winter, when business called him to the widow's city, New York. Purchasing a great basket of edibles, he hailed a taxi and started out to make this old world a little brighter. The taxi dropped him off before a big apartment house. When queried, the switchboard operator informed Ray that the lady he sought owned the building, but that the rigors of cold weather always caused her to winter in Miami.

Perhaps that little telephone operator is reading for the first time why a supposedly crazy movie star took one long look at her, then ran shrieking from the lobby, minus a basket that was never claimed. However, when kidded about it, Ray Hatton softly croons: "The song is ended . . but the melody lingers on." And yet this is only one of a thousand bunco stories that the stars could tell.

Once upon a time Mary Pickford received a letter from a girl who begged for a dress worn in one of Mary's picture sequences. The girl got the dress, for little Mary would give her last shimmy-shirt to the needy. By underground wireless the news traveled far and wide. Today, with the release of each new photoplay, Mary is sad because Pickfair isn't a garment factory, that she may give away a thousand duplicates of each of her dresses.

Alms-soliciting from movie stars has become an expert

Even Lon Chaney with all his disguises cannot keep away from the scheming individuals who seek to pry loose a part of his income.

trade. Shortly after the war, the stars were flooded with begging letters from Germany. They came in such numbers, and all so similar, that it set the film folk to thinking. The resulting investigation brought to light the fact that some enterprising person in Germany had translated into English a begging letter that was a wonderful money-puller, for it always brought tears to the eyes of the reader and opened pocketbooks. This enterprising gentleman sold the letter to any one who wished to purchase it, and the buyer, without understanding a single word of English, sent out copies to every star known.

NORMA TALMADGE gave willingly to everyone who asked, until she discovered that her yearly salary totalled close to zero. Whereupon Papa Joe put a damper on Norma's charities by proving to her that most of her money had gone to professional beggars.

Things are different now. Only the forlorn orphans, the outcasts, old and poor, know of the stars' secret generosities, and that is nobody's business. Your favorite star will continue to give to the needy, but it is extremely difficult to separate the lambs from the wolves.

Ever hear of a "public double?"

Well, neither did Richard Barthelmess, until he was

(*Turn to page* 111)

Hobnobbing *with*

¶ A department of authentic gossip, conducted by a famous columnist and feature writer who is intimately acquainted—both on the set and off—with those who comprise the cinema capital.

RECONCILIATIONS between estranged couples, both married and engaged, are coming about thick and fast.

Mary Carewe and Edwin Edmund Carewe, the director, will be re-married, according to the report of friends of the pair. This will be a wonderful thing for everybody, since it will quiet the gossip which has been going about that Dolores Del Rio intends to marry Carewe. The Carewes have two children, and it isn't any secret that Mary Akin Carewe has always adored her husband.

It is said that the two met one day on the street, gave each other a nod of recognition, looked around to see the other looking back, came back and talked a little, dropped into an ice cream parlor, and realized that there had been too much between them for them ever to forget each other. Eddie asked about the children, which led on to further talk, until Eddie almost forgot a business appointment.

And Mary Carewe has grown more beautiful than ever. Also, she has never looked at another man during the long two years of estrangement. Those two facts combined would make any man stop and think twice before deciding not to make up with his wife.

Clara Bow, the IT girl, poses with an IT boy, Richard Dix. These two are the most popular unmarried players in the film colony.

Dorothy Gulliver looks morosely over her shoulder into the empty skillet, with Lorayne Duval urging her to "get a wiggle on."

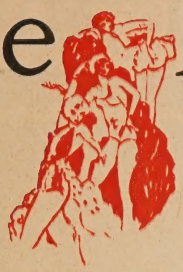
ANOTHER imminent reconciliation is that between Tom Mix and his wife, who have worked together for the upbuilding of their fortunes and their home life until it seems a terrible pity that it should all be broken. Tom Mix, too, adores his little daughter, Thomasina.

Mrs. Mix has told friends that she was sure it was having that great house and entertaining constantly which was one of the biggest sources of trouble between her and Tom. She is willing to give it all up in order to be reconciled to Tom. She is in Europe at this writing, but Tom tells us it is likely he will go over there and bring her and their little girl home.

They are to sell their great home in Beverly Hills, says Mrs. Mix, and buy a little place in Flintridge or somewhere outside the film center, where they can resume the quiet, almost humble, home life in which they were so happy before they moved into their palatial home. They lived in a comparatively small house on a quiet home street in Hollywood during many years. There Tom repaired his own cars and filled his trophy room with saddles, guns, cowboy chaps, knives, relics of the hunt, and other things dear to a cowboy's heart. There little Thomasina was born, and there one maid-of-all-work served them.

Then they moved into the great house, and almost at once there began rumors of disagreements between the pair, with Mrs. Mix taking two or three trips to Europe. Before Mrs. Mix left on her last trip, Tom gave her a check for $10,000 to be spent merely as pin money.

the Film Folk



By GRACE KINGSLEY

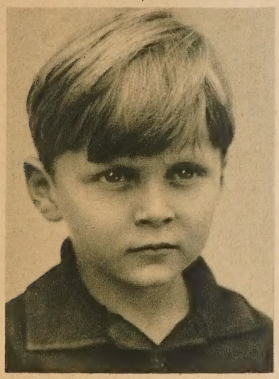
Grace Kingsley's unquestioned authority on all things relating to the motion picture industry comes from her long experience in Pacific Coast newspaperdom. From the time she was seventeen, Miss Kingsley has noted with her gifted pen all the doings of Celluloidia and her position as motion picture news writer and critic of *The Los Angeles Times* enables her to get movie news that is authentic and fresh.

Grace Kingsley

MARSHALL NEILAN and Blanche Sweet are another couple who, we hear, are being reconciled. They attended a masquerade party a short time ago, given by Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, and Micky and Blanche were together all evening. Micky told his hostess with tears in his eyes, before he left, that he was everlastingly grateful to her for inviting them together; and Blanche told friends afterward that she had the best time she had ever had in her life.

SOME of the estranged engaged couples are coming together again, too.

The romance of Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor seems likely to blossom into an engagement again. The two are seen together everywhere. Janet at one time was reported engaged to a San Francisco lawyer, and Charlie was seen about all the time with Virginia Valli, but both affairs seem to be off now, with Charlie and Janet as devoted as ever.



Bobby Ullman, who makes his screen debut in Fannie Hurst's Lummox, *is Rudolph Valentino's god-child. The great Valentino was at the height of his fame five years ago, when Bobby was christened.*

SALLIE EILERS and Matty Kemp, too, are going together again. Sallie was engaged to George Hawks, the writer, for a time, but not long ago handed him back his ring and made up with Matty. The two met at a party, danced together, went into the conservatory and patched up their little scrap.

AND now that Vivian Duncan is back in pictures, who knows what may happen between her and Nils Asther? Vivian never has cared for anybody since, and Nils gave out in an interview that Vivian was the love of his life!

Won't Live in Brides' Houses

BRIDEGROOMS who are married to film stars won't live in the stars' houses, we find.

Take Ben Lyon, for instance. Bebe Daniels is crazy about her beach home at Santa Monica, and would like to live there after she is married. But Ben insists that he is going to build her a home himself.

There was Norma Shearer, too. Norma owns a beautiful home in Hollywood, but when she married Irving Thalberg, he refused to live in her house, and as it was too big for her mother, Norma rents it, and has engaged a smaller house for Mrs. Shearer.

Carmel Myers, too, owns a house, but we hear that her husband, the lawyer, Ralph Blum, insists that he is going to build a house for his bride. Indeed, I believe it is already nearly finished.

Winifred Hart Gains Pounds

AFTER working for years to lose pounds of flesh, during which time she went to bed ill a couple of times, fate ironically brought her the role of *Lummox*, and she found that she must gain 45 pounds!

So Winifred dutifully ate her way through numberless dishes of mashed potatoes and boxes of candy. But she likes potatoes and she likes candy; so she says that the theme song of *Lummox* should be the rotund Trixie Friganza's song, *There's Lots More Fun in Putting It On Than There is in Taking It Off.*

Another Hollywood Romance

NOW it's Viola Dana and Rex Lease!

Rex and his former wife, Charlotte

(*Turn to page* 112)

Jean Arthur, 1929 Wampas Baby Star, and one of Paramount's featured players, believes rope skipping is excellent for developing grace.

SCREEN SECRETS' camera man snaps some film favorites at work and at play.

Our Own Snap

KAY FRANCIS AND DORIS HILL ARE TWO GOOD REASONS WHY MEN GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN THE SHIPS.

"YOU'LL SWING FOR THIS CARMEL MYERS" GROWLED OUR CAMERA MAN.

TOM MIX DROPS IN FOR A VISIT WITH CAPT. W.H. FAWCETT, PUBLISHER OF SCREEN SECRETS.

DOROTHY MACKAILL CREATES A SPLASH ON BOARD SHIP RETURNING FROM LOCATION IN HAWAII.

Shot Album

An intimate gallery of movie players in unusual settings.

PARIS, 1924 - JAQUES CATELAIN *and* LOIS MORAN WHILE PLAYING TOGETHER IN A FRENCH FILM.

"WILLIAM POWELL TWIRLS A MEAN MUSTACHE ON LOCATION," SAYS DOROTHY SPENSLEY.

BEAUTY AMONG THE RUINS! DOLORES DEL RIO AT THE COLOSSEUM IN ROME.

PICKING PRETZELS BY THE PECK WITH ROD AND VILMA IN BUDAPEST.

How De Mille

Under the expert guidance of this master director the talkies are taking giant strides forward, and in *Dynamite* the work of a great genius can be plainly seen.

By HARMONY HAYNES

Cecil B. De Mille, one of the industry's foremost directors, who conquers new and baffling problems in his latest picture.

DIRECTOR C. B. DE MILLE has always maintained that a plot for a motion picture drama could, and should, be expressed in a single sentence.

Some years ago, as he was reading his evening paper, his eye fell upon a headline: Prisoner Marries on Eve of Execution. That was but a single sentence, yet to the trained mind of De Mille, it was a whole drama. He cut out that clipping and carried it around with him, planning, some day, to put it on the screen. Later another headline startled him: Society Girl Pays Wife Alimony.

The combination of the two headlines form the basic plot for his most recent picture, *Dynamite,* written for the screen by Jeanie MacPherson.

In this story, Mr. De Mille has disproved the statements of all technical experts when it comes to talking pictures. He was told, by good authority, that the stage for a talking picture must be sound-proof and absolutely quiet in order that the lines of the speakers might be heard.

"It is not true to life," De Mille said. "While you and I are talking here, a thousand things are going on in the background. I can hear you. You can hear me. The noises back there do not interfere with our conversation. That is the way I will make my picture."

And that is the way De Mille did make his picture. If there were naturally noises in the background, while his principals were talking in the foreground, he saw to it that those natural sounds were recorded.

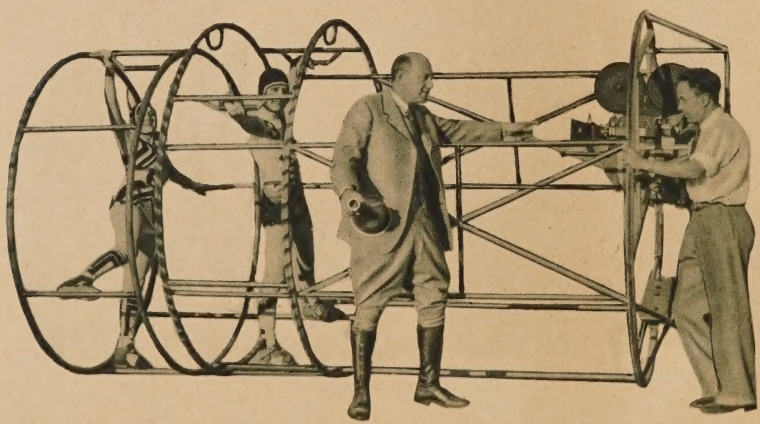
The entire picture is colorful, unique. There is, of course, the famous bath-tub. This time it is a crystal tub of novel, unparalleled originality. The bathroom is as inimitable as the tub itself.

Kay Johnson, director De Mille, and Julia Faye, discuss the merits of the new "bungalow" camera (left) used on the sound stages as compared to the old box camera (right) introduced in 1913.

There is also the crystal clock. The dial is a huge round mirror where one may gaze at oneself.

STEAMING highballs are introduced in the sequence of the wild party. This is accomplished by placing frozen liquid air, a new scientific novelty, into a glass containing a highball. The contents of the glass is so many times warmer than the solidified liquid air that the frigid white crystals literally boil, giving one a boiling highball which is freezing cold.

By way of outdoor sports, there is an archery contest, where the elite meet and gaily try to prove the steadiness of



Cecil B. De Mille giving final orders in the filming of an aero-wheel race. The camera and microphone both follow the action in this ingenious contrivance.

Buddy Rogers' Dream Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

am partial to brunettes. Perhaps the fact that I, too, am dark has something to do with this.

AS FOR Mary Pickford's eyes, there is much to be said. It is not of their hazel coloring or their size that I am thinking, but of what is back of them. It was with Mary Pickford in *My Best Girl* that I did the finest work of my career on the screen. Miss Pickford's eyes seemed to bring out in me something that has since remained dormant—some hidden or undeveloped ability.

Clara Bow has the perfect nose. At least Buddy thinks so. He never has seen a mouth more beautiful than that of Marian Nixon's—small and shaped as though it might have been moulded by some great artist—its beauty is enhanced by two rows of even white teeth.

Then, to complete the synthetic girl, Buddy would throw in, just for good measure, the Collyer dimples.

Incidentally, this composite dream girl is not Buddy's first love.

"She was an actress in the first stage play I ever attended, when I was five," Buddy explained. "My mother had taken me to see *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Naturally, the girl was little Eva. I thought of her for days afterward."

BUDDY denied that the fact he had purchased a home site in the Hollywood hills could be taken as an indication that he was planning an early marriage.

"I shall build a home there within another year," he said, "but it won't necessarily be a honeymoon bungalow.

"You see, I have wanted to bring my family out here for some time. Mother comes frequently and spends a month or two with me, then has to rush back to Dad and the kids.

"Father has owned the *Olathe Daily Mirror* for twenty-two years. It's pretty hard to ask him to give up the paper that has played such a big part in his life. But sooner or later, he'll give in. That's why I have bought the lot."

But much as Buddy has to say of the various attractions of his dream girl, I have a suspicion that dimples are his greatest weakness. He's been "keeping company" with June Collyer of late, you know!

So let's take stock of June's other features.

Her hair is not unlike that of Mary Brian. There is a similarity between the size of her eyes and those of Mary Pickford. Her nose is more pointed than is that of Clara Bow, but her mouth is small and shapely like that of Marian Nixon. And the dimples are her own.

Perhaps, after all, young Mr. Rogers will realize that one can't have everything one craves. And possibly he will decide that four out of five is a good percentage—even in a dream girl!

"Even outdoor girls come to me with this problem"

—Says a woman athlete about this phase of feminine hygiene

Not even the outdoor girl is free from fear of offending others at times. She now learns with relief of a new process which deodorizes this modern sanitary pad.

NO woman is sure, when she learns the possibilities of this offense against daintiness, that she, herself, may not be guilty at certain times. But she is sure, today, that *she need not* be guilty. Kotex Laboratories have discovered (and patented*) a process which deodorizes perfectly. Each Kotex sanitary pad is now scientifically treated by this formula. The results, in peace of mind, are vitally important to women.

The fear of being conspicuous

Equally important is the fact that the new pad is shaped to fit. Corners are rounded and tapered to permit no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. All the clumsiness of old-fashioned methods is overcome.

Nothing is like the softness and delicate protection of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals, it *must* be hygienically superior and comfort-giving to the utmost degree.

Greater softness of texture; instant disposability—no laundry; and the fact that you can adjust the layers of filler—these things are of great importance for comfort and good health. And the remarkable absorbency is still one of the important advantages of Kotex. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture—5 times more than cotton itself.

Buy a box . . . 45c for twelve . . . at any drug, dry goods or department store. Also in restroom vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No, 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes

WEST IS

Meeting Baclanova back-stage—Garbo fades out—Theme song fun—Doug and Mary visit Gotham—Gish in the dark—Trader Horn comes and "Blows"—Coogan goes Kipling—and other news from Broadway.

By TED SHANE
SCREEN SECRETS' New York Correspondent

HAVING gathered from the press agent's ballyhooey that she had a Fiery Russian Temperament, and knowing that some Hollywooden Mind had dubbed her The Passion Woman, I was careful to wear my asbestos vest when I went backstage at the Palace this week for a gab fest with Baclanova. *I* wasn't going to be toasted to a cinder by any overheated Russian actress.

Well, it turned out I had no need for the precaution. I remained absolutely unscorched during the pleasantest palaver I've had with a movie queen since I talked with Leatrice Joy during her recent visit, about Plato and Dante. For not once did Baclanova (accent on the second syllable, please) lean over and attempt to bite my ear. She displayed no Theda Barish proclivities. Not once did she pull out all of her maid's hair for having failed to bathsalt the tub of *Trotsky*, the Pekinese, properly. For, if you must know, there isn't any Pekinese. Baclanova is the most unaffected, serious yet charming woman of the lispies.

She's come East with her husband, the sad-eyed Nicholas Sousannin, who once stole a picture from Menjou, *A Gentleman of Paris* (if you must be reminded), to take a four-week flyer in vaudeville. They're both playing in some little nitten-notton of Schnitzler's and going over big—not because of Schnitzler, but because of Baclanova. These four weeks represent her first vacation with Paramount. She's been hard at work at talkies, being the first of the foreign luminaries to talk. Surely you saw and liked her in *The Wolf of Wall Street*.

Her foreign accent is but slightly noticeable and she's in vaudeville to clean up her vowel complaint. She wants to talk English well enough to play roles other than Russian, French or gypsy. She also wants to be cast for other parts than bad women. She admits in private life she never lies on tiger skins, eats the hearts of her victims or drives Hispano-Suizas on moonless roads at furious speeds.

In all the realms of feminine loveliness there are few who surpass Patsy O'Day in breath-taking beauty. She's a prominent member of the cast of Ziegfeld's Whoopee.

Gilbert to Garbo to Claire, a Triple Play

AT THE time of the John Pringle-Ina Fagan wedding—I beg pardon, I mean the Gilbert-Claire wedding (I must have been thinking of their real names)—it took a New York *Telegram* reporter to get off the best phrase about John I've ever heard. This wag called him, "The digitalis in the coffee of American womanhood."

Also, the following yarn is making the rounds, explaining the real reason why John gave Garbo the air and married Ina. It seems John sneaked up behind Garbo one night and gurgled: "Come on, baby, kiss papa!"

"You make me sick," Garbo garbooned. "Always talking shop!"

Precious Little Theme

SPEAKING of theme songs (as who isn't?), Herman J. Mankiewicz, Paramount's Nonpareil Wisecracker, and author of *The Man I Love* and several unsuccessful Broadway stage hits, suggests the following: *Mary Dugan, You're a Trial to Me.* Why not a pre-release theme song, to be sung at the movie houses where they intend showing the picture? We have one: *Four Feathers, Soon to be released by Paramount at This Theatre, You Tickle Me!*

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks

DOUG and Mary, a young couple about whom you may or mayn't have heard, dropped in to the Big Apple for a flying visit. Since they are such simple and quiet folks, they arrived without "making an entrance." They came to discuss the proposed merger betwixt United Artists and the Warner Brothers. And as any bright little lad or lassie knows, the Warners didn't propose properly, so there warn't no merger. Accordingly, we can't say the Warners got away with merger. And, anyway, we wouldn't have said it in the first place. So there!

An amusing incident. When Doug and Mary got on the train at Hollywood, they found a trick goose, named Jo-Jo, which Sid Grauman, the Hollywood Morris Gest,

EAST!

had put into their drawing room as a gag. On arrival at Grand Central, Doug didn't know what to do with the goose which had ridden East in the baggage car. Somehow, word got back to Sid that the goose was being shunted around and in danger of getting lost. Sid wired Doug frantically: "For Gawd's sake, don't mislay Jo-Jo; he's worth a fortune." To which Doug wired back, "Don't worry, we've already eaten him." All Sid could return to the original owner of Jo-Jo was the gooseflesh that crawled up and down his spine when he read Doug's wire—plus a fat check as goose balm. Under the circumstances, no goose wasn't exactly good goose, at least for Sid, was it?

The Fairbankses took the whole tower of the Sherry-Netherlands hotel and filled in their trip with plenty of nuts and raisins. They saw about two shows a day; Doug played golf and cheered Walter Hagen, winning the British Open, by cable; Mary shopped; and they left, having signed John Haig and Constance Collier, prominent stage folk, who will step to Hollywood to train them in voice culture for their joint appearance in *The Taming of the Shrew.* No, Hildegard, a shrew isn't a thing that rows in college regattas. It's the story of a dog fight written by an Englishman called Will Shaxpur, or something.

D. W. Griffith, film producer, and Joan Lowell, author of Cradle of the Deep, *enjoy a few moments away from the revelry of a party on board the* S. S. Ile de France.

Gish and Make Up

LILLIAN GISH, the pink mist of the silver silences, or, Dusé of the Screen, as some critic or other called her some years back, came East in the same private car which brought the Fairbankses, the Joe Schencks, and Dick Barthelmess. Miss Gish is hiding away at the Elysee, under the name of Diana Ward, and putting in her time reading the Yogi philosophers, Sir James Barrie, the works of Louisa M. Alcott, Berkeley's *Theory of Vision* and, of course, SCREEN SECRETS. In a few days she is going to startle the world. She's going to announce that she's about to break the silence of the years and do a chirpie. Honest. All she lacks is a vehicle. Why not do Cyril Hume's *A Gish for the Gods,* Lillian? The theme song to be, *Gish Me Again.* Well, now, who threw that?

Helen Hermes presents an enticing study in classic beauty as she appears in this pose in The Red Rose.

Go Blow Your Trader Horn

TRADER HORN (Alfred Aloysius Smith), whose assorted memoirs Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is busy filming in Africa, chugged into New York recently via day coach. He explained he'd never slept in a Pullman in his 80 years and didn't intend changing a lifetime's habit at this stage. (Right here and now we ought to say something about his "not being a big bertha" or "he believed in berth control" or "you can't change a berth mark," but thank Zeus, we have no use for puns—except with coffee).

The Coogans, Fils et Pere

THE Coogans, Jackie and dad, are in these parts doing time, that is, on the Keith vaudeville circuit. Jackie has a long stretch, pardon, contract, ahead and after he's completed it, Jackie's returning to Hollywood to do something for the gabbies. Jackie did a clever turn here, reciting long passages from Kipling (No, I neither Kipple nor Dowl—I tipple).

He scored a tremendous hit reciting a dandy thing beginning, "I Hailed Me a Woman from the Streets." He also danced and sang.

He's getting to be a big lad now; he's almost as large as Chaplin was when they played *The Kid.* I'm sure he'd be a big boon to a talkie producer. I don't mean if they'd hire him, he'd go boon and faw down. The kid's too good. He's got something! Anyone who made Bob Sherwood weep all through his career as a critic on *Life,* must have.

Fan Club Department

The columns of this department are devoted to the latest fan club news. Information about the clubs may be obtained by writing to Grace Simpson, conductor of this department, in care of SCREEN SECRETS.

A New One for Rex Bell

WINKIE" TAYLOR, president of the Kenyon-Sills Fan Club, has started another club, this one the Rex Bell Friendship Club, in honor of the young Fox cowboy player. Dues are only ten cents right now, for one year, and that includes list of members and membership card. Miss Taylor says that Rex answers every letter and sends each club member a very fine photo.

Audrey Donates Photo

THE Audrey Ferris Club is now having a drive for new members and Audrey herself has put up a beautiful prize to be awarded the winner. It is a large 11"x14" photograph and it will be personally autographed by Miss Ferris to the winner.

Wm. Collier, Jr.'s "Dope Sheet"

A WILLIAM COLLIER, JR., Fan Club has been called to my attention. This club was organized on November 11, 1927, by Welty S. Earnest, and now has members all over the world. A monthly magazine called, *Ye Club Dope Sheet,* is issued free to members, and also club pins can be bought. Any further information can be secured by addressing Mr. Earnest, care this department.

Two New Papers Out

THE very first issues of two new fan club papers are now on my desk. The first is The Harrison Ford Club News, put out by the club president, Lillian Doria. It is very good for a first issue and from what I hear, Harrison himself was very much pleased with it.

The other is The Ramon Novarro Fan Club News, published by and for the club of which Dorothy Wollaston is at the head. This, too, is very good. Hereafter, one corner of the News is to be devoted to eulogies on Ramon. The best letter or poem—not more than seventy-five words long—which reaches the club before each issue of the paper, will be printed in the succeeding issue.

Bee Line Dix Chapter

THE "Bee Line" Chapter of the Richard Dix fan club is growing by leaps and bounds—in fact, it's holding its own with the other long-established chapters and it was organized only last November! Mrs. Ethel Cottingham is the "Skipper" and invites all Dix fans to join her chapter, particularly all of Richard's old friends in his home town. All of the officers of this branch are personal friends of Dix, who have known him ever since his school days! As you perhaps know, dues to the Dix Club are fifty cents yearly and that includes membership card, one of Richard's latest photos and a current Dix Journal.

The government has had slips printed, bearing the information, "All for Clara Bow, Lasky Studios," and it seems that this assertion is quite right, in view of the fact that Clara receives more than 33,000 fan letters each month.

Win George O'Brien's Boxing Gloves

HERE'S a chance for some George O'Brien fan to win a fine pair of his boxing gloves. He recently sent them to Chaw Mank, secretary of the Movie Fans Friendship Club, to be given away in a contest for new members. Further information about this contest can be had from Chaw.

More Contests

CELESTE WITHROW, head of the Conrad Nagel and the Gloria Swanson fan clubs, announces two new membership contests to be held by her clubs. Conrad Nagel is personally offering a valuable prize for his club and also one-year subscriptions to SCREEN SECRETS will be given to secondary winners. In the Gloria Swanson contest, the first prize is a year's subscription to SCREEN SECRETS, and the second prize is a large framed photograph of Gloria.

Putting Over Conway Tearle

IT MIGHT interest some of you to know that Miss Winifred Graham, who is also one of the active "Bee Liners" of the Dix club, is now organizing a fan club for Conway Tearle—to try to reinstate him with the motion picture producers, I believe. And she is so sincere in the work that I believe that somehow the club will become quite active.

Clipping Exchange

HAN JUNGELING of Holland has turned over his Betty Bronson Club to Gertrude Soeurt of Indianapolis, Indiana, and now she has complete charge of it. Miss Soeurt intends to reorganize the club and make it more interesting if possible. There is a charge of fifty cents to become a member of this club. It was formed simply for the reason of joining the Betty Bronson fans together.

Miss Soeurt, who is also a member of the William Collier, Jr., Fan Club, writes: "Please tell the fans of William Boyd, Richard Dix, Harrison Ford, Leslie Fenton, Johnny Hines, Al Jolson, Mae Murray and Lars Hanson, that I will gladly send them material regarding their favorites in exchange for all spare clippings, interviews, pictures, etc., of William Collier, Jr."

Director St. Clair Says it With Whispers

(*Continued from page* 43)

RICHARD DIX is always on the job —never late a minute. He *never makes a suggestion* and he works the same as I do. If he doesn't quite get the hang of a thing he calls me over in a corner and we go into a huddle together. He never suggests in front of others that I may not have been clear in my suggestions. He's just a good, all-around fellow who does exactly as you whisper it to him.

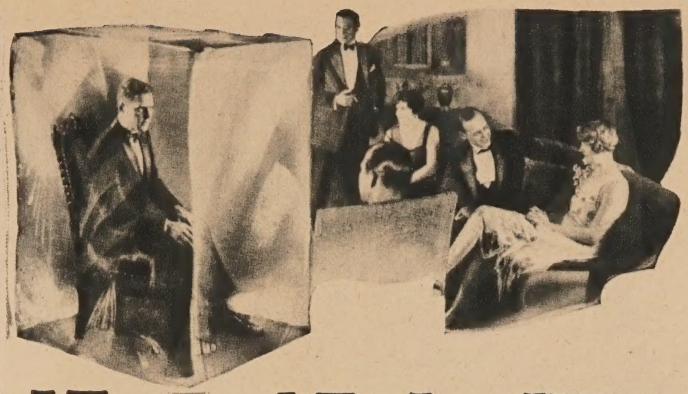
Alice White. I directed her and Ruth Taylor in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the picture which made Alice. Both of them were trying to get a break, so I antagonized them. Bawled White out to get a good scene from Taylor; flattered Taylor to get some work out of White. In other words, I played on one's jealousy of the other.

White's a master hand at the oldest gag in pictures: standing back so the one in front has to turn her head to look at her, while the camera catches the forward one's back and the rear one's full face. She used to walk back until she hit the wall to cut out Taylor. When it would get too hot, I'd say, "All right, you kids go ahead and direct this scene." And if you think White didn't write herself in in red letters! Taylor was always on time; White was always late. It was at the time when she thought being late proved that she was temperamental.

She might have taken some lessons from Adolphe Menjou, who is the most practical person I have ever directed. He entirely forgets that he, himself, is playing in the picture. As long as the other people are good he doesn't care how many close-ups they have; how much glory. You work mentally hand in hand with Adolphe.

THERE'S not enough I can say about Harold Lloyd. Yes, of course, he directs his own pictures. But he is always considerate of the man he pays to direct it. He surrounds himself with the best talent money can buy and then listens to their suggestions, picks and chooses, makes his picture and divides the credit.

Perhaps I'm the wrong person to give you this story, as I don't seem to have much temperamental trouble. It's all a matter of psychology. A director must be a student of human nature first and a megaphoner second. And he might well copy Harold Lloyd's tactics and realize that other people have ideas. If the ideas come from Adolphe Menjou, pay heed to them. Don't expect them from Clara Bow or Richard Dix. Pretend you are listening to Pola Negri. In other words, live *with* your people—not *over* them. Use the same psychology employed by successful husbands and you are pretty sure to be a successful director.



I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

—But Now I Can Sway An Audience of Thousands!

I HAD always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of "what people will say," of ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public—to be active in politics — but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

In Twenty Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate—I who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words, to approach all types of people with ease and fearlessness. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address board meetings
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make a political speech
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
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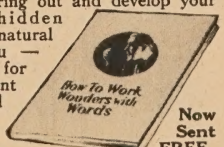
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to become master of any situation

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called *How to Work Wonders With Words*. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack" — the natural gift within you — which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.



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Cecil B. De Mille, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter were busily engaged in making Don't Change Your Husband, *in 1918. De Mille is now producing his first talking picture,* Dynamite, *for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Backtrailing Movie History

Movie personalities and developments of a decade or so ago.

PAULINE FREDERICK was under contract to the Robertson-Cole Company, later F. B. O., at the startling salary of $7,500 a week. Among her most successful starring vehicles was *Slaves of Vanity,* taken from the Pinero play *Iris* which has recently been purchased by M-G-M for Greta Garbo. Miss Frederick was divorced from Willard Mack at the time she affiliated with Robertson-Cole, and a little later married a doctor, her childhood sweetheart. This romance, in spite of being consummated in leisure, was regretted in haste.

Fanny Ward was being starred by Lasky in such productions as *Tennessee's Partner* and *The Cheat.* It was the latter production that brought Sessue Hayakawa to fame.

In 1917, Harold Lloyd put on his first pair of horn-rimmed, glassless spectacles, which have since become one of the world's most famous trademarks. As horn-rimmers were still rather a novelty, he had to send East for duplicates when the original pair broke beyond repair. The manufacturer shipped back 20 pairs, made to the measure of the original specimen, and returned Harold's check. The advertising received through Harold Lloyd's adoption of tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles more than repaid the optical-goods manufacturer for the gift.

Sally Blane was a little girl living across the street from the old Lasky Studios, where her father was assistant casting director. Day by day she watched the stars go in and out, and made up her mind that some day she would also be a star. When *The Sheik* was produced, Sally was given a small part as a little gypsy dancing girl. In the evenings, Valentino, who was devoted to children, often sang to Sally and her sister, Polly Ann Young, both of whom adored him.

In 1913, Adolph Zukor was laying the foundation for what has since become the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation. At that time his studios had produced many pictures, but they were slow in selling, and bankers were prepared to gobble his business unless he could raise money to meet his payroll for two weeks more. It was Daniel Frohman, brother of Charles Frohman, legitimate stage producer, and one of Zukor's earliest advisors, who brought in a check for $50,000. He was gambling his life's savings on his faith in Zukor and the future of the motion picture industry.

Richard Rowland, then head of the Metro Company, went to Europe to purchase the picture rights, from Vincente Blasco Ibanez, of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.* The deal was closed, after much argument, at $190,000. This act was then considered drastic, owing to the fact that war pictures had flooded the market and caused the income of the Metro Studios to drop from $108,000 a week to $6,000. By 1925 this same picture had netted the Metro Company over $4,000,000.

Marshall Neilan, at the height of his career, was directing Anita Stewart in *In Old Kentucky.*

Eric Von Stroheim, who had been in America just 10 years, was being barred from the studios on account of his nationality. Directors, in their eagerness to display patriotism, seemed to overlook the fact that Mr. Von Stroheim had proved his Americanism by serving four and one-half years in the United States Army.

Problems in Talkie Presentation

(*Continued from page* 49)

Frederic March, the professor, spoke and his voice boomed forth like a cannon's roar. Quickly the operator turned down the "tone fader," to soften the volume. Perhaps several hundred persons entered the theatre during the interim—perhaps any of a half hundred other things happened—at any rate, when Clara was flashed onto the screen, her voice came forth in a weak whisper—as from a person suffering from quinsy. This mishap may have been responsible for certain fans and critics having panned unmercifully the IT girl's voice, for on this occasion, Clara had certainly less IT than a sick cricket.

SINCE all the foregoing mishaps took place when the disc was telling the film story, do not take for granted that when sound and dialogue printed film is used, the operators' troubles are over. Even with this type of talkie film, mistakes can happen and they often do. In one showing of *The Broadway Melody,* Bessie Love's supporting chorus kicked their legs so high and gave her such vigorous vocal volume that the film probably became too hot—at any rate, twice in that production the film flickered out and the operator, finding himself powerless to stop the trouble without stopping the machine, had to hang out his "Pardon Me" sign.

One disc is made to accommodate 900 feet of film, which means from seven to ten average reels. Quite obviously, then, it can be seen how difficult is the operator's task to synchronize the sound with the dialogue when a mishap occurs anywhere along either the film or the disc. Pictures with sound and singing, rather than dialogue throughout, seldom cause the operator any trouble, whereas, pictures with sound, singing *and* dialogue might well cause the operator premature gray hair.

SUCH a combination, in *Tide of Empire,* produced a gasp of incredulity from the audience when this happened: George Duryea, Renee Adoree and George Fawcett were seated at the latter's rancho dinner table, sipping their wine, when suddenly, apparently from nowhere, came the rich, full baritone of Duryea, singing a passionate love song to Josephita, played by Miss Adoree. It was perhaps not the operator's *most* embarrassing moment, but it was far from a comfortable one.

Since sound travels slower than light, many times a person sitting in the rear part of the theatre will see the picture of the actor, watch his gestures, and see his lips move—all before he hears the spoken word. This fraction of a split second in time before the voice accommodates the picture, is irksome, but it is hardly a menace to one's enjoyment of the performance. If this happens to you, get up and find yourself another seat—there is always another spot, according to acoustical engineers, where the sound will reach you better.

Each projection machine is built to accommodate silent film, sound and dialogue film, and pictures employing discs. When disc talkies are run, one machine does the projecting and playing, with the other machine set and ready to go as soon as the first disc runs its course. Naturally, synchronization has to be minutely perfect, to a hair's breath.

While audiences get the impression, because of disc surface noise, that the discs are back of the screen, they are really part of the projection machine equipment and their words or music are broadcast through an elaborate amplifying system to a place backstage, where the sound is thrown onto the back of the screen.

Some systems employ amplifyer horns throughout the building, with a central unit to carry the sound to the screen. Others employ twelve, huge amplifying horns, which feed their sound backstage into a central broadcasting station. This sound, tremendously loud and harsh, filters or sifts through a gigantic screen, which strains out the harshness and allows the finished sound to float out to the audience for a perfectly smooth reproduction of what the discs are grinding out, over the heads and back of the audience.

TODAY there are less than 2,500 theatres in the United States wired for sound and talkie performances. Where formerly 15,000 theatres would have shown Mary Pickford's *Coquette,* less than one-sixth that number possessed the possibilities to show her latest masterpiece. Obviously, then, the advent of sound has limited the work of picture distribution, to the painful financial detriment of the producers.

Shakespeare once said: "The time is out of joint." Motion picture producers today can certainly agree with him.

Houses charging 60 and 75 cents for admission should charge $1.25 to enable them to keep their heads above water. And instead of the cost of producing pictures becoming less, costs have gone sky high, with the result that pictures cost the producers more money and they have a much smaller market than formerly, to boot.

Today most pictures are first made in a silent version, for distribution in small towns and villages; talkie dialogue and sound sequences are later inserted for showing in the big cities. This means practially a double monetary outlay for the producer. However, although millions of dollars have already been expended since the advent of the talkies, producers are aware that the end is not yet—in fact, most of them know that their spending orgy has hardly begun. Many more millions of dollars will be spent in 1929 and 1930 to improve the

(*Turn to page* 96)

Girls!

Ziegfeld judges them by their HAIR!

Flo Ziegfeld, whose "glorification of the American girl" has received international recognition, says:

"I find that sparkling hair—hair that catches the lights of the theatre—is an invaluable addition to feminine beauty. In casting my productions I always keep this in mind."

They all agree—the connoisseurs of feminine beauty on stage and screen. Hair lustre is *essential* ....And now it can be yours. For the pinch of henna in Hennafoam will light those *natural* fires while you enjoy the most luxurious shampoo you've ever experienced. *And it won't change the color a fraction of a shade...* At all druggists, or we will send generous sample for the price of shipping.

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CLIP AND MAIL FOR FREE INFORMATION

J. E. Smith, President,
National Radio Institute, Dept. 9VA3
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio" explaining your training and Radio's opportunities for bigger success.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

HOLLYWOOD is bidding farewell to its foreign population. The big trek back to the homelands is under way.

The Postal Pouch editor will answer your questions on this page. For a personal answer, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SIMONNE D.: We have long since mailed you the magazine for which you sent twenty-five cents. Why not subscribe to it and have it delivered to you regularly every month? Brunswick is full of horse feathers. Clara Bow is not dead. Mary Brian is not dead. Billie Dove is not dead. And I'm very well, thank you.

NAOMI R.: Whither thou goest my long white beard will follow . . . . George Lewis is making pictures at the Universal Studios, Universal City, while Tom Tyler is at the RKO Studios, Hollywood. Sure, come back as often as you like and bring your gang along!

B.: See Clara Bow next in *The Wild Party*—and don't you wish you were invited? You win the bet—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, not in the States. What do you get out of it—a dinner or a new dress?

KATHERINE K.: Write to Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor at Fox, Hollywood; Marion Davies and Nils Asther at M-G-M, Culver City, and to Ruth Taylor at Paramount, Hollywood. I answer letters personally whenever a stamped self-addressed envelope is included.

LILBURN T. Never heard that name before. May I name my canary bird for you? Only maybe it's not that kind of bird. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, on January 20, 1906. She is five feet, six inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five, has rich dark golden hair, and blue eyes. She has never been married. She cares nothing for Hollywood parties or for elaborate clothes, but lives at a very quiet Santa Monica hotel and enjoys walking along the beach all by herself.

ANNA G.: Height, weight, age, and number of teeth of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? Sure, anything to oblige a girlfriend! He was born in New York City on December 9, 1910, is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. He was educated in New York, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Paris, and London—so he ought to be pretty smart by now. His hobbies are golf, swimming, music, art, and poetry. He plays half a dozen instruments, including the victrola, and has literary aspirations. You lose—he's married to Joan Crawford. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City.

The Letter of the Month

VILMA BANKY answered one of the letters received by Postal Pouch this month and sent an attractive, large-sized photograph of herself to Florence Coté, of Oakville, Ontario, Canada. You may be the next to receive a personal reply from some star. The letter from Miss Coté and Vilma Banky's reply appear below.

Vilma Banky

Dear Postal Pouch Editor:

Would you tell me all about Vilma Banky? I'm so interested in her. How old is she? Does she and Rod go out much? Is her next picture a talkie? I have heard that she is leaving the screen, but I hope not. How could I get an autographed photograph of her?

Yours hopefully,
FLORENCE COTÉ,
Oakville, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Miss Coté:

It gives me great pleasure indeed, to be able to answer your very kind letter and to be able to tell you a little about myself. I am twenty-four years old, about five feet four inches tall and weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. My eyes are blue. I was born at the little town of Nagydorg, which is just outside of Budapest in Hungary.

You asked me if I will leave the screen soon—and I can answer definitely that I will be making pictures for at least the next two years. After that Rod and I hope to take a long vacation and travel together.

Certainly, my next picture will be a talking picture. As a matter of fact, I don't ever expect to make another silent one.

I hope that this will tell you all that you want to know about myself.

With very kindest regards,
VILMA BANKY.

JUST ROSIE: Rough-house Rosie, or hot-house? No, Clara Bow hasn't freckles, but Mary Astor has. Clara was born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1905, is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has fiery red hair and agate brown eyes. Clara's hair photographs light because she bleached it a lighter red than it is naturally. Write to her at Paramount, Hollywood. How does she wear her hair? Attached at one end, Rosie. Say, you must think I'm a college graduate—barber college! Sure, come back as often as you like.

WINNIE J.: Maybe your hunch about Gary and Lupe is right. I'll make it two—but not for publication. Well, he was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901, is six feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, has reddish hair and blue eyes, and was educated in England and at Grinnel College, Iowa. He is a clever cartoonist. If this isn't "all about him," come back on the second Thursday of this week and I'll tell you lots more.

BARBARA S.: The army on the left consists of Buddy Rogers' fans. You may be the chief K. P. Sure, he likes working in pictures, and he gets a big kick out of real life. His eyes are brown, he likes sports, and everybody calls him "Buddy," not Charles, Write to him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, and send twenty-five cents for his photograph.

A LAD OF 25 SUMMERS: If winter comes, how old will you be then? Florence Lawrence has turned down many motion picture offers lately to devote her time exclusively to the manufacture of cosmetics. You might write to her at 821 N. Fairfax Avenue, Hollywood. Mae Murray is under contract now to Tiffany-Stahl, Hollywood.

Twelvetrees Answers Your Questions

(*Continued from page* 50)

And that's how I got my stage name.

"From the minute I took Twelvetrees in place of Jurgens, my luck changed. Clark had a chance to go as leading man in stock but wouldn't leave without me, so I was made ingenue leading lady. From that to *An American Tragedy*—And believe me, when I answered the letters I'm going to tell the folks who ask me, that Twelvetrees is my married name but it has brought me so much luck that I am determined to keep it!"

"What's your next question?"

"*'Did you have a pull to get into the movies?'* Everyone asks that! As a matter of fact, I didn't! I was in rehearsals for *Elmer Gantry,* on Broadway. But it was at the time that the talkies were starting and the agents were rushing everybody to the studios for a test. Clark and I went over to Fox together for ours. We went as brother and sister, as the agent said it was better in pictures, not to tell them we were married. There were about 200 people there. It was awful. A woman and a man sorted us out and put us through our paces. When we had finished, I went right back to rehearsals and tried to forget about it.

"I didn't think there was a chance. But in a few days they called me back and said, 'You were good but we couldn't see your brother!' They had heard his voice, but somehow he wasn't in the picture! They signed me—and that's all there was to it. *Pull!* I didn't know a soul in the Fox studio.

FUNNY, but the next most persistent question people have written to me, is *'Do you think I'd have a chance before the camera?'* Do you know, I don't know how to answer that question. Of course, I can't say yes, when I haven't heard them or seen them. Nor can I say, no, for the same reason. However, with these talkies, I really think there is less chance than ever for the new-comers."

She fingered several hundred letters which were tied together with blue ribbon. "Every one of these are from girls who ask me that question!"

"And the next?"

"The next is funny. It is *'Are you a real blonde or have you dyed your hair? How did you do it? And do you think blonde hair is best for the movies?'* These almost always come all as one question.

"As a matter of fact, I am neither blonde or brunette. I am fifty-fifty. Writers, hard up for words to describe it, usually call me a blonde. I should say my hair was rather a dirty color. No, I don't dye it. As for blonde being best, it depends upon the part. Laura La Plante wore a wig for the first part of *Show Boat,* because she was working in two pictures at once and had started the other with her natural blonde color. Then, she dyed her hair dark and she says she'll never wear another wig, but always dye it if she must have dark tresses. She's bleached it back again now and it looks perfectly natural. It also depends upon which color photographs best with your features.

THE next question is also a sticker. *'What interests you most in Hollywood?'* And believe me, they all want to know that! I suppose it's because I'm a newcomer. But what can I say, since everything interests me here? Of course, I was a movie fan myself before I came; I was simply crazy to see this place.

"I'll never forget my first day. I went to Henry's for breakfast just as soon as I landed. I'd always heard about Henry's. I looked around for Charlie Chaplin, who was supposed to eat there, but I couldn't find him. In fact, I didn't see anyone. I'd forgotten that you should go to Henry's after midnight rather than for breakfast, to see people. Then I went to the Montmartre for lunch. It was Wednesday. Such a crowd. I couldn't believe it!

AFTER a half hour or so, when I was a little acclimated, I tried to pick them out one by one. I took Dorothy Mackaill for Marion Davies. They looked so much alike that I simply couldn't get over it. Marion was there too and even seeing them together, I couldn't tell them apart. I can't yet, for that matter. And Rod La Rocque and Mone Blue! Larry Grey was sitting back of me and he yelled 'Hello, Monte' to a man not far from me. I craned my neck to see. How that man was scowling. It was Rod La Rocque and he didn't seem to like the mistaken identification. But you couldn't blame Larry. I recognized Bebe because she was with Ben Lyon. You'd always recognize Ben; he's such a darling. But that scene isn't telling much about what interests me most in Hollywood—"

"Oh, yes, it is," I interrupted. "It tells the whole story!"

"How?" she looked a bit disbelieving.

"Personalities! That's what everybody comes to Hollywood for. In other cities, it's museums and art galleries and scenic drives and so forth. We have more of those than any other one city, but no one ever pays any attention to them when they can look at Gloria Swanson and Greta Garbo and Nils Asther."

"I saw John Gilbert in his automobile on a side street one day. I've been down that street every day since, but he must have been there by mistake on that occasion—

"But, mercy! I forgot, you came to get a story! What shall we talk about? I haven't had a very interesting life. I've got a husband; I love my work—"

"Never mind." I reached for my hat and coat. "You don't need to say a word. I've got my story. We'll tell the fans what they want to know! Then you won't have to write any letters!"

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2 *No high laundry bills* that mount when you use one clean towel after another... no ruined towels, either, from cold cream oil.

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WOMEN who know every new aid to beauty have introduced a perfect method of removing cold cream. It takes the cream off instead of rubbing it further in. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are highly absorbent; soft; fresh; hygienic. You discard them after using. They cost but a few cents a day. If you don't know how much they can do for you, send for a sample package today and discover how your skin responds when cold cream is removed this new way.

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Curious eyes are quick to detect the slightest flaw the modern bathing suit may disclose. Revealing too are sleeveless frocks, evening gowns, sheer hose, and short skirts. Today dainty women are more careful than ever to remove the slightest suggestion of superfluous hair on arms, underarms, legs, back of neck, and face.

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Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if not satisfied. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 98, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

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Fast Life

(*Continued from page* 53)

There were violent crashes as the two hurled each other against the walls or fell upon the floor.

Then, like the crack of some horrible doom, came the terrifying roar of a revolver shot. Its echo died in the corridor. The girl sprang forward with an agonized scream.

"Doug," she cried, "what have you done?"

"Someone," the boy sobbed, "someone has killed old Rod. He's dead, I tell you. He's dead."

For the first time he seemed to see the weapon he held. His fingers spread as though he held an unclean thing and he dropped it to the floor.

Then with a burst of weeping he buried his face in her arms.

"I didn't do it, honey," he sobbed, "but I don't know who did. I saw red. I don't know what happened. But I know I didn't do it."

"Why, Doug. You were friends. Everybody will know you didn't do it."

BUT when the mills of the gods had ground and the wheels of justice had turned, even Patricia of the glorious smile had found moments when it was hard to believe in her Douglas. The glorious smile had faded into a pitiable thing before the day when she sat broken before Governor Palmer, Paul's father, and heard him speak.

"My child," he said, "I can't do it. Because of your friendship with my son—really because he asked it—I have given Douglas two reprieves. To commute his sentence or to postpone his execution merely because I would like to do it is out of the question. The evidence in the case was conclusive.

"But—oh, isn't there anything that can be done to save him? He is my husband. I loved all those boys, but I adore Douglas. He has been so brave, waiting there in the death house. Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Nothing, little girl, unless you can bring me new evidence that will warrant reopening the case."

"Then that is what I must do," Patricia cried and her head came up and her eyes gleamed once more with determination. "I thank you for what you have done and I am going to make it possible for you to do more."

There were tears in the governor's eyes as he told her how much he hoped and prayed that she might succeed.

PATRICIA STRATTON—she had proved her marriage to Doug and with the governor's son, Paul, had stood by him throughout the long trial and the dreadful weeks afterward—went straight to the prison in Paul's car with Paul Palmer by her side, as he always was, now.

The warden, a brother of the governor and Paul's uncle, himself conducted them to the condemned man's cell.

DOUG and Patricia clung to each other for a moment through the bars.

"It's no use," she said. "The governor can't do anything more unless we get new evidence. Paul and I are going to do that. Aren't we, Paul?"

And the governor's son promised that he would do everything that could be done.

But the kindly old warden's eyes happened to be on his nephew's face when he answered the question. And when the painful scene at the death cell was over he spoke to the boy.

"Send Patricia back with the car, Paul. I want to talk to you."

Paul protested, but the warden had his way and presently sat opposite his nephew in the prison office.

"Paul," he said. "I've been warden of this prison a long time. I know men. I know when they've got something on their minds. I know when they are lying and when they are hiding something."

"I'll bet you do, uncle. But you don't think Doug is bottling something up?"

"No," the warden said. "But you are. You know something about this case. Now come clean and tell me what it is."

"What in the world? Where do you get an idea like that?"

"That is something I don't know. Probably never will know. But I know you are covering something up. The time has come for you to come out with it or that boy down there is going to the chair. Whatever it is, it may get him a new trial and then there's always a chance. Come on, tell me what it is."

"I don't know a thing, uncle. For once you are mistaken. Don't you suppose I'd have come out long ago if I'd been holding back anything that could have the slightest bearing on the case?"

THEN the old warden fell back on his training of many years. It was his way when he wanted the truth to paint the picture as black as he could, much blacker than he believed it could be. It usually brought results. Almost without thinking, he shot the next question.

"Where were you the night Rodney Hall was killed?"

The flash of fear in Paul's eyes struck the old man like a blow in the face. Instantly he knew the truth. He hurled question after question now at the boy, not to convict him, not to fasten the crime upon him, but to find out everything so that he might know how to act, how to protect this son of his own brother from a deadly danger.

But the story which presently came out shocked the old warden. His nephew and Rodney Hall had followed the girl from her house, they had seen her hail the taxicab. They had trailed her back to the flat and seen her enter.

RODNEY had taken the fire escape to the balcony and the window. Paul, not so drunk as his companion, had crept up the stairs and was listening outside the door. He had hidden in a recess near the apartment when Doug rushed out for the doctor. He was still there when Stratton rushed back and while the fight was going on. He stood within a few feet of the two as they battled in the hall and because he, too, believed that the story of marriage was a lie, he had tried to kill Stratton but had shot Hall instead.

Since then, fear had kept him silent, fear and the hope that with both Hall and Stratton out of the way he might still win the love of the girl. All that was past now. He knew Patricia could never care for anyone but Doug.

Sobbing at last, Paul Palmer, the son of a governor, declared his intention of confessing the crime and paying with his own life for the happiness of his friend and his beloved.

The old warden lived an eternity, it seemed, while the story was being told. He saw in it the disgrace of his family, the political death of his brother, whose son was here before him confessing murder. He thought of the train of tragedy this story would cause, the scandal, the disgrace to the state, to his political party, to the scores of men and women who had pinned their faith to his brother and to him.

A MAN was convicted of this crime. His death was a matter of only a few days. Then the chapter would be ended except for the grief in his own heart and the torture in the soul of a governor's son. Innocent men had died before now in lesser causes.

"Listen," he cried to the cowering boy in front of him. "I'll get you out of this. I'll fix it up so the other lad can be saved and you needn't say a word. Just keep all this under your hat. Don't breathe a word of it. Leave it all to me. You'll feel better now that you've told me. I'll take care of everything."

And so it was that the day of execution arrived for Douglas Stratton. Paul Palmer and Patricia Stratton had seemingly raised heaven and earth to turn up new evidence, but had failed. Paul, whitefaced and shaken, the picture of a youth tortured by the fate of his friend and powerless to help him, broke first and was taken home with a raging fever.

Patricia, the little Pat of the once glorious smile, didn't break until she stood before the door of the death cell on the night before the fatal day. Then she quietly fainted in the arms of the kind old warden and was carried away.

Douglas Stratton had won through to a new faith, in the Golgotha of the death cell. Face to face with death, he had seen life as a beautiful pathway to glorious adventure. There were only a few things that really counted. Love first. He had had that. Friends next. Friends like Paul Palmer and Rodney Hall.

The only pain of death to him, he thought, would be the loss of Pat. But that he must bear just as he had to bear it when she left him there behind the cell bars.

It was only in the warden's office that a light burned all that night and a worn old man paced to and fro, fighting another kind of fight. The light was still burning, but the figure sat huddled and shrunken before a great desk when the death march began in the chill of the following dawn.

Beside the figure of his son in the dual role of father and spiritual adviser strode the Reverend Andrew Stratton.

"My boy," he said gently, "I am proud of you."

"And I am proud of you, dad. Not many men would have stood up under it." They might have been chatting together before some casual event, so serene was the faith of these two.

"I couldn't have stood it, son, if I hadn't known you were innocent."

The boy choked a little. "Take care of Pat, dad. That's all I ask."

THE boy's eyes held to his father's gaze as he seated himself in *the chair*. They smiled a little as the straps were adjusted. But now, strangely enough, his father's face had disappeared and Doug Stratton dreamed he was looking into the eyes of his wife.

There were whispered words among the guards. The electrodes had been strapped tight.

"Is there anything you would like to say?" the words sounded in the boy's ears. He sought to shake his head but the mechanism interfered. His lips framed a whisper "no."

But on the instant that a hand was about to give the death signal the crash of glass alarmed the little throng. Newspaper men leaped to their feet. Guards massed as though for an attack.

A disheveled gray head thrust itself out of the broken window.

"Stop it," a cracked voice shrieked. "Release the prisoner. Bring him to my office. I have proof that he is innocent."

Newspaper men fled for telephones. A wan girl, sitting like one in a trance, was galvanized into life by renewed hope raised by a brief message.

In the warden's office presently a boy and a girl wept in each other's arms, almost insane with joy, dreaming of days far different from the fast life they had known. A messenger laid on the gray-haired old warden's desk a pardon signed by the governor's hand.

Tears coursed down the old man's cheeks as he took the two in his trembling arms and whispered: "Forgive me."

The telephone rang and these three learned of the self-execution of the governor's son who was a murderer but who had been a friend.

"In the midst of life—" murmured the old warden.

And Patricia and Douglas Stratton, in the midst of their happiness, shared with those closer of kin to Paul Palmer, a new and poignant grief.

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Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffleinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

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Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

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State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D._____

Name_____

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ROSE ELLA and Rose Marie were twins and amazingly alike. There was only one physical difference between them. What was the part this tiny blemish played in the lives of a young husband and the two girls he loved? Read the answer in

A Substitute Wife

in the AUGUST

True Confessions

Now on Sale!

If your dealer is sold out, send twenty-five cents to TRUE CONFESSIONS Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the August issue will be mailed immediately to your address.

Merger!—Mary, Doug and Bill Combine

(*Continued from page 29*)

away in little letters on the screen, afraid that people will think it's something highbrow and run. We are going to play the name of Shakespeare up big. We're proud that we are going to play a Shakespearean comedy.

THERE'S nothing highbrow about *The Taming of the Shrew.* Why, even though it is a talkie, we could play it in a deafmute asylum and it would be a hit. It's every bit as modern as *Broadway* or *The Front Page,* and just as fast moving.

"We aren't going to play it in modern dress or anything of that sort. There is a picturesqueness and a flavor to the medieval setting that we don't want to lose. Nor will we alter or add a line anywhere. Of course it will be necessary to do some cutting to adapt it to film form, but we want to keep as close to the original as possible."

The Taming of the Shrew, with its gay, high-spirited, sensible love-making, its absolute lack of mawkish sentimentality, is in a way an expression of their own romance. They look upon it as a healthy counter-irritant to all the silly, mushy stories that have been written about them.

Their marriage, which has stood as solid as a rock in the swirling waters of Hollywood domestic strife, has necessarily been founded on a common sense basis.

The Iron Mask was such a climax for Doug, with the great D'Artagnan looking back over his adventurous past, without regrets, and forward, into the inscrutable future, without fear.

Coquette was such a climax for Mary, with the triumphant conquest of a new medium.

NOW comes the greatest climax of all. And that must bring them to the painful question, "Where do we go from here?" It is the pathetic cry of the successful ones when there are revealed no new worlds to conquer.

So Mary and Doug find themselves in a curious dilemma. With the ripest years of their life still stretching before them, they arrived at the pinnacle of human ambition. They have fame such as has never been dreamed of before in the history of the world.

Whatever they may do in future years, there is the record of two glorious careers, crowned with the shining jewel of the union of three great talents—Mary's and Doug's and Bill's.

John Gilbert, My Real Life Lover

(*Continued from page 25*)

but I think I can forget the footlights where I am best known and content myself in the films as long as it means that John and I can be together."

Ina told me that John's bachelor home in Beverly Hills would be their permanent residence.

"John is attached to the place, because of the seclusion afforded by the hills," she declared, "and it in every way meets my idea of an honest-to-goodness home."

A BUZZER sounded in the room. "Come in," called Miss Claire.

The door swung open. A head appeared. It was the unshaven face of John Gilbert, clad in the rough garb of a Russian peasant—black shirt, uncreased trousers, coarse boots—his role in *Redemption.*

John entered. First, he looked at Ina. Then at me. Then he blushed.

Did John Gilbert seize Ina Claire in his arms and plant a truly Gilbert smack upon the lips of his bride. John Gilbert did not.

But Ina understood. That blush meant more to her than the kiss she was being cheated out of by my presence.

"Well, honey, I'll run along," he said finally.

"No you won't," warned Ina. "I am being interviewed and you will stay right here."

"Interviewed on what?" demanded John.

"On love, darling."

"That is one thing we are not talking about," said John, directing his words at me. "There are some things against which even motion picture people are permitted to lock their doors. That, I think, is one of them."

"I'm going to say something, too, that I know John won't like," interposed Ina. "I am going to be still happier when John's picture is finished and he can visit the barber and look like a human being once more.

"Looking at him now, could anyone doubt my love for him? He has been growing that beard and his hair has been curling over his collar ever since I first met him. That should prove that my affection for him is more than skin deep."

John was fidgeting in his chair. I knew he wanted me to go, so I took advantage of the opportunity, thinking he might permit Ina to answer one last question. It was:

"What did John say when he proposed?"

John's fist banged down on the arm of the chair.

"Get out!" he shouted.

I glanced back as I closed the door behind me. Ina was in John's arms.

What would a producer have paid for that scene?

GETTING PERSONAL

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

TWO blue ribbons and a silver trophy were awarded the pedigreed collie belonging to Jean Darling, six-year-old blonde beauty of Hal Roach's Our Gang at the Pasadena Dog Show. Her collie, Goldfield Pal, was presented to her by a film fan in Salt Lake City.

Priscilla Dean wears a dress that can be converted instantly into Turkish bloomers.

Charles Farrell has no time for girls these days. He is devoting his time to his music, which he has been studying quite seriously for two years. He is said to possess one of the best voices in pictures. We may yet hear Charlie and Janet Gaynor sing a love duet in another *Seventh Heaven;* for Janet is said to have a charming voice, though not a strong one.

Charles Farrell

Charles Chaplin's most prized possession is the first pair of over-sized gunboat shoes he wore to convulse motion picture audiences.

Gossip has it that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are far too casual a pair of lovers. Bebe has a party every night and Ben merely looks in for a moment or so and then trots along home.

Jacqueline Logan is known at the studios as the girl without fear because of her indifference to doing dangerous stunts of any kind.

Jos. Schildkraut

Joseph Schildkraut has a library containing 17,500 volumes. The books are in five different languages and Mr. Schildkraut reads them all.

Colleen Moore's new Bel Air estate, rapidly nearing completion, contains fourteen electrically controlled clocks, guaranteed not to vary a hundredth of a second a year. These telechrons range in type from an attractive grandfather clock in the hallway, to a dainty boudoir time piece.

Charlie Chaplin and the director, Harry D'Arrast, may be seen high over your head in an aeroplane making for Mexico of a Sunday morning, if your vision is keen enough.

Billie Dove has the largest collection of dressed fleas in the world. Trained and dressed in tiny garments, fleas are considered highly interesting companions by those who own them.

Clive Brook plays tennis on a hidden private court, garbed in nothing but his eyebrows. His partner is a non-professional friend who likewise finds this the most enjoyable manner of taking a daily California sun bath.

Something new in the way of a bridge costume has been introduced by Corinne Griffith—a dark-red crepe de chine frock with pleated skirt which is worn with a red scarf of the same material containing a hand-painted border of spade, diamond, club and heart playing cards in their natural colors; the black patent leather belt has a buckle of two enamel cards, one of red and one of black.

Clara Bow

Clara Bow is wearing her hair parted in the middle and combed back from the face, showing her forehead.

Now that everybody's growing theirs, Olive Borden has bobbed her hair. But with the shorn locks, Olive had developed an entirely new personality.

Doris Hill is letting her reddish bob grow out. Bobbed hair, quoth she, is getting quite old-fashioned!

Norman Kerry has enlarged the quarters of his kennels on his Beverly Hills estate and added a couch for Mme. Doberman-Pincher, which has recently given birth to a sextet. Happily, he says, there is just one Floradora and the rest are boys.

John Barrymore is a regular Beau Brummel since he married Dolores Costello. John used to be a typical bachelor, and his pet monkey, Clementine, amused itself by frightening afternoon callers. But now John is buying the best clothes in town, and he has given Clementine away.

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What a difference in 3 Weeks

Problems in Talkie Presentation

(*Continued from page* 89)

talkies—and there are startling things predicted about what this talkie business is coming to.

Many units now being installed are built so as to accommodate new parts as improvements progress, but even these machines will pass hopelessly out of date with the coming of the third dimension—that process which will enable audiences to see the figures of the actors, and objects surrounding them, in all their life-like contour.

MAJOR SPOOR, of Spoor and Anderson, the old Essanay firm of Chicago, is said to have developed third dimension to a point where it will be ready for theatres within the next six months. This development is certain to cause an even more radical change in theatre owners' equipment than was necessitated in the change from silent to talking pictures.

Color is now far from difficult to film and the picture which looms as ideal to the average fan—the all-color, all-talkie, third dimension opus—will be a reality and perhaps an ordinary thing within the next twelvemonth, according to producers.

In view of the foregoing, it seems rather a silly question for someone to ask, "Are the talkies here to stay?"

Recently, a theatre owner's talkie equipment failed. The man in the projection room got out the silent version of the picture, complete with sub-titles, and proceeded to run it. The audience voiced their displeasure and stormed the box-office, demanding their money back. They got it!

Which causes us to stifle a yawn when someone asks, "Are the talkies here to stay?"

Yeah, bo—we're tellin' you!

Society in Cinemaland

(*Continued from page* 47)

recent Montmartre luncheon were of pink rosebuds and violets. The fresh young faces about the board included: **Virginia Cherrill, Betty Bronson, Lina Basquette, Ruth Corbin, Betty Boyd, Shirley O'Hara** and **Lola Todd.** Following the luncheon, the girls attended a matinee, going later to a tea dance at the Ambassador.

Ann Christy was a charming young hostess at **Madame Helene's** Paramount Tea Room to **Mona Rica, Doris Hill, Betty Boyd, Renee Torres, Sally Blane** and **Polly Ann Young.** Such a lovely group attracted quite a bit of attention from tourists at nearby tables.

Winnie Makes Good

THERE is something very appealing in the fact that one of the star plums of the year has gone to Winifred Westover Hart—the lead in *Lummox.*

Classified Picture Guide

(*Other reviews will be found on page 70*)

DRAMA

CHILDREN OF THE RITZ—Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall team again in a fast-moving story of a society girl falling in love with her chauffeur. They marry, separate and finally come together again for a triumphant hug and kiss at the fadeout.—*First National.*

COQUETTE—Mary Pickford scores a genuine triumph in her first talking picture. *Coquette* is the story of a southern girl whose ruination brings tragedy and death to her family. Johnny Mack Brown gives Mary strong support in gaining popular favor for this picture.—*United Artists.*

SHOW BOAT—A picturesque opus of the old-time show boat, alive with novelty and romance. Joseph Schildkraut at last is given a role equal to his talents and he acquits himself notably well. Laura La Plante, Otis Harlan, Alma Rubens, Jane La Verne and Emily Fitzroy round out a splendid cast in a glorious picture.—*Universal.*

THIS IS HEAVEN—Mediocre story, but it is highly entertaining, due to Vilma Banky's sparkling personality. It is a tale of a poor immigrant (which allows Vilma to speak her native Hungarian before the mike) who flips flapjacks in a Child's restaurant on New York's Fifth Avenue and lands a millionaire.—*Sam Goldwyn.*

ETERNAL LOVE — This is John Barrymore's last silent picture and it requires all that John can muster to put it over. A slow, dull story about life in the Swiss Alps, with Barrymore drunk and glum. Ernst Lubitsch's direction helps to keep it out of the total failure class.—*United Artists.*

CLOSE HARMONY—Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll frolic through this picture in grand style. Buddy plays most of the instruments in a jazz band and Nancy, who is a vaudeville headliner, gets his band into vaudeville to show him how much she cares.—*Paramount.*

THE DESERT SONG—Too many songs strung out one after the other make this a rather tiresome affair. John Boles sings a strong baritone, Myrna Loy is fascinating as a native desert girl and Johnny Arthur and Louise Fazenda furnish comedy relief which is relief.—*Warner Brothers.*

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels contributes in *The Letter,* the finest acting since the screen found its voice. A powerful plot, containing lies, deceit, murder, love—strong melodrama—bring out the finest of Miss Eagel's talents.—*Paramount.*

MADAME X—Ruth Chatterton registers another remarkable characterization, following her success in *The Doctor's Secret,* this time under Lionel Barrymore's direction. She is a lady of quality who slides into the gutter, leaving behind her a son. She commits murder, is defended by her son, unknown to either of them, and finally recognizes the boy's father, in a dramatic climax.—*M-G-M.*

INNOCENTS OF PARIS—This opus gives the gallant and talented Maurice Chevalier a chance to prove that genius recognizes no barriers of language, for Maurice speaks and sings in his native French and gets plenty of hearty American applause for his efforts. Altogether too good to miss!—*Paramount.*

THE DONOVAN AFFAIR—Here is a truly able cast—Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, William Collier, Jr., Dorothy Revier, John Roche, Ethel Wales and Virginia Brown Faire. And the picture is a swift moving comedy-drama, with a series of triangles and two cold-blooded murders, which keeps the audience at the highest pitch.—*Columbia.*

HOT STUFF—Alice White plays a characteristic Alice White role—that of a girl with the reputation of being "hot stuff." It is a story of romance at college, with William Bakewell supplying the heart palpitations for the feminine fans.—*First National.*

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer blossoms out as an emotional actress of rare ability. Mary Dugan is a chorus girl who is careless enough to have her sugar daddy found dead in her apartment. From then on, the picture is concerned with finding out whether Mary was goose enough to kill the Golden Egg.—*M-G-M.*

ALIBI—One of the best talkies so far. Night-club life and a murder provide the plot. Regis Toomey, Harry Stubbs, Mae Busch and Irma Harrison swing the picture into the first rank of the talkies.—*United Artists.*

COMEDY

JOY STREET—Lois Moran goes whoopee! She inherits a fortune and immediately becomes the center of a rollicking rowdy set of carefree youngsters and she does the best acting of her career. Nick Stuart has the male lead, but Rex Bell steps in and steals the honors.—*Fox.*

THE HOTTENTOT—Edward Everett Horton does some sparkling work in this, one of the funniest farces ever written. He suffers from a mortal fear of horses, yet he is called upon to ride *The Hottentot,* a horse that has killed three men, to please his sweetheart, Patsy Ruth Miller. Of course, Horton wins the steeplechase, much the worse for wear.—*Warner Brothers.*

THE DUKE STEPS OUT—William Haines makes merry in a snappy story of college, the prize ring and love. Gwen Lee and Joan Crawford help speed up the action and manage to keep pace with Haines in this riot of pep and punch.—*M-G-M.*

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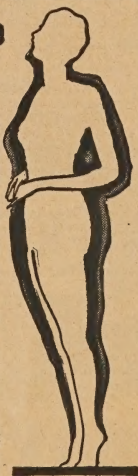

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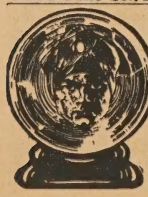

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Hunches That Brought Fame

(*Continued from page* 55)

Reversing her course, she hurried to her brokers. Rubber netted her $15,600 within forty-eight hours.

FORMER President Coolidge provided Bessie Love with the hunch that won her a five-year contract in the talkies at a salary she didn't believe was possible for her. That was two years ago.

There's a bit of irony in that, too. "Silent Cal" leading a girl into stardom!

The films had treated Bessie rather shabbily, what with lifting her to the top, then dropping her cold.

One night the discouraged Bessie sat in a Hollywood picture palace, one of the first to be equipped for Movietone. The then President of the United States flashed on the screen and delivered a brief oration.

"There's the picture of the future," said Bessie to herself. "If I could talk, well. . . ."

Bessie had her hunch.

A few days later she signed a contract for a tour of the picture houses. She picked the film theatres because she would do five shows a day, and five would furnish a more intensive training for her than would the two-a-day vaudeville stage.

Followed more than a year of schooling, then her selection as Hank in *Broadway Melody*.

BETTY COMPSON flared back into screen prominence via a somewhat similar route.

Several years ago she was vacationing in Honolulu. On the beach she noticed a hula dancer who was giving a remarkable performance. For some time she watched the native girl gyrate. Betty congratulated her, expressed a desire to learn the dance, and became the girl's pupil.

When Miss Compson was preparing to return to California, the dancer presented her with a complete hulu outfit.

"Maybe you use in a picture, eh?" she said with a sly smile.

There was Betty's hunch. She stored the costume among her souvenirs.

Rummaging through a trunk last summer, Betty ran across the grass dress and threw it over the back of a chair. That day she had callers and one of them spied the outfit. Betty told the story.

"By George," said the friend, who happened to be George Fitzmaurice, the director, "I'm going to make *The Barker* and there's a part in which you can wear it."

Betty's hunch led to her selection as Carrie in the Milton Sills vehicle. The role brought her others that will earn for her more than a quarter of a million dollars during 1929.

Twelve months ago Betty was rustling work down in Poverty Row.

Lon Chaney traveled to stardom in much the same manner.

Lon was a paper-hanger, and an expert one, too. Business took a slump and as a means to providing groceries, he took a job as a stage hand with a "Ten-twenty-thirt'" show. He had worked two weeks when the company went broke in Los Angeles.

Lon heard tell that Universal was paying $5 a day to most anyone who could ride a horse in its equine operas. Each morning he laid seige to the casting office. Some days he worked; some days he didn't.

Months later he overheard two directors talking over the future of the silent drama.

"These pretty-faced boys and girls are the ones getting the money now," said one, "but the day will come when the character actor will be on the top."

Lon had plenty of time on his hands. He began toying with makeup paints, wigs and false whiskers.

Then he heard Universal was to cast a picture built around a very grotesque character. Lon made up to fit his conception of the part, and appeared before the casting director.

It was his first step toward fame.

DO I believe in hunches? Most certainly," declared Marian Nixon in answer to my question. "All I am and all I ever hope to be in pictures came to me when I played one. Some might call it intuition, but I prefer to believe it was just a plain hunch that caused me to leave Universal."

Marian's contract with Carl Laemmle was nearing expiration. For some time she had been debating the question of whether she should re-sign or turn freelance. Her friends urged the former course as the wisest, but Marian was not enthusiastic about the sweet-girl roles usually handed her. As an independent player, she could refuse or accept characterizations as they appealed to her.

It was while she was trying to decide that she attended a Los Angeles legitimate theatre performance. Her problem was worrying her and she paid little heed to what was transpiring on the stage until she heard the words, "I prefer independence to riches."

A hunch! She, too, would be free even if not quite so prosperous. Her decision proved wise. Since that time she has had several outstanding parts, culminating in the feminine lead in Al Jolson's *Little Pal* and in John Barrymore's *Captain Crack*.

Small wonder that Marian believes in hunches!

Talk to John Barrymore, Monte Blue, Adolphe Menjou, H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson, Everett Edward Horton, Dolores Costello, Lena Malena, Ruth Elder or anyone of a hundred or so others. They'll all tell you that their screen success was won by a hunch.

In fact one has not completely "gone Hollywood" until one learns to play the hunches. The breaks are sure to follow.

The Life Story of Betty Compson

(*Continued from page* 57)

time had meant nothing to me. But now—Ethlyn and Ralph Walker, very important people socially, were giving a party in Collenwood Canyon. Their summer home was the most beautiful spot and the most romantic I had seen. We danced, Gatty and I, then went for a walk down the moon-filtered canyon. Will I ever forget it? Talk about first love and the awakening of it—oh, we were terribly in love!

HE HAD a reputation for being wild. You know, there are always one or two boys in school with a name like that. Mother had a fit about our going together. Then, one day *I* cut school and the orchestra and went out into the woods to spend the day with Gatty. We were discovered. You can imagine the talk! All we had done was to wander around and moon about ourselves and our future as vaudeville headliners, like any two love-sick youngsters.

Do you know, I don't know how all this would have ended, whether I would have settled down and married Gatty or built up a small-town wild-girl reputation, if it hadn't been for a professional interruption.

The manager of the theatre—of whom my mother should have been more alarmed, by the way, than of Gatty—asked if I wouldn't take the place of a sick girl in one of the skits and play a violin solo. Now, I had seen "Nonette" do her violin gypsy act so I decided I'd go a-gypsying too. Only I would be younger and prettier and have a wonderful break because the *other two* in our orchestra knew everything I could do and they would be inspired to help me.

IT WAS a huge success. The whole high school turned out and we did more business that week than ever before. And the mash notes that came in! It was the first time I felt the kick of *succeeding* across the footlights; felt the glamour and the glory, the thrill of praise and publicity—all of those up-in-the-air sensations which go with the theatrical business.

Dick Goss, one of the home-town boys, conceived the idea of our vaudevilling together. I had just turned sixteen. He would put up all expenses and take an act with a couple of other boys and girls to San Francisco.

Dick was careful to put us in a beautiful apartment in San Francisco before he went out to book us. But what he knew about the booking business! We tried out for Sid Grauman, then manager of *The Empress* on the Sullivan-Considine time. "I can use those two girls," Sid said, pointing to me and one other, but Dick wouldn't change or break the act for Grauman.

Stranded! No money! Career! I still had faith in it, but I was beginning to lose faith that my stomach would hold out for it. I still knew I was going to be better than Nonette, that I would be a headliner, if I could only take care of old man Starvation.

One morning I went out by myself and applied at the little Mission Theatre. They gave me $50 for half a week, doing the same little act I put on in Salt Lake City, and Winterhode, the manager, had Levy come down to see me. He gave me a place on the Levy small-time circuit.

When it was over, the big time wouldn't consider me. When you've once played the small time, well, it's something like trying to get out of quickies. It's an awfully hard pull and takes a lot of courage and good breaks to do it.

BACK in San Francisco, living on hopes and my long letters from Gatty. Walking all the way to the San Francisco post office to get them because I didn't have the money for street car riding. We were again literally starving and if we didn't get some good, warm food in our stomachs, some way—

We put an ad in the papers to hire out as domestic servants. Mr. and Mrs. John Haverside hired us as cook and nurse maid. And when we arrived, we learned that Mr. Haverside had a younger brother named Olson who lived with them. Today, I might have known what to expect. But then—well, I hadn't read stories about young plutocrats who fall in love with the pretty nursemaids in their families. I had to learn from experience. And when he learned that I was a good girl and that he must be serious about it—well, he became serious.

The family! You can imagine the situation. At night I waited on dinner and Olson couldn't eat. I was a pretty swell looking dish in my maid's uniform, I don't mind telling you. We were the best help in the world and they had to pay us only $20 a month together and room and board. They certainly didn't like to fire us.

Olson and I decided to run away and get married. We were walking down the street one evening after this momentous decision when I saw a sign advertising *Oil and Water*, starring Blanche Sweet. I wanted to see it, and Blanche Sweet changed my whole life for me. When we came out I said, "Olson, I can't marry you. I'm going to be an actress and go on the stage. I'm not the type who can stay home and have babies."

THE next morning I called some agents and explained the exact situation. A girl was sick at the Pantages. I received $75 a week and expected them to keep me on, but they didn't. I had caught the whooping cough from the Haverside baby and I would whoop right when I was playing. We were

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soon back in the same moneyless situation, mother and I, as before. We saw an ad for a cook and a second girl for a summer resort. I was so sick that we thought perhaps the country would help me to get better. We took the job.

AT THE end of the season, I went back to Salt Lake and discovered that Margaret Whitney was starting a vaudeville act. She was a young composer and had chosen seven gorgeous young creatures who had never been on the stage and Morris Moon, a fine comedian who is dead now. I was the eighth chosen.

By this time, with all these proposals, I was pretty excited about what marriage meant; why people made such a fuss about it. Of course, there was always someone inside the company, as well as out of it. That made for intrigue and jealousies and excitement.

Bob Thurston was "my man" in the act. I made up my mind that although Bob wasn't particularly attractive to me, he was as good as any other. But I decided that before I took the marriage step I would have *one real*—I don't know what to call it except spooning party! It's strange, but as necessary as men were to me, I had never really what you call *necked* with them. Kisses, yes. But that instinctive fear of a young girl prevented *necking*. I chose my eighteenth birthday for this *new experience*, and then if I liked it—

And do you know, it was months before I would let a man put his arms around me, because of that one evening of supposed-to-be romance? If marriage were to mean *more*—bah! what was the use of it? Why, Gatty's ardent kisses meant more than this hugging and petting. It was a good thing it happened. I was so disgusted that I was cured temporarily, at least—for what woman is ever completely cured?—of *man-fever*.

LOS ANGELES was our last stop on the tour. Robert Bradbury, now a director at RKO, but at that time "one of the boys" in Calgary, had made me promise that when I reached Los Angeles, I would take my pictures out to Universal. He even wrote down to have a man meet me. It was the day after my love of men had turned to something like hatred that I decided to keep my promise. They *did* have a man meet me.

They took a test of me fluttering around in a summery dress for Al Christie. Victoria Ford had just vacated, so that left an opening. Gertrude Astor—God bless her—helped me to put on my make-up. I didn't know what it was all about. There wasn't any artificial lighting at this time; just big, open-air stages. Our show was closing that night in Los Angeles, and going to Frisco. I felt so sure that the tests would be successful that I sent a telegram to mother. "Have signed beautiful contract, motion pictures at enormous salary." While all Christie had said, was: "If the tests are all right, you'll get the job."

FROM Frisco I went back to Salt Lake and told everybody there about it. Then I waited and waited. While my poor mother, still cooking in the summer resort, also waited. I couldn't write and tell her it was all a lie, so I just kept faith it would turn out the truth, and kept her waiting.

By this time I was almost starving again. Three weeks and then a special delivery letter. I tore it open. My lie had been the truth then! But this is what it said, when I read it: "I want you to join my comedy company and come to Los Angeles as quickly as you can. Your salary will be $40 a week, with opportunity for several raises. Hoping to see you soon—Al Christie."

Not one word about car fare or expenses. And I had exactly $35. The rate one way—this was in 1915—was $30; return trip, $35. I bought the return one. If conditions in Hollywood were as bad as I'd heard, if they couldn't even send car fare for people, I'd better have a prepared exit. I wired mother on a couple of borrowed dollars to send me spending money.

I LIVED on malted milk tablets from Salt Lake City. There wasn't even a train Johnny from whom I could bum a free breakfast. I sent mother a wire to join me in Los Angeles, from the train, using my last money. Even told her which train to take. But when I got there and met it, via the hotel bus—it was a blessing you didn't have to pay hotels in advance in this city—she wasn't on it. I met every train for two days. Then she showed up at the hotel. She had come down by the boat to save money. She had no idea where I was staying but she remembered that the theatrical hotel which our company had used had an Indian's head on the stationery. And she discovered that the only hotel with an Indian head was the Chickasaw.

She was seasick; I was hungry. We just threw ourselves on the bed and went into hysterics. The next morning I telephoned Al Christie and he sent a car and chauffeur down for me. And that chauffeur was Howard Bertherton, who is now directing me in *The Time, The Place and The Girl*. He also did some of the episodes in *The Barker*.

But then! Mother and I were in a little roadster and we were both so scared that we didn't say a word to each other. I just kept thinking "At least, now I am in Hollywood and have a regular salary and everything for once in our lives is going to be easy for me and my mother! The worst of life's worries are over—"

But are they ever over? Betty Compson will tell of her rise and her fall, her loves and her marriage in Hollywood, in the concluding chapter of her Life Story in the September issue of

SCREEN SECRETS

Out August 10.

Their Heavens

(*Continued from page 62*)

terrier, or a chow. I just love chows."

VILMA BANKY is almost as hard to see as the President of the United States. You bully her publicity man first, but after that you have to get by the director, the camera man, and a thousand and one assistants. Once cornered, she looked at me with blue-eyed innocence, just as if she really wanted to be interviewed.

For a moment, she pondered seriously over my question, then: "If I knew I must die, well, I wouldn't do any differently than I have been doing all along. Yes," her face lighting up as if she had just discovered something vitally important, "I believe I would continue living my last days just as I have always lived.

"I have never given death a thought. Why should I? I am not going to die for a long time;" wistfully, "I would not like to leave my Rod. I think maybe I'm in heaven—now."

Like a whirling, burning contrast to Vilma came Lily Damita, the red-hot queen from Paris. "To die-ee!" a half scream, "oh, my gosh, how awful! Eef I were to die I'd take the first boat back to Paris. I would not want to die here in Hollywoot. So many peoples, and yet, no peoples for me at all! An' I woot gif all my moneys to the poor little babies, you know, the orphans.

"Eet wot be a terrible theeng to know you were going to die. I could nevaire stan' the waiting. I'd keel myself before I'd wait to die. I am a fatalist. The day of your death ees already wreeten, and nothing you can do weel hurry or deter eet.

"N-no, I woot not take any mens back to Paris with me from Hollywoot. No! Mens in films not interesting. You know? I go back to Paris to die alone. No, I woot not go back to any mens in Paris. My, no! No mens anywheres!"

RONALD COLMAN shrank visibly from the question. "No, I'm not afraid to die. But it's difficult to speak about. We all have thoughts about it, but we don't discuss it. We only know there is an after life, but who knows what it is?"

He hesitated a moment, his dark brown eyes saddening for a moment as if reverting to those 10-cent meals in automatic cafeteria days, hunger, disappointments, and finally, a just reward.

"Right now," he continued, "every day is so full. I have everything that, to me, makes life worth living. Everything. I'd feel rotten if I knew I had to die *now*."

Just a hint of wistfulness, just a trace of pathos, or maybe it's just that Ronald Colman impresses me that way.

Sue Carol was nursing a cold in the dark seclusion of a prop bedroom. "Death? Heaven? Oh, I don't know. I've always had sort of an idea that good deeds and evil deeds keep coming back into your thoughts and make heaven and hell in your own mind.

"I don't exactly believe in reincarnation, but I believe there are other worlds, and that this is probably not the first life I have lived through."

DOROTHY MACKAILL dragged me up on a theatre set in back of the drops and wrapped her fur coat around me to keep me warm. The interview took place there, on a piano bench, also near the camera. She was intensely serious about the subject.

"I know there is another life, but I don't believe it is of the golden stair variety. Heaven isn't a perfect place; it is just a better world than we are now living in. There is evil in it, but not as much as there is in this world. There will always be thieves, for instance, because someone will always want what someone else has.

"There is another world, and when we go there, we will think there is a hell just as we believe in this world. Maybe this world *is* heaven. Maybe we have lived through another life, and *this* earth is the 'other world.'"

HERE Jack Mulhall burst into our conversation. "Heaven? I don't expect to make it. It must be nice there from what I've heard about it." His eyes twinkled. "Of course, I don't know. None of my friends have kicked off and then came back in spirit to say, 'Well, Jack, here we are. It's a great old place.' If I really knew the wonders of heaven, whenever I got a headache, I'd think, 'I'll get rid of all this earthly misery; I'll die and get all this glory immediately.'

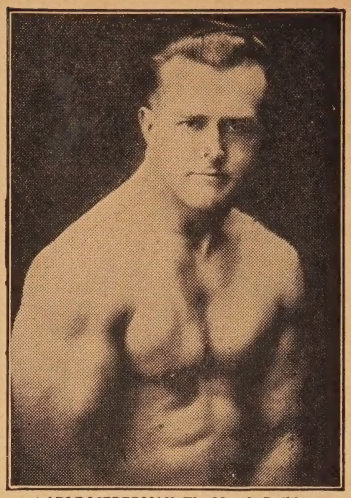
"Being an Irishman I naturally believe in harps—not the big heavy ones, just the nice light ones that are suspended from your neck by a string. Maybe they have cymbals in heaven. When I die, I'll get some nice loud ones to bang whenever a celebrity arrives. They won't stay long. Most of them wouldn't feel at home.

"I'll go to heaven on one condition, and that is that I get to look over the crowd up there. If they're too good, I don't think I'll like it. Lots of nice people I know have no more chance of going to heaven than I have!"

A hearty, ringing, jovial laugh, "You bet there are haloes in heaven;" with a mocking look at Dorothy, "she's going to have a beautiful one, all gold, extra thick, but very light. I'm going to have one, too," morosely, "a rusty hoop from off a barrel."

Monte Blue had suddenly disappeared from the set. He could be found no place. His publicity man whispered that perhaps he was hiding out because of the terrible make-up he was wearing during the first part of the picture.

At my question he first grinned that



EARLE LIEDERMAN, The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

Here's a Short Cut to Strength and Success

"But" you say, "it takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic champions." It does if you go about it without any system, **but there's a scientific short cut.** And that's where I come in.

30 Days Is All I Need

In just 30 days I can do things with your body you never thought possible. With just a few minutes work every morning, I will add one full inch of real, live muscle to each of your arms, and two whole inches across your chest. Many of my pupils have gained more than that, but I GUARANTEE to do at least that much for you in one short month. Your neck will grow shapely, your shoulders begin to broaden. Before you know it, you'll find people turning around when you pass. Women will want to know you. Your boss will treat you with a new respect. You'll look ten years younger, and you'll feel like it, too. Work will be easy. As for play, why, you'll realize then that you don't know what play really means.

I Strengthen Those Inner Organs Too

But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you stand in front of your mirror and look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great squared shoulders! That pair of huge, lithe arms! Those firm, shapely legs! Yes, sir. They are yours, and they are there to stay. You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes indeed, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness **always demands action.**

Send for my New Book, 64 pages and—IT IS FREE

"Muscular Development"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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What They Are Doing

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing in *Fast Life,* story of modern youth, for First National.

Loretta Young plays in the same picture.

Clara Bow is starring in *Dangerous Curves,* a circus picture, for Paramount.

Tom, Owen and **Matt Moore** are making *Side Street,* story of New York, for RKO.

Bebe Daniels is starring in *Rio Rita,* musical comedy, for RKO.

John Boles plays leading man in *Rio Rita.*

Paul Page is making *The Girl From Havana,* detective story, for Fox.

Lola Lane plays in the same picture.

Betty Compson is making *The Viennese Charmer,* story of Bohemian life in New York City, for RKO.

Laura La Plante is making *Evidence,* story of show girl entering society, for Universal.

Olive Borden is starring in *Companionate,* society drama, for RKO.

Neil Hamilton plays in the same story.

Kathryn Crawford is making *The Climax,* for Universal.

Ken Maynard is making *The Dark Horse,* western, for Universal.

Rod La Rocque is working in *A Woman Decides,* pirate story, for RKO.

Ted Lewis is making *Is Everybody Happy?,* musical picture, for Warner Brothers.

Lilyan Tashman is making *Gold Diggers of Broadway,* show picture, for Warner Brothers.

Ralph Forbes is playing in *The Green Goddess,* mystery story, for Warner Brothers.

Alice Joyce plays the feminine lead.

Sally O'Neil is working in *Joy College,* college picture, for Pathe.

Eddie Quillan plays in the same picture.

Louise Fazenda is making *Faro Nell,* comedy, for Christie.

Jack Mulhall is making *Dark Street,* comedy-drama, for First National.

Billie Dove is making *Her Private Life,* society drama, for First National.

Colleen Moore is making *Smiling Irish Eyes,* story of Ireland, for First National.

Dorothy Mackaill is making *The Great Divide,* story of old Mexico, for First National.

Alice White is making *The Girl From Woolworth's,* story of a piano player in the five-and-ten, for First National.

Dolores Costello is starring in *Hearts in Exile,* Russian picture, for Warner Brothers.

Grant Withers is supporting Miss Costello.

John Gilbert is starring in *Redemption,* Russian story, M-G-M.

Victor McLaglen is starring in *The Cock-Eyed World,* after-war story, for Fox.

perfectly fascinating grin of his, and then became quite serious. "I believe in immortality. But there is no other world. Everything is here. As we go along, we advance step by step, and our spiritual side is advancing, too. Keeping pace.

"This modern age is jaded and sophisticated at fourteen. They are going so fast—it is such a tremendous age that they forget that God moves all this. They go madly along with the rest of the crowd. The movies don't mean a thing to them. They can't be thrilled. I may be old-fashioned, (and thank God for it!), but I hope the day may never come when I am so blasé and cynical that I can't feel a tug at my heart-strings and respond to the most average of pictures.

"I have never had to face death. But once I sat in an electric chair where 26 men had died, and all of a sudden I felt horrified, 'Let me out of here!' I shouted. It was just the thought that all of those men had passed to eternity in that chair. It got me."

He departed—for heaven . . . there is a new baby at his house.

Lupe Velez is one who has lived life vividly, one who refuses flatly to give up the game. Not even thoughts of death can disturb her overwhelming zest for life.

"Whoopee! Maybe all my life I dance and sing and make lots of fun all the time, and then when my time come, I'd be so happy and full of pep that I would live for 50 years more!

"If somebody tell me I had just a short time to live in thees world, I show heem what I do, you bet!"

A teasing smile. An impudent glance over her shoulder. A scornful laugh. At death?—perhaps. Who knows?

CORINNE GRIFFITH is exquisite, and her idea of heaven is as beautiful as her body. She smiled at me.

"Nothing good or beautful ever dies. By that I mean that while our bodies may decay, our spirit lives on. You look at me, and you say, 'This is Corinne Griffith.' But it is not Corinne; it is just the physical aspect of her that you see. The real Corinne is inside," she touched her heart lightly; "and long after my physical body is dead, my soul will be living on.

"If we believe strongly enough that physical things do not count, and that the spiritual is all that really matters, we will be so near the spiritual when we die that it will not be too great a change from life to death."

After interviewing Corinne, I called up a publicity man I had seen that morning. "Mr. L—," I said, "I'd like an interview on death with So-and-so and So-and-so."

"Would you?" he asked politely, "well, you won't get it. You've given the whole studio the blues, and I'm getting the creeps myself. When you discover a more cheerful subject, come around."

And that, I reflected thoughtfully, was that.

The Pluck o' the Irish

(*Continued from page 39*)

sons and daughters of Erin, that must be given their share of credit.

COLLEEN has been stimulated to new enthusiasm by the talkies, finding the methods of Vitaphone production refreshingly dissimiliar to the making of silent pictures.

"I feel as excited over *Smiling Irish Eyes* as I was about my first picture," she told me. "I didn't think I'd ever experience again the combination of thrills and fright I went through during my first few days in pictures, but I was right back there again when we started work on this picture. Until you've made a few dialogue scenes, you can't forget that microphone, hanging over your head like a sword of Damocles. Of course, I'm accustomed to it now, but there are so many other interesting angles to the making of a talking picture that it's a new adventure every day."

When John McCormick decided to put Colleen into a talking production, he didn't stop half way. On the contrary, he selected a story that not only affords her the opportunity to speak lines throughout the picture, but calls upon her to sing several songs as well.

Colleen possesses a pleasing voice, which she enriched by daily lessons and diligent practice for almost three months before production started on *Smiling Irish Eyes*. Her natural aptitude for music undoubtedly aided her in this preparation, as Colleen studied the piano for seven years before entering screen work. She had never sung professionally, prior to the recording of one of the Irish melodies written especially for *Smiling Irish Eyes*, but she immediately proved herself almost as capable a vocalist as she is an actress.

THE songs Colleen sings are most exacting. Not that they are particularly difficult in themselves, but the four melodies in which her voice is to be heard range all the way from comedy to heart-breaking tragedy. *Smiling Irish Eyes*, the title of the principal song, is a gay love-ballad that is woven deftly into the plot of the story; *Then I'll Ride Home With You* is a humorous number, into which Colleen puts all her sparkling personality; *A Wee Bit O' Love* is an emotionally romantic piece, while she sings *Come Back To Erin* in the most effectively dramatic manner.

Quite an order for a vocalist without professional experience, yet if Colleen sings all her songs with the warmth and feeling that characterized her rendition of the one I was privileged to hear, she is destined to win new laurels on the screen.

"Don't forget to say that I'm just like Harrigan—'I'm proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,'" she said laughingly.

And unless they are less bright than I have been led to believe, the Irish are equally as proud of Colleen.

To Those Who *Do Not* Know

... THIS NEW *MODE* OF FEMININE HYGIENE ...

THE modern American woman is envied by the other women of the world today because of her independence. She is eager to take care of her self . . . anxious to preserve far beyond the allotted years the bloom and buoyancy of youth. The modern American woman is fast learning that this depends largely upon a subject too often ignored . . . upon *feminine hygiene.*

Heretofore, feminine hygiene has been achieved at great discomfort. Seldom convenient . . . under some conditions it was impossible.

No Water - No Accessories

Now, however, through the use of a harmless antiseptic in *tablet form,* which requires no water or accessories, American women are fast learning the *convenience* of feminine hygiene. Among women who know, among nurses especially, you will hear enthusiastic recommendation of this antiseptic.

These tablets are known as Pariogen tablets. For a long time prescribed by the medical profession, Pariogen is *not a poison,* contains no carbolic acid, cresol or bichloride of mercury, *yet destroys the most pernicious germs in a few seconds.*

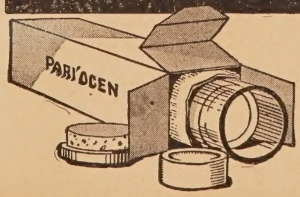
May Be Carried in a Purse

Pariogen tablets come twelve to the tube - a tube about the size of a fountain pen. The price at any drug store is $1.00. Pariogen tablets may be carried anywhere in a purse, making hygienic measures possible almost anywhere, no other accessories or water being required.

Sent Anywhere by Mail

If your druggist is unable to supply you, or if you prefer to send direct, the coupon below and a dollar bill will bring you a full size tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use.

If, for any reason you do not wish to keep them, just return whatever remains and we will promptly refund your dollar and postage. Tear out the coupon now.



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420 South 6th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed please find $1.00 for which please send me under plain wrapper one tube of Pariogen tablets together with full directions for their use, under the money-back guarantee stated in your advertisement.

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT
Address.....
City..... State.....

NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline ~ Quickly

Instantly makes you look inches thinner and years younger and actually massages away fat every second while you wear it!

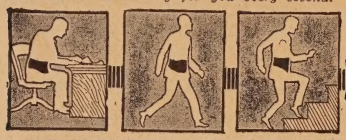
HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced 2 to 4 inches. At the same time your stomach disorders, constipation, backache and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and should look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

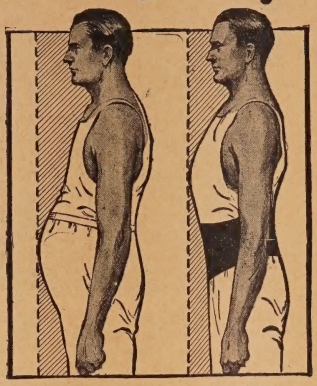
Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Reducing Belt is made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that, as you wear it, every breath you take and every move you make imparts a constant gentle automatic massage to every inch of the abdomen. It works for you every second, day and night, and reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys, because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

As shown below, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.





SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write at once for full description and details of the special 10-Day Trial Offer being made, to the Weil Company, 1008 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
1008 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.
Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

I Knew I'd Forget Something!

As usual, I'd packed in a hurry. It was just a week-end trip with my husband, and there wasn't much room for those accessories of the toilet which every modern woman possesses for the practice of feminine hygiene.

Fortunately, I had a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's feminine cones with me, ready to supply instantly, without inconvenience, all the requirements of the most fastidious for cleanliness and prevention of infection.

You, too, can avoid embarrassment and discomfort by providing yourself with a box of Dr. H. H. Warner's celebrated cones. Sent in a plain wrapper, prepaid, these cones come fifteen in a box—a very generous supply. The price is $1 a box, or three boxes for $2.50, with full instructions for their use.

FREE Dr. H. H. Warner's booklet giving details, advice, prices, etc., of the many necessities to the personal hygiene of women and girls. Sent FREE upon request.

WARNER'S RENOWNED REMEDIES CO.
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DEVELOP FORM
14-Day Treatment FREE

Est. 1903

My old original Three Part Treatment, standby of women for 25 years, has made thousands happy. Only tested one that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, massage, exercises, pumps or dangerous appliances.

Send 10c for 14-Day Demonstration—to cover postage. Why pay more when I give big proof treatment FREE to all except mere curiosity seekers. Dime back if not satisfied.

Madame Williams DK-57 Buffalo, N.Y.

WRITE STORIES

for Moving Pictures. Producers pay from $100 to $5,000 for each photoplay. Interesting and fascinating. No experience required. Work in sparetime. Send only $1.00 for complete instructions, "How to Write a Moving Picture Play." Address: Fine Arts Company, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, Suite 409.

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Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
2652 Ogden Ave., Dept. K-629 Chicago, Ill.

Brave Toreador!

(*Continued from page 63*)

chulos. They circle the arena with banners streaming and steel flashing. The officers retire to their boxes and the fighters leave the arena. The guest of honor throws down the key to the toril, which is the place where the bulls are kept.

"The corrida is divided into three parts called suertes. A trumpet sounds for each suerta. At the sound of the first trumpet the picadores dash out into the arena on horseback—the horses are blindfolded and really have seen better days. Then the toril is opened and out trots Mr. Bull. The picadores meet him with their pikes, to prepare him for what is to come later on. The poor horses don't last long after that and one cannot help but breathe a sigh of relief when the first suerta is over—and to think I always bragged about having a good stomach.

"Well, the next suerta is more interesting and not so gory. It's called the suerte de banderellear, or, the planting of the darts. The banderelleros are on foot and each carries two darts, decorated with colors to match their costumes. They toss these darts onto Mr. Bull's back and he objects in no uncertain manner. Quite often it is necessary for banderelleros to do a little fence climbing, all of which adds to the general amusement.

THE third trumpet is the crucial one, calling for the suerte de mator, or the killing. The cheering of the crowd almost drowns out the sound of this trumpet. The toreador rides into the arena alone. In this case it was my friend, Canero. He rode jauntily up to my box, tossed his cap to me as a gesture of honor, then rode out to challenge his bull. After a few narrow escapes and quick manoeuvers, he planted his sword in the proper place and Mr. Bull sank down without a murmur.

"That crowd went wild! I'm sure no king was ever accorded a greater ovation than was Canero and I was just as wild as anyone there. The thrill was the greatest of my life! Why, we people in Hollywood don't know what thrills are when compared to that bullfight!

"I went back to the hotel with the glamor of the corrida still hovering over me, but—just between you and me—it was several days after that before I ordered my steak rare."

Who Will be the Winners?

Watch succeeding issues of *Screen Secrets* for announcements about the great $1,500 Prize Contest conducted by this magazine, and which closes July 15.

The Whoopee Club

(*Continued from page* 61)

Ray calls the first real American folk dance.

WE DECIDED to have only two rules," explains Lois, eagerly. "One rule is against drinking. We make whoopee so fast and furiously we don't need to drink. Most people who are going to a party seem to think they must drink before they let themselves go, and then they let go so hard they become disgusting.

"Drinking is so old-fashioned, we think. Maybe it's O. K. for older people—the poor things haven't much imagination, usually—but we are really alive and want to enjoy ourselves when we have all our senses.

"The rule about not getting sore is necessary because no club can be a success if someone's feelings are forever getting hurt.

All serious love affairs are frowned upon. Boys and girls may come to the club in pairs, but it's usually a different pair. They are so busy making whoopee there is no time for petting parties even if the attitude of the club was not definitely against it as "old-fashioned"—the most withering epithet the members use.

When the club met at the Lafayette, three young comedians made separate entrances. The first one walked across the polished floor, stumbled and made a dramatic fall. The manager rushed to him—he looked dazed and pointed accusingly to the floor. The manager could see nothing but he apologized.

Second comedian entered, at the same spot tripped and fell, still more dramatically. More apologies from the manager, more grieved pointing at the floor.

Third comedian repeated the performance, by which time the perspiring manager had convinced himself that something really was the matter with the floor and sent for a menial to reprove him, whereupon all three giddy youths burst into cheers and fell down together.

Up in Santa Barbara, Nick Stuart sent a bell boy to page Mr. Barrymore. Imagine his embarrassment when every male member of the club rose from all parts of the lounge, settled their ties and followed him.

Anything goes in a Whoopee Club—except the stuff old man Volstead and old man Jones prohibited.

Whoopee!

How to Break into the Talkies

(*Continued from page* 27)

must limber up. Shake the kinks out of the old legs. Get them in working order. Then you must learn to dance—master the fundamental steps that are the basis of every chorus routine. And then you are ready for professional training. Not in the movies! Oh no, not yet.

The bulk of movie extra girls of the future will be drawn from three main sources, from vaudeville, from stage presentation acts from the New York stage, and from the professional movie extras who have learned to sing and dance. The girl who would enter the movies henceforth, must first be a graduate from one of these groups.

This will naturally narrow the field, but it will also save a lot of disappointment and heartbreak. It will eliminate to a large degree the element of chance, which in silent pictures has brought sudden success to a few and tragedy and heartbreak to many.

EXTRA work in the talkies will be on a much more satisfactory basis to the people engaged in it. Girls in the chorus will be paid by the week, instead of by the day. Under the old system, the average extra worked only about two or three days a week, so that what seemed on the face of it to be a good salary really amounted to very little. Work in musical pictures will be steadier and for a longer period. Furthermore, there are rehearsals to be gone through before actual production starts.

IT IS safe to say that many a star of tomorrow will come up from the chorus. There a girl has a chance to distinguish herself. Her voice, her beauty, her personality, will all have a chance to stand out, whereas they would be lost in a mob scene of a thousand people.

Furthermore, producers are going to be on the lookout for promising chorus girls. They are going to give them every chance to develop themselves. And as fast as they prove themselves worthy, they will be given a chance at better roles.

The star of talking pictures will need all the attributes that are necessary for the chorus—poise, grace, carriage, a pleasing voice, an attractive figure.

It is a long, hard road, this new road to fame, but there is always room at the top. Remember this: You don't have to come to Hollywood and take a chance any more if you want to break into the movies. In fact, it would be fatal to do so. Like charity, your movie career should begin at home. And then if you have the ability and the courage to surmount the first obstacles in a professional career and can gain some measure of success on the stage, then you have passed your first milestone on the road to movie fame.

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The THREE CREAMS *of the* SHULDBERG GUILD *in* GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE *only* $1.00

NOW you may use the beauty technique developed by the Shuldberg Guild for the exclusive use of aristocratic Russian women. In Tsaretsa Toiletries Meyer Shuldberg, last of his Guild, brings you the secret formulas. Make this simple test in your own home. Cleanse, nourish, and protect your skin daily for one week with the three Tsaretsa beauty creams. You will be amazed at the new beauty that will be yours. One dollar will bring you generous jars of these aristocratic creams. Mail the coupon today for the special test offer. Tsaretsa Toiletries are sold by leading dealers

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Be sure to read it!

DAGGERS OF DOOM

A startling story of romance, mystery, and intrigue in shadowy Chinatown. By all means read it if you are looking for thrills!

in the AUGUST issue of

True Love Affairs Magazine

ON SALE JULY 15

WATCH FOR THIS COVER!

13 other thrilling underworld romances and detective mysteries! Including THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN. You have possibly enjoyed the stage and screen versions of this famous mystery—but you will thrill anew as you read the story as told by the reporter who covered the trial and who reveals startling situations omitted by the stage and screen!

If your newsdealer is sold out, send 25c for the August issue of TRUE LOVE AFFAIRS Magazine, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Rex Appeal

(*Continued from page 65*)

consult his director, he did a still more unusual thing, he sat down and thought for himself. And, at the end of several hours of steady thinking, he took himself to a coon cabaret on Central Avenue, in the heart of Los Angeles nigger town, and gave himself up to the great god Jazz.

HE SAID to that much maligned diety, "I'm just a quiet boy with ambitions. I can ride a bucking broncho, I can rope a steer, I can rescue the heroine from under the feet of stampeding cattle, and not one of those things will help me now.

"I've got to learn to sing my way through a tired world; I've got to look like every mother's daughter wanted me, and I've got to fairly ooze confidence. I'm putting it up to you, old man Jazz, now get on with your work."

And old man Jazz got to work. For as Rex sat in that tumble down cabaret watching those negroes dance and listening to them play and sing, he realized that their syncopating tunes were born of the conviction that life is short and meaningful.

Rex went back to that cabaret night after night. He took dancing lessons from a negro girl, he learned to play a saxophone, and occasionally he joined in the singing in the cabaret, drinking in the jazz, making its recklessness and light heartedness a part of him.

WHEN the time came to start work on *Joy Street,* people who knew nothing of the dancing, or the singing, or the saxophone, began to notice a difference in Rex. His eyes smiled as audaciously as his lips, and there was a new assurance in his manner.

"Yes," he answered, when asked if he would like to make a talkie. "I'd like to make one. I don't think that talking pictures should be any more difficult than the silent pictures for the seasoned screen player.

"I'm partial to the talking pictures made by the men and women of the screen, rather than those that feature stage celebrities. On the stage the voice is the thing, but on the screen every thought and idea should be put across by gesture and facial expression as well as voice. I've never made a talkie, although in *Joy Street,* I sing a song.

Because Rex set out to find the root of confidence and not a sham expression of it, his smile has remained sincere. He believes in himself, and one feels that he has good reason for that belief. The time will probably come when Rex will be a box-office drawing card, and men will envy him, and women adore him, all because he evolved his own method of ridding himself of his inferiority complex, and used his own head in learning how to use his feet and voice and smile.

McLaglen—Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page 67*)

this moment. But that Scotch instinct that Andrew McLaglen gave all his children, was there. There was the future to think about. Old age would eventually descend.

About that time, Lefevre, the wrestler, came to town. A match between us was arranged. There were big posters painted, "Great International Wrestling Match Tonight. Lefevre of France and McLaglen of England. Admittance, $1.50." I was offered $150 to wrestle to a draw. The hall was to be given us free.

The afternoon of the bout, a giant figure came up the path to the Lion's Den, as I called my cabin. It was Lefevre. "There's no reason why we can't talk this fight over," he said, as he entered the door. "Now, look here, youngster, I'm old and you're young. I'm soft and you're hard. I need the money and so do you. Let's give 'em about four rounds and I'll fall down."

SO THERE I was, my first professional bout assured and $150 falling into my lap, like so many ripe apples. After that there were other fights. There was one at Pete, the Greek's place, where I fought Fred Snyder for $400.

Along came the spring thaw. With it went my cabin. It had been built on the hard-crusted snow and ice and it sagged daily under the warmth of the sun. The mud fell from the chinks and chipmunks crept in and nibbled my food. A brush fire made me grab my clothes and the $2,000 I had saved and flee for safety. The fire struck the dynamite house at Cobalt and the town was no more. After that I pushed on to Toronto, boxing all comers. My eventual destination was Vancouver, in the far West.

IT WAS in Port Arthur that I met James J. Saxon, formerly with the British navy. He became my manager. He was a nice enough little chap, with a tendency to get drunk regularly. This night, not long after we had become associated, he asked me for $15. Now then, we had agreed that we would put all our money away and get by on just as little as we could. I pointed out this to him, and for answer he picked up a water bottle and slung it at me. With that I let him have it on the jaw, and pretty soon I found myself under arrest on a charge of "doing grievous bodily harm to James J. Saxon." I had put his eye out.

The police chief was a good sort. He said, "You stay in my office with me until I leave."

That night, I had plenty of time to muse on matters, and particularly on the fellow with the checkered cap, who had come up in the cafe and offered me a drink, and, at my refusal, a smoke. When I rejected that, too, he had said, "I like the looks of you. You are a good, clean kid. I'll be sitting at the ringside tonight. I know considerable about this game. I can give you some tips."

THE following morning, I found $500 bail had been put up for me. I had thought I did not have a friend in the town. They told me my friend of the cafe had gone bail. I went around to find him and did.

He was so drunk he couldn't leave the bed, where he was lying, crosswise. "You're a good, clean kid," he repeated. "But stay away from women and drink. They're no good. Look at me. Five thousand dollars reward for me right now. Got mixed up in a jewel robbery and one thing and another. Got mixed up in a $50,000 fur robbery and a couple of Winnipeg tarts squealed on me. Women'll always give a man away. There's only one woman in the world to trust, and that's yer mother. I'm keeping her in Petersborough in a nice little house and she don't know nothing about this. When she dies, I don't care what happens to me. Maybe I'll go straight."

I sat in the dinky little hotel room listening to him. But what bothered my head was what had happened to the fighter I was matched with the night before. "That's all right, son. Don't bother about him. He's sleeping out in the bushes along the road somewhere. I don't carry this little bottle around with me for nothing. A couple of drops in a whiskey and they see the little lamps blinking at them in two minutes."

The next morning the case was dismissed because no one appeared against me and the chap's $500 was returned to him.

From there I went to Winnipeg. Outside of Winnipeg was the Happy Land Park. In it was Holm Duval, a former Edinborough University student; a huge fellow, who offered $25 to any chap who could stay 15 minutes, wrestling with him. He had won his job from a friend by out-staying him.

I took a try and beat him in 12 minutes. After that I had a regular job. One night I wrestled 11 men; two were professionals. Those were busy times.

The C. J. Parker Carnival company ran the show and presently we went on tour, Duval's act being changed to a $25 prize to any team of horses which could pull his arms apart.

WHEN we struck the States and Spokane, Washington, we decided to put on a bit of dog. We rented an evening suit for Kerrigan and sent him downtown for a collar and tie. Later, we ran across him in the gutter, drunk, in his evening suit, but minus collar and tie. It was up to us to substitute for him, which we did, with gusto, elaborating on his already flowery speech.

FAT WOMEN!

HERE IS SPLENDID NEWS

5 to 10 Pounds Off in Two Weeks!

A new discovery now makes it possible for overstout people to quickly reduce double chin, or fat bust, arms, abdomen, hips, legs or ankles at home. It's so easy and harmless that thousands who failed through other means are now getting amazing results in a few days' time.

This new external product is a white, dainty paste which you rub into any fat part you wish to reduce, at night, as you would cream. But it is not a cream and does not contain a drop of water. And the effects are almost magic-like. The parts treated with this new scientific creation, called "COLLIPASTE," are quickly reduced in size and weight, because the paste penetrates and brings about a physiological reaction, heating the surplus fat layers under the skin, the excess fat then actually oozes out through the opened pores with excreted moisture, like perspiration.

Slenderizing the figure this new, easy way is meeting with hearty approval by physicians who warn against dangerous drugs and starvation diets. The success of COLLIPASTE will surely revolutionize methods of reducing, because it is pleasant and healthful to use at night, and works while you sleep. Get a jar now and take away those ugly, fatty, burdensome parts.

Send no money, simply mail Coupon below to Dermolav Laboratories, Dept. 41-D, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for jar costing only $1.95. On arrival pay postman. If you are not more than pleased with reduction, your money will be refunded. Print address plainly.

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, one jar of COLLIPASTE, with book of instructions. On arrival I agree to pay postman $1.95, plus few cents postal charge, which will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

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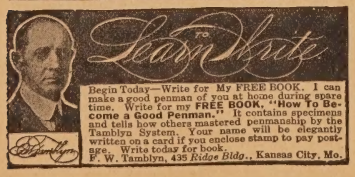

I was getting a bit fed up. I wanted to go over the western horizon. I went to Hawaii, fighting my way, teaching boxing. I wasn't content with Hawaii. I went on from Honolulu to Australia. In Melbourne, I had dinner with my benefactor of Port Arthur, the safe-cracker. But he was no longer that. His mother had died. He had gone straight, had married, was a father, a successful business man, and even then was running for a seat in Parliament. From there I went to India, stopping at Bombay, at Poona, my itching heel, the McLaglen itching heel, carrying me on.

IT WAS in India at a game of badminton, that I met the Rajah of Arkakoal, the only remaining member of his family who had not died from poison. We went leopard hunting and tiger hunting. In leopard hunting, we tied a goat to a tree in the jungle and that night the leopard would kill his prey, leaving, to return the following night to devour it. The next night, we would be there with our guns. The life was vital and sporting and I liked it. But I left to push on to East Africa, to Zanzibar, to German East Africa, to Portugese East Africa, to South Africa, to Capetown, where I retraced my father's footsteps. It was about then that I learned of the Rajah's death, through poison. He had gone to secure a powder for indigestion and had been given a fatal potion.

The years were passing. Life was pleasant, stirring, always full of adventure. In 1914, came the war. It upset the pleasant conventions of the English colony at the southernmost tip of Africa. Men in the middle country, in the veldt, sold their sheep at a loss and took the first boat for home. It was thrilling to see them board the ship that took me north and to Britain. It was great to see this demonstration of their love for England. On the Island everywhere there was preparation for war. Father had established a chain of free soup kitchens and free nurseries, and was busy with them. Mother had passed on. The boys were at the front. I got a commission in 4/10 Middlesex Regiment (the Duke of Cambridge's own) and recruited a company. We were sent to Baghdad.

We were there for five years. During that time I was appointed Provost Marshal of the city, with the privilege of deciding minor civic problems. It was like being Chief of Police in Paradise, this lazy, delightful desert city, older than man, with Eve, herself, so believed the faithful, buried not many miles hence. That, to me, I believe was the most invigorating, the most pleasant time of my life. Even in this town of legend, written about for centuries, I felt I had existence by the throat, that I had a more tangible reason for living, than I have in Hollywood, where everything seems artificial, a phantasma that will be gone tomorrow.

There was little Apple, her name in Arabic meant just that, and her dis-

SHE REDUCED

What a Relief!

Virginia Grant is a social favorite now. But when she was overweight, she was not popular, because her figure was clumsy, ungainly, and her clothes did not fit.

She tried to reduce, through diet and otherwise, but was unsuccessful. Then she used Korein, and quickly lost her superfluous flesh, as proved by her photograph.

Men and women of all ages and weights have used Korein. They report reductions from 10 to 70 pounds, easily, safely, genuinely.

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MU-COL has many hygienic uses.
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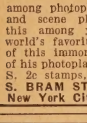

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tinguished Arabian father. I had about made up my mind to ask for my discharge after the Armistice and settle down with the family as a son-in-law and partner in a thriving camel caravan business he had. Already I was dickering with the interned Turks for their gold coins to mold the soft metal into bracelets and bangles for little Apple.

But the war ended. The high tension to which a world was pitched, relaxed. I learned that my brother Fred had passed. I was needed at home. I went. In England, there was not the bright sun of the desert. It was the England of my childhood. All the way around the globe and home again to a Kent village. I rather held myself in abeyance.

SOMETHING would happen. Something did happen. I was approached by a motion picture producer. He wanted to know if I wanted to be an actor. I didn't know. It was beyond my ken how I could be an actor. My life, it seemed, had been too active to confine myself to miniature battles on a screen. The role he offered me was simple. I had merely to play myself, a fighter. It was *The Call of the Road*, an appropriate title. I took it. It was the first of 20 pictures I made in Britain. One was with Lady Diana Manners, directed by J. Stuart Blackton.

Something else happened. I discovered that a man may roam the continents and come home to find completion. I met Enid Lamonte; her father was in the British Admiralty; and a charming friendship resulted. She was all that typified England to me, sweet and reposeful, after years of travel.

It was after the war. A new vista opened for me. I found myself wanting the invisible, enduring, sweet fetters of a home. I wanted children. We were married.

Never will I forget the pride in my father's eyes when his namesake, Andrew, our first child, now seven, was brought to him for baptism.

Little Andrew is like his grandfather, and like me, and a little like his maternal grandfather, all of us who liked to roam. At our summer home in La Jolla, he will be gone for hours, exploring the rocks and crevices of the California coast. Often he is joined by his sister, Sheila, who toddles along on her chubby, five-year-old legs. Occasionally he asks me to join him on his excursions. I am flattered that he takes me into his confidence. I recognize in him the McLaglen lust for travel and adventure.

ONE day, about five or six years ago, I received word from Commodore Blackton to come to America. He had guided my picture career so dexterously that I came, implicitly. Blackton was to produce a picture with a carnival company hero, *The Beloved Brute*. Again, I was playing myself. Here I was back in the States, but no longer a rolling

(*Turn to page* 111)

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Lilyan Laughs at Life

(*Continued from page* 68)

films. For the most part, their stories have been drawn from stage plays, and the plays of the past few seasons have stressed intimate drama of the drawing room. Consequently, players of polite roles are finding themselves on top of the heap . . . and vododeodo! who of these is more deft than La Tashman?

I DON'T suppose you like it very well out here?"

Recalling the loathing which most picture people profess for the town, I was surprised at the answer to my question. This assuredly was one girl who must lie awake nights, moaning for the glitter of Times Square. But: "I love it! I didn't at first—but I do now. I suppose it's because of the sound pictures. Not only because of the nice way they are treating me, but because they seem to be drawing most of New York out here. The other night we gave a party for about forty people, and I don't recall but three or four of them who are known only through picture work . . . Oh, not that I hold any brief against the films," she hastened to add. "I'm mad about them. But there are other things in life, other interests, other things to be enthused over."

"Then you're not going to hang on in pictures until the bitter end?" I nodded toward a certain passe star; one of the pitiable group which struggles to retain a foothold before the press of changing conditions. "Like her?"

"No; absolutely not. When my day is done, I'm out. There are seven or eight other interests in my life—and I think any one of them could fill the picture gap. Every day opportunities come to me to go into other fields of work. I have a chance to act as a buyer for one of New York's largest shops. And one to go into a business which will issue merchandise bearing my name. And one as a designer of furnishings for a group of apartment houses. I think interior decoration is the work I'll eventually enter when I'm through with this game, but that's all in the future." She spread her slim pale hands. "It's pictures now."

YES, it's pictures now; to their immense luck, recalling her recent work in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* and *Bulldog Drummond*. But I suspect that Lilyan will not be content to go on appearing in the roles, smart as they may be, to which she has been relegated by the pigeon-holing tactics of producers. A day will come when boredom, the dread spectre of this modern age, will descend upon her. And then her restless mind and capacity for vital action will be through with motion pictures as surely as it has been the custom of pictures to abandon those who have used up their capacity to interest.

"What I want," she exclaimed, "is to be a real person. Someone ageless and grand. Like Cecil Sorel. Or Bernhardt. Or Mistinguette. Or Isadora Duncan. Despite their faults, those were real women. Immortal. No one ever asked how old they were, any more than we now hear people asking about the ages of women like Jeanne Eagels—or Jane Cowl—or Irene Bordoni—or Ethel Barrymore. Years simply don't affect them. They have some quality which will let them go on forever!"

"And that quality is?" I encouraged.

"A mental force. A directing intelligence. Great women are, as I see it, primarily intelligent. Not intellectual, pray understand—but intelligent. A man might look at a cute young girl and say 'H'mm, what swell hips.' But unless that girl has something with which to back up the lure of her body—no matter how powerful this lure may be—before long his interest must wane."

SHE laughed again, the same vibrant, dazzling laughter. But by now the waiter and the chap at the next table and I all had ourselves a little better in control.

"I was talking to Sidney Howard, the playwright, about women the other evening after seeing *The Broadway Melody*. I asked him what was the attraction of these hill-and-valley girls. He said that he guessed that the appeal of the Anita Pages of the world to men primarily was to The Beast That Lurks Within... Perhaps that's true. But I've a low-down suspicion that sort of appeal fades like Christmas jewelry."

"What do you think it takes to hold a man?" I asked.

"Intelligence first. That is the general which marshals the rest of the troops. Then charm, a sense of humor, wit, beauty, and sex appeal. Oh, don't make any mistake about that last! Just because a woman is intelligent is no reason why she should be shy on sex appeal. To the contrary: Look, for instance, at the great women of history. What they didn't get with their brains, they got with their bodies."

She hesitated, staring down at her glass. For a moment the mask of the gay and dashing Mrs. Edmund Lowe was moved aside. I had a brief, convincing glimpse of a purposeful young woman, her feet on Celluloid boulevard, her eyes on the soaring reaches of some distant heights.

"If you know what you want," she said steadily, "and drive toward it with all the forces at your command—nothing, *nothing in all the world*, can keep you from it!"

Then, as if fearful lest she had given indecent exposure to her ambitions, she dropped back into the more familiar character of the good scout. She laughed . . .

And the waiter and I and the fellow at the other table all knocked things over in delightful unison.

Lilyan Tashman—what a woman!

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REGINALD BARKER, the director, was using a big outdoor set during Hollywood's recent hot spell. A number of Mexicans, required for atmosphere in *The Great Divide*, just couldn't keep their eyes open.

Finally, Barker barked.

"Hey!" he shouted. "This is a fiesta, not a siesta."

McLaglen—Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page* 109)

stone. I was a man with a profession, a man with responsibilities. It was not to be, however, that I should rise to the crest immediately.

I was not a star in America. Nevertheless, something of that intangible delight that colored those days in the Canadian backwoods was with me in Hollywood, despite, as I have before said, the fact that I felt it was, and still is, an impermanent phase of life. And, too, I was re-enacting some of the very scenes that I had experienced in my former existence. In *Winds of Chance*, I had an opportunity to re-live my Canuck days. In *Beau Geste*, I was again in Morocco on the hot, hot desert. Captain Flagg in *What Price Glory?* was the ultimate. Here is a picture that I look upon as my best.

I look back over *Mother Machree, Hangman's House, Captain Lash, The River Pirate*, even *The Black Watch*, to *What Price Glory?* as my outstanding effort. It was the army life, the vitality of that existence, that I knew so well and loved. It is with the same intense feeling that I turn to its sequel, *The Cock-Eyed World*, which we are now filming.

Here is my life. You have it. There is little else to say, except, perhaps, one thing—and that is contradictory. It is inconsistent, in view of my occupation. It is this: I don't want to be famous. I would much rather live in the Canadian backwoods, with my little family, or beside an oasis in Irak, than to follow the flicker of fame in Hollywood—this routine that life has worked out for me.

The End

Wolf! Wolf!

(*Continued from page* 75)

approached on the First National lot one day by a man who introduced himself, and said: "Don't you think I look like you, Mr. Barthelmess?"

Dick was amazed. "Yes," he said, "there is a slight resemblance, now that you call my attention to it."

"I want a job as your double," offered the enterprising gentleman. "No, don't misunderstand me. I don't mean on the screen. I want to double for you in person at those functions which you don't like to attend. Theatre openings, personal appearances, and so on. I can save you quite a lot of trouble that way." But Dick didn't bite.

Clara Bow's recent experience was rather terrifying.

A young man of nineteen was found lying under her lawn one night, haggard and ragged. He feigned great weakness from lack of food. Clara insisted that the servants give him a room and food until his recovery. A week later, Clara, beginning to smell a rat, suggested he go to the hospital. He stubbornly refused. Meanwhile, he watched Clara as

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a cat does a mouse. Then one day he disappeared.

About a week later, the fact that several men were shadowing the Bow house, Clara's car, and the studio entrance, became evident. The very next night, Clara's well-known town car, with only her maid inside, was stopped by three masked men, one of whom, in height and build, compared to the mysterious boy that Clara had befriended. But the maid and chauffeur were let go. It was Clara the men were after. Investigation brought to light that the boy was not a criminal bent on kidnaping Clara, but an unwise movie fan who wanted his name connected with the star's at any cost.

THE other day, Norma Shearer received a letter from a young woman who declared that, although Norma had changed her name, she knew her to be a sister. The writer of the letter insisted that Norma come home at once and quit all this nonsense about being a star. She added that their father was ill and that they needed money. Would Norma remit at once with a large check, and not try and get out of it, since the letter writer had recognized her as a sister?

The worst type of parasite, though, is the outright blackmailer who threatens to reveal a scandal in the star's life just when he or she cannot afford to jeopardize an early success. Thousands of dollars are taken from film players each year upon threat of revealing scandal.

Directors are preyed upon by young women who, after gaining an interview, threaten to scream and charge that advances were made. In another day, it was easier to pay a few dollars and save trouble, but this method of blackmail is now such an old story that leading directors all follow King Vidor's plan. He has peep holes drilled in the walls of his office. Through these tiny holes, his secretary and others are able to see all that goes on around the director's desk.

BUT there is one scheme that is never put up to the stars. And that is the time-honored new studio stock sale. For there are studios constantly and continually starting, and stock galore for sale. But film people won't invest. They know this game too well. Such issues of stock go to the outsider—the tourists visiting Hollywood, for instance, who usually buy great blocks of shares, which are later found to be of no use whatsoever save as expensive souvenirs of their California visit.

Yet, despite rebuffs, the bunco wolves continue to pursue the film folks. Why they continue to prowl, nobody knows. Only one in every thousand ever gets away with anything. Perhaps it is the same idea as that which animates the thousands of movie extras—each hopes for a "break" some day in the way of a star who will turn out to be a wash-out.

The wolves are of the opinion that screen folk have no business sense; that they can be easily victimized; that those appearing on the screen are all suckers waiting to be swindled and eager to hand out money to the first schemer who opens his hands for it.

Well, it doesn't work that way today, The stars have been "taken" so many times that they are extremely cautious. Instead, the various propositions offered afford them many a laugh.

Hope you don't feel hurt, O' Wolf.

Hobnobbing With the Film Folk

(*Continued from page 77*)

Merriam, were supposed to be reconciled after many partings and makings up and partings again.

Miss Merriam, a short time ago was playing at the Music Box in Hollywood, in a revue. Rex became very attentive, although the two had been divorced a short time before.

"He wrote me ardent love letters, and was all attention," said Charlotte, the other day. "I was almost won over, and was about to accede to his request that we make up and try it over again when Rex wrote me a note, and said that he had found somebody he could really love. The somebody was Viola Dana, I learned."

Betty Bronson's British Beau

BETTY BRONSON goes far afield for her beau, it seems. Joseph Pendergrass, an Englishman whom Betty met abroad, came away over to Hollywood recently to spend his holidays with Betty. And Betty merely blushes and says nothing when you ask about him.

Nils Asther's Predicament

NILS ASTHER couldn't come to Norma Shearer's party, which Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg, gave following the opening in Los Angeles of *The Trial of Mary Dugan.*

So the gallant young actor sent Norma a huge bouquet of roses.

Norma told me the story herself.

"I showed the roses to Irving," she related, "and he merely smiled a little, and said, 'Oh, yes,'—quite nonchalant about the affair. But when Nils heard that the roses were red—he had ordered white ones—he tore his hair.

"'Oh, in Europe,' he cried, 'a husband he keel me if I send his wife red roses!'

"But I assured him," smiled Norma, "that he had nothing to fear."

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Happily Ever After!

(*Continued from page* 45)

Instead Joan puckered her lips, very temptingly.

And Dodo pressed his own against them, very tenderly.

"Now you let me go on with our story, won't you, honey?"

She smiled.

"OUR future plans are to be happy," continued Doug.

"Exactly," interposed Joan.

"There you go again," chided Dodo.

"Well, I've got something to say about that, haven't I?"

"All right, then, let's both talk," capitulated her husband.

"This is how we are going to be happy forever," said Dodo, "we're never going to get angry together."

"We get mad just one by one; one at a time," said the missus.

"I'll be the boss," said he, "in matters outside the household."

"I'll be the overseer within the home," declared Joan. "I will also take care of the family budget. If we need new curtains, a new vacuum cleaner or groceries, that's my business, not his."

"Yes," agreed Doug, "and when it comes to deciding who our guests shall be and where we shall go, that's my concern."

"WILL you always be together? How about circumstances which will compel you to be apart?" I asked.

"No, no," they chorused. "We'll be always together."

"Won't you get tired of each other, always in each other's company?"

"Never," they crooned in unison.

"Maybe you might get a little jealous of each other," I hinted.

"No, sir, never!" they asservated.

"You see," Joan went on, "we're terribly in love with each other. With some people, romance ends with marriage. But with us, romance only picks up more momentum with this nuptial step. We're in love, you see."

"We'll be the same six months from now," Dodo declared, "the same six years hence, and God willing, the same sixty years from today."

Doug, Jr., is 19. She's 24.

Both agreed they would have children.

"We love, we adore children," said Joan, "we have dreamed of them all our lives. But of course there will be no addition to our family for some time. We are too much in love with each other. We want to be around each other so much. A child will prevent me from being with him, and as attentive to him as I am now. I don't know whether I shall ever outlive this first thrilling blush of matrimony."

"Then, too," added Dodo, "we have to make our mark in the world. Some day we will hide away from everybody, in our own little Arcady, and let the rest of the world roll by."

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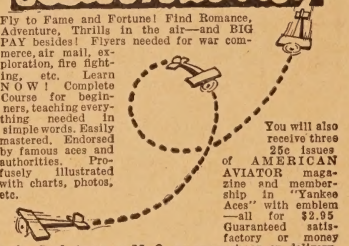

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How De Mille Handles "Dynamite"

(*Continued from page* 81)

strange when there are only five per cent of the theatres equipped to show them. Yet, that five per cent shows to eighty-five per cent of the picture-going public, leaving only fifteen per cent of the people to see the silent version.

"A few years ago, producers looked to that fifteen per cent for their money. The other eighty-five per cent attended the stage plays and seemed to forget there was such a thing as motion pictures.

"Today, with the talking pictures in almost every theatre of any size, that eighty-five per cent has become patrons of picture houses and they are the ones who are now filling the coffers of the producers. It is to them that motion picture companies are catering. But, of course, we don't want to forget the fifteen per cent which has so nobly helped build up the industry—hence the silent version. Nothing could be more fair than that, could it?"

No, I suppose not, but I do hope the time will soon come when the "little fellow" can hear Conrad Nagel as well as see him.

—o—

Final Movie Talkie Contest Letter

Below is printed the concluding prize winning letter in SCREEN SECRETS' *monthly contest offering a prize of $5.00 for a letter giving a frank opinion of the talkies.*

2931 Chestnut Street,
Oakland, California.

Dear Editor:

The *talkies* made obsolete all previous forms of entertainment, because they magnify the world's best theatrical endeavor in the realms of drama and musical comedy.

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Yours very truly,
MRS. E. L. MADSEN.

—o—

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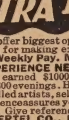

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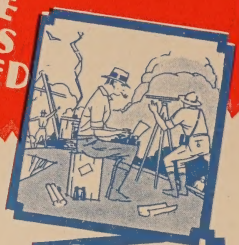

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Edwina Booth
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Cliff Edwards
Gus Edwards
Julia Faye
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Leila Hyams
Zita Johann
Kay Johnson
Carlotta King
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
George Marion
Nina Mae McKinney
Polly Moran
Robert Montgomery
Anita Murray
Joyce Murray
Conrad Nagel
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Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Robert Ober
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres

DIRECTORS

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Charles Brabin
Clifford Brooke
Clarence Brown
Tod Browning
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille
William DeMille
Gus Edwards
Jacques Feyder
Sidney Franklin
Nick Grinde
Bertram Harrison
George Hill
E. Mason Hopper
Robert Z. Leonard
Willard Mack
Edgar MacGregor
Fred Niblo
William Nigh
J. C. Nugent
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King Vidor
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(All-talking)

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(All-talking)

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(All-talking, singing. Also a silent production)

JOHN GILBERT *in*
"Redemption"
(All-talking. Also a silent production)

"Eva the Fifth"
(All-talking)

GRETA GARBO *in*
"Anna Christie"
(All-talking)

"The Thirteenth Chair"
(All-talking)

"College Life"
(All-talking, singing)

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Milt Ager
Jack Yellen
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Reggie Montgomery
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Lois Leeson
Arthur Lange
Fred Fisher
Dave Dreyer
Raymond Klages
Ballard MacDonald
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Arthur Freed
Joe Trent
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Joe Goodwin
Lou Alter
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THE VOICE OF SOUND PICTURES

Screen secrets

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Ten years ago she was Hollywood's hoyden—gay, carefree, happy, riding the crest of success. Then Life's tragedies descended thick and fast, and today—? The Tragic Life Story of Mabel Normand will enthrall you. Read it in the October issue of

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Out September 10

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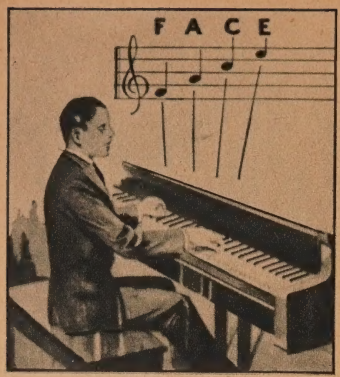

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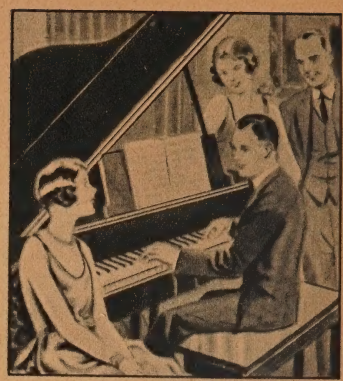

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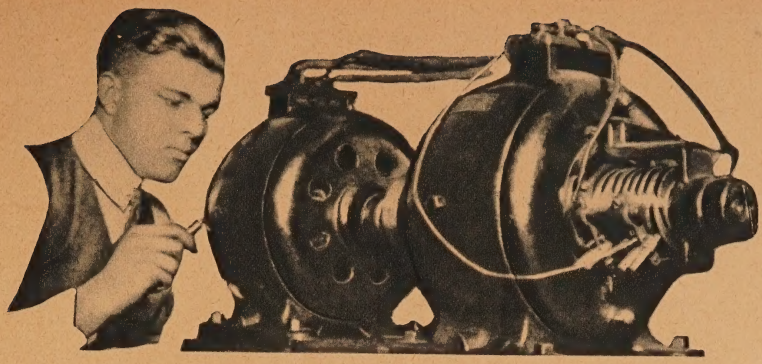

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NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD — CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute*
RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets*
FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

GLADYS BROCKWELL, who entered pictures fifteen years ago, at the age of seventeen, is dead, the victim of injuries received in an automobile accident.

The Hunchbach of Notre Dame, Seventh Heaven and *The Woman Disputed,* afforded Miss Brockwell several of her most noted rôles. She had an important part in the first feature-length, all-talking picture, *Lights of New York,* and her excellent work in this film presaged a brilliant talkie career. Two weeks before her death she finished her last engagement, in *The Drake Case,* for Universal.

Agnes O'Loughlin, Follies beauty, has announced her engagement to Joe Benjamin, Marian Nixon's divorced husband and former contender for the lightweight boxing championship.

Ada Williams, sixteen-year-old Miss United States of 1927, is now Mrs. William Thomas Ince, bride of the twenty-year-old eldest son of the late Thomas H. Ince. The marriage culminates a romance that began in June a year ago.

Dustin Farnum, long a noted figure on stage and screen, is dead. His most famous stage rôles were in *The Squaw Man, The Virginian, Cameo Kirby* and *The Little Rebel.* William Farnum, also an actor, is his surviving brother.

Director Edwin Carewe and Mary Akin Carewe, recently married for the second time, are on their way to Europe for a second honeymoon.

Mrs. Parker Benjamin, who before her marriage was Gladys Lamphere, stage star, has arrived in Hollywood to enter the talkies. She is also planning to open a talkie studio for the Lauder Recording Company, a project similar to the studio conducted by Mrs. Enrico Caruso, her sister-in-law.

Baclanova, one of the few foreign film players to survive the onslaught of the talkies, has completed a successful period on the American variety stage and is back in Hollywood ready to begin work on her next all-dialogue production. The beautiful Russian and her husband, Nicholas Soussanin, opened in New York with their sketch, *The Farewell Supper.* Their success caused them to appear at the Brooklyn Theatre in conjunction with Baclanova's film production, *A Dangerous Woman.*

Now, with her vowel complaint corrected, this star is considered a potential first-water luminary for talking pictures.

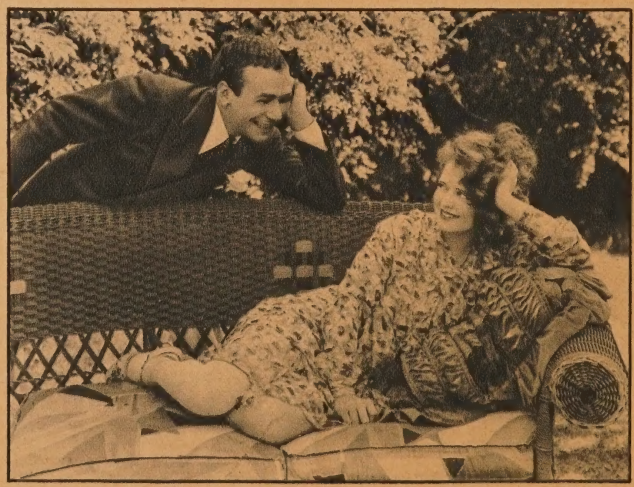
Helen Morgan, heroine of Florenz Ziegfeld's *Show Boat* company, has been signed by Paramount for the leading rôle in *Applause.* She will be directed by Rouben Mamoulian, former New York Theater Guild director, whose work in staging *Porgy, Wings Over Europe* and *Marco Millions,* put him in the first rank of stage directors.

Roscoe Arbuckle, the former funny fat boy of the movies, is in difficulties again. This time it's over real estate.

Arbuckle and his wife, Doris Dean, are the defendants against Jos. M. Schenck and his wife, Norma Talmadge Schenck. The Superior Court has been called upon to decide title to the property. The case is an aftermath of the domestic difficulties of Arbuckle and his wife, who more than a year ago sued the former comedian for divorce. This suit still is pending.

Title to the property in ligitation is said to be in Schenck's name.

Dudley Digges, famous stage actor and director, has arrived in Hollywood to direct the dialogue in *Condemned to Devil's Island,* Ronald Colman's new starring picture. Mr. Digges has also been cast for the rôle of Vidal in this picture. It will be the first screen experience of this celebrated stage character.



Is Clara Bow happy? She'll say she is, for Harry Richman, pictured with her, had presented her with a costly engagement ring just before this photograph was taken at her Beverly Hills home.

Helen Kane, who originated the baby talk fad on Broadway, has left the stage to entertain movie fans with her cooing, via the talkies. Her first featured rôle was in *Good Boy,* and her work was of such high order in this film that she has been signed on a long-term contract by Paramount. She is at present working on an all-dialogue musical picture entitled *Sweetie.* It is a story dealing with prep school life. In it she should have no difficulty repeating her former success.

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Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					

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Dying Hobo
2471 Button Up Your Overcoat
Sail Away With You
2458 Wedding Bells
What D'ya Think of My Baby?
2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon
2407 Girl of My Dreams
Dear Old Pal of Yesterday
4225 Rock Candy Mountain
Bill, You Done Me Wrong
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
2323 Get Away, Old Man, Get Away
Well, I Swan
2381 Ford Has Made A Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancey's Wooden Wedding
4038 Sleep, Baby, Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On, Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight?
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
2437 Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
4133 Jesse James
The Butcher Boy
4093 Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
4171 Red Wing
By Waters of Minnetonka
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Old Log Cabin in Lane
4236 Billy Richardson's Last Ride
Wreck of the 1256
4237 Murder of Little Marion Parker
Pardon Came Too Late
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4167 Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee
4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall in Love Again
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of the Shenandoah
4151 After the Ball Was Over
Do You Ever Think of Me?
4172 Wreck of the Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4180 My Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of My Dreams
4209 Oh, Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming
4227 Climbing Up Those Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou
4250 Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Good Evening, Caroline

POPULAR DANCE

1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1596 Wedding Bells
How Do I Know You Love Me?
1598 Honey
Oh What a Bundle of Joy
1726 Louise
As Long As I Know You Love Me
1706 Weary River
Sweat Blues
1713 Button Up Your Overcoat
He's My Cousin Guisseppe
1712 Lover Come Back to Me
Emaline
1703 Sweetheart of All My Dreams
Let's Get Together
1587 Sweethearts on Parade
How Long Have You Waited?
4068 Turkey in the Straw
Arkansas Traveler
4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo)
Medley Southern Airs
4158 Old Time Jigs and Reels
Favorite Barn Dances
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel

SACRED

4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes
4069 When Roll is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4215 When They Ring the Golden Bells
Is My Name Written There?
4240 De Gospel Train Am Comin'
Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7037 Jim Town Blues
Battleship Kate

HAWAIIAN

4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Baby
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four

COMEDY

4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4231 Flanagan at the Doctor's
Casey and Riley Meet on Street
4004 Flanagan in a Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4232 Button Buster (Laughing Record)
Common Bill
4255 Rufus Green Takes a Trip
Greetings in Bingville
4257 Rufus Green at the Circus
Rufus Green at the Huskin' Bee
4256 Trial of Josiah Brown
Rufus Green at the Schoolhouse

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

To MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB, PU-49, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

X-mark in *One* square only

Advance Payment Plan

1. ☐ I am enclosing temporary deposit of $2.17, which will pay for records in full if I decide to keep them.

C. O. D. Plan

2. ☐ I will pay to the postman when he brings records, temporary deposit of $2.17, plus C. O. D. fee for 12 cents, $2.29 in all, which will pay for records in full if I decide to keep them.

Advance Payment With Needles

3. ☐ I am enclosing temporary deposit of $2.17 and also 30 cents more for three 10-cent packages of steel needles recommended for these records.

C. O. D. With Needles

4. ☐ I will pay to the postman when he brings records, temporary deposit of $2.17 plus C. O. D. fee of 12 cents, plus 30 cents more for three 10-cent packages of steel needles recommended for these records—$2.59 in all.

Foreign

5. ☐ As I live *outside* of U. S. A. I am enclosing temporary deposit of $2.17 and enough additional to pay extra postage cost to where I live. (Weight of package about 6 lbs.)

You may send me, POSTPAID right to my home (if in the U. S. A.) ON TRIAL, the ten records listed below by catalog numbers. Unless I decide to keep these records they are not to cost me a cent. In order to avoid the bother of opening a charge account and giving references for so small an amount, I am willing to make a temporary deposit either in advance or when the records arrive. I have placed X-mark in square opposite terms that I prefer. If I don't like the records for any reason at all, I will return them to you any time within ten days and you agree to refund at once all that I have paid, as well as my postage expenses for returning the records. If I decide to keep the records they are mine at no further cost beyond the amount of my deposit.

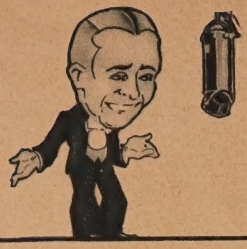
1..... 6.....
2..... 7.....
3..... 8.....
4..... 9.....
5..... 10.....

(Write Clearly) (Write Clearly)

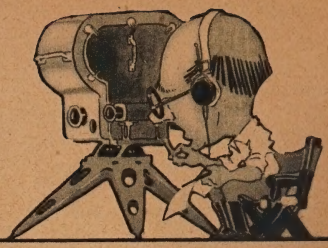
Name .....

Address.....R. F. D. No.....

City..... State.....



TALKIE TALK



A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

What Price Talkies?

A SOUND stage eats into a picture allowance at the rate of $1,000 an hour," says William C. De Mille, in discussing the new art as compared to silent pictures. "A sound camera, for example, quadruples film consumption," explains the noted director. For this reason, De Mille attacks his problems before going on the sound stage, maps out the entire action and arranges for every possible technical detail before work goes ahead on the $1,000-an-hour scale.

Bebe Wins a Contest

BEBE DANIELS' splendid singing and speaking accomplishments decided RKO moguls in her favor when they mulled over the question of who was to get the feminine lead in *Rio Rita.*

The contest for the featured lead was active from the very start. According to William Le Baron, vice president in charge of production for RKO, thirty-five stars of stage, screen and vaudeville were given film tests for the rôle. The choice simmered down eventually to Ann Greenway, Ethelyn Terry and Bebe Daniels.

John Boles, the tenor who made such a hit in *Desert Song,* will play opposite Bebe.

Tenor Furnishes Inspiration

JOHN McCORMACK'S golden voice has greatly aided Tom Barry in writing the story for the noted tenor's initial appearance on the screen. Winfield Sheehan presented the writer with a Victrola and every record McCormack has made since the first one in 1905.

Measuring Up to the Mike

THEY'RE measuring the stars these days. It doesn't do to have a six-foot-three hero and a five-foot heroine playing before the mike. As Lloyd Bacon points out, all the scenes would have to be shot with the girl sitting in the man's lap, to get them both within the same microphone range.

Barbara Kent, Universal featured player, gives the old version of the lion and the mouse a new angle. The cub, born recently at the studio zoo, poses impromptu for the "lion and the mike."

Talkies at Sea

THE first complete recording plant for the talkie, to be operated at sea is now in operation at Catalina Island harbor. The equipment, valued at $200,000, is being used to record yacht scenes for *So Long Letty,* the Warner Brothers film.

The yacht was not large enough for the full equipment, so it was placed on a barge which was towed alongside the yacht. Thus the photography and recording was done on the spot.

Voices Across the Sea

AT LAST one of the major companies has taken a definite stand on the question of foreign distribution of talkies. Radio Pictures (RKO) has just announced that its musical extravaganza, *Rio Rita,* based on the Ziegfeld success, will be released generally abroad.

Polly Wants a Wisecracker

THE first parrot to crash the talkies has two speeches in De Mille's *Dynamite.* The bird is extremely proud of his lines and repeats them constantly. They are: "This is going to be hot!" and "Don't touch me, I'm a good girl!"

But the gayly colored bird has evidently been listening as well as talking, for he suddenly burst forth, in an excellent imitation of the director's voice: "That's *rotten!* Retake!"

Foot-pads

THE city ordinance against automobile cut-outs is not more rigidly enforced than is the studio law against French-heeled shoes.

"We have gas bombs ready to throw at anyone who dares walk on a sound stage with a pair of those tap-tap-tap pumps," declares James Gleason. "If an actress or a script girl insists on wearing high-heeled shoes, she must have the heel tipped with rubber or cork. Before a woman visitor is permitted on the sound set, she is first given a pair of wool covers to slip over her footgear."

One-Word Rôle

THE talking part of Leonard Simmons in *Half Marriage,* at the RKO studio, consists of but one word—"hemstitching." The director was looking for someone to say "hemstitching" in a certain fashion, and Simmons got the part.

Radio comes to the Screen

RICHARD DIX

A screen favorite who occupies a distinct place in the hearts of all picture-goers . . Radio Pictures' newest star.

RADIO . . . colossus of modern art and science . . . now takes its place in the world of motion pictures.

With the release of the first two of its super attractions, "Rio Rita," and "Hit the Deck," Radio Pictures inaugurates an era of new entertainment standards. This new era is the result of the union of great *amusement* and *industrial* interests.

Included in this union are such organizations as the Radio Corporation of America; the Victor Talking Machine Division of the Radio-Victor Corporation of America; the National Broadcasting Company; the General Electric Company; and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company; and such amusement enterprises as RCA Photophone, Inc.; the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit of Theatres, and the RKO Distributing Corporation.

Commanding the cream of the world's talent, and scientific facilities, Radio Pictures will disclose for the first time the true potentialities of electrical entertainment on the screen.

Watch for Radio Pictures' first productions. Be prepared for revelations in investiture, in tonal qualities and in entertainment values generally.

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America

Radio Pictures' Coming Dialogue Attractions

"Rio Rita" . . . Florenz Ziegfeld's greatest stage hit.

"Hit the Deck" . . . Vincent Youman's nautical musical comedy.

"Night Parade" . . . From the stage play, "Ringside."

"The Vagabond Lover" . . . Starring Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees.

"High River" . . . A Herbert Brenon production, from the play, "High River House."

"Radio Revels of 1929." . . . The first annual screen review to be released yearly by Radio Pictures.

ROD LA ROCQUE

The "always welcome" star, who will appear in two special productions, with all dialogue and music, for Radio Pictures.

BEBE DANIELS

To be featured in the title role of "Rio Rita," and starred in three other all dialogue and music dramas for Radio Pictures.

Radio PICTURES

THE GOLDEN VOICE OF THE SILVER SCREEN

RUDY VALLEE

The voice that lures . . . a personality that has won the world . . . To be starred, with his "Connecticut Yankees," in "The Vagabond Lover."

Cut-Price Sale
OF GUARANTEED WATCHES

TWO YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE
Two years' written guarantee given with each watch. We guarantee to replace FREE any watch that does not prove satisfactory to you or to refund your money in full. You therefore take no risk whatever. Our guarantee protects you.
SEND NO MONEY **Pay on Delivery**

$3.99

Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

Really the Greatest Bargain in America Today

Storekeepers and instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—*We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.* Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved case, *fully jeweled movement*—Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and Rolled gold effect *link* bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99.
Send no money. Pay on Delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.

$4.96

"The Mary Ann" Rectangular Shape Wrist Watch

Everyone will admire this elegant and artistically designed small and narrow shaped 6-Jewel wrist watch. White Rolled Gold Effect case, guaranteed not to tarnish, handsomely engraved platinoid finish top, gracefully carved sides. Fitted with genuine Swiss movement of the finest quality, guaranteed for accuracy and dependability. Every wheel, spring, screw and jewel flawlessly finished. Furnished with *two* bracelets; a black silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and a white gold effect link bracelet for evening and party wear. A real $20.00 value. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.

$7.59

"La Francaise" 6-Jewel Wrist Watch

$9.49

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Wrist Watch

"La Francaise" 6-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinoid effect and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 6-Jewel movement, guaranteed for two years. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch, and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet. $30.00 Value. Our cut price $7.59.

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinoid effect and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 15-Jewel movement, guaranteed for two years. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch, and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet. $35.00 Value. Our cut price $9.49.

$5.92

Latest Ultra-Modern Wrist Watch

The newest thing in ladies' watches. Very modernistic in design, case beautifully enameled in exquisite color combinations of blue, black and green. Movement of the best Swiss make, 6-Jewel lever, 2 adjustments, carefully tested and accurately timed, with two years' written guarantee. Extra link bracelet, in white gold finish, furnished with each watch. $15.00 value. Our cut price $5.92. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.

Jenkins Watch-Lighter

$4.97

A combination of an elegant, high quality cigarette lighter with a fine, guaranteed Swiss watch. The watch is of the best Swiss make, 6-Jewel lever movement, carefully tested and adjusted, accurate timekeeper, with two years' written guarantee. The cigarette lighter is well-known U. S. make, very fine and elegant in appearance, yet strong and durable in construction. Leather covered sides, all metal parts of silver finish, non-tarnishable quality. $20.00 value. SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in coupon. Pay on delivery $4.97 plus postage.

$3.59

This Exquisite Combination of Elegant Imported Swiss Watch, together with penknife and chain and pistol-shape cigarette lighter reduced to $3.59. Watch is of latest design, newest thin model, beautifully engraved case, white gold effect—handsomely designed dial with vision letters—jeweled movement and really a perfect timepiece, guaranteed for two years. Comes to you complete with latest style watch-chain and a fine penknife to match design of watch. The cigarette-lighter at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigarette-lighter that will delight you because of its oddness and usefulness. Send no money. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.

The "Princess Mary" Ladies' 6 Jewel Wrist Watch

$5.98

Complete With Extension Link Bracelet

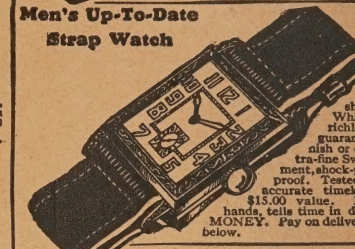
A new creation in the jeweler's art, representing the latest style in watches. Combines exquisite beauty with the highest quality. Case elegantly engraved, white gold finish in platinum effect. Fitted with a wonderfully perfected 6-Jewel movement, tested and adjusted accurate, and having a two years' written guarantee. Supplied complete with ultra-modern extension link bracelet to match the watch. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.98. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in Coupon Below.

$3.99

Lifetime Precision Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock-proof and weather-proof—Perfect timekeeper.— Radium dial.— Tells time in dark. — Fine imported Full Jeweled Movement. — Silver finish, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Genuine leather strap. — Absolutely a $10.00 value. Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.99 plus postage. Fill in coupon.

Men's Up-To-Date Strap Watch



$4.88

Our choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. White Gold effect richly carved case, guaranteed not to tarnish or discolor, with extra-fine Swiss 6-Jewel movement, shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate timekeeping. Regular $15.00 value. Radium dial and hands, tells time in dark. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

$7.99

"The President" Men's 15-Jewel Strap Watch

"The Chancellor" Men's 6-Jewel Strap Watch **$5.99**

"The President" men's 15-Jewel strap watch. Built for real service, shock-proof, dust-proof and weather-proof. Mounted in an elegant white gold effect non-tarnishable case. Our choice in assorted shapes; rectangular, square, and tonneau. Fitted with a genuine Swiss Fifteen Jewel movement, carefully tested and accurately adjusted. Two years' written guarantee given with each watch. Each watch supplied with newest style non-tarnishable metal bracelet to match the watch, with patented buckle adjustment. Regular $25.00 value. Our cut price $7.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon below. Pay on delivery.

"The Chancellor" men's 6-Jewel strap watch. Built for real service, shock-proof, dust-proof and weather-proof. Mounted in an elegant white gold effect, non-tarnishable case. Our choice in assorted shapes; square, rectangular and tonneau. Fitted with a genuine Swiss Six Jewel movement, carefully tested and accurately adjusted. Two years' written guarantee given with each watch. Each watch supplied with newest style non-tarnishable metal bracelet, to match the watch, with patented buckle adjustment. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon below. Pay on delivery.

Genuine Diamond Watch 14 K. Solid Gold Case 6-Jewel Movement **$11.49**

Genuine Diamond Watch 14 K. Solid Gold Case 15-Jewel Movement **$13.90**

It may be unbelievable but we really offer you for the price of $11.49 a genuine 14K. Solid Gold watch, as illustrated here, set with four (4) genuine, fully cut diamonds, and four synthetic sapphires. Case is as illustrated, with bow-knot design wings, in 14K. solid gold. Movement is of finest Swiss make, 6-jewel lever, carefully tested and adjusted accurate with two years' written guarantee. Made to retail at $60.00. Our cut price only $11.49. Send no money. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.

Here is a bargain you may never again be able to duplicate for the price of only $13.90. A genuine 14K. Solid Gold wrist watch, set with four (4) fully cut genuine diamonds, and four synthetic sapphires, with bow-knot design wings in 14K. solid gold, and fitted with an excellent 15-Jewel Swiss movement. Carefully tested and adjusted accurate, with two years' written guarantee. Made to retail for over $100. Our cut price only $13.90. Send no money. Fill in coupon. Pay on delivery.

GENUINE DIAMONDS *Set in 14 kt.* **SOLID GOLD RINGS** **$4.98**

No Instalments to Pay. Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K. solid gold rings set with genuine diamonds only $4.98. Instalment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are genuine diamonds set in solid 14K. gold rings at only $4.98. No. 1 and No. 2 are ladies' Rings and No. 3 is a man's ring. Send no money. State ring and size wanted. Pay on delivery $4.98. Fill in coupon below.

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The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 9-S-72, 683 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C. O. D. the following advertised articles. (Check articles desired.)

( ) New style wrist watch	$3.99	( ) "The President" 15-Jewel Watch	$7.99
( ) "Mary Ann" wrist watch	4.96	( ) "The Chancellor" 6-Jewel Watch	5.99
( ) "La Francaise" 6-Jewel Watch	7.59	( ) Ultra-Modern Wrist Watch	5.92
( ) "La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Watch	9.49	( ) Watch, Chain & Lighter	3.59
( ) Lifetime Precision Men's Watch	3.99	( ) Jenkins Watch Lighter	4.97
( ) Up-To-Date Strap Watch	4.88	( ) Genuine Diamond Ring	4.98
( ) The "Princess Mary" Ladies' Watch			5.98

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START TONIGHT AND REDUCE WEIGHT!

Start Reducing Tonight at Home and Feel Better Tomorrow Morning Than You Have For Months
(Every Statement Certified From Actual Experience)
SEND THE COUPON FOR YOUR FIRST THREE FAYRO BATHS

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off excess weight once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro contains many of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely bodies more shapely, and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought To You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now enjoy these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately excess weight will have been removed in an easy, refreshing and asolutely harmless manner.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost weight. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself wholesome meals. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro At Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.

More Than a Million Fayro Treatments Have Been Sold

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Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once

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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

Prima Donna of Pep . . . "The greatest box-office Star in pictures" . . . Flirting–diverting–hurting your funny-bone in forty famous hits! Just her shadow self has wrecked hundreds of theatre records. But—

Now-

Presented by
JOHN McCORMICK
A WM. A. SEITER
production

COLLEEN MOORE

Listen!—

"If I had a great treasure—if I had a great prize,
Gladly I'd trade it for—your smiling Irish eyes.
There are stars in the heavens—but who'd ever surmise
That they were created for your smiling Irish eyes."

—that's Colleen Moore *singing* in "Smiling Irish Eyes" . . . Singing not one, but THREE songs—and Talking for the first time on the screen! Here's the *one* thrill you've been waiting for Vitaphone to bring you. Think of all the years you've known and loved her . . . And now you're going to know her twice as well! . . . Just *double* the entertainment . . . As exciting as your first airplane ride!

Is **3 STARS-IN-ONE**

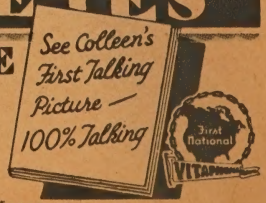
Come back to Erin!—See Colleen as a "Colleen" . . . Never a part so *made* for her! Hitch on behind her funny two-wheel cart and come down to the county fair. Make a wish at the Wishing Well — it can't help but come true. See how the same crooning melody can bring two young hearts together —and then part them ocean-wide. "Smiling Irish Eyes" is chock-full of romance from the Land of Romance — packed with comedy from the home of wit. And when Colleen bursts into song in three lilting new hit-ballads, *"Smiling Irish Eyes," "A Wee Bit O' Love,"* and *"Then I Can Ride Home With You,* she'll "bust" all entertainment records! , , , , , ,

IN "SMILING IRISH EYES"

A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE

Vitaphone is the registered trade mark of the Vitaphone Corporation.

Make a memo in your date-book—



THE EDITOR'S OPINION

¶ Rubbing Aladdin's Lamp

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor

BEFORE the talkies arrived, the motion picture industry was at its wit's end to devise a new cocktail for the jaded appetites of the fans.

What will happen when the novelty of the talkies wears off? Already we are not content to "hear and see"—we want more than a new gewgaw.

This time the producers are prepared.

Try to imagine this—a motion picture broadcast by television into your own home, with full sound accompaniment—and the picture appearing in three dimensions, all in color!

This is no idle dream. Color films, of course, we have, but a new process now proves that as many as five colors can be used with amazing result. Television has been accomplished, and awaits the proper moment for film magicians to haul it forth from the silk hat. Sets have been built which can be installed in the home to receive the broadcast of a motion picture from a central broadcasting point. These sets will not be sold outright, but rented.

The three dimensional picture, giving a steroscopic effect, was once tried out by supplying the audience with red and blue glasses, and then that novelty was forgotten. Now a new principle is involved, using light refracting lenses.

Wonders are on the way. Be patient, while the magicians of Hollywood murmur the magic words!

Talkie Tricks

FILMDOM'S new plaything, the talkies, is proving to be an Aladdin's lamp. The magic of it is bringing new wonders that surpass imagination—and much of it surprises even the ones who rub the lamp in Hollywood.

Right now the talk of the celluloid town buzzes about the strikingly novel *Hollywood Revue* devised by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Its closest comparison is to the *Greenwich Village Follies,* but here again comparisons are odious, for every trick of the talking camera is used to startle and amaze.

They simply gathered up all their stars, and "galaxy" is no word for it, and made each one contribute a song, dance or gag to the picture. Tied up with a master of ceremonies, in the person of Conrad Nagel, they frolic through the affair, poking fun at themselves, at the movies, at everything—and rollicking is the result. By reversing the film, one number shows the dancing girls alternately in positive film, then in negative, with weird effect.

As an experiment, the *Revue* has astonished even its producers. Musical comedies in talking films are not so popular, due possibly to the habit we have formed of expecting a more logical plot to a photoplay. The revue idea does away with plot, and opens a new avenue of entertainment.

Camera Thrills

DR. FEJOS, of Universal, called forth all the trickery of the talking films in making *Broadway,* and here again is a picture that proves the talkies are meeting the demand for bigger and better things. *Broadway* is, despite its trick camera stuff, no idle novelty but a commendable piece of craftsmanship. One little whisper of dissent, worthy Doctor—that traveling crane of yours made us dizzy with its whirling camera shots. We've heard others claim they found a thrill in gyrating above the set, similar to the thrill of a ferris wheel, but for us we wish you had kept to Mother Earth for those few feet of film.

Evidence

I BEGIN now to believe these stories of the lure of the sea. Charlie Chaplin has just bought a motor boat for $15,000. When anybody can pry Charles loose from that much money the lure must be considerable.

A Changed Roster

THE talkies have brought about a great house cleaning in the studios.

Charles Rogers, George Bancroft and Clara Bow are the only stars at Paramount who were there when the talkie invasion began. Bebe Daniels has gone to RKO. Richard Dix is headed for the same studio. Wallace Beery has changed over to M-G-M.

The current list of Paramount stars shows the following names: Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Dennis King, Moran and Mack, William Powell and Charles Rogers.

Clara's Victory

CLARA BOW says she has struck on being the tough kid of Hollywood in all the pictures. She opines that somebody else can be tough for a while; she is to play a part—as a special concession—where she is sweet and innocent.

Water nymphs a la 1929. Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page are usually to be found at the Santa Monica beaches when not working at the M-G-M Studios. They may get tanned—but they like it.

The Actor's Plight

THE Hollywood actor is in a tough spot just now. He is in a fair way to being killed with kindness. It's all over the Actor's Equity, which is waging a stiff fight to get a foothold in the industry. They are very unselfish about it. It's all for the actors' own good. The producers are equally unselfish about it. They have made it plain that they will let Equity organize the industry over their dead bodies. But *that's* all for the actors' own good, too. And all of this is great fun for everybody except the actor. If he comes out flat-footed for Equity, the producers say, "All right for you!" And when a part comes up he doesn't get it. If he comes out flat-footed against Equity, then Equity says, "All right for you!" And if he has had a run of tough luck in pictures, and wants to go on the stage to earn the daily caviar for the wife and kiddies, he finds the stage door is locked against him.

As a result the great popular indoor sport in Hollywood just now is holding meetings about Equity in which actors try to keep from saying anything that they can be quoted on. For which you can hardly blame them. Funny people, actors. They just seem to want to work and earn an honest living.

The magazine business has its problems, but there are moments, and this is one of them, when I thank God I wasn't born to be an actor!

Lupe's Luck

AT LAST it looks as though Lupe Velez, the little Mexican firecracker, was going to get the chance to display her amazing natural talents, which has so far been denied her. She is going to play the rôle of the untamed child of the wide open spaces, which Lenore Ulric made famous on the stage in *Tiger Rose*. In fact she is at work on the picture at this writing and those who have seen her say she is marvelous. Lupe finds herself in the curious position of one who has received too much publicity. Her dynamic personality has aroused widespread interest in her, but so far, through that peculiar irony which stalks most motion picture careers, she has not had the pictures to capitalize on it. In every picture in which she has appeared she has managed to slip in some bit of pure artistry. But she has never yet been given a part which was wholly suited to her. Some day maybe some producer will cash in on her abilities as a mimic. Her take-offs on Hollywood personalities are the funniest things imaginable. Perhaps it will take *Tiger Rose* to impress upon the producers that here is a vein of pure golden talent that has hardly yet been tapped.

An Important Venture

THE earnings of the best of the talkies are simply incredible. Mary Pickford will make at least $2,000,000 out of *Coquette*.

She and Doug are working out the plans for *The Taming of the Shrew* under the supervision of a herd of Shakespearean scholars. If it is a success, you can bank on a flood of Shakespeare on the screen. And then some more dough will be lost.

Some of the worst flops in the history of the screen can be laid at the door of the immortal Bard.

Roscoe Fawcett

NEW PORTRAITS

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

ONE of Our Modern Maidens *is Anita Page, wholesome and sparkling blond beauty, whose current picture is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of that name.*

—Elmer Fryer.

ALICE WHITE looks like anything but a jazz-mad young lady in this demure pose from First National's Broadway Babies.

—Ernest A. Bachrach.

BEBE DANIELS' alluring dark beauty is accentuated by this Spanish costume which she wears in her leading rôle in Rio Rita.

—Harold Dean Carsey.

H. B. WARNER is one of the greatest character actors in the movies and also one of the best bets on the Warner Brothers' list of players.

—Hommel.

EVELYN BRENT enjoys Swing-Time in Hollywood in this scene from Moran and Mack's talkie, Why Bring That Up? *Miss Brent, who scored heavily in Universal's* Broadway, *wears this tricky costume in the jungle act of the forthcoming Paramount production.*

LILY DAMITA

Lily Damita just for fun decided to don this garb as her conception of how a gold-digger should be dressed—if gold-digging is to be indulged in.

from Gay PAREE

Oo-la-la! This little mademoiselle from Gay Paree tells SCREEN SECRETS readers her life story—a tale of many love affairs and heart conquests, spiced with truth and flavored with sincerity—fascinating, alive!

By Lily Damita

YOU see the many pictures of Lily in lacy underthings, kicking her legs, laughing. You say, "Pouf! She know nothing. She is a scatter-brain. She does not theenk. She is just a leetle girl who dance her way gaily through life without worry, without care!"

Sometimes I wish it were true. I would be happier then. Troubles? Ha! I would laugh at them. But to have the success, it is not easy. I have fight, fight, fight, all the way, for everything I have. I have work like a dog. I have starve. Now I can say I have done it all alone. What I have I get for myself. No one has help me. I owe nothing to anybody. That much is nice.

But I have to put everything out of my life except the success. It has been one long battle between my career and love. I like men. I have met many men in my life, many wonderful men. I would like to stop and fall in love with them. But men are the natural enemy of the woman who wants a career. They take your time, your thought, your heart. You do not go forward, you do not learn more, you do not do more.

So I put men out of my life. I go so far in love. Then I see it is getting to my heart. I say, "Lily, this is dangerous!" And I run away from them. They do not understand. But I cannot help it. They would hurt my career. So I draw a circle around my heart, so that no one can touch me there. And I go on—alone. Sometimes it hurts me very, very much. Sometimes I think there is no career in the world that is worth it. And I am sorry. But for everything that you do in the world you must make the sacrifice and so—

"I draw a circle around my heart, so that no one can touch me there. And I go on—alone," says this little Parisienne, whose life has been "one long battle between her career and love."

I WAS born in Paris, the gay, beautiful city that I love. I am the only child. I have no brothers nor sisters. I am not allowed to play with other children. My mother she keep me always with her. I see the other children playing out in the streets. They are having such a good time. I want to play like that, too. I ask my mother, but she say, "No, you cannot." One day I run away to play with them, but my mother she paddle me good. I do not do it again. So I make playmates in my imagination. I play with my picture books and my dolls.

From the very beginning, my mother she have a great influence over me. When I am even too young to understand, she tell me over and over again that I am to be the *grande artiste,* the beeg success. So I say to people, "I am going to be the great actress some day!"

Who wouldn't look pleasant and sit pretty for his picture, if the artist were the beautiful and piquant Lily Damita?

My mother shape my life always for me to be an actress. I do not know why. She was never on the stage. If she had known what it meant, the heartbreaks, the battles, she would not have want it for me. Never, never does she tell me her reasons. It is her secret. I think maybe she have the great desire to be an actress when she is young and meet with a terrible disappointment, so she want for her daughter the career which she could not have for herself.

When I am five years old, my mother she say to me, "Lily, I cannot teach you any longer. It is time you go to school in the convent." So she pack our things and we go to a convent near Lisbon in Portugal. She leave me there and take a house close by so that she can be near me all the time.

I LIKE the convent very much. There are other little girls for me to play with. The sisters are very kind. They teach me I should be good. They teach me all about God.

My mother she come to see me every week. She write me long, long letters every day. They are always about the success. I must always work and always study. I must not play too much. I must never, never forget I am to be the great actress.

I like the convent so much I think I would like to stay there always and be a nun. It is so quiet, so peaceful. One day I tell my mother I think maybe I should be a nun. That makes her very, very much afraid. So she takes me out walking with her and give me a long, long talk. She tell me I must not think too much about the convent and about what they teach me. She say it is well enough that I learn about God, yes. Everyone must learn about God. But it is the bigger thing for me that I think about being an actress. I tell her that I think I like the convent better.

So my mother grow very much afraid. The next day she take me out of the convent and we move to another convent, this time it is in Spain. The language is different, the children are different. At first I do not like it. Then soon I grow to like this one, too. So my mother insist that me move again. This time we go to Greece.

A high-powered quartet at the Hollywood station, when Mademoiselle Damita arrived to co-star with Ronald Colman; left to right, Samuel Goldwyn, Lily Damita, Henri Didot, French consul, and Ronald Colman.

WE ARE not long in Greece when my mother decide that I have had enough of convents. It is high time that I forget them, she think. So she say to me, "Now, Lily, I think you are ready for the conservatoire." Then we go to the Conservatoire, in Belgium, which is the dancing school.

This I like even better than the convent. I learn to sing and to dance. That I love. Dancing is to me natural like the flirtation or eating. It is not work. It is play. I am now seven years old, and I begin to think that being the great actress would be fun after all.

After I am in the Conservatoire about a year my mother think I should travel. So we leave the Conservatoire and go wandering off around Europe. It is then that I get the love of travel which I am to have all my life.

It is living to me—always the new things, new places, new experiences, new faces, new books, new ideas. It is exciting, it is interesting.

When I travel I meet new people, interesting people. From all of them who are worth-while I get something. Those who have nothing—I do not bother.

AND I learn to flirt. Flirtation it is a great pastime. To make eyes at a man across the room, to make him look at you and be interested in you, it is what you call the good sport.

All this time I do not know any boys. Then one time my mother and I are back again in Lisbon. We take rooms on the third floor of a house. From the window I see a boy go in and out. I like him. I found out his papa is a dentist, that he live on the first floor. He is twelve years old; he theenks he is a man. He wears a beeg, black hat, like a man, and a man's long trousers and tries to grow a mustache. I theenk he is funny but that he is also very grand.

At the age of fourteen, Lily made her début in the Opera de Paris. It was "rehearse, rehearse, all day long and then hard work until late at night," but success waited for this persevering girl at the end of the arduous trail.

"Oh, boy! Do I like Paris! The cafés, the boulevards, the noisy taxis, all the people I know!" But Hollywood with its cafés and boulevards, presents to Lily a parallel to her beloved Paree—and she's rapidly getting acquainted.

I watch for him every day.

Then one day I see him stick his head out a window and I write a note saying that I love him and I tie it to the end of a string and drop it down to him. He takes it and reads it and ties another note to the string which say he love me, too. That night I dream about him. We write many notes which say we are sweethearts. Then one day he meet me around the corner and walk with me to the gymnasium. Every day after that we walk together and when we are home we write notes.

One day my mother come into the room and catch me sending notes. She is very angry and give me the good licking which I never forget.

So I write a note to the boy and tell him all is discovered and I can never, never see him again. He say he cannot live

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AROUND THE WORLD

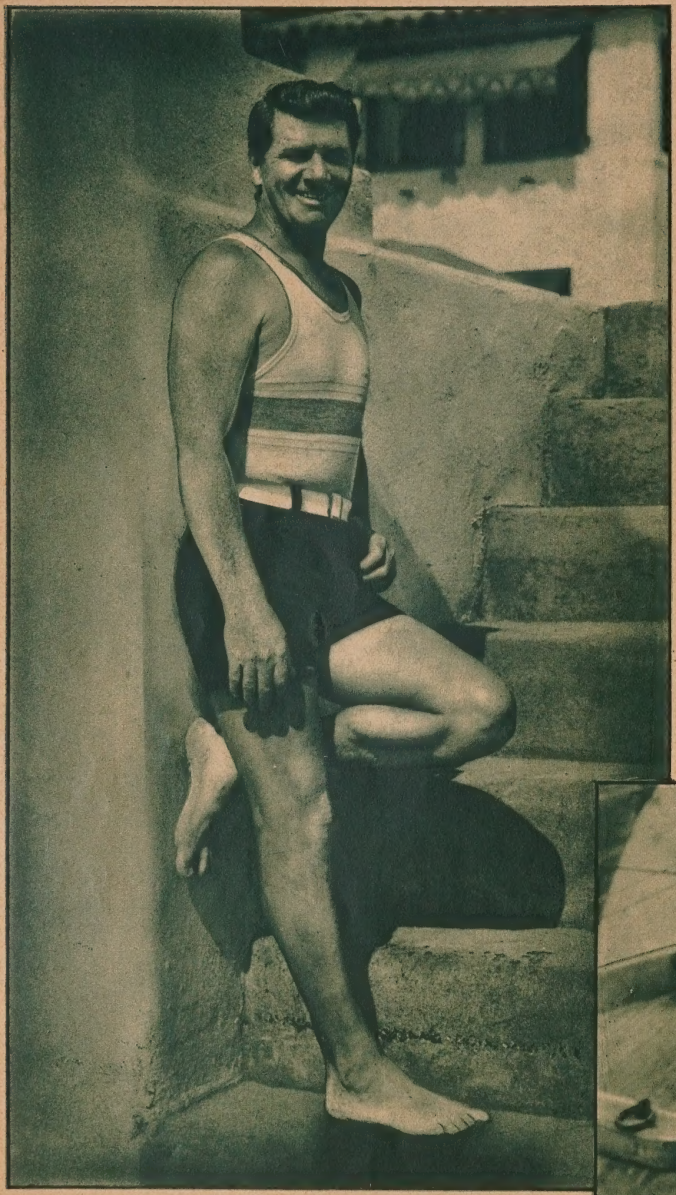
George Bancroft talks about that came up from the sea things moulded him into

GEORGE BANCROFT sat in his dressing room over on the Paramount lot, reading a fan letter. But it was not just an ordinary fan letter, for it began: "I don't suppose you remember me—"

The letter, as a whole, was very sweet. Very much what the fan letter should be. But that first line—it seemed to touch a tender chord in the makeup of this man.

It took him back, years and years, to the time when he was playing a black-faced comedian and he was in love! Oh, very, very much in love with a little four-year-old girl. A little girl with ruffles and curls and dimples and all those things that went to make up little girls of long, long ago.

And in fancy she again climbed upon his knee and covered his black face with tender baby kisses and whispered in his ear, "I love you, Uncle Georgie." Then, since this is a real life story and not a fairy tale, she drifted out of his life as little girls of long, long ago were prone to do. Whether or not in all those years she ever thought of him, he never knew. She didn't tell him so, but *Uncle Georgie* never, never forgot the little girl whose devotion he so cherished.



In spite of his gigantic stature and broad features, there is nothing of the brute about George Bancroft. His years in the navy changed him from a scrawny, undersized stripling to an iron man with the constitution of an ox.

George Bancroft's excellent characterization of the master gunner in Old Ironsides *was the result of his years of training in the navy.*

TO STARDOM

By HARMONY HAYNES

fighting, the stage, and ships —and tells how these three the man he is today.

Three and a half times Bancroft has circled the globe, chasing rainbows, seeking adventure upon the Seven Seas.

AND she thinks I might not remember her," he said aloud, more to himself than to me. "As if I could forget her. My friends were not so numerous in those days that I could afford to forget one."

The blue eyes became a shade deeper and were ever so much more tender as in memory he slowly retraced the span of years.

There were three things that made a deep impression on the tousle-headed George Bancroft, when, as a boy, he played in the streets of Philadelphia. Three things that wove themselves somehow into his destiny. They were fighting, the stage, and the ships that came up the Delaware River like ghosts from the sea. Again and again they recur in his life, like overtones in a symphony.

"When I fight in my pictures," he said, "there is no faking. I sock and I get socked. I pick men who can take punches and get back as good as I give them. I can do this because I learned it in the hard, bitter school of life long ago.

"I was a puny kid, the smallest in the neighborhood. They all used to pick on me and I'd take it. My pal was a young pug who used to pound me to a pulp—regularly, as a pastime. But I idolized him.

ONE day I was standing in front of my house on roller skates. He hit me and knocked me flat. My father saw it. He was a quiet man. He called me over and whispered to me, 'Georgie,' he said, 'you go over now and give that kid the lacing of his life, or I'll give *you* the lacing of *your* life.' I was more afraid of my father than I was of him, so I gave him the lacing of his life. After that I fought every kid in town. I learned to defend myself.

Bancroft's work with Betty Compson in The Docks of New York *presaged the brilliant future that has since been his. George says: "People won't stand for faking. They want the real stuff. And I give it to them."*

"I needed all I knew about fighting when I went into the navy.

"The service was full of roughnecks in those days. At first they battered my poor old nose all over my face. But I learned. I learned to wear 'em down. I learned that it hurts a fighter more to miss than to land a blow. In the end, I licked everything in the navy. It's come in handy, too, because in the kind of parts I play, people won't stand for faking. They want the real stuff. And I give it to them."

Then, the sea. In his early teens, Bancroft, lying about his age, left the pleasant comforts of his home to run away and join the navy. He doesn't know why he did it. He had no wanderlust, no craving for adventure, but he went.

"I'll never forget the nightmare of those first few days," he said, "wak-

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SO THIS IS

By ANNE HOWE

Every day is Father's Day to Mildred Gloria Lloyd, daughter of Harold Lloyd, comedy king. Little Mildred is offering her daddy, as a token of affection, a bunch of roses which she has just picked in her garden. Her playground is said to be a Utopian fairyland, so why shouldn't little Miss Lloyd be grateful?

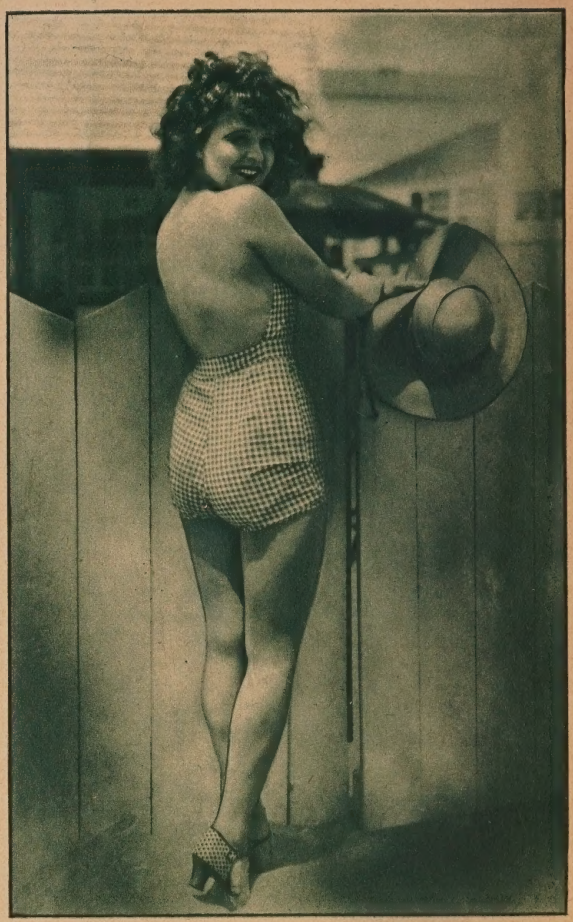
GLORIA SWANSON'S next and as yet unnamed picture should be a success. They are shooting the scenes in five rooms at once. Ten cameras, five recording boxes—a real advance for sound pictures, if we're any judges from standing and watching this unusual procedure.

And work! I tell you Gloria went to work at eleven o'clock one morning and didn't quit until four the next. She was back on the set by ten o'clock. It's an ultra-modern story and Gloria is leaving no stone unturned to add her name to the long list of those who have come back in the talkies.

Speaking of Gloria, there seems to be some misunderstanding. She is still making pictures for United Artists, but she's shooting them at Pathé, under the protecting eye of Joseph Kennedy. Her rental at Pathé is said to be less than at United Artists.

Smaller than New Currency

CLARA BOW is very proud of the paper twenty-five-cent piece in United States money that found its way back to its native country from Lisbon, Portugal. It came to Clara as payment for a photograph of herself.



Old Sol gets a break as Clara Bow encourages him to give her a sun-tan in her backless suit.

The old piece of money is of the series of 1874.

Wal, I Declare!

INA CLAIRE autographed a picture the other day. She signed her name *Ina Claire Gilbert.* When asked if she intended to adopt the new family name professionally she said, "No, I just wanted to see how it looked autographed on a picture."

Go-Getting Girlies

ALL cities have their confidence games, but Director Monte Brice, responsible, you will remember, for the Beery-Hatton mirth-getters, ran into a new one the other day on Wilshire boulevard when two girls pushed him up to the curb by adroit manipulation of their auto.

"Where *have* you been?" Blondie hollered. Brice got out

HOLLYWOOD!

Holding the mirror up to Hollywood to see things as they really are in Celluloidia.

"Daddy's gone a-hunting . . ." Who wouldn't go hunting if Gertrude Olmstead were the fetching little rabbit skin?

and went over to them. He could not remember where he had had the pleasure of meeting them, so he merely said, "Hello, how are you?"

"I'll bet you don't remember us!"

"Oh, I do!" After all, gentlemen don't contradict women.

"Are you living at the same place?" Blondie put all of the questions.

"Sure. Why don't you come out?"

"Now?—Oh, now, you come up to our apartment instead. We'll stop and get some———" (We leave out the beverage in deference to Federal officers.) It was close to the Ambassador, so Brice left his auto at the hotel and jumped in with the ladies. They stopped at an apartment house. "I'll go in and get it here" Blondie suggested. Brice insisted upon footing the bill and gave her $14.

"What about ginger ale?" piped up the brunette sister. Brice

Charles Chaplin, Jr., puts a loving and chubby hand on his little brother Sydney's shoulder as they face the cameraman together. Charlie, Jr., is a rowdy little fellow, who always wants to be playing some lively game, while little Sydney would rather listen to his dad play the organ or sit quietly in a corner and look at pictures in a book.

handed over another $2. The girl went in and returned in a few minutes with her coat bulging with what had every hint of being a bottle. A few blocks down the street Blondie cried out, "Oh, I forgot the ginger ale! Here's a drug store. Would you mind very much getting out and buying it?"

Brice went in, bought six bottles, came out to find the car and the girls missing. Ashamed to return the ginger ale, he walked the five miles back to the Ambassador, $16 and six blisters wiser. He had bought new shoes that morning.

Suiting the Action

WESLEY RUGGLES was directing three hundred extras in a café set during the filming of *Street Girl*. He just couldn't seem to get the action he wanted from his place near the camera. Evening clothes were compulsory in the scene; so Ruggles, all decked out in the directorial golf knickers, borrowed a tuxedo and moved into the foreground, becoming an extra as well as a director.

Line is Busy

CECIL DE MILLE called up his wife and four-year-old son in Paris the other noon. It was eight o'clock, evening, in the French capital.

So This is Hollywood

Finally, Mrs. C. B. said something about being sorry but she "had to go now."

"Where?" was the husbandly answer.

"Oh, that would be telling," and there was a click of the receiver.

Therefore the director maintains that international calls should be made only for business!

Belling the Snack

KAY JOHNSON, slender leading lady imported from Broadway by Cecil De Mille for *Dynamite*, has a new nickname: *Languid Lizz.* All because she flops herself in one chair and props her feet in another and lies indolently at ease between scenes and during sequences in which she is not working.

The only thing which will bring her to life is the lay-off call for luncheon. And the fake calls she received during that picture! She started six times in one day for the lunch room only to be recalled with guffaws of laughter.

In Character

BELLE BENNETT'S son, Teddy, had just come from the theater where he had witnessed the opening of his mother's new play.

A friend asked, "Did you like your mother's performance?"

"Oh, yes," said Teddy, "she's more natural when she's acting."

Miss Griffith Introduces—

CORINNE GRIFFITH has returned from Europe with several trunks of new clothes and plans for a château which she is purchasing in Barbizon, a suburb of Paris. Since she is to make only two pictures a year she plans to spend from two to four months in her new possession.

Among her clothes is a nifty tennis costume of sweater and skirt with one button. You press the button at the end of the match and the entire dress drops to the ground. Shocking? Not in the least! Beneath is a bathing suit, all ready for the swimming pool.

Then there's another clever beach contraption. A huge pocketbook which has a bathing suit compartment, a pocket for cosmetics and a nifty beach umbrella.

Now You See It, Now You Don't

MR. JAMES CRUZE was directing Mr. Eric Von Stroheim in *The Great Gabbo.*

"Now, Von, you will have to put the whole handkerchief in your mouth."

Mr. Von Stroheim looked at the handkerchief, then asked, "Where was it before?"

Shades of Valentino

A PART of the East Indian costume for George Arliss, making the Vitaphone version of *The Green Goddess*, was a curved sword in a jewelled scabbard. It was rented from a Los Angeles costume house.

Lon Chaney takes a hand in this ticklish bit of makeup for the Mississippi flood sequence in his picture, Thunder *Chaney is applying the disguise to James Murray.*

Dorothy Gulliver, Universal leading lady, exposes a new wrinkle in ironing as she presses her skirt after being caught in the rain.

Accidental examination of the sword revealed a name thereon—the name of the master lover of the screen—Valentino. It had once been his sword.

Extras' Theme Song: Eucalyptus

IN FILMING *Hearts in Exile*, six extras, portraying Siberian exiles, had to be completely shorn of their locks in the action of the scene.

But the scene did not suit director Michael Curtiz. Six more victims had to be shorn, and six more and six more, until the scene was retaken six times and when at last the director called "cut," every extra on the lot ran into hiding.

Lupe Goes on Record

LUPE VELEZ is so naïve and natural in her self-admiration that you can never blame her or call her conceited. She was going to play us the first record she has made for the Victrola company and she hunted for a new needle.

"I change the needle only for my own songs. Anything else, no matter how grand, can have any old needle. But songs sung by Lupe, never!"

It's mighty good, by the way, and it has netted her $1,000 and 3 per cent royalties. And believe me, there won't be a person left in Hollywood, soon, who hasn't at least one of those records whether they have a victrola or not. For Lupe is busy being a good salesman so that the 3 per cent will amount to something. She has contracted to make twelve a year at the same profit.

Stars for the Screechies

IRVING WILLAT, director and husband of Billie Dove, was testing the voices of four monkeys for his picture, *Isles of Lost Ships*. He was attempting to tone down their screeching chatter. Some visitors stepped inside the outer door of the sound stage, paused, listened to the chattering.

"My goodness!" They turned to their escort. "I thought that voices for the talkies must be soft and lovely. I thought everyone in Hollywood was trying to lower the pitch of his voice. Just listen to that. That just proves how much you can believe of these publicity stories."

How Time Does Fly!

FRANK TUTTLE, the director, also does pastel portraits. Not long ago he brought one to the studio with him. In the lower right-hand corner was his name and the date, '29.

William Powell was loud in his praise of the director's work.

"But," said Bill, "you can't fool me, you big cluck. You're more than 29!"

Snicker Over Knickers

AN ACQUAINTANCE wired Gary Cooper that he was en route to Hollywood and would try to find Gary when he arrived.

Gary telegraphed back: "It will be a cinch. I'm the only fellow in Hollywood wearing long pants."

This looks like one from the family album, but it isn't; although their names are Anita Page and Paul Page, they're not related.

Ike and "Mike", but they don't look alike. Cliff Edwards, known as Ukulele Ike, playing in M-G-M's College Days, *croons his ballads into a dressed-up microphone.*

So This is Hollywood

A Triumph Over Difficulties

"Fair was she to behold.
Black were her eyes like the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses."

SO WROTE Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in describing his heroine *Evangeline.*

Dolores Del Rio, a new Dolores, gentle and sweet, with heartbreak in her eyes, is *Evangeline,* in United Artists' current production. The old-time fire and hoydenish spirit of the Mexican beauty has left her; in its place is a sweet serenity, born of sorrow and tribulations.

Even during the filming of the picture, trouble lurked on the set. Rain, rain, rain. Torrents of it, beating down, blown in furious gusts of icy winds from a stormy "Pacific" ocean. Marooned on location near Carmel, California, the whole company shivered through a week of cold and sleety rain.

When Edwin Carewe broke his foot, he ordered crutches and a wheel-chair and went right on directing Evangeline. *Dolores Del Rio and Donald Reed are on the set watching him handle a scene.*

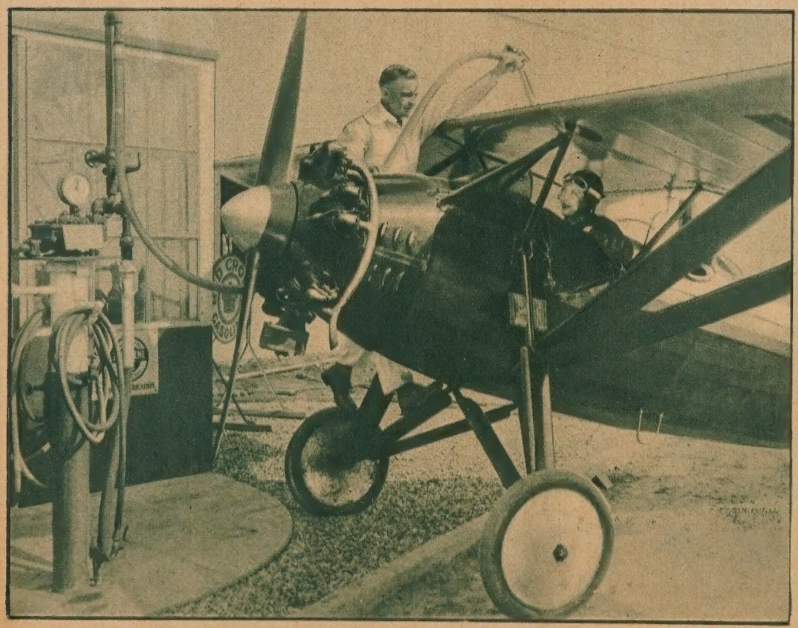
But there were lucky omens, too —if you believe in any such thing as luck or omens. Longfellow's grand-nephew was assistant manager of the hotel in Santa Cruz, where the filming was begun. He had inherited all the poet's heirlooms and aided the first steps in production to go along smoothly. Later, however, Edwin Carewe, the director, rejoiced when obstacles bobbed up. "You know," he stated, "we have a superstition in pictures that a good beginning means a bad production."

Rushes of beautiful waterfall scenes turned out too dark to be used, whole weeks of work were scrapped, 33 members of the company suffered from poison oak, Roland Drew suffered from a boil on his cheek, but the production went on. Some of the greatest moments of his passionate love scene with Dolores were done between intervals of Roland's seasickness.

Latest rumors suggest that Roland Drew's fervor in his love scenes with Dolores was not all acting. Drew is often seen escorting her about Hollywood and there exists the suspicion that Cupid may be in the offing.

Fur coats and galoshes were pressed into service, little muddy rivers covered the ground—a herd of cows stampeded instead of meandered—and as a final misfortune, Director Carewe fell off a platform, broke his foot and had to direct the rest of the picture from a wheel chair.

Judging from the trials and tribulations experienced by the company engaged in making *Evangeline,* the film version of Longfellow's masterpiece should prove a labor enriched by misfortune and sorrow—a labor which should rightfully enjoy a place beside the immortal poem itself.



"Looks like gas is going up," says the service station man to Gwen Lee, as the M-G-M beauty taxies up to have her ship's tank filled.

A Modern Cinderella

Norma Shearer's "prince" came as unexpectedly into her life as Prince Charming appeared to Cinderella in the fairy tale—only Norma used 20th century aggressiveness and modern feminine wiles to wear the glass slippers and become Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

By RUTH BIERY

Filmdom's modern Cinderella perches herself atop her garden wall and listens to the birds pour out their golden song.

TO SELL the family piano, go into the movies, become a big star, marry a rich producer and live happily ever after, is, I suppose, the wish of every modern Cinderella. Yet I know of only one girl who has done it—*Norma Shearer.*

I've always wanted the true story of Norma, because, like the rest of the world, I appreciate real fairy stories. And if ever a girl had one—but just try and get it!

Right here I'm going to make a confession. This is the third time I've written this story. Today was the third time I interviewed Norma for the editor of SCREEN SECRETS. Twice, he sent back the manuscript with the instructions, "We want more data. We want the true romance of Miss Shearer and Irving Thalberg." Twice I've been sent back to that simple dressing room, No. 6, on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, to see if the girl who sat on the witness chair and recited the lurid details of her reel life as a kept woman in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* wouldn't reveal the intimacies of her *real* life as a married woman.

"I've just got to have it, Norma—"

[*Turn to page* 92]

This is not a "whoopee" combination, but a soundly, intelligent, happily married couple—Norma Shearer and her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg.

Inferiority Complex—

Our old friend, the inferiority complex, is back again as the ogre barring the way to success in the talkies—the only way to beat the microphone is to snub it.

By ALVA LANGDON

Laura La Plante manifests only the coolest nonchalance toward the dread microphone—otherwise she wouldn't have a chance to get near it at all.

Victor Nordlinger, Universal casting director who describes the problem of inferiority complexes under the microphone, with Myrna Kennedy, whose "sound personality" is just what he's looking for.

MERNA KENNEDY walked on the set, said "good morning" to the director, and casually glanced at the cylindrical mike overhanging the sound-proof camera-box. And in the casualness of her glance was the reason for her being there.

Laura La Plante, emerging from her dressing room and entering her set, also said "good morning" to the director. There was a mike on her set, too, but she did not even glance at it. And that, also, was the reason for her being there.

Neither star was at all concerned about the mike—symbolical of the talkies. Neither was seized with stage-fright at the sight of it being there. To talk naturally into that mike was as easy for them as to act naturally in front of the camera—otherwise, neither of them would have been there.

They have, in common with all other successful talkie players, an elusive quality which Victor Nordlinger, these many years casting director at Universal, naïvely and correctly calls "sound poise." Sound poise, nowadays, is a mighty essential thing in an actor or an actress—and a mighty essential thing for a casting director to recognize. Otherwise, from now on, he won't be there, either.

MODESTY has no virtue in the movies. In other words, the shrinking violet has no charm to captivate the hearts of photoplay audiences—and particularly is this true now that the talkies have come, made themselves heard, and conquered the screen.

Such is the opinion vouchsafed by no less an authority than Victor Nordlinger, now a production supervisor, who says further that the advent of sound pictures, in addition to literally revolutionizing the theory of casting, raises a completely insurmountable barrier between, for instance, two players who might be equally desirable for the same part in a silent picture.

"There is an indefinable something in a sound picture," he said, "which, while being quite separate and distinct from

Bugaboo of the Talkies

the voice itself, nevertheless is a sound personality. Two players might move through a sound scene without uttering a word, yet one of them might be obviously at ease in the part, the other obviously inadequate. The difference between two such players, even though one might be just as outstanding as the other in a silent film, is simply what I call sound poise."

This "sound poise," as Mr. Nordlinger explains it, is nothing more nor less than the mental attitude of a player toward sound pictures. Some stars, he said, take as naturally to the talkies as a duck to water, even though they never have had any legitimate stage experience; others, who may have just as good voices for sound reproduction, just as naturally wilt mentally every time they see a microphone, and the recorded result is an enfeebled squeak.

IT ALL comes right down to the old inferiority complex," said Nordlinger. "A good player who has one of them, even though he or she may have been able to hide it successfully in silent pictures, has absolutely no chance in the talkies. They are not sure of themselves, and their mental inferiority inevitably registers not only in their voices but in their screen poise."

Glenn Tyron and Merna Kennedy—these two brilliant players had never made a sound picture prior to Broadway, *but they were selected for featured rôles in that picture because they had "sound poise."*

Dr. William M. Marston, former college professor, whose work for Universal is to spot the dread inferiority complex, and analyze the players' best characteristics. His reports play an important part in this studio's sound casting.

Meeting the

SCREEN SECRETS herewith begins a series met the challenge of the talkies. This article

By CLIFFORD

Colleen Moore was one of the first stars to sense the portentous change when the talkies came into being. She immediately studied voice training, with the result that her talking pictures have made her more popular than ever.

WHEN talking pictures burst upon the world the prophets had a heyday. Optimists and pessimists gave free rein to their temperaments. On the whole the optimists have had the best of it so far. They predicted that synchronized pictures had come to stay, and they have stayed—and how!

The optimists also said—though with some hesitation—that most of the stars of the old silent pictures would survive the Hollywood revolution. A good many people have been surprised to see this prophecy, too, come true. Up to the present time most of the outstanding triumphs on the synchronized screen have been scored by players who had already made high reputations when unified sight-and-sound was no more than a dream and the subject of long and heart-breaking and apparently futile experimentation.

Of course, Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer,* achieved the first smashing victory, which woke everybody up. That was the real beginning of the revolution; the talking pictures that had gone before were merely experiments, and very timid and hesitant ones at that.

Besides Jolson, such prominent stage players as Jeanne Eagels, Chester Morris, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton and Eddie Dowling, have recently won new laurels in the talkies, but their cases are really quite exceptional. Where

Lois Wilson joined Edward Everett Horton's repertory company on the stage when the talkie problem came up.

Talkie Challenge

of articles on how players at the various studios deals with players at the First National studios.

RANDALL

one such success has come about, there have been a dozen failures.

THE plain and very remarkable fact is that the odds are heavily against any stage star who enters the sight-and-sound studios with the expectation of repeating his Broadway triumphs, either artistically or commercially.

Just the same, for a time the Hollywood favorites of the silent screen were worried; and, as things looked then, they had reason to be. Synchronization rose suddenly like a great storm and darkened the smiling sky of their fame and fortune. Those who had had stage experience in the past were not perturbed; whatever happened, they were safe enough, and some of them anticipated new opportunities which have duly come and been utilized to high advantage.

One of the first screen stars to sense the portentous changes was Colleen Moore, who told it herself not long ago to the writer.

For quite a while, it seems, Colleen thought very little about the talking pictures. Maybe they would come into favor and maybe they wouldn't, but those she had seen had failed to give her any reason for alarm. And then, with her husband, John McCormick, she saw *The Jazz Singer*.

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Dorothy Mackaill placed herself in the hands of Laura Hope Crewes to have her English accent ironed out.

Billie Dove was a Follies beauty before she went into the movies, and as such, she had very little to say. Her natural talent as an impersonator stood her in good stead, however, and she scored a tremendous hit in her first talkie, Careers.

Happy? Why shouldn't she be? "Gee, it's great to be in love!" says Clara.

"She's the sweetest girl I've ever known," says Harry Richman whom Clara plans to marry this fall.

Clara Bow Says *Yes!*

Will the engagement of the "It" girl, whose romances have been the talk of Hollywood, really "take" this time?

By BOB MOAK

CLARA BOW'S whole life has been one big, colorful romance right up to the moment that she plunged madly into love. Then—

She lay seriously ill in her Beverly Hills home one afternoon recently. Seated at her side, silently holding her hand, was Harry Richman, Broadway musical comedy favorite, now starring in the films. Three physicians entered the room for consultation over the Princess of *IT*.

"We shall have to ask you to leave," said one of the medicos, turning to Richman.

"But doctor, this is my fiancé!" spoke up Clara.

Clara Bow, Cinderella of the celluloid, had announced her engagement! Could the little red-head's greatest moment have been more prosaic?

Early this fall, Clara, a girl of many affairs of the heart, will walk to the altar with the rich and popular Harry Richman, star of George White's *Scandals*, owner of four New York night clubs, maker of phonographic records which have set sales marks and whose income is reputed to be in excess of $20,000 a week. He is now completing his first picture, *The Song of Broadway*.

The date for the wedding cannot be fixed until both have finished their current productions.

"There must be no bally-hoo attached to our marriage," said Clara. "We shall take the world into our confidence only after the knot has been tied."

WHEN Clara went to New York seven months ago, she was a guest at a small party given at the Club Richman. There she was introduced to Harry.

Night after night, from then until the close of her stay in the East, they were seen together. Clara returned home, a very changed person.

No longer was she the "whoopee girl" of Hollywood. When she went out, it was not with one of the old "flames" or even a new one. Her constant escort was her young cousin.

The three thousand miles that separated Clara and Harry meant little to them. They bridged the distance with semi-weekly telephone chats and by daily air-mail letters.

Then Richman came to California to work for United Artists. Clara was at the train to welcome him.

Every minute they could be away from work found them together at Clara's home, at the beaches, the theaters or the Montmartre.

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Society *in* Cinemaland

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
SCREEN SECRETS' SOCIETY EDITOR

When these three foreign visitors came to Hollywood, they were met by a bevy of the film capital's royal hostesses. In this group, left to right, are: Jane Winton, Juan Toreno, Ona Wilson Brown, Rene Cordona, Camilla Horn, Manuel Sotres and Rita Carewe.

PEACH and apple blossoms, pink roses and golden butterflies transformed the Breakfast Club into a fragrant garden for **Peggy Hamilton's** dinner-dance, given in honor of **Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia.**

Favors were engraved booklets with a picture of the Prince and a list of the guests, so you will not be surprised to learn that the royal scion spent his entire evening autographing these.

N. B. Fashion note: The prince wore a white tie with his tuxedo, the other males favoring black.

Billy Joy was master of ceremonies during the evening's entertainment, which comprised the efforts of several headliners—**Gus Edwards,** the **Duncan Sisters, Ethel Jenks** and two clever children. **Billy Joy** also announced the "blind date" dance, which was one of the high spots. Each man's name was placed on the inside of a large roll of ribbon and tied to a tall pole in the center of the room; each girl shut her eyes and chose a ribbon, unwinding it to the end, where the name of her "blind date" was revealed.

Among the hundred or more merrymakers were the **Jean Hersholts, Pat O'Malleys, Tod Brownings, Don Alvarados, Fred Windemeres (Belle Bennett), Irvin Willats (Billie Dove), Edmund Lowes (Lilyan Tashman), Misses Lupe Velez, Claire Windsor, Julia Faye, Priscilla Dean, Ruth Taylor, Mary McAllister, Dorothy Mackaill, Jeanette Loff, Vera Reynolds,** and **Messrs. Ivan Lebedeff, Art Goebel, Rene Cordona, Juan Toreno, Jose Crespo, Bob Ellis** and **Buddy Rogers.**

Wish you could have seen the sumptuous, sun-burned backs of **Lilyan Tashman** and **Billie Dove!**

THIS has been a month crowded with brilliant picture premiéres, a wedding or two, pre-nuptial affairs for bride-elects, birthday parties and house-warmings.

Only a small group witnessed the ceremony which made

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Cecil De Mille Tells

David Wark Griffith, veteran director, visits his friend De Mille and tarries a while to see how "the maker of stars" goes about his process on the set.

Making stars out of contrasted types, making the actor bring out his own, true personality, is the spark which lights the way to directorial success. Cecil B. De Mille, "the maker of stars", has coached perhaps one-third of all the screen's vast multitude of players. No two directors use the same method; no one director uses the same technique for any two people. Cecil B. De Mille tells SCREEN SECRETS readers how he supplies direction as fuel to the fire of the stars' genius.

As told to Ruth Biery

By CECIL B. De MILLE

THE general principle of directing is to give the artists an opportunity to bring out what is in themselves rather than putting in them what is in yourself. That to me is the secret of making a star. How to make them bring themselves out is the knack of a director, the central point of his genius. No two directors use the same method; no one director uses the same technique for any two people."

Thus does Cecil De Mille, "the maker of stars", put into a nutshell his secrets of successful directing. Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Wallace Reid, Jacqueline Logan, William Boyd—all owe their big opportunity to him. Nor is it an extravagance to say that one-third of the screen actresses and actors have at one time or another fallen under his tutelage in at least one picture.

"The average persons who come to you are not amateurs. They have had two or three years of training. But when they get their big opportunity, when a big director (in the mental, not the avoirdupois sense) takes an interest and casts them in a production, mental shells are prone to form. They are seized with inferiority or superiority complexes. Leatrice Joy is an example of the one and Agnes Ayres of the other. Then some method must be devised to crack those shells, to destroy the guards which they have unwittingly erected around them.

"There are two types of players: Those who receive direction as an engine receives fuel; those who receive direction as a necessary evil. The first are the great artists. The second are the lesser ones who must rely solely upon their own interpretations. They have no true art, which is why it is difficult for them to receive direction.

GLORIA SWANSON! For her there was never any breaking of a shell. She is the perfect mold into which you can pour any emotion and be certain of its

The great De Mille explains to Jeanie MacPherson, noted scenarist, that he wants certain ideas of his put into the script—and he proceeds to act the part.

How He Does It

shaping. Elliott Dexter is another. The only two examples of perfect molds, I should say, without training.

"Mary Pickford, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels and Leatrice Joy are all delightful artists to direct. All understand easily what the director is trying to do."

WITH Leatrice Joy, De Mille had one of his most difficult jobs of "cracking." She was willing, but cold; bound by a mental shell of inferiority. He had chosen her for *Manslaughter;* he was determined to see her successful. He used all his usual methods upon the set — fury, sarcasm, gentleness, every weapon at the command of a director. Finally, he sent for her to come to his office. He ordered her to bring her brother with her. As she entered the door he said, "I'm sorry but you are not making a success in this picture. I am going to have another girl replace you."

"But Mr. De Mille, you couldn't do that! You couldn't. It will ruin my career, I will never get another—"

"It is necessary. You are cold—"

She was on her knees before him. Sobs racked her being. Her hands groped for his. She pleaded, "You can't; you can't—"

"So you do feel emotions? You are crying. You have feeling. That is what I want from you in pictures. If you will give me this—"

Since De Mille cracked Leatrice Joy's shell of inferiority, she has developed into one of the most charming and capable actresses in the motion picture business. Miss Joy owes this great director much for his sound guidance in her rise to stardom.

Note that he classes her in the list with Mary Pickford, Wally Reid and Bebe Daniels. From that moment, he says, she fell into that group which takes direction as an engine takes fuel—a great artiste!

Kay Johnson and Julia Faye giving aero-wheel racing a whirl, under the helpful hand of their director Cecil B. De Mille, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's forthcoming production Dynamite.

DE MILLE is noted for ferocity, losing his temper; lashing his subjects into submission. You hear weird tales in Hollywood of things he has done under the spell of bad temper. I asked Mr. De Mille point blank about it.

"My ferocity is always studied ferocity. When something really makes me angry —I get extremely quiet. Anger is no time for words! I use a carefully studied lash. Something of the sort is necessary in almost every production to steady an actor before a big scene. Yes, I have used it on Bebe Daniels. She was an awkward, untutored girl when she came to me. She slumped across a room; she was round shouldered. It was necessary to break her shell, to tear something from her eyes so she could see artistically. There are only two artists in the business on which I have never used this method: Gloria and Elliott Dexter."

De Mille was directing Monte Blue in

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Vamping as is Vamping!

Mary Duncan believes that screen vampires should be soft, tender and yielding, awakening the protective instinct in man; her ambition is to play the role of Manon Lescault—and it may come true!

By
EDWARD R. SAMMIS

Mary Duncan's hands are said to be the most beautiful on stage or screen. How eloquent they are in this scene with Warner Baxter!

It is fatal to look into Mary Duncan's eyes—as fatal as to listen to the song of the Lorelei.

Dear Mr. Fox:
Please, please, let Mary Duncan play the kind of vampire rôles she wants to play. Amen.
P. S. And while you are at it, you might send me a Rolls-Royce for Christmas—also a gas book.

YOU can't help feeling that way about William Fox. You feel that he could do almost anything he wanted. Look at the way he buys every lot that he likes and builds a theater on it. And he really should want to let Mary Duncan have her wish.

You can't help feeling that way about Mary, either. You want her to have everything she wants. She affects you that way. And she does want so badly to play her own particular kind of vamp parts.

Mary told me about it quite eloquently, seated in her dressing room, swathed in sea-green silks, but I was entirely convinced before she started her argument. That's the insidious thing about Mary. If she had gone to the window, looked out upon the sunny California landscape and said, "Dear me, look how it's snowing!" I would doubtless have replied with perfect conviction, "Yes, quite so, and I came away without my earmuffs."

Her hands have a way of illustrating her meanings; those exquisite, tapering hands, perhaps the most beautiful on stage or screen. Perhaps she didn't use words at all. In one hand she

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Fan Letters Saved Me!

Mary Brian stood at the crossroads of her motion picture career, uncertain, a bit afraid; fan letters flocked in by the thousands—and Mary was saved for her movie audiences the world over!

By ANNE HOWE

"The greatest news I ever heard was Mr. Lasky's telephone message, telling me I had been chosen to play Wendy *in* Peter Pan," *Miss Brian declares.*

WHEN the talkies came into being, I stood at the crossroads of my motion picture career. My contract with Lasky's had come to mean very little. I was being loaned to all the other studios and I was beginning to feel afraid that perhaps it was all over for me.

"Then a very encouraging thing happened. Fans the country over who were interested in my career suddenly fairly inundated me with cheery letters—and so they saved me!"

Mary Brian held back the curtain and looked out her window. She flicked a tear off her cheek and there was a serious look of reminiscence in her eyes.

"My father died when I was a tiny baby. He didn't leave Mother much money, so it was necessary that she support herself and me by her own efforts. She was an artist, but in Corsicana, Texas, where I was born, there was little demand for her work. So we moved to Dallas, and Mother found plenty to do.

"I used to watch her bending over her sketches. I knew she was tired, that her arms often ached, and I would say, 'When I am big, I'll take care of you, Mother.'

"Mother would laugh, pat my head and call me 'Little Dreamer.' I suppose I was, but I lived and planned only for the day when my dreams would come true."

MOTHER wanted me to become an artist. I wanted to please her, but there was no money for lessons in drawing. I made the best of what the public schools offered. I could sketch fairly well, but I didn't want to be an artist. I wanted to be a motion picture actress. I never wanted to be anything else. It was funny about my plans and dreams—they never changed. My little cousins used to change their ambitions every day or so. If a circus came to town, they wanted to be bareback riders, if a show came to town, they wanted to be on the stage, and so on. I would say to them, 'You can be what you want, but I am going to be a motion picture actress.'

"I talked movies, lived movies and planned movies until the summer I was sixteen. That summer she said, 'Well, Little Dreamer, we'll go to Hollywood and try it out. Maybe you are right. We shall see. They say if you want a thing badly enough, it will come to you. If you don't make good, we will have to return and you must finish school, forget movies forever and learn something useful.'

"I was so sure I could make good once I got to Hollywood that I never hesitated a moment. We gathered the few clothes we had together and what little money we had

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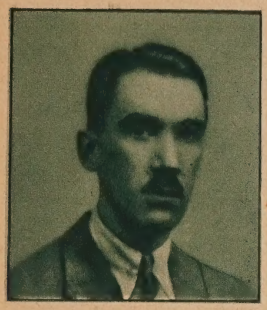
UNDER the spreading tapestry" could well be the title of this fetching pose of Natalie Kingston, one of Universal's charming featured players.

CINEMA SLANTS

By Robert E. Sherwood

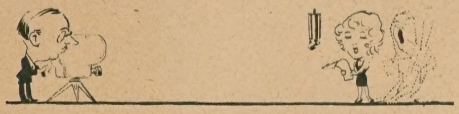


Robert E. Sherwood

A Thorough understanding of the motion picture art, born of a background of constant observation, gives Robert E. Sherwood, America's foremost movie critic, his singular ability to present the cinema situation from a distinctly constructive angle. He has observed the workings of the industry from its birth to the present day. His crisp discussion, enlivened by a sparkling vein of humor, is a regular monthly feature in SCREEN SECRETS.

Words and Music

WE'VE seen a great many plays with music on the audible screen—*The Singing Fool, The Broadway Melody, Close Harmony,* etc. We've seen several out-and-out musical comedies—such as *The Desert Song, The Cocoanuts, Rio Rita,* and *Hit the Deck.* We have seen or are about to see some mammoth musical revues—*Fox Movietone Follies, Radio Revels,* and M-G-M's *The Hollywood Revue of 1929.*



Now we're to be treated to some celluloid grand opera, and before it arrives I should like to record the guess that it will be terrible. Not that I object to grand opera, as such—but I have sat through some Vitaphone and Movietone short subjects of opera stars, including Marion Talley, Giovanni Martinelli and Titta Ruffo, and while their voices are magnificent, their acting is inexpressibly ham. And ham acting is a great deal more offensive in a movie close-up than it is in the vast interior of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Perhaps they will make "ghost" grand operas—with Alice White acting the part and Mme. Schumann-Heink singing it. I'm afraid that wouldn't be so good, either.

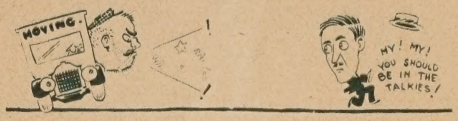
Those Rough Reporters

GENTLEMEN of the Press wasn't, in my estimation, any great shakes as a picture, but it did serve to demonstrate that conversation on the screen can be commendably rough and naturalistic. There were several remarks in that picture which could never have been printed as sub-titles of a silent film.

Another newspaper play, *The Front Page* (and what a play!) is soon to be reproduced in talkie form—and I can't wait to see and HEAR it.

The Front Page is a grand melodrama, and it contains the lowest and rowdiest profanity and obscenity that has been heard on any stage since the bad old days of the Restoration period.

It is unthinkable that all or even a large part of this



uncouth talk will be recorded on the sensitive movietone. It would burn out the vacuum tubes, short circuit the magnetic amplifiers and cause the legislatures of thirty-six states to put through another Constitutional amendment providing for strict motion picture censorship.

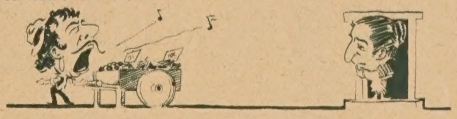
"Bits"

ONE of the redeeming features of the talkies is that they give the character actor a better chance than he has ever had before.

In former times (the star system being what it was) it was highly unwise for the small-part actor to be too good. The star liked to be the only goldfish in the bowl, and the lesser fry were commanded to keep themselves hidden down among the seaweeds.

Dialect Story

THE talkies remind me of the story of a peddler down in the Hester Street district of New York. He was propelling his traveling delicatessen along the pavement, calling his wares in a loud, sing-song tone of voice, when Mrs. Yifnif thrust her head from an upper window and addressed him as follows: "Vill you plizz come beck dees hefternoon and bringk me some salami wit' leever-woist wit'? . . . ."



"Theesa afternoon I can no come back," interrupted the peddler.

"Vy not?" asked Mrs. Yifnif.

"Because theesa afternoon," was the reply, "I gotta take-a da test on da Vitaphone!"

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Red Letter Days in

The month of August is marked with events of great importance in the lives of motion picture people.

1929 AUGUST 1929

S M T W T F S

August 28, 1925—Gloria Swanson returns to Hollywood as the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, following her marriage abroad.

August 11, 1915—Bessie Love enters picture under the tutelage of David Wark Griffith.

WILLIAM HAINES 3

GEORGE O'BRIEN 10

BESSIE LOVE 11

August 3, 1926—William Haines begins work on Brown of Harvard, *which later established him as Hollywood's smartest wisecracker.*

ESTELLE TAYLOR 20

August 20, 1926—Estelle Taylor receives a letter from John Barrymore, complimenting her on her splendid work in Don Juan.

LILYAN TASHMAN 23

August 10, 1917—George O'Brien enlists in the United States Navy for World War service.

GLORIA SWANSON 28

August 23, 1921—Lilyan Tashman is taken out of the Ziegfeld Follies by David Belasco, for the rôle of Eleanor in The Gold Diggers

the Lives of the Stars

No mauve decade, this, but a span of flaming dates; here is a history of Hollywood's high lights in an amazing calendar actually told by the stars to Dorothy Spensley.

JANUARY 1, 1926—John Mack Brown scores a touchdown for Alabama against Washington at the Pasadena Rose Bowl game and wins his way into pictures.

January 1, 1929—Joe Cobb, aged eleven, of Our Gang, wins his first bet of fifty cents when Georgia Tech takes the game at the Pasadena Rose Bowl, and spends it all on ice cream cones.

January 1, 1926—John Mack Brown, M-G-M featured player, keeps fit between scenes by exercising with Flash, *the wonder dog.*

April 26, 1904—Dorothy Sebastian first shows her pretty knees to the world, in Birmingham, Alabama.

January 7, 1929—Sally Blane becomes a Wampas Baby Star and feels better about it because sister Loretta Young is likewise honored.

January 12, 1929—Garfield Leon, on a winning Coast polo team, rides to receive the cup from Lilyan Tashman's hands, reins in left hand, cap gallantly doffed in right, feels the girths slip and lands on his back squarely in front of the reviewing stand. Mervyn LeRoy, present, roars with laughter and signs him to a small part in Alice White's *Hot Stuff*.

January 18, 1917—Buster Keaton journeys out to watch Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle make a two-reel comedy called *The Butcher Boy* while the Keatons are in Los Angeles on a vaudeville tour and stays to become the films' "frozen pan" comedian.

January 20, 1926—Doris Hill, dancing in a Metropolitan Theater prologue in Los Angeles, is observed by Bob Hopkins of Warner Brothers, and signed for the feminine lead in *The Better 'Ole*, opposite Syd Chaplin.

February 1, 1926—May McAvoy receives word from Louis B. Mayer to go to Rome and play *Esther* in *Ben Hur*.

February 4, 1926—Dolores Del Rio is presented as a Wampas Baby Star and for the first time feels herself a part of Hollywood and its motion picture colony.

February 6, 1918—Enid Bennett says "Yes" to Fred Niblo.

February 6, 1929—Russell Gleason becomes of age and signs his first motion picture contract for three years under the Pathé banner.

February 9, 1916—Karl Dane arrives on Ellis Island from Denmark.

February 15, 1928—Anita Page convinces Louis B. Mayer that she is entitled to an M-G-M contract, despite the fact that she is a Harry K. Thaw discovery.

February 16, 1929—Ramon Novarro signs the contract that enables him to make an opera debut in Berlin and also make motion pictures in Hollywood.

March 10, 1929—Sheila Fitzmaurice arrives to be the permanent house guest of Diana Kane and her husband, George Fitzmaurice.

March 13, 1929—Ken Maynard becomes a Mason.

January 7, 1929—Sally Blane is chosen as one of the 1929 Wampas Baby Stars, along with her sister, Loretta Young.

January 20, 1926—Doris Hill, dancing at a theater in Los Angeles, is observed by a Warner Brothers scout and signed for the feminine lead in The Better 'Ole.

March 18, 1929—Jetta Goudal wins her suit against Pathé, allowing her the right to be temperamental.

March 20, 1926—Polly Moran signs a five-year contract with M-G-M.

April 16, 1889—Charles Chaplin first becomes acquainted with his mother.

April 25, 1921—Ronald Colman, in his dressing room at the Belasco Theater in New York, receives a note from Henry King, who asks him to go to Italy and play the leading male rôle opposite Lillian Gish in *The White Sister.*

April 26, 1904—Dorothy Sebastian makes her debut into this weary world at Birmingham, Alabama.

May 1, 1915—George K. Arthur, gassed and blinded in the battle of Ypres, recovers his eyesight.

May 1, 1923—Dorothy Dwan meets Larry Semon and becomes his leading woman, and later his wife.

May 2, 1908—William Bakewell joins the rest of us on earth.

May 3, 1923—Marian Nixon loses her job in the chorus of a traveling show and finds two days' work as an extra at Warners'. Six years later she finds herself at the same studio playing opposite Al Jolson in *Little Pal.*

May 5, 1921—Mary Philbin is chosen by Eric von Stroheim in Chicago at a beauty contest as the ideal picture type and Carl Laemmle signs her to a contract.

May 8, 1915—Norma Talmadge meets Joseph

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CUPID'S BULLETIN

The Ambassador of Love shoots his arrows into Hollywood hearts.

CARL VOLMOELLER, author of the famous stage spectacle, *The Miracle*, and a writer of note, has been in Hollywood of late and has been very attentive to Dolores Del Rio.

The Mexican film star met Volmoeller when she was traveling abroad last year and she and her mother were entertained at his mansion in Venice.

Langdon to Marry Again

HARRY LANGDON, the comedian whose meteoric rise in motion pictures suffered an abrupt drop about a year ago, has emerged fresh from a divorce with his former wife, Mrs. Rose Langdon, and has signed a notice of intention to marry Mrs. Helen Walton, formerly of Toledo, Ohio.

Langdon and his former wife were divorced last year and the final decree was entered July 3, of this year. The decree was accompanied by a property settlement of $70,000 for Mrs. Langdon and an interest in several recent films which are expected to figure strongly in the comedian's comeback attempt.

Divorce for Kerry?

NORMAN KERRY has been sued for divorce by his wife. Mrs. Kerry's charges were answered by a denial on the part of the screen idol. Kerry is now in New York on a vaudeville tour and the case is being handled by his attorney, Michael A. P. Narlian. The couple were married February 29, 1920. They separated November 11, 1928.

May McAvoy Says "I Do."

MAY McAVOY is now Mrs. Maurice J. Cleary, wife of a Los Angeles banker. The couple were married in the Church of the Good Shepherd at Beverly Hills, the Reverend Father Michael J. Mullins performing the ceremony.

Marian Nixon to Wed

MARIAN NIXON has announced her engagement to Edward Hillman, Jr., prominent Chicagoan. The wedding is scheduled to take place following the completion of Miss Nixon's new picture, *Young Nowhere*, opposite Richard Barthelmess. This is her second matrimonial venture. Joe Benjamin, lightweight pugilist, is her first husband.

Don Douglas Finds Romance

IT NEVER would do for a prepossessing youth like Don Douglas to come to Hollywood without finding romance.

And seemingly he has found it. He and lovely little Charlotte Merriam, divorced wife of Rex Lease, are seen about together a great deal. Charlotte blushingly denies any engagement, however, but admits she and Don are very good friends.

Stepin Fetches a Bride

STEPIN FETCHIT, negro comedian who rose from the obscurity of a small-time vaudeville act to a $1,000 a week salary as a Fox star, is now a benedict. Dorothy Stevenson, seventeen years old, is the lucky bride. The ceremony was performed in St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Los Angeles.

Alice Day's New Interest

SWEET little Alice Day, who once was supposed to have been engaged to Carl Laemmle, Jr., has a brand new romance.

This time it isn't with any one connected with the picture business. The man is a tall, handsome business man, and it is likely that the engagement will be announced around Christmas time. At any rate, well founded rumor has it so.

Prudence in Love

AND that Olive Borden-George O'Brien romance seems still to be very warm. So many younger film stars and starlets think they are more popular with the fans if they postpone their wedding dates, and so, in the meantime, heavy crushes make up for romantic yearnings in our local village.

Dolores Del Rio

May McAvoy

Norman Kerry

Olive Borden

I Can't Make Whoopee

Lupe Velez, Alice White, Clara Bow and Joan Crawford tell why they can't—or won't—make whoopee in the traditional Hollywood manner.

By
HELEN STARR

Making whoopee is part of Alice White's blood, bone and sinew—so much so, that First National officials inserted a "conscience clause" in her contract, making it obligatory for Alice "to ask official forgiveness if she violates the rules of ordinary conduct."

"So-o Big" would aptly describe what kind of hit Clara Bow makes in her current picture, Dangerous Curves. *It is a story about circus life and the IT girl uses her rôle to make plenty of spontaneous whoopee.*

THERE are people in Hollywood I'd like to kick," confided Lupe Velez with a forward thrust of a bare and shapely leg. "I'd like to wait along the streets and kick them hard when they come by!

"If I feel full of whoopee and talk loud, you can hear me for five blocks. American people do not like that. They wish to think. And in society, I am read minder. I know they tell lie. If I do not like someone, I would rather say, 'I hate you and you hate me and that's O. K.' "

You wouldn't think she hailed from a Mexican village that gloried in the merit of having built 300 churches for its 5,000 inhabitants.

Lupe was carrying around a lot of black and blue spots on her active legs. She wore no socks. And there were scratches, too. And mosquito bites. I asked her about the collections. Even in Chicago when snow was on the ground, I had heard that Lupe wore no stockings.

"Somewhere," she explained, "I must be free to run and do as I please. In Hollywood, they are always saying, 'Lupe, be dignified!' And so at home, I can kick and scream and be as free as I please."

SHE lives in a house in wooded, hilly Laurel Canyon, just west of Hollywood, with one of her three sisters, her brother-in-law and her cousin.

"The black and blue comes when I hit furniture running after my sister with water to tease her. The scratches from hunting in the mountains at Gary's ranch. You know Mr. Cooper—Gary? But my house is not large enough to run all I please. The servants say it is too large,

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A new type of comédienne was introduced when Bebe Daniels made athletic pictures— running pictures, swimming pictures, racing pictures. Here she steals some mileage in a foot-race.

From Thrills to Trills

Bebe Daniels graduates from a comedy stuntstress into a young lady who climbs to dizzy heights on the musical scale.

By HARMONY HAYNES

AH-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah! Oh-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh!" or something that sounded like that, was pouring forth from the full quivering throat of Bebe Daniels, filling the room with golden notes. Golden, because they were full and rich and mellow. Golden, because they will fill the coffers of the Radio Pictures Corporation to overflowing.

It was quite different from the last time I had seen this same beautiful Bebe hanging by finger tips from the ledge of a belfry tower.

"From thrills to trills, eh, Bebe?"

Bebe's black eyes twinkled, "You tell 'em, infant."

"That's what I'm here for, so loosen up and give me something startlin' to tell 'em."

"Well," Bebe began, thoughtfully, "I was born in Texas—"

OH, TO be sure," I butted in, "You were born in Texas. Dallas, Texas, to be exact. Your mother was an actress and she was Spanish and your father was Scotch. You were carried onto the stage when you were ten weeks old. You played the part of a baby. You played the little *Duke of York* in a play called *Richard The Third*

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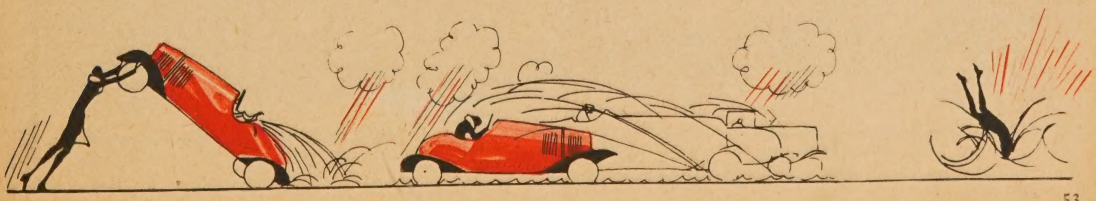

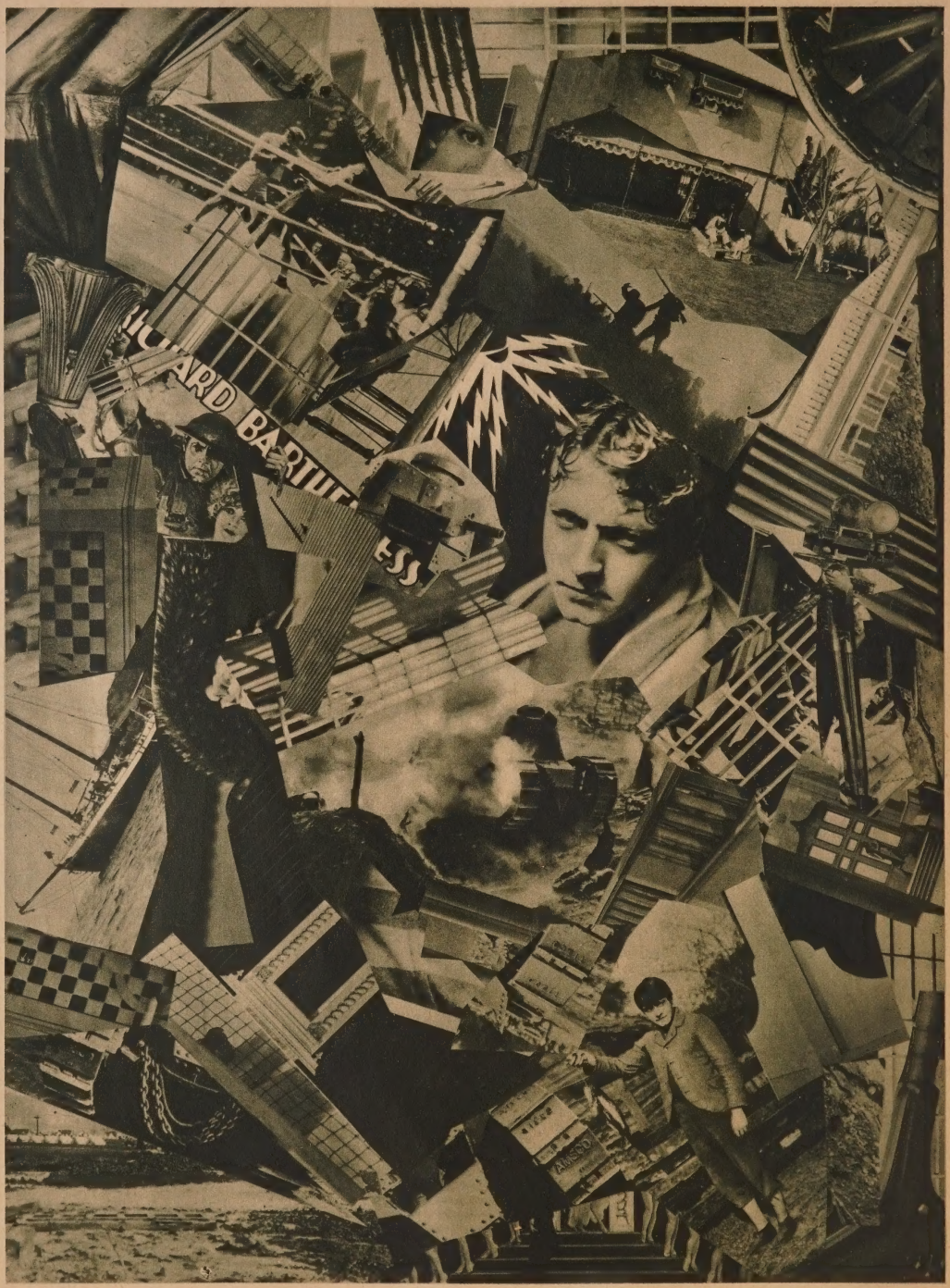

Like a crazy quilt, the brilliant movie career of Richard Barthelmess is highly colored and versatile in pattern.

Rich Richard's Almanac

Richard Barthelmess once pondered over what he'd do for a livelihood; perplexed, he decided to join the navy—but Madame Alla Nazimova had a happy idea—and today Dick is in the front rank in motion pictures.

By BURNS BRADLEY

"YOU give me the idea!" exclaimed Nazimova.

It was a fruitful idea, too, for it resulted in the début of Richard Barthelmess in motion pictures; and had it not occurred to the famous Russian actress, very probably Barthelmess would never have become a screen player at all and his latest starring vehicle, *Drag,* would never have been.

However, the gods, or destiny, or chance sent that idea into the mind of Nazimova back in the summer of 1914. In those days, Dick Barthelmess was just out of college. His mother, a widow, had been initiating Nazimova into the mysteries of the English language, and a firm friendship had been formed between the two women. With Dick on the threshold of manhood, it was necessary for him to decide upon a means of livelihood. He was not thinking of becoming an actor, either on stage or screen. Just then his youthful hopes were fixed upon a literary career, and he was in the habit of devoting hours daily to the faithful practice of English prose.

Nazimova was about to appear in a motion picture entitled *War Brides,* and a certain rôle was open—that of a young man named Arno. She thought of that rôle and she thought of young Dick, and the two thoughts fused.

It was then that she cried: "You give me the idea!"

So Dick was offered his first chance on the screen, and he has been there ever since.

THE star of *Drag* and of so many other successful pictures is a genuine and devoted New Yorker. His full name is Richard Semler Barthelmess. He was born on Manhattan Island, and though for cinematic reasons he has spent most of his time in recent years on the Pacific Coast, he still keeps an apartment in his home town and visits it as often as he can. And he still maintains against all comers that New York is the finest city in the world.

The Barthelmess family is of Bavarian descent. Dick's father, who was in the importing business, died in 1897, when the future screen star was two years old. Mrs. Barthelmess, faced with the necessity of earning a living for herself and her son, went on the stage under her maiden name of Catherine Harris. Years of struggle and hardship followed, but Dick was sent to Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut, and Mrs. Barthelmess formed the friendship with Nazimova which was later to have such remarkable results.

After years of struggle and occasional hardship, Mrs. Barthelmess has lived to see her fondest ambitions for her son, Richard, blossom into fruition.

At Trinity College, young Barthelmess made a mark and a name for himself, and memories of him still linger there. The same ingratiating qualities which have won

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FOR two years I let myself go almost completely," writes Betty Compson in her life story, "but I had come up before—I could come back now." And how definitely and conclusively Betty has come back!

My Life Among *the* Stars

The smashing conclusion to this whirlwind account of ambition, hardship, success, love and marriage —the Life of a Woman, as told to Ruth Biery

By Betty Compson

FROM a childhood of worry and work I inherited a burning ambition to get away from the drab life of Salt Lake City. I had been playing a violin in a motion picture house for $15 a week, but I knew that some day there would be bigger things for me to do, some day I would find happiness.

My father died. Six months later I would be out of high school. Mother and I laid our plans for my invasion of Hollywood and dreamed of fame and fortune.

About this time my first serious love affair took shape. There was Gattison Jones, who came from a good family—but he was the type who sloughs school; a wonderful dancer, a natural actor. He wanted to go on vaudeville with me. He would draw pictures of a rich drop-curtain with C (for Compson) on one side and G (for Gattison) on the other and tell me that those were what we would have when we were headliners. How I enjoyed dear old Gatty!

Dick Goss, one of the home town boys, organized a vaudeville tour with a couple of other boys and girls, when I was sixteen and had just finished high school. We reached San Francisco, all right, but soon we were stranded. Mother and I hired out as cook and nurse maid, but my penchant for the stage drove me on and soon I was back in vaudeville.

IT WAS about this time that I wondered why people made such a fuss about marriage. I determined to find out. I chose my eighteenth birthday for this *new experience,* and then if I liked it—

After that, it was months before I would let a man put his arms around me, because of that one evening of supposed-to-be romance.

Laughter with her meals is healthy, believes Betty Compson—and she illustrates by eating her breakfast as she reads the comics.

Los Angeles was the last stop on our vaudeville tour. When we reached there, I took tests for Universal. I waited and wondered, curiously confident that I would pass muster. Then Al Christie sent me a special delivery letter. I was hired, for $40 a week.

I telephoned my thanks to Christie and he sent a car and chauffeur down for me. And that chauffeur was Howard Bertherton, who recently directed me in *The Time, The Place and The Girl.*

Perhaps I would have fallen in love with this wistful, bashful chauffeur, who cast lingering looks in my direction, if I hadn't been put to work at once, with Horace Davy directing. He received $200 a week. To me that was enormous.

I fell so much in love with him that I ran off to Santa Barbara to marry him. Then, the memory of that other man mauling me; the thought of my career and what a husband might do to it convinced me that I wasn't ready for a husband. My name hadn't been in headlines. I was letting my emotions run away with my head. Just

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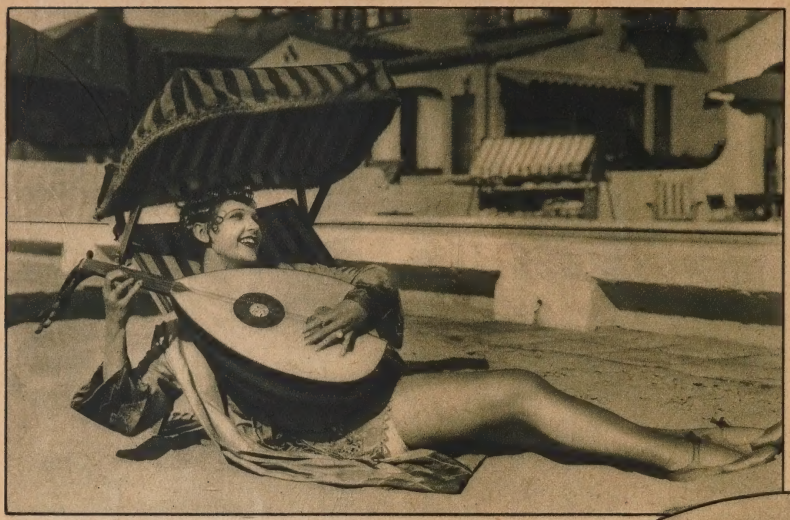
What Are the Wild



Old Father Neptune rears up and stands a-tiptoe when these Hollywood peaches disport themselves upon his wave-washed beaches. In fact this abundance of beauty takes his breath away and leaves him speechless.

Pert and pretty Sally Phipps strums an accompaniment to the splash-splash of the waves on the beach, but they'd probably come up to meet her even if she didn't serenade.

Barbara Kent shows that she can hit the bull's-eye of a beach target quite as skillfully as she hits the bull's-eye in her screen performances. She's a leading woman for Universal now.

Greta Garbo sallies forth equipped for a swim—everybody knows she's been equipped physically, but very rarely has she been seen in swimming togs.

Waves Seeing?

What does it matter if Kathryn Crawford uses a fielder's glove to play the catcher? Merna Kennedy intends to give the ball such a ride that she won't see it anyway.

Anita Page starts out to give the old Pacific a treat. The morning dip is a great habit with her, and should encourage early rising in Hollywood.

Alice White is a good reason why the proverbial burning sands are burning. Don't get the idea she was all alone on the beach when this picture was taken—Alice always rates a crowd.

Flower of the Lumber Camps

Upon arriving in Hollywood, Jeanette Loff found herself faced with the handicap of resembling too closely a great star, but her talent asserted itself and this girl from the big timber country of Idaho soon blossomed into a brilliant young actress.

By HELEN STARR

SHE arrived in Hollywood when Vilma Banky was riding on the crest of a wave of popularity and she looked so much like Vilma that people stopped, stared and remarked upon the resemblance.

Yes, Jeanette Loff was beautiful, intelligent and attractive—but she looked too much like Vilma and because casting directors do not look with favor upon newcomers who closely resemble established stars, Jeanette found herself on the outside looking in. But not for long, for where Miss Banky comes from a languorously dreamy Hungarian village, Jeanette hails from the big timber country of Idaho, where the inhabitants buck up against Nature's obstacles and live life in the raw.

Miss Loff is of Scandinavian ancestry, and with true Nordic persistence, she watched her initial film work and the work of others, always striving for perfection, until now she ranks as one of the best bets in Hollywood for success in the talkies.

GRANDFATHER, of course, migrated to Minnesota when he first came to the United States," laughed Miss Loff. "That's where all good Swedes and Danes go. He had brought some money from the other side, so he pioneered out to Idaho and bought some land. And he had to fight cougars and wolves, when he cleared the way for a homesite and a lumber camp.

"Mother tells me that when I was a baby she took me from the little town of Orofino, Idaho, where we lived, out to see grandfather's big, new, log house which was only partly completed. The doors had not yet been hung. The men had been hunting the day before and some luscious slabs of venison hung in the hallway.

"The odor of the newly-killed meat attracted mountain lions which came boldly down from the hills and into the uncovered doorways. My mother was frightened almost to death for fear they would finish the meal on us. A possible movie career might have ended right there, but grandfather and the men heard mother's cries and the beasts were cornered and shot."

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Jeanette Loff has the true Nordic coloring—natural golden blond hair, blue eyes and fair skin. She is unlike most Swedish women in figure, for she is slender to the point of delicacy and she has the grace that most north-European women seldom attain.

Letters of a Movie Extra

Dear Dolly:

Hollywood.

Gee, kid, working for Jim Cruze is just like listening to a bed-time story. He gives you an 11 a. m. call and then when you get lined up ready for work he comes out and tells you all good-morning and says, "Run along, kiddies, we won't need you till 1:00."

Then you go back at 1:00, stand around until about 2:00, get checked in and sit down for a while, or until he takes about one long shot, then he says, "Well, out into the sunshine, kiddies, you won't get rosy cheeks sitting in here. We'll call you when we need you." Just like that!

He sprang a surprise on us one day by introducing his new star, who is none other than Eric Von Stroheim. He said, "How many of you artists (I shall never forget that he used that word) have worked for Mr. Von Stroheim?" Nearly every hand in the place went up. Cruze laughed. "That's fine. This is probably the one great moment you all have, at one time or another, wished for. Just sit back comfortably in your seats and enjoy the pleasure of watching Mr. Von Stroheim work." You see we could do that, because it was a theater set and we were the audience.

Von Stroheim plays the part of a ventriloquist. Jimmy isn't doing so bad. He has already made Von swallow a silk handkerchief and eat fire. Von got a big hand from everyone there.

Betty Compson is the leading lady. Well, I suppose she is co-starring, and she is a doll! Gosh, I could just sit forever and look at her. And is she in love with Cruze? And is Cruze in love with her?

The spectacular feature about the Cruze picture is its thirty living statues. Oh, no, not even draped. You see, if they remain perfectly still, it's art, but if they move, it's vulgarity. Good thing to remember in case anyone ever walks in on your unawares.

I'm worried, terribly worried, and I don't know what about. Everyone seems to be worrying about the same thing. It's something they have in the east and it's coming out here. It's called *Equity*. At first I thought it was a race horse or an airplane flight, but now I don't know. I think I'd better find out, because they say it will just wipe out Central Casting and, and believe me, I want to be in on it in time to laugh.

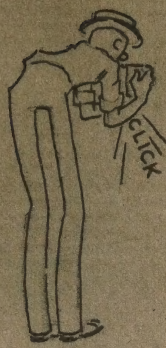
Went to see Belle Bennett on the stage the other evening. She was wonderful, but I really didn't see much of the show. Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor came in late and sat right next to me. Jack is so sweet to Estelle. Seems impossible that a big boxer like that can be so sweet and tender, almost soft, where a woman is concerned.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon came in late, too, in fact, too late to even be considered fashionable. They sat right back of me and I couldn't see them very well without turning around and I didn't want anyone to mistake me for a tourist.

Love,

Francois Fern

OUR OWN SNAPSHOT ALBUM



COLLEEN MOORE STRUMS HER UKULELE FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF HER HUSBAND, JOHN Mc CORMICK, AS THEY CRUISE OVER THE CALM PACIFIC IN COLLEEN'S SCHOONER, *ALMEE*.

CORINNE GRIFFITH LUNCHES IN THE DINING ALCOVE OF HER NEW STUDIO-BUNGALOW WHILE HER DEVOTED TERRIER, "PAL", LOOKS ON.

BEBE DANIELS, RKO STAR, CHRISTENS THE HOLLYWOOD-RENO AIRLINE. CAPTAIN ROSCOE TURNER, AIRLINE OFFICIAL, SMILINGLY APPROVES THE CEREMONY.

SCREEN SECRETS' CAMERA MAN SNAPS SOME FILM STARS FOR YOUR ALBUM

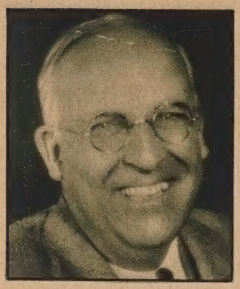
DOROTHY MACKAILL LOOKS ANYTHING BUT HAPPY AS *The CITY OF LOS ANGELES* NEARS CALIFORNIA, RETURNING FROM A LOCATION TRIP TO HAWAII.

HAS THE IT GIRL A NEW BEAU? NO. HE'S CLARA BOW'S COUSIN, WILLIAM BOW, AN EXTRA IN PICTURES.

HAROLD LLOYD CRANES HIS NECK TO HEAR WHAT MAL ST. CLAIR, "THE WHISPERING DIRECTOR", IS SAYING. BUT IT APPEARS THAT BARBARA KENT, HAROLD'S NEW LEADING LADY, IS DOING THE WHISPERING.

HARRY CARR'S

THE PICTURE CIRCUS



Harry Carr

IF RAMON NOVARRO makes any more pictures like *The Pagan* he is due to lose his most devoted fan. Which is me (bad grammar indicating a high state of emotion).

The Ethical Shark

BY EMPLOYING sufficient Christian fortitude, I could stand for a story that sounded as though it had been written by a ten-year-old who was a little backward mentally—a mean, low villain chasing a pure girl around the room until a man-eating shark with a proper understanding of ethical values, bit him in two—or three, or whatever the approved mouthful of a shark may be.

It wasn't the moron story; it was Ramon himself. If he makes many more pictures in this mood and tone, he is cooked.

Too Sophisticated

RAMON'S great charm on the screen has always been a naïve, unworldly charm. He was a sort of Mexican edition of Peter Pan. Seeing him, one never could quite avoid the inner conviction that at night he didn't sleep in a bed, but flew away to roost with the birds. He never was quite of the earth.

In *The Pagan*, he is dangerously near to being "smarty." He has an air of cock-sureness—of being able to handle his public, that he will find to be fatal if he keeps up.

Patsy's Plans

PATSY RUTH MILLER is to retire from the screen and be a novelist and live in Europe with the kings and queens—but not at this very minute, you understand.

Patsy is going to be married very soon to Tay Garnett, a young director. And they have their lives all mapped out like a scenario.

For five years, they are going to stay in Hollywood and work to beat the band; and make all the money they can between them, which should be considerable. Then they are both going to quit the screen and go to live in Europe and write. Patsy is going to divide her time being a mama and being a novelist. She is going to have at least one child; and I don't know how many novels.

I shouldn't be surprised if it panned out just that way. She is one of the brainiest and most determined girls I have ever known. She had this plan years ago; she told me about it when she was a little girl just starting her career. But of her multitudinous beaux, Tay was the first one who looked like a husband to her. Being a very charming, handsome and brilliant young man, it is probable that many other young ladies have felt the same way about him.

The New Faces

CHESTER MORRIS, Paul Muni, Maurice Chevalier, David Rollins . . . Do you know who they are? I don't. But they are the names now being featured in Hollywood. Almost overnight, the heroes of Hollywood are stars of the stage.

I think this is more or less a deliberate purpose on the part of the producers. They are determined to change the face cards. More than that, they are trying to make the play more important than the high-priced stars. It would help them considerably in their business. But I think they are killing—dare I say geese?—which laid the golden eggs. When they take the adored heroes and heroines from the movie fans, they may find that they have nothing left.

Fate ironically chose the night of the grand opening of On With the Show *to mark the passing of Louise Fazenda's pet duck, which had waddled after her for eleven years. Her success in this picture failed to console her. Now she's adopted these puppies to take the place of the duck which quacks no more.*

PRIVATE LINE

FROM THE INSIDE

Joseph Schildkraut should be a boon to talkie producers who believe a picture should be done in four or five languages. Joseph speaks English, German, French, Turkish, Rumanian, Hebrew and modern Greek. Here he is at home with his wife, Elise Bartlett. They both appeared in Universal's Mississippi River epic, Show Boat.

The Shimmy Lady

GILDA GRAY, having acquired a divorce, a London accent and much miscellaneous experience, is coming back to Hollywood and the movies.

She is to make a picture for Radio Pictures; and it is going to be *St. Louis Blues*—or some other kind of blues; possibly the producers'.

Gilda had one whack at the movies for Samuel Goldwyn and it was pretty awful.

Winnie Comes Back

THE smashing hit of Winifred Westover in Fannie Hurst's *Lummox* is one of the most extraordinary stories I have ever known in Hollywood.

She was one of the girls who broke into pictures in the old Griffith days. She never succeeded in getting to first base. She was glad to give up her cinema work and become just Mrs. Bill Hart. Under the terms of her divorce settlement, she had to stay off the screen for seven years.

I know that she came back with fear and trembling. Now every producer in Hollywood is angling for a contract with her.

Fame School

WINIFRED makes it unanimous. I think that every girl who appeared in the slave scenes of Griffith's *Intolerance* has become a famous star. Both the Talmadge girls, Pauline Starke, Seena Owen—and I don't know how many more. That picture wrecked Griffith but "made" nearly every actor in it.

Louise Needs Consolation

EVEN her big hit in the first all-color talkie—Warner Brothers' *On With the Show*—does not console Louise Fazenda. She has lost her duck.

In the old days of the Sennett "lot," Louise was forever finding friends in queer old extra men, one-legged chauffeurs and all the animals. "Teddy," the dog, was her devoted admirer; but the studio-trained duck fell for Louise so hard that they had to let her buy it when she left the studio, to save the creature from suicide or worse.

For 11 years it has been following her around. The night of the

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Patsy Ruth Miller is to be married very soon to Tay Garnett. Later she intends to retire from the screen and be a novelist and live in Europe with the kings and queens, says Mr. Carr.

Director Mal St. Clair chuckles in harmony with Owen, Matt and Tom Moore, as he thinks what a hit the forthcoming picture, Side Street, *is going to be.*

Three Brothers

Owen, Matt and Tom Moore reach a glorious climax in their careers, being cast for the first time in the same picture.

By RUTH BIERY

IN A LITTLE thatched 'ouse in Ireland there lived a family of eight. Mother and father; five boys and a girl. A rather remarkable group when one considers that father was forty-six and mother twenty-eight when they went to the tiny church down by the crossroads and were married! The little thatched cottage with the lands 'round about it had provided plenty then, but now with the six additional mouths to feed they must seek new lands so that the newcomers could have the education and advantages which the countryside of Ireland could not offer.

Grandfather and grandmother, who lived across the moor, were heartbroken. So one child was to remain, if he so desired. There was a bridge which separated the front yard from the street. "We will carry all that we have across the bridge and the one who is the last to cross may stay with his grandmother or come with his father and mother," was the father's ultimatum.

Chubby-legged, six-year-old Owen hurried as fast as he could but in the scramble and the scuffle he could not quite keep up with the others. He stood, the last to arrive, on the edge of that bridge and looked back upon the only home he had ever known; upon the grandmother who so wanted to keep him. Then he looked to the road where mother and father and brothers and sisters were piling into the little side-car motorcycle. It was a wrench either way! But when he heard the chug-chug of the motor, he could not bear the thought of their leaving. He grabbed up his bundles and hurriedly thumped across the rough planks, adding one more to the already overburdened motor!

"Where to?" father asked mother. He had been waiting for days for her to make up his mind for him.

"Dublin or America?" Mother closed her eyes and tried to vision the outcome of either decision.

"Let's draw!" suggested one of the boys.

It was father who drew forth two slips of paper, wrote *America* on one, and *Dublin* on the other, took off his brown derby, stood them very straight behind the hatband and twirled it around on his finger. It was Joe, the eldest

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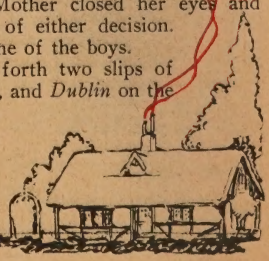


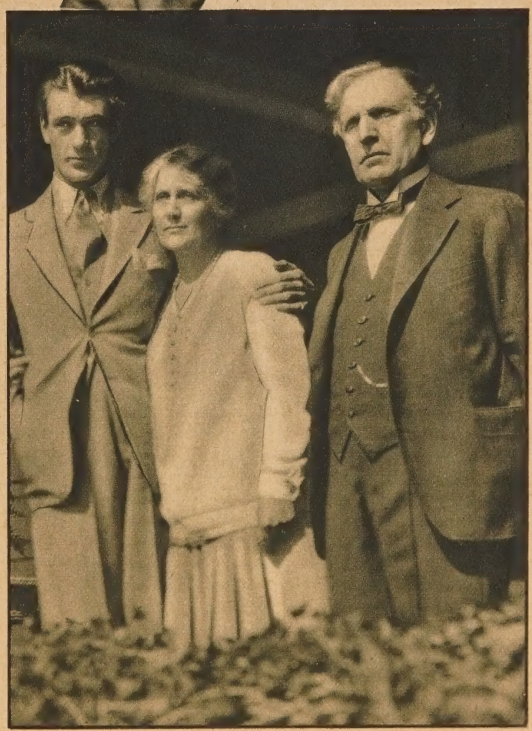
A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF GARY COOPER

¶ From babyhood on an humble ranch in Montana to an exalted position as one of Filmdom's favorites—fond memories from the pages of the Cooper family album.

At the tender age of three years, Gary Cooper knew of no more thrilling sport than fishing in the horse trough on his father's ranch.

Visions from a joyful past pass before Gary in the smoke from his favorite pipe.

During his high school days, Gary spent many hours astride his trusty motorcycle.



Gary Cooper with his mother and father on the porch of their home at the foot of the hills behind the film city. Despite his wealth, Gary is still a quiet, home-loving youth.

William Haines says his dream girl must have black, bobbed hair, like Aileen Pringle's.

Sally O'Neill has saucy eyes. They seem to say, "Why kiss the Blarney stone when you can kiss me?"

Dorothy Sebastian's Grecian nose would add to the attractiveness of any girl's face, says Bill.

William Haines'

William Haines, Hollywood's noted wisecracker, declares seriously that he has never been in love! —but he has kept his eyes open so that he may recognize his dream girl when she comes along!

WILLIAM HAINES, jovial young star of the cinema, stands out in Hollywood like a broken forefinger in a convention of deaf mutes.

For, believe it or not, the handsome and wealthy Mr. Haines is the one male being in this Romeo-Juliet town who will tell you, under oath, that he never has been in love!

Now don't get the wrong impression of our Billy right off the bat. He isn't a woman-hater. Far be it from Bill to hate anyone, especially the ladies. He likes them all—at least all of those whom he has met during his 29 years on earth.

"The fact that I haven't fallen in love up to this time doesn't necessarily mean that I won't do it some day," Bill told me in a serious moment between scenes during the filming of *Speedway*, the picture in which he portrays an auto racing driver. "It's just that I haven't come across the girl who fits my mental photograph of my ideal wife."

So get set, girls! The field is open to all comers in this contest for the heart of William Haines.

BILL has overlooked no detail, no matter how small, in listing the specifications for the girl of his dreams.

She has the black, bobbed hair of Aileen Pringle, plus—

The eyes of Sally O'Neill.
The nose of Dorothy Sebastian.
The mouth and teeth of Marion Davies.
The chin of Anita Page.
The neck and shoulders of Joan Crawford.
The body of Marion Davies.
The hands of Greta Garbo.
And the disposition and sense of humor of Polly Moran.

There, set down for you in black and white, is the future Mrs. William Haines!

"Don't misunderstand me," urged Bill. "I'm not opposed to marriage. As a matter of fact, I think it is God's greatest institution.

"Even a dimple couldn't add anything to Anita's chin," is the way Bill describes Miss Page.

Where are there two other shoulders and a dainty neck as attractive as Joan Crawford's?

William Haines considers Greta Garbo's hands as near perfect as any he has ever seen.

Dream GIRL

By
BOB MOAK

"But I can't see this idea of married today, divorced tomorrow. It just isn't right, no matter what the excuse may be. If I ever find the girl and go to the altar, it will be in one of those ceremonies where the parson uses the line 'Until death do us part.'

"It is because I haven't been able to take marriage lightly that I still am one of Hollywood's few bachelors. There have been things about every girl I ever met that I liked, but I am yet to make the acquaintance of the lady with whom I can feel sure that I will be happy for the rest of my life."

BILL prefers brunettes, but that isn't the only reason he approves of Aileen Pringle's hair. He's quite strong for the way she wears it, too. In fact, Bill says that the attractive Aileen's bob is the most sensible haircut he ever has seen on a woman.

"Sally O'Neill's eyes are what might best be described as 'melting blue,'" said Bill. "I've worked with Sally and I've been out with her at premières and parties, and I've had a chance to study her. Her's are those Irish eyes that would charm anyone. They seem to say, 'Why kiss the Blarney stone when you can kiss me?'"

Not being an authority on noses, I'm taking Bill's word for it when he says Dorothy Sebastian's is of Grecian architecture. I do, however, agree with Bill when he says Dot's nose would add to the attractiveness of any face.

"Marion Davies has the most beautiful mouth I have ever seen," declared Bill. "It is expressive of great things. In addition to a good looking mouth, Marion has two rows of perfect white teeth."

Bill doesn't care for a pointed chin. Rather he likes the lower portion of the face well rounded, as is that of Anita Page. "Even a dimple couldn't add anything to Anita's chin," is the way Bill expresses it.

"Joan Crawford's neck and shoulders are not overdeveloped as are those of some girls I know who spend most of their time at athletic pursuits, yet Joan's give the

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Marion Davies' mouth and teeth comprise this most important part of William Haines' dream girl's physiognomy. A figure like Marion's is another of the specifications Bill has incorporated in his list of ideal features.

SOUND *and* SILENT

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS,

THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929 (Talkie)

HERE is the picture you have been waiting for, although you may not know it; also, the picture we have been waiting for, because now we can use up that supply of glowing adjectives we have trotted out for every previous screen Revue and then filed away for future reference.

The Hollywood Revue of 1929 is the greatest screen entertainment of all time. And you can quote us as saying so. In a gigantic effort to outdo everything that has been done before in the line of singing, dancing, talking pictures, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives marshalled all the considerable talent on their own lot and embellished it with stars taken in a raid on the stage.

YOU can't pick an outstanding star from this glittering galaxy nor a particular number out of so many that are breathlessly beautiful.

However, some sort of a medal, perhaps two guffaws rampant on a field of hysterics, should be awarded to Mr. Jack Benny, he of the imperturbable pan whom you have doubtless seen in vaudeville, who served as master of ceremonies with Conrad Nagel, and managed to keep the numbers floating lightly in the air, like a skillful juggler.

And another for Cliff Edwards, better known as Ukulele Ike, who has conjured from his favorite musical instrument the greatest song hit of his career which you probably know by heart even now, *Singin' in the Rain*. But you haven't really heard it until you hear Ukulele Ike leading the chorus girls while good, honest property rain slips and slithers in their galoshes and patters on the stage.

And still another for grand old Marie Dressler, who puts over several comedy song numbers (first alone, and then assisted by Bessie Love and Polly Moran), that will have you rolling in the aisles.

THEN there are others, too numerous to mention, as they say in picture reviews. Marion Davies, Gus Edwards, Charlie King, and Conrad Nagel for comedy and song; William Haines, Buster Keaton, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, for pure and impure comedy; and the Brox Sisters, Joan Crawford, Natova and others, for singing and dancing. Then, too, there is the beautiful balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, done by Norma Shearer and John Gilbert.

After all this, there is nothing we can say about this picture. You've got to see it for yourself.

We might add, as a footnote, that there is not a double for either singing or dancing in the entire picture, and what is more, they don't make you wish they had used any.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SCREEN REVIEWS

SCREEN SECRETS REVIEWER

SMILING IRISH EYES (Talkie)

COLLEEN MOORE'S voice *should* be heard for the first time with a rich Irish brogue, for although Colleen was born in Michigan, by inheritance she is as Irish as a wake. This picture can also go on record as the first talkie in which a theme song plays a vital part in the story.

Colleen, as an Irish peasant girl, inspires James Hall, as a peasant boy, to write the song, *Smiling Irish Eyes*. They make a pact that no one else is to hear it. He goes to America to make good, but fails, and cannot bear to write home.

Colleen finally follows him, and everywhere in America she hears this song, which has finally made him famous. She thinks he has forgotten her and she goes home, broken-hearted. Finally he returns and persuades her he still loves her.

Colleen does her own singing, and although she has no grand opera voice, she puts her songs over with a dash and a verve. Certainly, no screen rôle Colleen has ever enacted so perfectly suits her appearance and personality.

The songs Colleen sings will do something to your heart-strings, for they range all the way from comedy to heart-breaking tragedy.

Excellent comedy is contributed by Claude Gillingwater and Robert Homans as two country characters.—*First National.*

ON WITH THE SHOW (Talkie)

WARNER BROTHERS rush in where angels wear snowshoes—and come out with bulging pockets. First they did it with talkies. Now they've done it with color.

Of course you've been saying—don't deny it—that a whole picture in color would be unbearable. Just go see *On With the Show* if you want to find out how wrong you were.

The array of talent, drawn from both stage and screen, is amazing. From the former we have Joe Brown, of the panicking pan; Josephine Houston; Ethel Waters, that bad blues singer; the Fairbanks Twins, Thomas Jefferson, and many others. From the screen, Betty Compson, Arthur Lake, Sally O'Neill, William Bakewell, Louise Fazenda, and so on into the night. What a payroll *that* must have been!

The story is the same old back-stage story. The manager hasn't enough money to pay the cast. Everything goes wrong. Then, just to top things off, Nita, the leading lady (Betty Compson), goes temperamental and objects to working without pay, just as the time comes for her big number. Who should step up but Kitty, the coat girl (Sally O'Neill), and save the day? The love theme is between Kitty and Jimmy the usher (William Bakewell). —*Warner Brothers.*

BROADWAY BABIES (Talkie)

AFTER all, don't you go and try it, girls, just because Dee Foster (Alice White) got away with it. I mean marrying a fathead with a fat roll whom you don't like, on the chance that he will get shot and leave all the sugar to your real sweetie so that he can make you a Broadway star.

Yes, I know, it all happened to Dee in *Broadway Babies,* but Dee got a break. In fact, she probably used up all the luck for all chorus girls for all time to come.

This is Alice's first talkie, and she puts one over by really doing her own singing. It isn't so bad, either.—*First National.*

PARIS BOUND (Talkie)

THIS is one of those pictures that seldom happen. Coming quietly along without benefit of ballyhoo, you will remember it long after the super-epics are forgotten. Maybe it is Ann Harding's breath-taking beauty. Maybe it is intelligent dialogue.

Ann Harding is the very modern wife, who remarks, in the presence of witnesses just after her marriage, that it will be nothing to her, if her husband steps out with other women. But when he really does, oh, how differently she feels about it!

Ann Harding proves herself the sensation of all Broadway actresses who have come to Hollywood.—*Pathé.*

COLLEGE LOVE (Talkie)

THIS picture will send some people to college and some crazy. Your reviewer is among the latter. If you liked *The Collegians,* you'll like this. Same college, same cast, and—the same old story.

They make college out a grand place. They sing, they dance, make love, play football. Only the property man forgot to have any books around.

It seems George Lewis loves Dorothy Gulliver. On the night before the big game, he gets himself disgraced to save the star quarterback for good old Calford. Then—guess what? He comes back just in time to make the winning touchdown.—*Universal.*

THE BLACK WATCH (Talkie)

NO, KIDDIES, *The Black Watch* is not a new fad in jewelry, but the name of a crack Highland regiment. It hasn't much to do with the picture anyway.

It's all about political intrigue in India, where strange things happen under the midnight moon. Myrna Loy, as Jasmine, and Victor McLaglen, as Captain King, play the leads.

The story is highly improbable melodrama, but fantastic photography combined with skillful handling of sound effects by John Ford, the director, elevates it to the rank of one of the best current talkies. And the bagpipes are great on the movietone.—*Fox.*

FOUR DEVILS (Talkie)

OH, MY friends, my friends! Would you believe that a girl can fall a hundred-odd feet off a flying trapeze and live to go on with her necking, without dropping a stitch? You wouldn't? Then you haven't seen *Four Devils*. It really happens.

The Four Devils are four acrobats, two of each sex, so that they can fall in love with each other, and everything is lovely until menacing Mary Duncan happens along to lure one of the lads away.

Some great acting on the part of Charles Morton and Janet Gaynor, ably abetted by Nancy Drexel, Barry Norton, and Farrell MacDonald.—*Fox*.

THE FLYING FOOL (Talkie)

IF YOU'VE got flying fever, you'll like this one. Maybe you'll like it anyway. Who knows?

The dialogue is slangy and full of punch. And the story? Oh, yes, the story. William Boyd is *Old Bill Taylor*, stunt flyer, and *that way* about planes and women. Russell Gleason, his younger brother, ditto. The latter falls for Marie Prevost, as a cabaret singer. He thinks she is pure and darned if she isn't. Big brother Bill thinks it's just puppy love, and darned if it isn't.

Well, one of them marries her; we won't tell who. And if you get tired of the story, there are always planes. Gleason shows great promise.—*Pathé*.

WHITE COLLARS (Talkie)

IN THE next tent, ladies and gentlemen, is the screen version of the popular play, widely known as *White Collars*.

All about a young millionaire who finds that he has married a battalion of relatives, including *Cousin Henry*, along with his wife. A very intimate glimpse into the week-day life of those people who drive along the highways, five in a sedan, at 20 miles per hour on sunny Sundays.

Well done, with Conrad Nagel as the millionaire, Leila Hyams as the wife, and Bessie Love and Robert Ober supplying the best comedy.—*M-G-M*.

THE GREENE MURDER CASE (Talkie)

THE Greenes were an ornery family. As Ernest Hemingway might say, they hated each other's guts. So the two surviving members weren't much put out when the other three were killed.

But curiously, even as you and I, they did what they could to help William Powell, as the impeccable detective, faultless as to logic and taste in clothes, solve the mystery. He makes it seem so simple. The story moves slowly, but tensely, by little surprises. Powell does well by his first not-too-dramatic rôle as a star.

The rest of the cast is neat but not godly. Excellent shots of house provide an air of mystery.—*Paramount*.

TUNES FOR THE

One of the first things the song writers did when they arrived at the Paramount studios was to order Nancy Carroll's songs to be of the zippy, finger-snapping variety, instead of the slow, dreamy stuff she had been singing. Oh, what a boost to Nancy's popularity!

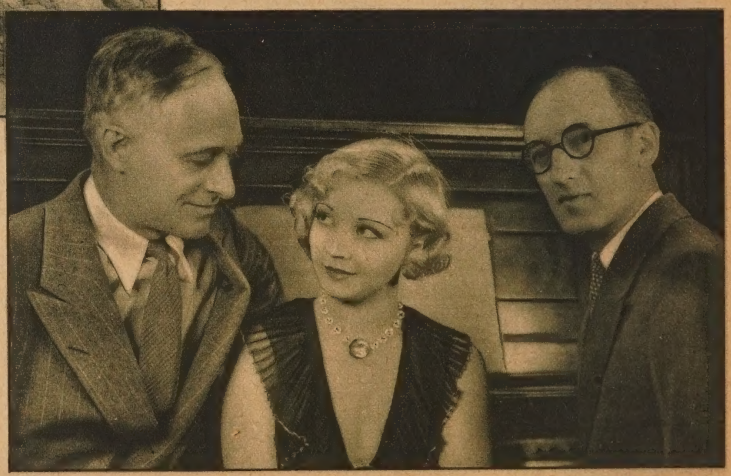
¶ Tin Pan Alley has up and packed and hit the money trail for Hollywood, assuring the nation's music-lovers bigger and better tunes from now on.

IN THE spirit of the pioneers who crossed our continent in covered wagons in 1849, the denizens of New York's Tin Pan Alley have boarded locomotive flyers and joined the fevered rush for the end of the money rainbow in Hollywood. Thar's gold in them thar California hills and the song writers of the nation have found it out.

Today, the Tinpanalleyans are making more money than they've ever made before and under much better working conditions. Naturally, the result of this will be a radical improvement in the music we will listen to: the talkies, vaudeville and musical shows we attend, the radio programs we tune in on, the numbers we put on the phonograph or thump out on the piano or dance to, will all benefit from this happy condition of the transplanted Tinpanalleyans.

When Al Jolson crashed through to unprecedented box-office returns in *The Jazz Singer,* he used a lot of numbers that had long been sure-fire for him. The big dramatic moment was when he left the theater to sing the *Kol Nidra* in the synagogue. People wept as he sang it. It hit them where they lived. Yet it was a question if the audiences didn't get just as big a kick out of some of the other songs—*Mammy,* for instance.

Certainly there was no question that they were crazy about the others. They had to be given more songs. Nobody but an imbecile would imagine for a minute that the next Jolson picture wouldn't be full of songs. Naturally, it was. But, this time Jolson did not sing the old songs. Instead, he sang some new ones. And one of the new ones—*Sonny Boy*—had been worked right into the heart of the picture.



Alice White pauses a moment on the set of Broadway Babies *to chat with Al Bryan, left, who wrote the lyrics, and George Meyer, who wrote the music, for the song hits of the picture,* Broadway Baby Dolls *and* Jig, Jig, Jigaloo.

TALKIES

By ARTHUR CAYLOR and DUANE HENNESSY

Well, since *The Singing Fool,* there hasn't been a picture of any importance without at least a special and original theme song. Even in such pictures as *The Three Musketeers,* silent except for two bits of prologue spoken by Douglas Fairbanks, and *Redskin,* wholly without dialogue, a theme song is sung by what you might call out-frame voices—voices that are in the synchronization, but not in the picture.

THE theme song idea is not new. Away back before the movies came out of the Great Silence, cue sheets were sent out with every film by the studios, for the benefit of organists and orchestra leaders. They outlined an entire accompaniment. Often they named a theme song to be introduced at this point and that. Once in a while a picture came along that had a special song which not only fitted in but went over big. *Ramona* is the classic example.

The need for originality in the picture theme song was just as obvious to the film magnates as it had been, earlier, to producers of musical comedies and revues. The magnates didn't even wait to get their sound stages built or to get their sound equipment installed or to find actors who could sing. Forthwith they shook out their fountain pens and began to sign up song writers. The song writers packed their lares and penates, and headed westward.

Evelyn Brent teams up with Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, in this famous comedy duet's first all-dialogue motion picture, Why Bring That Up?

Cliff Edwards, popularly known as "Ukulele Ike," fingers his uke gingerly before strumming it to find whether the boys and girls in the chorus of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Hollywood Revue of 1929 *are in tune with his crooning.*

That doesn't mean that *all* the song writers are now in Hollywood and that over New York's Tin Pan Alley there hangs a sign: "Moved 3,000 miles west; get key from janitor." Here is what it does mean, as put into words by Gus Edwards, who not only writes a mean ballad but also knows everybody worth mentioning in the song writing business.

"More than 50 per cent of the song writers are out here," said Gus, "and of the *good* ones, considerably more than 50 per cent. Any one of the good ones probably writes more hits than all the second-raters put together, so you can figure for yourself where most of the real successes are being written.

"Friml's still back East. And Romberg. And—let me see—who else? But, anyway, out here we've got Irving Berlin,

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HOBNOBBING *with the*

Grace Kingsley

¶ Intimate gossip from the film capital chronicled by a famous columnist and feature writer who is closely associated with members of the motion picture colony both on the set and off.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

WHEN you are listening pop-eyed to the news that Carl Laemmle, Jr., twenty-one years old, is head of the whole organization of Universal Pictures Corporation, don't forget the fact that Carl, Jr., has always been the pal of Carl, Sr., president.

Carl, Sr., wasn't just a stand-offish human who handed down quarters and half dollars loftily to a little, eager-eyed boy, or who sent him away when son wanted to know about things. He had the youngster with him.

So little Carl saw moving pictures instead of nursery books.

Little Carl even sat in with his father at business conferences, and when the little fellow got tired of studying the faces of the film men and of building castles of books, he would listen to what those men were saying. When the time came to go to the projection room, he would trot along with his dad.

"Because I was always with my father," said Carl, Jr., the other day, when I caught him dashing about Universal City, looking like an eager little boy just out of school, "I never cherished the usual boyhood ambition to be a policeman or a fireman or a baseball star. My burning ambition was to become a motion picture producer. After conferences in the projection room, I used to ask my father all sorts of questions. He was never too busy nor too tired to answer me."

Kathryn Crawford, who came into her own with her songs in The Climax, *for Universal, steals away from the set long enough to eat a piece of apple pie.*

Charlie, a Devoted Father

IF YOU happen to ask Charlie Chaplin what he is doing next Sunday, he is likely to answer you, "Oh, I have an engagement."

Maybe you think, "Aha! Another romance!"

But you will be wrong.

Charlie's engagement will be with his children, little Charlie and Sydney.

Never a Sunday comes around that Charlie does not see his children some time during the day. Usually he has them with him all day. They are brought to his house by their nurse, and all day he romps and plays with them. Usually these rompings take place in the big garden, but if the weather be unfavorable, the children take possession of the house. If any one else puts things in disorder, the comedian rages. But those little boys can do anything they like. The result is sometimes frowns from Charlie's faithful Japanese valet, but there's never a frown from Charlie.

If Charlie has any preference, it is for the youngest, Sydney, who is possibly of a quieter turn. The baby adores hearing his dad play the big organ, and he will sit quietly an hour at a time and look at pictures in a book. Charlie, Jr., is more rowdy and wants always to be playing baseball or some other lively game.

FILM FOLK

Grace Kingsley's long experience in Pacific Coast newspaperdom has won her unquestioned authority on all things relating to the motion picture industry. Her position as motion picture newswriter and critic of *The Los Angeles Times* enables her to get authentic news while it is fresh; and her gifted pen does the rest.

Carol Lombard, Pathé's darling, adopts overall pajamas as her beach costume. Old Sol should smile his cheeriest when he sees her.

No Call for Author

WHEN that bewilderingly lovely color film, *On With the Show*, was given its première at Warner Brothers Theater, everybody naturally expected that, when introductions were made, the author of the story, Humphrey Pearson would be among those called to the stage.

But they do some odd things in Hollywood. Everybody, including the costume designer, was called to appear, except the poor author, who sat and watched the proceedings with Heaven knows what emotions, this being his first big story.

Duncans Back in Hollywood

THE Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, are back in Hollywood. But they are going to take separate houses when they begin work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"You see," explained Rosetta the other night to a group at a party, "Whichever one of us gets in first at night scolds the other for being out late. If we have separate homes, we won't quarrel."

There is another thing which the sisters admit. Vivian is rather extravagant in her tastes as regards clothes, and this irks the thriftier Rosetta, who, as guardian of the treasury in the Duncan family, knows what Vivian's extravagances mean.

However, back of it all is a tremendous devotion between the sisters which nothing can break.

One question which agitates the Hollywood gossip is: Will the Duncans ever marry? Of course they say they will when they get ready. Indeed, Rosetta confesses that there is a business man in New York who possesses her every thought.

As for the beauteous blonde Vivian, people are wondering whether, now that Vivian is on the same picture lot as Nils Asther, the two will make up their differences.

Barbara Kent is a young lady who just can't grow up. She is watching her Ga Ga bird ogle her stuffed puppy on the back of her chair, while her Dutch doll looks enthusiastic and her French doll appears blasé.

Corinne Griffith Loves Paris

CORINNE GRIFFITH loves Paris so much that she is going to buy a little château at Barbizan, near the French capital, and will try to go there every year.

She had yards and yards of tickets for every place in Europe, but was so enchanted with Paris when she got there, that she didn't go anywhere else except Brussels.

But she might have gone to Budapest if, alas! she had only read her mail!

One letter her secretary held out for her to read was written entirely in French and was four pages long. She glanced at it from time to time, but, thinking it only an extra long fan letter, put it back in her desk. Finally, the last day she was in Paris, she took the letter out and read it.

The letter was from the great playwright, Ferenc Molnar, and was an invitation to her and her husband, Walter Morosco, to visit him in Budapest!

"But my time was all gone, and to my undying regret," said the star, "I was forced to decline the invitation."

What it Takes for the

¶ The mike shall inherit the earth—here's what the talkies demand, and here are some folks who can supply.

Six things—six special qualities or abilities—are essential to success in the talkies, and workers under the microphone will succeed or fail largely through their possession or lack of them.

(1) ***Personality and charm—Dorothy Dwan.*** *The talkies bring the player's personality so much closer than did silent pictures—it's almost as if the player stood face to face with the audience. Dorothy's demure charm will meet the test, with oodles to spare.*

(2) ***The art of wearing clothes well—Joan Crawford.*** *This essential to talkie success is by no means the dynamic Joan's only asset.*

(3) ***Experience in screen technique—Robert Armstrong.*** *The talkies are an art in themselves, differing from the art of the stage in many ways, and Robert Armstrong's screen career enables him to bring to the talkies many gifts gleaned from the days of the silent screen. In addition, he is the rightfully proud possessor of a record of brilliant stage achievement, having won laurels in the overwhelming smash-hit,* Is Zat So? *Likewise, his experience has included writing, directing, and producing.*

Talkies—*They've Got!*

(4) ***Stage experience and technique — Irene Bordoni.*** *La Bordoni's stage history is a glorious record of performances of zest, verve and charm.*

(6) ***The art of mimicry—Louise Fazenda.*** *Louise is such a competent mimic that she employs a new voice for each talkie part. And she can do with face and body everything the new medium demands. She has known the thrill and struggle of work in the glare of the footlights, having made her first stage appearance in a stock company at Long Beach. Her gift as a comédienne is largely the result of experience gained in that great training school, the Mack Sennett Studios — although of course much of her ability is a heritage from Portugese, Dutch, French and Italian ancestors.*

(5) ***Sheer beauty of face and figure—Mary Nolan.*** *Ever since her brilliant days as a Ziegfeld beauty, Mary Nolan has ravished the eyes of her lucky beholders with her delicate perfection of feature.*

NEW YORK

Marx Brothers still funnier—Libby Holman's comfortable career—New idea in announcements—Our Gang draws tears—Menjou, the elegant—and other news from Broadway.

THOSE four imps, otherwise known as the Four Marx Brothers, opened in a stir at the Rialto Theatre in *The Cocoanuts,* and are a smarsh. They've warmed over the old material they used in the George Kaufman three-year-old musical show and in some clever, diabolical way, have turned it into by far the most refreshing singie I've yet seen.

They run a trick hotel in Florida where the realtors used to make boom-boom, and raise merry hell with snapping quips, pranks and tornadoes of puns.

Harpo screens wonderfully. He's the only silent actor left to the talking screen today. He chases all the gals as usual, swiping the stepins from their torsos and the gold from their fillings. He also plays the angels' favorite instrument, and beautifully they tell me, but I'll not harp on *that.*

Chico's as woppishly dense as he's always been, while Zeppo still acts as though his parents had decided on him as an afterthought during a hot summer.

Groucho, of course, is superb. His patter crackles forth as if shot from a machine gun. He scuttles along so fast the audience barely has the chance to laugh at the last crack before he's gotten off a new one.

He says, "Ice water in room 54? Send up some onions. That'll make their eyes water!" And, "You folks can't kiss here. You'll have to go into the mushroom!" And, "I can't get scarlet fever, I was fascinated on the left arm." But of all his horrible, wonderful puns, he always gets me when he's making love to a mastodon of a wench, and, looking deep into her soul, cries: "Your eyes shine like the pants of a blue serge suit!"

Careering in Comfort

LIBBY HOLMAN, the dark and sultry little gal with the dark and sultry singing voice, has to date capped a brilliant and rapid career with a great personal triumph in *The Little Show.* Libby is a little show all by herself—pretty legs, pretty face, attractive figure, alluring voice.

The most surprising thing about this girl's career is that it has been entirely free of heart-break and struggle. For her there was no tireless tramping from office to office, no rebuffs from wisecracking office boys, none of the discouraging details usually associated with the climb of an actress to fame and big money. She never missed a meal and she landed the first theatrical job she went after.

Miss Holman's story begins in Cincinnati, where she first smiled her charming smile into the beaming faces of her justly proud parents. Papa Holman is a well known lawyer and 'twas he who indirectly was responsible for his darling dawtah's histrionic ambitions. He took her, at the tender age of four, to see a musical comedy and it was then that little Libby tossed up a determined chin and vowed as how she'd be one o' them thar actresses some day.

Her first efforts in this direction were made at the age of five, when she staged a fairy play in a vacant lot, abutting on an apartment house. She, of course, played the queen, and the resultant clamor of knights riding hobby-horses with wash boilers, tin pans, dishpans and kettles as armor and weapons was too much for the frazzled nerves of a middle-aged housewife on the third floor, who emptied a large bowl of water on Libby's paper-crowned head, concluding the afternoon's performance.

Ruth Sato, the only Japanese chorus girl in New York, is one of the attractions in the current showing of Hold Everything!

The unhappy ending of this production failed to dampen the child-queen's ardor, however, and at fourteen she was busy directing a musical extravaganza staged by her high school's junior class.

Before she was sixteen she was admitted to the University of Michigan; while still eighteen, she received her B. A. degree from the University of Cincinnati. Her

NEWSETTES

By TED SHANE
SCREEN SECRETS'
New York Correspondent

precociousness caused her father to suggest that Libby study law, but she kissed him lightly and lit out for New York. Her first job came her way so easily that she perhaps blinked her eyes and pinched herself, to prove to herself she was conscious. But after that, her career took on the aspect of just one good break after the other. We wouldn't be a bit surprised if her M. A. degree from Columbia stands for Marvelous Actress.

The Weepies

ONE night I happened into Loew's 83rd St., where there was a preview of the first Our Gang talkie, called *Small Talk*. It was billed as a comedy and the audience set itself for a big laffest.

For the first few feet of the picture, the audience guffawed mightily as their teeny favorites appeared on the screen and began to squeak. But gradually the mood of the theatre changed. The picture, instead of staying funny, went tear-jerker. It became one of those *Over the Hill* melancholies, twanging and clutching at the heart-strings, but awfully good.

The audience went up into one big sob and dissolved into tears which ran into the aisles, practically flooding the theatre, and making it so damp in the cellar where the stage hands were playing cards that several were laid up with bad colds. Anyhow, the kids were such marvelous tragedians, they stopped the show.

By the way, they've added a member to their force. Wheezer's his name and he's just two more than no years old. He's going to make Davey Lee look like a barnstormer, believe me, Barrymore. I can't tell you how cute and fetching he really is. You'll have to see for yourself.

Libby Holman is The Little Show—*in fact, just about the* whole *show—in the excellent production of that name now playing at the Music Box.*

Adeline Ogilvie is just another one of the many good things for the tired business man to look at in Hold Everything!

The Closed-in Spaces, Where Men are Menjous

ADOLPHE, the Menjou, superior butler and inferior baron, swooped into Town, during the recent hot-dog days, with lovely Katherine Carver, his wife, in tow, and promptly roosted at the Warwick, swellest hotel in these parts. The Warwick's the property of someone called William Randolph Hearst, whose motto, they tell me, is "Hearst come, Hearst served."

Adolphe arrived with 65 trunks, one of which was his wife's and the other 64 of which contained his wardrobe,

[*Turn to page* 106]

¶ Joan Crawford climbs the ladder of fame and decides to rest a moment on one of the top steps during her breath-taking ascent to fortune and glory. Joan is one of the brightest stars that shine in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer firmament.

Who's Who in Filmdom

SCREEN SECRETS publishes each month biographies of several of filmdom's favorite players. Save this page for your scrapbook.

Bebe Daniels

Bebe Daniels

LITERALLY born to the screen, Bebe Daniels made her first theatrical appearance with her father and mother at the age of ten weeks. Before she had passed her eighth birthday, Bebe was already playing small parts in Shakespearean dramas. While still in her teens, she became Harold Lloyd's leading woman. From the beginning of her career in motion pictures, Bebe was consistently cast in comedy rôles, but her ambition to become a dramatic actress caused her to leave Lloyd in 1918 to accept a contract with Paramount. This ambition has been consistently thwarted and in spite of herself Bebe Daniels is today the most famous of all feminine screen comédiennes. Her name is being consistently linked with Ben Lyon.

Bebe was first starred by Cecil B. De Mille in *Male and Female.*

Ina Claire

Ina Claire

INA CLAIRE first opened her baby eyes in the city of Washington, D. C. Only her mother was there to greet her, her father having been killed in an accident four months previously.

Ina attended public schools in Washington, but she delighted in playing hookey. Daily she teased her mother to take her out of school, saying that it was doing her no good; she was going to be an actress and an actress didn't need an education. Her mother finally consented and Ina broke into her chosen career by playing vaudeville.

Later she was taken into the Ziegfeld show and made a hit by singing a song mimicking a star in a Belasco production. Belasco heard her and was amused and gave her a chance in drama.

She was signed recently by Pathé for talking pictures and she then surprised the world by marrying John Gilbert.

John Gilbert

John Gilbert

LOGAN, UTAH, seems to be responsible for the birth of John Gilbert, but the entire United Sates contributed to his education. His parents were stage people and wherever they happened to have an engagement is just where little Johnny happened to attend school. The finishing touches he received at Hitchcock Military Academy.

He played his first part on the stage at the age of one year. In 1915, he played in his first picture. He was an extra then. He worked his way up slowly but surely until he became leading man for Mary Pickford in *The Heart of the Hills.* Later he produced his own pictures and like many others who try to direct, act and produce, he failed in all three.

The Fox Company signed him for a series of pictures. From there he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Lewis Stone

Lewis Stone

LEWIS STONE, motion picture pioneer and war veteran, was born in Worchester, Massachusetts, 47 years ago. He received his early education here, later concluding his studies at Barnard school in New York, just in time to enlist in the army for the Spanish-American war. Following this military service, he made his début on the legitimate stage, where he soon became a notable success. At the outbreak of the World War he was well past the enlisting age, but he served as a Major in the Reserve Corps at Plattsburg Training Camp. Each summer he entrains for a military camp to spend his vacation from film duties. Since the conclusion of his regular military service, he has maintained his connections with the army while steadily rising to fame as a dramatic actor, first on the stage and later in motion pictures.

Marian Nixon

Marian Nixon

A CERTAIN Minneapolis high school lost a bright little pupil when Marian Nixon decided to slip away with a cheap vaudeville troupe. Everything was new and delightful to her, however, until she landed in Los Angeles and the company went broke and Marian went broke with it.

She was too tiny to do much in the line of work, so she tried pictures. After many heart-aches, she climbed to leads, only to flop again and begin at the bottom of the ladder. Three times she did this and now she's on the top and she's smiling. And she has a right to that smile for the talkies have taken a great fancy to her charming voice.

She is 5 feet tall, weighs 105 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes. She was at one time married to Joe Benjamin, a prize fighter. She is now engaged to Edward Hillman, Jr.

Myrna Loy

Myrna Loy

AS PREMIERE danseuse at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood, where she began her career as a Fanchon and Marco dancer, Myrna Loy's exotic beauty caught the eye of a photographer who introduced her to Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino), who was about to make *What Price Beauty?* Myrna was given a part. Unfortunately, the picture was scrapped, but Myrna's chances for success were not. Her performance in this ill-fated production resulted in a major rôle in *Pretty Ladies.* Recent proof of her distinctive ability as an actress of merit may be seen in her work in *State Street Sadie, The Desert Song,* and *The Black Watch.* In her latest picture, *The Squall,* she gives the most creditable performance of her career. Myrna Loy's real name is just plain Myrna Williams.

George K. Arthur, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedian, is evidently taken aback at the criticism of some fan, as he starts the task of going through a big stack of his fan mail.

The columns of SCREEN SECRETS' Fan Club Department are open to movie fans everywhere as a meeting place and open forum for discussions concerning pictures and players. Readers are invited to express freely their opinions on any phase of the motion picture industry.

—Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

Where's Mabel Normand?

Toledo, Ohio,
July 23, 1929.

Captain Fawcett, Editor,
Screen Secrets,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Editor:

What has happened to Mabel Normand? I never see anything about her any more. I have been told that she is dead, but not long ago I read that she is planning to return to the screeen. Which report is correct?

Since SCREEN SECRETS seems to respond to the public's movie taste, maybe you will print something about her soon. I certainly hope you will.

E. M. R.

Editor's Note:

You should be happy to hear that a story on the life of Mabel Normand will appear in the next October issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

Ardent Talkie Fan

Denver, Colorado,
July 30, 1929.

Dear Sir:

The talkies are certainly a marvelous invention! I have been following them from their very beginning and I note a great improvement in each succeeding picture.

I think *Gentlemen of the Press, Alibi, The Broadway Melody* and *Thunderbolt* are the best of the entire crop so far. I saw Walter Huston on the stage last year in Chicago and it was a great treat for me to see him again in *Gentlemen of the Press* and he seemed just as real and human to me as he did across the footlights.

Chester Morris in *Alibi* gave promise of being the talkies' best bet, but I mustn't forget that George Bancroft, who did such a superlative job in the title part in *Thunderbolt*, probably deserves that appellation already.

Your magazine has the right slant, I think, in giving the talkies precedence over the silent pictures.

Best wishes,

J. H. F.

Thank You!

Fort Scott Kansas,
August 4, 1929.

Dear Sir:

Your magazine certainly knows what the movie fans want. It has made me very happy to see regular monthly features and pictures on Lupe Velez, Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper, not to mention that red-blooded life story on Victor McLaglen and that frank and startling life story on Betty Compson.

I would like very much to see a story about Richard Arlen in your magazine soon. I saw him last in *Thunderbolt*, with George Bancroft, and I like him better every time I see him.

Let me say again that I think your stories are splendid!

Sincerely,

MRS. E. H.

Love and Gishes

Portage, Wisconsin,
July 25, 1929.

Dear Editor:

Is there a fan club for Lillian Gish and for Bessie Love? These two girls are my favorite actresses and I would like very much to exchange pictures and clippings on other film people for more information about my two favorites. I would like very much to see a portrait of Miss Gish in your magazine.

Bessie Love's work in *The Broadway Melody* tugged at my heart-strings and I think she is one of the greatest actresses in motion pictures. Her voice is low and musical and makes an excellent impression in the talkies.

If a club were started for these actresses, I am certain it would become quite active in a very short time.

Cordially,

G. H.

THIS frothy bit of effervescent femininity is Thelma Hill, whose vibrant charm, flair for comedy and natural beauty stamp her as one of Educational's best bets.

Backtrailing Movie History

Movie personalities and developments of a decade or so ago.

Al Christie, comedy producer, searched through his studio property rooms, found these antique oddities in dress, dusted them off and decided to pose in the center of this group of glorified bathing girls of 10 years ago. Vera Steadman is the siren at the wheel.

TEN years ago, Mack Sennett took six of his bathing beauties out on a road show. The Chorus Girls' Equity invited them to join. The question to settle was: "Should the producers pay for the full-length hose of the chorus girls?" The bathing beauties had just graduated from full-length to half-length hose, so the question didn't interest them.

Douglas Fairbanks shipped a print of *His Majesty, the American,* his first United Artists production, to the coast and mountain exchanges by airplane to San Francisco.

Jack Pickford, new Goldwyn star, arrived at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City and was welcomed by Sam Goldwyn and other officials of that company.

Bessie Love had just made her first success in *Over the Garden Wall.*

Priscilla Dean signed a long-term contract with Universal.

Harold Lloyd was doing some roller skating sequences in *Don't Shove.*

Geraldine Farrar and her Goldwyn company were in the Imperial Valley making desert scenes.

Mabel Normand wrote to her ex-soldier brother: "Stay where you are. It would be quite a come-down for a soldier to enter pictures."

Lew Cody outdid all his friends by installing a fountain of ice-water in his dressing room. That was the height of luxury in 1919.

Broken Blossoms was released and broke all records. It established Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess as dramatic artists.

Mariam Cooper was being applauded far and wide for her work as *Evangeline* in a picture of the same name.

Universal Pictures Corporation had the largest line-up of stars of any studio. They were: Harry Carey, Olive Tell, Mary MacLaren, Kenneth Harlan, Ora Carew, Fritzi Brunette, Monroe Salisbury, Dorothy Phillips and Mildred Harris Chaplin.

Harry Carey seems to be the only one of all these to remain in pictures.

Mary Miles Minter gave a clambake at the picnic grounds in Dedham, Massachusetts, where she and her company were on location making *Anne of Green Gables.* William Desmond Taylor was directing.

Will Rogers made his first picture for the Goldwyn Company. It was called *Almost a Husband.* Sam Goldwyn was being complimented on his success in finding *a different sort of comedian.*

Elinor Faire was working for the Fox Company in a picture called *Love is Love.* When she sprung into prominence a few years ago as the leading lady in *The Volga Boatman* and wife of William Boyd, we had almost forgotten that in 1919 she was a star.

Hollywood got an extra out that Pauline Frederick had bobbed her hair. Many society women rushed to the barbers and parted with lovely tresses. Then Pauline herself came forward and proved that she had not bobbed, but had merely worn a bobbed wig.

Lily Damita From Gay Paree

[*Continued from page 27*]

without seeing me, so he is going to keel himself, I think. "The big fool! He is only joking." But what does he do? He soak the heads off a lot of matches in a glass of water and then he drink the water. But it does not keel him like he intends. It only makes him very, very sick.

AFTER that my mother give me the good talking to. She say I must never, never be silly about boys again. She tell me men will hurt me if I let them. She tell me I must make myself hard to men, that I must choke the soft side of me, and never, never fall really in love if I am to be the big success.

This make a big impression on me. A few years later I fall in love again, this time very badly. This man want I should marry him. He touch me in the heart. I love him very much. Then I think about what my mother have said. He will hurt my career. I cannot be the great actress. So I do not say a word. But I run away and leave him. It is the hardest thing I ever do. The farther I go from him the more it hurt me. I think: "Why should I leave this happiness to be an actress? What is that?"

But time goes by and pretty soon my heart does not hurt so much. Then the next time I feel myself falling in love it is a little easier to shut my heart against it and each time easier and a little easier, until I learn to keep myself from falling in love because I know how much will be the hurt at last.

My mother and I are still traveling around Europe when the war comes. I am learning to sing and dance all the time. Suddenly everything is changed. Everyone is sad. Life is very dark. All this time my father we have left in Paris, going to see him as often as we can. Now he has gone to the front. Very early in the war a message comes to my mother. I know without her saying anything that my father is never coming back any more. My mother decide it is time we do something, too.

SO I GO to the canteens behind the lines to sing and dance for the soldats. I sing for them the little French songs that I know. I am still a little girl in pigtails. Some of them have girls at home like me. They go wild over me. They shout, they laugh, they cry, these poor devils that are going back to die soon. They give me always the beeg applause. It is my first taste of success, the first time I have hear people shouting and clapping for me. It is like wine. I know what it is like now. I can never go back again. It is the stage for me.

Now my mother and I we have very little money. It is all gone in the war. So I must go on the stage now to make the living for both of us.

I start in the ballet of the Opera De Paris which is like your Metropolitan Grand Opera in New York. It is where girls must start to dance in France.

Those days are so hard I theenk I should die. Rehearse, rehearse, all day long and then work so hard until late at night. Dancing lessons, singing lessons, and then a show again. And do you know what money I get for all that? A few centimees, as much as about three cents a day. Sometimes we go hungry, sometimes we eat rolls and coffee, and all the time fighting, fighting and working to keep some other girls from getting my place.

For two years I do that and it is so hard. But it is good training. After that I am not afraid of anything.

Then the American jazz craze comes to Europe. Everybody is singing jazz tunes. My mother is smart business woman. She see that anybody who can sing the American tune will be populaire. So she organize a company to tour Europe with an American jazz band. And I am to sing the American songs.

FOR three years we travel like this up and down Europe, through France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, all the Scandinavian countries, playing always in the little towns. Sometimes we do not have any dressing rooms and have to dress in hotels. Sometimes we do not get any money and live for three or four days on crackers. But always we are laughing, we are happy.

But one day the lucky thing happen. I am sitting in my dressing room in a little town in Hungary. I am wondering how much longer this must go on. Then in comes my mother with a telegram. It is from the manager of the Theatre de Capucines in Paris, a theater where there is dancing and singing like in the Follies. He ask how I like to come back to work for him. Oh, boy! Do I like to come! To see the wonderful Paris again! The cafés, the boulevards, the noisy taxis, all the people I know! And to live always in one place, not to worry about catching trains, or having wardrobes for shows, and to always have enough to eat! I am singing and laughing and crying all at the same time while I am throwing my clothes into a trunk. And if I had know all that was waiting for me there, I would have been happier still.

(To be continued)

Lily Damita tells how she became the toast of Paris, the darling of the boulevards and the companion of kings and princes almost over night, also how her greatest romance came into her life, in the second installment of her life story in the October issue of

SCREEN SECRETS
Out September 10
Don't miss it!

Mulhall Interprets the Talkies

JACK MULHALL certainly has his opinion on the low-down on talking pictures. He confided it to a friend, a man visiting from Mulhall's home town, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. The scene was the Mulhall mansion in Beverly Hills.

Friend: What has become of the old, bull-necked, leather-necked director, now that the actors do all the shouting?

Mulhall: He shouts before and after the scene. An assistant gags him during the action.

Friend: Then there are no megaphones?

Mulhall: Sure. They rehearse you with megaphones and listen to their own voices come back to them via the microphone.

Friend: What has become of all the old actresses and actors who didn't have good voices?

Mulhall: They're on the stage learning to talk.

Friend: What's become of film animals like Tarzan, the horse, and Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog?

Mulhall: They're studying elocution and acquiring an English accent.

Friend: What's become of the Russian and German and Hungarian players who couldn't talk English?

Mulhall: They're playing New Yorkers.

Friend: What's become of the studio atmosphere orchestras who used to make the heroine weep by playing "Hearts and Flowers" off-key?

Mulhall: They're mostly making a thousand a week playing "Hearts and Flowers" off-key over the radio, to make the radio fans weep.

Friend: What's become of the title writer who used to take a three-year old joke from a magazine and put it into the mouth of our heroine to show she's not downhearted when she wants to tell the hero she's going to have a baby?

Mulhall: Why, the heroine tells that one about the traveling salesman, or else what the Dutchman said to the Swede, right out loud.

Friend: What's become of the old-fashioned studio electrician who used to "yes" the director?

Mulhall: He now operates the Vitaphone machinery and makes the director wait for hours while he adjusts the machinery. And if the director kicks, the electrician tells him he's a low-brow who's old-fashioned and doesn't understand modern machinery.

Friend: What about the ultra-temperamental lady star?

Mulhall: She spends her time with ultra-temperamental elocution teachers.

Friend: How have the talkies affected you, Jack?

Mulhall: Not in the least, I just kept on talking.

¶ The Postal Pouch editor will answer on this page any questions you may want to ask concerning the movies. For a personal reply, enclose with your letter a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

FREDDIE A.: Did you send twenty-five cents for Joan Crawford's picture? Maybe you've not waited long enough for it. Yes, she has a good screen voice, and is every bit as nice in person as you say she looks to you. As to the kind of tooth paste she uses, just read the ads and I'll bet the hole in a doughnut, you'll find out half a dozen of her favorite dentifrices. Er—say, how am I supposed to know such intimate details, anyhow?

MR. JACKSON: Your letter was returned to me. Better be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope next time—then you'll be sure of receiving your personal reply without mishap. Film companies are not interested in buying stories from unknown authors, especially now that the talkies have changed the policy so very radically. Successful plays, musical comedies, and operettas are rapidly replacing the old-time fiction story on the screen. Better write short stories for the magazines—they are always considered for picture possibilities.

GERTRUDE L.: Write to George Bancroft at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood. He was born in Philadelphia, is six feet, two inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds. So far as I know he has no literary aspirations.

PAUL P.: Unfortunately, aviation, like every other branch of the motion picture industry, is overcrowded with stars, war aces, and amateur flyers—to say nothing of a few professional aces who bow in and out of the newsreels. Better join the Air Mail and See the Sky—only you'll have to grow up into a pilot's license first, you know. Alice White's address is First National, Burbank. Believe me or not, I've not her home address, and it would be against my policy to give it to you if I had. Loop over and see us again soon.

JUNE E.: My, how the Bessie Love fans are crowding into the Postal Pouch—and I'm the president of 'em! She was born in Midland, Texas, on September 10, 1898, and attended school there until her family moved to Los Angeles. D. W. Griffith gave her her first chance on the screen, and changed her name from Juanita Horton. She is five feet tall, weighs one hundred pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes. She is every bit as cute off-screen as on—oh my yes!

Who Will Be Next?

William Haines

EVERY month one of the stars answers a letter received by Postal Pouch and sends to the writer an attractive, large photograph of himself. This month's lucky fan receives a photograph and letter from William Haines. The winner's letter and Mr. Haines' reply appear below.

Dear Postal Pouch Editor:

No foolin', words cannot express how much I enjoy "litttle Billy Haines." What sort of a chap is he in real life? I think he must be a "regular feller," always on the level, willing to give a helping hand, chock full of wise-cracks, and ready for a lot of clean fun. He is my ideal type of man.

Sincerely yours,
EVELYN K.

Dear Miss K.:

That was a mighty nice letter you wrote about me. I can only thank you for the compliments, and answer some of your questions to the best of my ability.

I was born in Stanton, Virginia, went to military school there, then tried to sell bonds until I finally got a job in the movies. Since then I've been more or less busy learning football, baseball, boxing, polo, golf.

It's funny, isn't it, that a fellow who is just a little lazy, like me, and wouldn't of his own will go in for strenuous exercise, has to keep doing it all the time to hold his job? However, there's a big kick in the work, and in the thought that perhaps I'm giving a laugh to people who need me.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM HAINES.

JESS L.: I swear I know the life history of everybody from Farina to Felix. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, twenty-eight years ago, is five feet, eleven inches tall, has brown hair and gray eyes, weighs one hundred and sixty-one pounds, was born a Van Mattimore, and is very happily married to Jobyna Ralston. They live quietly out in the country, raising dogs and engaging in outdoor sports—when they aren't busily working before the camera. Write to Dick at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

MRS. C. O.: Valentino's pictures included: *The Big Little Person, A Delicious Little Devil, Once to Every Woman, All Night, A Society Sensation, The Sheik, Blood and Sand, The Young Rajah, Monsieur Beaucaire, A Sainted Devil, Cobra,* and *The Son of the Sheik.* Gloria Swanson's first two pictures were: *Elvira Farina* and *The Meal Ticket.* Many Mack Sennett comedies followed. Her dramatic productions include: *Don't Change Your Husband, Male* and *Female, The Affairs of Anatol, The Impossible Mrs. Belew, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Zaza, The Humming Bird, Manhandled, Wages of Virtue, Madam Sans Gene, Coast of Folly, Stage-struck, Untamed Lady, Fine Manners, Loves of Sunya,* and *Sadie Thompson.* You're an old friend of the Postal Pouch—I remember you. Come as often as you like, and stay as long as you can.

ALYCE N.: Your letter was, for some reason, returned, so I'll have to reply through the Postal Pouch. If you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope hereafter, there won't be so much chance of mistakes happening. Buddy Rogers was born on August 13, 1904. Mary Brian is twenty-one, and single. Write to Neil Hamilton at Paramount. Yes, Phyllis Haver has retired from the screen and has settled down to being just plain Mrs. William Seaman.

Win $1000.00 CASH

AND A FULL YEAR'S SUPPLY

This Offer is Open to Every Reader of this Announcement

It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for our toothpaste. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win—nothing more is necessary to gain this cash prize of $1,000.

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Snow-White," "Gum-Strength," etc., or any other name you might think would fit the high quality of this dental cream.

There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and neatest suggestion for a name will receive $1,000 cash prize or, if prompt, $1,100 in all.

ANY NAME MAY WIN

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

NAME THIS

Win this $1,000 cash prize by a few moments thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1,000 and the extra $100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this dental cream is marvelous for teeth and gums. It is designed to sweeten the breath, beautify the teeth, cleanse cavities and promote teeth and gum health. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the neatest and best suited for this dental cream. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant.

This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan, whereby those taking part may win any one of twenty-odd prizes, the highest of which is $3,500 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the $1,100 cash prize may win an additional $3,500, making a total of $4,600. Everyone sending a name regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the $3,500 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay! Neglect may cost you thousands of dollars.

$100 EXTRA for PROMPTNESS

To get quick action I am going to pay the winner an extra $100 for promptness, or $1,100 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, their employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes November 30, 1929. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

Mr. H. E. Ray, Contest Mgr.
SS-1 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read .....

Date my suggestion is mailed .....

Name .....

Address .....

Note: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

What They Are Doing

Renee Adoree is playing opposite John Gilbert in *Redemption*, Russian picture, for M-G-M.

William Haines is starring in the talkie version of *The Gob*, a comedy-drama of a sailor's life, for M-G-M.

Anita Page plays opposite Haines in this picture.

Karl Dane brightens *The Gob* with his comedy.

John Barrymore is starring in *General Crack*, story of romantic adventure, for Warner Brothers.

Marian Nixon plays opposite Barrymore.

Dolores Costello is starring in *Hearts in Exile*, Russian exile story, for Warner Brothers.

Grant Withers plays opposite Miss Costello.

James Kirkwood has a part in the same picture.

Conway Tearle finds his way back to the screen in *Gold Diggers of Broadway*, for Warner Brothers.

Ann Pennington is playing one of the gold diggers in this picture.

Lilyan Tashman also does some digging in the same picture.

Joan Crawford is starring in *Jungle*, a story of the jungles, for M-G-M.

Monte Blue is starring in *Under a Texas Moon*, an all-color outdoor drama, for Warner Brothers.

Rod La Rocque is starring in *A Woman Decides*, modern pirate story of South Sea Islands, for RKO.

Merna Kennedy is playing in *Companionate Troubles*, comedy of domestic life, for Universal.

Reginald Denny plays opposite Miss Kennedy.

Charlotte Greenwood is starring in *So Long Letty*, for Warner Brothers.

Patsy Ruth Miller has a part in the same picture.

Ina Claire is starring in *The Awful Truth*, society picture, for Pathé.

Pauline Frederick is starring in *Evidence*, an English story, for Warner Brothers.

Alec B. Francis plays a part in the same picture.

Glenn Tryon is starring in *Barnum Was Right*, comedy, for Universal.

Billie Dove is starring in *Her Private Life*, society drama, for First National.

Bebe Daniels is starring in *Rio Rita*, musical comedy for RKO.

John Boles plays opposite Bebe Daniels.

Gary Cooper is starring in *The Virginian*, a story of outdoor life, for Paramount.

Mary Brian is playing in *A Man Must Fight*, story of the old South, for Paramount.

Nancy Carroll is playing in *The Dance of Life*, back-stage story, for Paramount.

Around the World to Stardom

[*Continued from page* 29]

ing up in the morning to see those bars across the portholes like a jail. Knowing there was no turning back. And beans for breakfast! Beans or mush and milk. You can't imagine what that meant to a boy who had never known anything but the comforts of home.

"It was a hard training school, but a thorough one. Some times I think those were bleak and bitter years. What did I get out of them anyway? A lot of memories I'd rather forget. But they did give me a strong physique. I was a scrawny, undersized stripling of a kid. The iron training of those days at sea gave me the constitution of an ox."

STRONGEST lure of all was the stage. He received his first impetus toward the footlights early in life. Frank Dockstader, the grand old minstrel, lived next door to the Bancroft home in Philadelphia. He looked upon George as his own son, and took him to the theatre night after night.

Later, after Bancroft had run away to join the Navy, the lure of the theatre came back to him and he started writing and producing shows on board ship. His first production was a minstrel show from a script written for amateurs by Dockstader.

The reputation of his shows grew in the Navy and won him a permanent place on the flagship. Everything from minstrel shows to *Hamlet* was produced at one time or another on that makeshift stage.

The time came when the lure of the theatre became too strong. With a partner, he hastily improvised an act, and opened in Philadelphia, as part of a burlesque show, at $15 a week.

He played comedy rôles for several years, working up to a comfortable salary, then left it all behind to start at the bottom once more.

"One day I met my little sweetheart's mother. She was glad to meet me, naturally, because of the child's devotion, but that meeting changed my whole life.

"She said to me: 'Mr. Bancroft, I do not look down upon comedians. I think most of them are splendid fellows, and we need them, but why should you be a comedian when you could do so much better?'

"'But what could I do?'

"'You could play leads.'

"'Leads! With this face?'

"'Nonsense! You have a splendid form, a magnificent head and your features are broad—perfect! They will look wonderful from out front."

"At last! Someone had faith in me—in my ability. Faith—a little encouragement was all I needed. I could make good. I could be in a class with James Cruze and King Baggot, who were topnotchers then.

WELL, I did make good. It took a little time, but eventually I played leads and *I played on Broadway.*"

George Bancroft hesitated, as though reluctant to dismiss the warm glow of success from his memory.

"And then—" I said, impatiently.

"And then—" he smiled, and the blue eyes twinkled. "What do you suppose happened then, child?"

Mr. Bancroft has a gracious habit of referring to persons just a little younger than himself as children. And, carrying on the *child* idea, I said, almost breathlessly.

"Pictures!"

"Righto, little one. It was pictures. It was something like starting all over again. I couldn't very well begin at the top in a new profession—I couldn't play leads, so I began by playing heavies, and I am still playing heavies."

"Mr. Bancroft," I suggested, "to the fans you are in a class by yourself. What is this great power you have over them?"

"Oh, I don't know. What would you say?"

"But, Mr. Bancroft, that would be unfair. I know you."

"Probably that's the reason—they know me, too. I have always tried to play my part on the screen as I would play it in real life, were I living such a life. I never step out of character. I am myself no matter what rôle I portray.

IN SPITE of his gigantic stature and broad features, there is nothing of the brute about George Bancroft. He has red-brown wavy hair, covering a magnificent head; his features, although large, are clean cut and perfect; his teeth are small and even and white as pearls; and his eyes—well, it's his eyes that seem to tell the story.

They are as deep and as blue as the seas over which they constantly seem to be gazing, as though searching for a lost sail. They have that restless, furtive look of the eyes of men who never sleep. When someone speaks to him, those eyes twinkle merrily, only to drop again to the level of the horizon. When he is angered, those blue eyes become gray, they narrow and sharpen and Bancroft's voice lowers. I am sure that if he is ever dangerous it is when he whispers.

Three and a half times he has circled the globe, chasing rainbows, searching for adventure upon the Seven Seas; but all that is in the past. He is now searching for the Blue Bird in the hearts of humanity and the abundance of his fan mail proves that he is finding it.

Clara Bow Says *Yes!*

[*Continued from page* 40]

None of Clara's intimates, however, would take her seriously. "She's just being nice to a visiting fireman," they whispered.

So news of Clara's marriage plans was as much of a surprise to Movietown as it was to the rest of the universe.

Since first crashing fame's gates, Clara has had and tossed aside many loves.

The wealthy Bob Savage slashed his wrists when Clara refused to become his wife during her early days in Hollywood.

Then she became betrothed to Victor Fleming, famous director, but that lasted only a short while.

During the filming of *Wings*, Clara said she would become Mrs. Gilbert Roland as soon as her task before the cameras was ended.

Later her friends thought that she might marry Gary Cooper.

But Gary soon gave way to Walter Muller, Hollywood auto accessory dealer.

As each of these passed into the discard, Clara would offer her stereotyped explanation:

"I am looking for my ideal and I shall keep on looking until I have found him. I want a family, so the man I would marry must be more than an ideal husband. He must be the ideal father."

Apparently, Harry Richman is that ideal, for Clara's search is ended!

CLARA always has said that when love really came, she would marry whether he be a millionaire or a pauper. However, she said she would prefer to pick a man in her own profession, for he would know the trials and tribulations confronting her in her work. He would have a better understanding of her moods and her temperament.

After the ceremony, Clara and Harry will rent or build a home in Beverly Hills, for Clara's present abode is considered too small for the needs of two.

Both will continue their careers, but Clara has announced that she will make fewer pictures each year than she does now.

Despite all the plans that have been laid for the wedding of Clara Bow and Harry Richman, it wouldn't be surprising if, should Bob and Victor and Gilbert and Gary and Walter gather about the table in Henry's for a midnight sandwich, one or all of them would remark:

"Yea, I'll believe it when the parson signs the papers."

———o———

DOROTHY DWAN has picked up her life again; has come back to Hollywood to resume her screen work. She was the wife of Larry Semon, who died under such tragic circumstances last year. Miss Dwan stuck by him with a loyalty that should earn some great blessing in life.

"If only I could tell this to every business girl"

Says an Office Manager

IN offices throughout the country—in offices all over the world—women are realizing the full value of every working day, free from the problems which once retarded their progress. Kotex has not only meant new comfort and better health but it has brought a priceless mental relief.

Doctors and nurses have helped to teach women the importance of this new sanitary protection. They stress its soft, soothing comfort, its correct absorbency.

Fleecy, soft filler

Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, offers a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Surgeons in 85% of the company's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

The new deodorant

To assure the utmost daintiness of person, Kotex now deodorizes by a process discovered and perfected in Kotex laboratories.

Corners cut and rounded

The fact that corners of the pad are now rounded and tapered means greater mental as well as physical comfort. This one improvement alone has impressed thousands of women, who write us in appreciation of its advantages.

Softer gauze, softer filler to end chafing.

2—*Corners rounded* and tapered for inconspicuous protection.

3—*Deodorizes,* safely, thoroughly by a patented process.

4—*Adjustable filler* may be changed as your needs change.

5—*It is easily disposed of.*

45c for 12 at drug, dry goods or department stores, singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Company. Kotex Co., 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Layers of filler are adjustable. The gauze, as well as the filler, is softer and gentler than ever. And Kotex is disposed of just like tissue. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of women all over the world.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

INUNDATED BY ENTRIES!

Judges in the

SCREEN SECRETS

$1,500
Cut Puzzle Picture Contest

Are working overtime in sorting thousands of entries submitted from every state in the Union.

At the close of the competition, July 15, entries were pouring in to the contest judges in such numbers that this event has developed into the greatest contest so far conducted for *Screen Secrets'* readers. Big ones and little ones, plain ones and fancy ones—mountains of mail are being gone over scrupulously and painstakingly in this mammoth task of judging each and every set of solutions mailed in.

CONTEST WINNERS

Will be announced in an early issue, as soon as the work of judging is completed. Watch for further announcements—your name may be among the list of 110 lucky ones!

A Modern Cinderella

[*Continued from page* 35]

"But don't you see? I don't like to talk about my love for a producer. The fans always think of producers as huge men with big tummies and black cigars and funny language. They can't picture a little boy with curly hair and brown eyes who comes home to laugh and to play just like other little boys who chance to be husbands.

THEY'LL never believe that I fell in love with him when I thought he was an office boy leading me to see Irving Thalberg, the producer.

"How did you do it? What was your technique?"

"I wore him down gradually. It took four or five years to do it. First, I tried to gain his admiration through my work; secondly, I saved him trouble when we were going together. If he was late, I called for *him* to make it more simple.

"You should have Irving tell you about my arrival at his office! He was with Mr. Mayer by this time. He was sitting in his office when he heard a wild roar, a loud rattle, a jamming of brakes and the fence next to his window splintering. Mother and I had arrived in a new Chevrolet, purchased but not paid for. That was my manner of driving! He rushed out to see what had caused the riot.

"This way," he told me. Do you wonder that I thought he was an office boy? I looked him over. I liked his curly hair, his twinkling brown eyes. I felt my heart doing gymnastics. He led me into a perfectly grand office, gave me a chair, then went around and sat behind the big desk before me. It didn't seem possible that this was Irving Thalberg, the producer!

"Right there is where I began my wearing down process although I didn't know *yet* that he was the man who had sent for me from Universal.

MY FIRST step was an attempt to win his professional admiration. I made a couple of pictures for Louis B. Mayer and then they loaned me out for experience. Rubbing off the rough spots by giving me every kind of experience! At Fox, I was John Gilbert's leading lady. At Lasky's I made *Empty Hands;* then a slap-stick comedy, *Excuse Me,* with Conrad Nagel. I played my first mother part, again with John Gilbert; an emotional dual rôle in *Lady of the Night;* a character part in *His Secretary.*

"I believe real love is founded upon admiration. Irving Thalberg was the supervisor on my home-lot pictures and I was determined to get his admiration. If he had any romantic inclinations during those years, he didn't show them. One day I was sitting in his office arguing a point with him. I don't remember what it was—a part I didn't want to play, money—something. I was being very independent. 'But you know, Mr. Thalberg, your's wasn't my only offer. I had three at one time from the coast. So, you see—'

"'Yes, I know!' Then—I don't know what it was, the twinkle in his eye, some sudden recollection. But I remembered that palavery letter I had written a certain producer. 'Thalberg—Thalberg—' hadn't that been the name?

"'Were you the man who sent me that first offer from Universal?'

"'Yes and the one who gave you the others!' Then it came out that after he left Universal he had negotiated with several companies and in each conference he had suggested certain prospective players, with my name among them. They had all sent me offers at *his* suggestion.

FROM that time on—well, he was the winner. I had gone there with my head high; I came out like a soggy potato. Yet it was three years before he asked me to go anywhere with him. Then, one day, he had his secretary call to ask me to attend a theatre with him. I—well, I couldn't believe it. I thought there had been some mistake. I didn't really expect him. When he actually came, we went to the Cocoanut Grove instead of a theatre. That was lucky for me. I could get in better work than at a stuffy theatre.

"What held his interest? I don't know, but perhaps it was because I put his interests ahead of my own. I realized that he was a busy man, with many responsibilities. If he was an hour and a half late I didn't bawl him out. I just said, 'That's all right, I just finished dressing myself.' (He didn't know that this was the truth, until after we were married; that I have always been a notoriously slow dresser!) Or, again, as I have said, I would go around and call for him if it were more convenient. And I talked about things in which he was interested, not just my personal problems. We have been married two years in September. And I have followed the same tactics since we were married.

"I make his interests mine. I like tennis and swimming. He likes golf and bridge. I have been taking golf lessons. And I tell you his joy when he saw me make a good drive on the golf course was greater than any he ever had in seeing me in a picture—even *Mary Dugan.*"

"Then you aren't exactly a modern Cinderella?"

"Oh, yes I am. A really modern one. In this day and age we work for our slippers and our princes—they don't just pop in upon us. I've worked for every inch of my success and it took me years to get the man I wanted. I'm a perfect modern Cinderella and don't you let anyone make you believe you can get either the man or the slippers without just such strenuous effort."

Meeting the Talkie Challenge

[*Continued from page* 39]

COLLEEN is a most energetic young person. She made up her mind to see that Fate should satisfy her ambition in a big way. That meant work, but Colleen likes to work and prides herself on being a "good soldier." So she found a good voice teacher and buckled down to mastering the new technique. Within the past few weeks she has completed *Smiling Irish Eyes*, in which she not only talks but sings.

Such are the fruits of preparedness.

Laura Hope Crewes, famous on the legitimate stage, is one of the leading voice instructors. Her clients include Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith and Dorothy Mackaill. Incidentally, Miss Crewes will be seen and heard with Irene Bordoni in the screen version of the latter's great stage hit, *Paris*. Helen Ware and Frank Reicher also are engaged in the useful and profitable occupation of preparing mummers for the microphone. And there are scores of others.

Lois Wilson met the talkie problem with characteristic energy and initiative. She proceeded to train herself by going on the stage. Joining Edward Everett Horton's repertory company in Los Angeles, she played feminine leads in such dramas as *The Queen's Husband*, *The Swan* and *Spread-eagle*. Then, feeling that she really knew something about this business of acting with the voice as well as with face and body, she returned to the studios and has appeared with such distinction in a series of rôles that she was recently placed under a long-term contract by First National.

A similar course was followed by Leatrice Joy, who chose vaudeville for her training school. She was scheduled to begin an extensive tour in New York, she preferred to open "cold" at the Palace and the circuit management agreed to let her do so. She took the jaded Palace audiences by storm.

BILLIE DOVE was on the stage before she went into the movies; but a Follies beauty, after all, has very little to say. To all intents and purposes, Billie was just as much of a greenhorn as most of the other Hollywood luminaries with regard to this talkie business. Her friends, however, have long known and cherished her talent as an impersonator which she used to exercise by tumultuous request at parties in Beverly Hills and thereabouts; and in her first talking picture, *Careers*, she has won the plaudits of some of New York's most critical reviewers.

So the Hollywood stars are sitting pretty. The talking pictures are here, but the stars are here, too, and they are going to remain. Jack and Jill have met the giant, and he is carrying them happily on his shoulders.

Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

* * * *

No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to address business meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to write better letters
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power
- How to be master of any situation

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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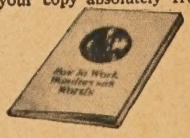

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The Adventurers' Club

A CLUB that breathes of other climes,
Of other faces, other times,
A memory of days we spent
Adventure seeking, pleasure bent.

A club that brings again to mind
Different races, other kind
Of people from across the seas,
Of tribes from the Antipodes.

Of sea dogs and the Northern Lights,
Of blazing suns and tropic nights,
Antarctic snows and desert heat
And jungles where the tom-toms beat.

Of mountain peak and waterfall,
Of forests where the grey wolves call,
Of cataract and rushing stream,
Of gold dust bed and campfire dream.

Of swamps and heaths and mesa lands,
Of foothills where the wild horse bands,
Arroyos, dunes and water holes,
Of treasure, loot and phantom goals.

A tiger's leap, a lion's roar,
The gleaming tusk of charging boar,
A leopard creeping on its prey,
A python lying by the way.

A Buddhist temple, Lama priest,
A surly Kurd from out the East,
A sniper in the Khyber Pass,
A savage in the pampas grass.

Of China and its coolie horde,
A bloody pirate junk to board,
Of Cossack and a well set spear,
A Baden dance hall floor to clear.

Of African and savage black,
The Matterhorn with pack on back,
Of Hudson's Bay and broad snow shoe,
Australia and its kangaroo.

A mosque where Moslem sultans meet,
A narrow barricaded street,
A challenge—Halt! a shot, and cries—
A dead man in the roadway lies.

An S. O. S.—a volunteer
Always ahead and damn the rear!
Out where one is the first to fall,
Out where the gods of courage call.

Now fancy turns from thing and place
And focuses on hard, grim face
Of men whose hand clasp means a friend
Who'll see you through to any end.

Of men who lead the leaders in;
Whose daily roll call shows how thin
Their ranks are growing as each dawn
Finds one or more a-westward gone.

Of men of mettle, men with guts,
At home in palaces or huts;
Of men who know their rifle sights
As well as they know Broadway Lights.

Of men who hold but light their loss
'Neath northern star or southern cross;
Each following the sirens call,
Adventure seeking one and all.

Of men who knew each raw frontier
And men who scorn to halt or fear;
Of men who always set the pace,
The pioneers of every race.

So carry on, and when you're dead,
For epitaph may this be said:
"He had his boots on when he fell
And made adventure out of hell."

—W. S. Van Dyke.

Cecil De Mille Tells How He Does It

[*Continued from page* 43]

Something to Think About when he really lost his temper. Monte was to drown with the breaking away of a dam. When the break came it was smooth, rather than jagged; unnatural rather than natural. De Mille was almost insane with fury. He turned and upbraided the construction foreman in words which do not bear repetition. The foreman stood up to him. He was a tall, burly fellow, not afraid to lick the world's most potent director. Actors and extras cringed in the background.

Then De Mille walked straight to the foreman and said, "I'm sorry!"—But perhaps you will recall that the work in that picture created a sensation and advanced Monte Blue far up the ladder of recognition. The shell of all the players had been cracked—this time unintentionally.

IT IS said that De Mille will go to any lengths except loss of life to secure a good picture. Perhaps one of the most amusing examples was on *The Volga Boatman*. Eleanor Faire was not hitting the high spots—her mental shell had not been broken. Just at this point it was noted that William Boyd was becoming interested in the leading lady. They were seen slipping out to dinner together in the evenings. Immediately, the number of late night shots began to increase. In fact, the company was forced to eat dinner close to the studio practically every evening. Eleanor and Bill became more and more interested. At the height of their romance, the major shots of *The Volga Boatman* were taken. There was no imitation in the emotions displayed by the leading lady! De Mille does not admit for publication that he actually promoted this romance to break the shell of her emotions but neither does he deny it. But the facts stand for themselves since night work was technically unnecessary.

The original reading for *Fool's Paradise* was scheduled for 10:30 one morning. Mildred Harris had an important rôle. Jacqueline Logan, Conrad Nagel, Theodore Kosloff—everyone but Miss Harris was there on the moment. "We will wait for her," Mr. De Mille stated. No one spoke; everyone was thoroughly frightened. When she entered, more than 30 minutes late, he spoke quietly, without raising his voice above the normal, "Would you like to know my opinion of a woman who does not think of the rights of other people? Everyone but you was here on time. You—" and he proceeded to give her his opinion, allowing her no chance to explain. The result of this tongue lashing was that Mildred Harris gave her best to this picture and so did the others. No one was late during the production. The mental mask of every player in the cast had been torn away by this one vitriolic attack upon Miss Harris.

WITH William Boyd it was a matter of years of building. The first time I saw in him a real possibility was at the time Julia Faye fell into a tank of water in *Why Change Your Wife?* She had on a heavy patent leather bathing suit and couldn't swim. A man stepped out of the extra ranks and pulled her out. The cool-headed manner and ease with which he did it, was characteristic of Boyd. I gave him a bit, a special piece of business, for the screen. I insisted that he begin with small parts and was always giving them to him. And always against opposition. Frank Urson was directing *Forty Winks* for me sometime later. I wanted Boyd as the juvenile. Urson was angered and begged me not to force an extra on him. I didn't persuade, but I instructed that he be used.

"I kept Boyd waiting seven years for just the right part. He became desperate half a dozen times and came to me to ask if he couldn't go into something else. He was unhappy mentally and no doubt hungry, many of these times, but he was completely humbled. Then, came *The Volga Boatman*, the part for which I had been waiting for seven years. He was easy to direct; he had an understanding through seven years of training.

Although De Mille has no one way of handling any one person, there are certain psychological tests which he gives to them all. No important artist has played in one of his productions with whom he has not mixed socially before and during that picture. They are guests on his yacht, at his Paradise ranch, a hundred miles from the city. "I can tell just how they react to life psychologically when they are off their guard in a social environment."

A PERSON who has once made good with De Mille is certain of being recalled; but one who hasn't is seldom given a second opportunity.

When he was with Famous Players Lasky, Jane Winton was signed in New York and he was asked to teach her to act. She was young and inexperienced, which excuses Jane and allows her name to be printed. He gave her a part in *The Golden Bed*. There was Julia Faye and Lillian Rich leaning against a mantel doing a subtle scene in which they politely "cut each other's throats," as rival social leaders. Helen Sullivan, a fine actress of twenty years' experience, was standing close by, taking in every word, every move, every suggestion. Jane Winton, the newcomer, lay on a couch, to one side, talking to a boy friend.

"Miss Winton, I think this is a valuable scene for you to see." De Mille's voice was cold, but the youngster did not realize. She continued her conversation. She has never appeared in another De Mille picture. But neither has she been guilty, since, of inattention.

Without Benefit of Whiskers

By SPEED KENDALL

I FELT positively undressed." That's what Chester Conklin, the famous walrus-mustached comedian, told me on a set at the Paramount studios. The cause for all his shame and bashfulness was the removal of that well-known mustache.

Now, after all these years, his disguise has been lifted. It all comes because of a period picture. When Paramount began preparations to make *Stairs of Sand,* a Zane Grey story, a stage coach driver of comic tendencies was needed. Conklin was the natural thought of the casting director.

"But they didn't wear that kind of a mustache in 1850," Director Otto Brower protested.

"Then he'll have to take it off," the producers answered.

Conklin started to howl when he heard of the move, but later he took it good naturedly.

Now that the mustache is at last gone, it is time to print a little yarn on the origin of that piece of hair.

Let Chester tell it in his way: "I was born in Oscaloosa, Iowa," he says. "Now don't start saying, 'You would be born there.' That's a good town. When I was fourteen, I started out on my own and four years later I found myself in Memphis learning the baking business.

WORD came to me of the big opportunities in St. Louis, Missouri, where the World's Fair was to be held. I decided to have a look at this thing, so I went up the Mississippi on a river boat. The fair was a success. It got all of my money within two days and I started looking for a place to work. I sold papers for a few days and finally came to a bakery owned by a man named Schultz.

"I walked in and applied for a job. Schultz happened to need a man and I went to work. I can't recall his first name nor where his shop was, but the back door of the bakery opened on the back door of a saloon—but that's another story.

"Schultz had a big, walrus-like mustache just like the one I now wear. He used to spend many moments every day brushing and combing it. It was the pride of his life. He spoke with a decided German accent and I used to absorb it all until I could imitate him to a T.

"I spent a year with Schultz and then went to bake at the Planter's Hotel and was getting along swell as assistant pastry cook when I became stage struck.

One evening I attended a burlesque show and almost wept when I saw the German comedian. He was one of the typical Webber and Fields Dutch comics, with the yellow goatee and the long yellow wig. I decided right then and there that I was a better German comedian than the whole bunch. I had met a lot of Germans and I had never seen any of them with a get-up like that.

"I thought of Schultz and so went to a wig maker and drew him a sketch of the kind of mustache I wanted. He made it perfectly. I broke into a small time vaudeville circuit as a German comedian. As an actor I was a swell pastry cook and got a dismissal slip pretty quick. I decided I needed acting experience and so went with a medicine show, in stock and nearly every other form of stage amusement, ending up as a clown with the Al G. Barnes circus.

FIFTEEN years ago, the show closed at Venice, California, where the winter quarters are still located. While walking down the street one day I saw a bunch of Keystone cops chasing some comedian down the street. I thought that was a sure laugh and decided I'd better have a try at this sort of business.

"A few days later, walrus mustache revived, I walked in on the casting office at Sennett's and made my début in motion pictures as a Keystone cop at $3.00 a day. I donned my mustache the first day and it's been with me ever since."

"It feels funny to face that camera without my mustache," Conklin told me. "I feel silly. Maybe I'll look that way and become a comedian in a different vein. I'm a little afraid at getting up under those lights with an undressed upper lip. Those lights have strong rays and a surface that's been protected so long is likely to get sunburned or blistered when left on its own, with the odds so much against it.

BUT seriously, I'm a little glad to let the public see what I look like. It might save an embarrassing situation such as one that happened in a distant town not long ago.

"I was being shaved in a barber shop when the man who was shaving me said to another barber: 'They're shooting pictures here now. I'm going over. The only guy I want to see is Chester Conklin. I shaved Chet every day for six years in Oakland, California. He's a great fellow with a fine family—six pretty children. If I can meet him, perhaps I can collect that $7.00 he owes me.'

"As I started out the shop, I handed the barber my card and as he looked at me in surprise, I said, 'Of course I never saw you before in my life and the only time I was in Oakland was to take a ferry boat. I haven't any children and never borrowed $7.00 from you. But outside of those minor details, it was a good story and I wouldn't have spoiled it by spilling the beans for anything in the world.'

"Yes sir, my public will know me from now on—and I'm glad of it!"

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Getting Personal

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

Bebe Daniels has a hand-carved 17th century Florentine bedstead with a jeweled bell cord, designed by the Mad Monk of Bavaria.

Ernest Torrence, one of Hollywood's foremost character actors, is said to be one of the most talented musicians in the motion picture field.

He is an expert pianist and frequently gives private recitals. He has studied at Stuttgart, Germany, and at the Royal Academy in London. Torrence is also equipped with a splendid baritone voice.

Although the fiery Raquel Torres was born in Mexico, her parentage is only half Mexican. Her mother is a native of Mexico, but her father is German.

Edward E. Horton

Edward Everett Horton has taken a house on Country Club Drive, in the ultra exclusive social center of Los Angeles. Eddie has an interesting Chinaman who controls his household—what John Chinaman tells him to eat, Eddie eats.

Charles Mack, of the famous Moran and Mack Two Black Crows team, was once a catcher in the old Pacific Coast baseball league, playing professional ball at the time Joe Tinker was starring in that circuit.

Harry Gribbon is not only a model husband but an exceptional one. He's actually letting his wife teach him how to drive his car!

Mary Duncan's dressing room is furnished entirely in modernistic furniture, yet she has a rural mail box at her estate in Bel-Air.

Henry King is chestily "measuring them off" for any of his friends who will listen. In Miami recently, he speared the largest swordfish of the season.

In case that fans believe that acting is not really work, Donald Reed can prove that as a lad in his teens he actually worked. The middle finger of his right hand is permanently shortened through his labor at a comptometer.

Lupe Velez

Lupe Velez has a cage of mechanical birds that sing, flutter their wings and twist their heads, when a crank is turned.

Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove, et al, may own deluxe apartment houses, Huntley Gordon his silk stocking factory, Dale Fuller her orange grove—but Edwin Carewe makes his idle money work for him in a more novel way. He collects garbage from the Ambassador, Beverly-Wilshire and other large hotels and converts it into fertilizer for ranchers in Petaluma!

Margaret Livingston may not believe in fortune-tellers, but hardly a week goes by without a consultation with a seer.

Nacio Herb Brown, who wrote the music to *The Broadway Melody*, has two huge diamonds set side by side in a plain platinum ring.

Bodil Rosing believes in mixing her drinks. Wait a minute before paging Mr. Volstead . . . Bodil refers to coffee and chocolate. She declares that if you mix the two—half and half—you will have a most delicious beverage.

Ken Maynard supports his parents in luxury, refusing to allow them to work.

Back from the Gay White Way, Estelle Taylor went down to Palm Springs for a few days' rest. After two days and two nights in the resort, she hurried home to Hollywood.

Estelle Taylor

"It was so quiet down there, I couldn't sleep!" she cried.

Miss Taylor has a collection of dolls. One of them wears a wig made from Estelle's own hair at the time she bobbed it.

Society in Cinemaland

[*Continued from page* 41]

Constance Talmadge a bride for the third time, but the reception later at her new $100,000 home in Beverly Hills was attended by many film celebrities.

I WONDER if **Madame Glyn** had met **Ona Wilson Brown** when she coined that much-discussed word "IT"—for certainly, Ona possesses IT to the nth degree. Her personality, in fact, fairly radiates IT.

As the wife of **Clarence Brown,** her parties were the smartest in Hollywood, and she entertained royally. It remained for us to see the result when she became **"Ona Wilson Brown,** former wife of **Clarence Brown."** Today, she is more popular than ever, has more friends and is entertained more than ever before.

DINNER and supper parties before and after the show featured the première of **Warner Brothers'** *On With The Show,* the first all-color-talking-singing picture. Prominent hostesses were **Louise Fazenda, Helene Costello, Sally O'Neill, Estelle Taylor, Mrs. Norman Taurog** and **Lina Basquette.**

Seen throughout the auditorium were so many dazzling blondes that **Edouard Raquello** declared himself quite dizzy. One of the loveliest of the "gentlemen preferred" was **Claire Windsor,** escorted by a Russian prince. **Laura La Plante** with her director husband. **Betty Compson** in peach-colored chiffon, with hers. **Edna Murphy. Josephine Dunn. Louise Fazenda** wears the most entrancing red wig in the color picture, so it was almost a shock to see her minus the flaming locks—not that she didn't look charming as usual.

Billy Bakewell came with his mother and the **Johnny Mack Browns. Estelle Taylor** with **John Davidson. Helene Costello** with the handsome young Cuban, **Juan Toreno.** There was **Marceline Day** jumping up and down with excitement because she had bobbed her hair. **Arthur Lubin,** home from triumphs on Broadway, surrounded by welcoming friends. **Pauline Frederick** and **James Kirkwood.**

ESTELLE TAYLOR'S farewell party at her beautiful home on Los Feliz Boulevard was a pleasant affair, as all her parties are. Guests danced or played bridge, according to the mood of the moment. There was a long distance call from **Jack Dempsey** in New York, regretting that he couldn't be present and wishing all his friends a happy evening.

Among the guests were the three **Talmadge girls, Bebe Daniels, Harold** and **Mildred Lloyd, Ben Lyon, Gilbert Roland, Townsend Netcher, Buster Collier** and **Buster Keaton.**

CELEBRATING the addition of a tennis court and swimming pool on his Beverly Hills estate, **Charlie Chaplin** gave a garden party recently, to which he invited thirty or more intimate friends.

Which Part Is Too Fat?

From Any Part of Body You Wish Reduced

THIS NEW WAY

"Good-bye fat arms legs and abdomen."

New Discovery Amazing Legions Who Failed to Reduce by Other Treatments and Methods

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5 to 10 Pounds Off in Two Weeks!

A new discovery now makes it possible for over-stout people to quickly reduce double chin, or fat bust, arms, abdomen, hips, legs or ankles at home. It's so easy and harmless that thousands who failed through other means are now getting amazing results in a few days' time.

This new external product is a white, dainty paste which you rub into any fat part you wish to reduce, at night, as you would a cream. But it is not a cream and does not contain a drop of water. And the effects are almost magic-like. The parts treated with this new scientific creation, called "COLLIPASTE," are quickly reduced in size and weight, because the paste penetrates and brings about a physiological reaction, heating the surplus fat layers under the skin, the excess fat then actually oozes out through the opened pores with excreted moisture, like perspiration.

Slenderizing the figure this new, easy way is meeting with hearty approval by physicians who warn against dangerous drugs and starvation diets. The success of COLLIPASTE will surely revolutionize methods of reducing, because it is pleasant and healthful to use at night, and works while you sleep. Get a jar now and take away those ugly, fatty, burdensome parts.

Send no money, simply mail coupon below to Dermolay Laboratories, Dept. 111 No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for jar costing only $1.95. On arrival pay postman. If you are not more than pleased with reduction, your money will be refunded. Print address plainly.

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Miss A. B. writes: "I have lost six pounds in two weeks. It really reduces the parts you use it on. I started reducing my hips and stomach and already feel like a new person."

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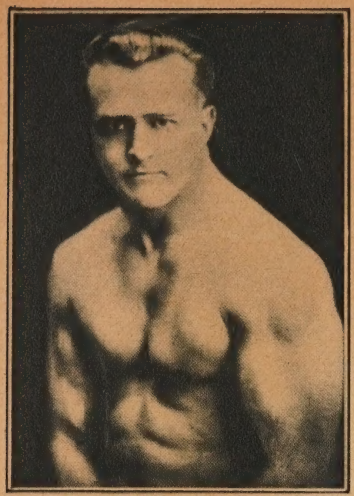

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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance, etc."

NEW BODIES *in 24 hours*

HAVE you ever watched a magician pick wriggling rabbits out of a high hat? A wonderful trick, you say. Well, I'm a magician of a different sort—a magician that builds health and strength into your body in just 24 hours. And it is no trick. It took me 19 years of tireless planning and experimenting to be able to do it.

People call me the Muscle-Builder, because I take weak, run-down bodies and transform them into strong, virile, handsome bodies in double-quick time. *And I actually do it in 24 hours.*

In the Privacy of Your Own Room

By this I do not mean that you must exercise 24 hours continuously. My scientific short-cut to healthy, handsome, broad-shouldered bodies must be taken in short 15 minute doses. Because, if you exercised more than that in my high-pressure, quick development way, you would tear down more than I can build up. So all I ask of you is 15 minutes of your spare time each day for 90 days (actually only 22½ hours time) doing simple, easy exercises under my guidance. You can do them in the privacy of your room, if you wish, but you must do them every day to get the best results.

And What Results!

In the first 30 days I guarantee to add one whole inch of real, live, muscle on each of your arms, and two whole inches of the same revitalizing strength across your chest. I'll take the kinks out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, give you a wrist of steel, and a fighting, peppy personality that just yells youth, vigor and vitality all over.

I Work Inside As Well As Out

Your heart, your liver, your kidneys, your lungs—all your internal organs get the jolt of their young lives when I start to work on them. And they settle down to an orderly, well-mannered existence that means a new kind of happiness for you—the joy of living that only a healthy, virile body can give you. And the headaches, constipation troubles, aches and pains that are always caused by weakened, flabby bodies somehow miraculously disappear.

You See It in Her Eyes

And will your friends notice the difference! Just watch that girl you love so dearly open her eyes, and *fight* to hold your attention! And the boys in your crowd—they'll look up to you as a real leader. Instinctively they worship strength and leadership that must go with it. But let me tell you all about it. All you have to do is

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Classified Picture Guide

[*Other reviews will be found on page 70*]

DRAMA

BROADWAY—This is by far the finest picture Universal has produced since *Foolish Wives*, and that was long ago. It is a story of what goes on along the Great White Way and to help the whoopee along there are such characters as Detective Dan McCorn, Steve Crandall, bootlegger murderer, and Nick Verdis, villainous night club owner. Thomas E. Jackson, Broadway theatre star, plays McCorn and scores heaviest of all the cast. Robert Ellis, Paul Porcasi, Glenn Tryon, Evelyn Brent and Merna Kennedy also handle their rôles capably.—*Universal.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Walter Huston is recruited from the legit to play the part of Wickland Snell, newspaperman. His acting, and the work of supporting members, catches very clearly the heartbreak and the lure and the grind of the Fourth Estate. Kay Francis contributes a sparkling bit of work as the dangerous woman. The climax occurs when Snell's daughter lies in the throes of childbirth, dying, with Snell unable to leave his work because of the necessity of getting out an extra edition.—*Paramount.*

THE SQUALL—Myrna Loy scores another triumph—this time as Nubi, a gypsy girl who sweeps into the quiet life of a Hungarian peasant family, bringing havoc and seduction in her wake. Nubi is unmoral, hypnotic, entirely without restraint. You'll like this picture—on account of Nubi.—*First National.*

THE PAGAN—Ramon Novarro blossoms out as a singer and his rendition of *The Pagan Love Song* is one of the finest things he has done so far. The story concerns the struggle between Novarro as a half-caste who simply wants to be happy in his own way, and a white trader who seeks to exploit him, principally over the latter's adopted daughter.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Here's one that will keep you guessing. Now it's comedy and now it's melodrama, and you're never sure which is which. Ronald Colman is the dashing young Englishman in the title rôle who sets out to find adventure and finds it, complete with damsel in distress. Barbara Bennett is the girl. This is a hair-raising picture and the auto chase at night exceeds the speed limit in thrills. —*Samuel Goldwyn.*

PRISONERS—Corinne Griffith, filmdom's fragile blossom of loveliness, is as beautiful as ever in this so-so picture. This time she is a cabaret singer who elects to follow the straight and narrow and gets a job in a pastry shop as one step in the right direction. Ian Keith is a struggling young lawyer who defends her against a false charge of stealing money—and then falls in love with her. Who wouldn't?—you will, too, when you see and hear her after her recent absence from the screen. —*First National.*

WHERE EAST IS EAST—For once Lon Chaney is a bad man with a good heart. Lupe Velez is his daughter and together they catch tigers all day long for circuses. The locale is somewhere East of Suez, and so, when Lloyd Hughes is all set to marry Lupe, along slinks Estelle Taylor as a half-caste vampire and the plot develops complications. You never saw Estelle look so—well, *that way.* It's perhaps her greatest chacterization.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

CAREERS—Billie Dove comes out in the talkies, with colors flying. Her voice is lovely and she has some excellent support in Antonio Moreno and Noah Beery. This is heavy drama, with a murder inserted to supply the thrill, which comes out in unwinding the mystery of who killed Beery.—*First National.*

MADAME X—Ruth Chatterton does an even better job of her rôle in this gem than she contributed in *The Doctor's Secret.* She is a lady of quality who slides into sin, leaving behind her a son. She commits murder, is defended by her son, unknown to either of them—and then, what a climax! Lewis Stone plays his part with power and Lionel Barrymore is the director. Don't miss this!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

COMEDY

TWO WEEKS OFF—Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall frolic through their tenth picture together and this is one of their funniest. It's the O. Henry plot, about two ordinary people who meet on vacation, pretending they are somebody quite swell. Jack Mulhall is a plumber and thereby hangs a tale—at the end of the picture.—*First National.*

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—Here is the old time musical comedy made into a bright and rollicking talkie. Grant Withers and Gertrude Olmstead are the loving pair, and Betty Compson, as the wife of Withers' boss, tries to seduce Grant and make it a triangle. There are more angles to this than a triangle and the picture is well worth seeing.—*Warner Brothers.*

JOY STREET—Lois Moran goes whoopee! She becomes the center of a rowdy crowd of carefree youngsters and she does the best acting of her career. Nick Stuart has the male lead, but Rex Bell steals the honors.—*Fox.*

Harry Carr's Private Line

[*Continued from page 65*]

grand opening of the picture, it up and died. All she could say over the radio that night was, "I—I have lost my pet duck."

Temperaments Remodeled

THE SHOW BOAT has sent Joseph Schildkraut's stock soaring to stardom. His is the case of a young man who saw the error of his ways. He used to be more temperamental than a grand opera star and more difficult to direct than a herd of young turkeys. He suddenly had a change of heart; became a good sport and began to climb.

Many Tongues

JOSEPH ought to be dear to the heart of the producers who think that our talkies must be made over for the European trade in all languages, including the Scandinavian. I don't know how Joe is on Swedish, but he speaks all the others, including Turkish, Rumanian, Hebrew, Modern Greek, French, German and English.

Clara Just Loves 'Em

CLARA BOW has hastened back from New York to deny that she is going to follow the example of Gene Tunney and refuse to see reporters. She admits that she wore a yellow wig, registered under an assumed name and dodged the newspapermen; but that was just one of Clara's little ways.

As to Clara and the talkies, by the way, I shall have to take it all back. I thought she would never be good in them. She is a knock-out. Clara is a knock-out in everything; even in newspaper interviews.

Gloria

GLORIA SWANSON'S troubles certainly began when Von Stroheim directed her. The picture has been shelved without being finished; and the income tax man is after Gloria. If he can make head or tail out of her tangled finances, he has something on Gloria. She can't.

The New Pictures

HAROLD LLOYD is negotiating for a device which will give ordinary picture film a stereopticon effect.

Mack Sennett says that within a year all pictures will be in color and on wide film—giving about twice the present scope. Also, all pictures will be talkies.

If these changes come to pass, the speaking stage is sunk. Since the advent of talkies, the New York stage has had one of the worst seasons in its history.

Von's Fall

VON STROHEIM has taken up his work as an actor with Jimmie Cruze as director, but I'll bet a nickel that he will be directing again before the year is out. Von brings grief to the producers and early gray hairs, but no one has ever equalled the quality of his work.

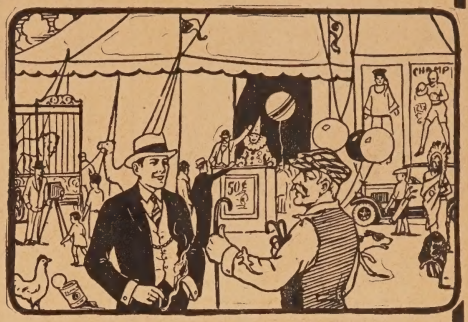
$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

Find 5 Objects

Starting with the Letter

"C"



There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,800.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

LIST OF PRIZES

1. 8 Cylinder Studebaker Sedan.
2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
3. Victor Orthophonic Victrola.
4. Shetland Pony.
5. Seven Tube Console Radio.
6. Fibre Living Room Set.
7. Electric Vacuum Cleaner.
8. Apollo Motorbike Bicycle.
9. 100-Piece Dinner Set.
10. Ladies' or Men's Elgin Watch.
11. 29-Piece Silverware Set.
12. Portable Phonograph.
13. New Haven Banjo Clock.
14. Wrought Iron Bridge Lamp.
15. Ladies' Overnight Bag.

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315 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

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From Thrills to Trills

[*Continued from page* 53]

when you were four years old. You were starred on the stage at eight in *The Prince Chap* at the New York Valencia Theatre in San Francisco. After that you played with Lewis Stone in *The Squaxman.* The Child Labor officials came down and yanked you off the stage. Then you sneaked over to the Selig Studio and played in pictures. Then you went to the Bison One-Hundred-One Ranch studio and made westerns.

"After that you went back to the stage for a few years. When you were thirteen years old you heard that Harold Lloyd was looking for a leading lady and you" —

"And I borrowed my aunt's clothes and went to apply for the job! That was funny! You see, they wanted a blonde, but were kind enough to tell me that if Mr. Roach was satisfied they would condescend to use a brunette."

"Well, the condescension must have taken place, because you worked on the Roach lot for four years. Then Mr. De Mille—"

BEBE stepped in again. "No, no, no! If you keep on at that rate you'll be arrested for speeding. You're nowhere near the 'then Mr. De Mille' part. The truth is, I wanted to do drama. I enjoyed comedy, but I felt that I was meant for bigger and better things. So just before my contract expired, I told Mr. Roach that I had signed with another company. Of course, they all wanted to know who, especially Harold Lloyd. He said, 'Why, you can tell me, Bebe. You know I'll never tell.' But I said: 'No, I can't even tell you, because I promised on my word of honor that I wouldn't tell a living soul.'

"They gave me a big farewell party on the lot the day I left and again asked me to tell where I was going. Gee, but I would have been so glad to have known. I would have shouted it from the housetops but as it was, I merely pretended to be very mysterious and said: 'Oh, I can't tell you now, because I want to break it in a big way.'

"Some time previous to the expiration of my Roach contract, Mr. De Mille had told me that if I ever left Roach that he would like to have me call on him. I took a chance and sent a note and some pictures over to him, saying that if he were still interested, I was now at leisure. He sent for me immediately and I went to see him. I felt so big and important that I walked right in and said: 'Well, Mr. De Mille, you must have seen some of our comedies.' 'Yes, I have,' he said, 'and if I ever see another one, I won't give you a contract.'

WELL, I guess he never saw another one because he gave me a contract which lasted four years. I played in such pictures as *Why Change Your Wife? The Affairs of Anatol,* and others on the same order.

"Then they gave me a new contract which put me back in comedies again! True, it was a new type of comedy, with an athletic trend to it, but still comedy. I made running pictures, swimming pictures, racing pictures—that is, when I wasn't in the hospital with a broken-something-or-other. Every picture ended with a big chase of some kind."

"And then came the talkies." I felt it was about time I put in a word.

"And saved my life," Bebe finished for me; "really, I had broken every bone in my body and if I had kept on with those thrillers I would have had to start in on re-breaks. I had always loved music and I began the study of it in real earnest. After many vocal lessons, RKO gave me a voice test and a contract.

I'LL never forget that voice test. I thought it would be simple after having been on the stage so long, but all my first nights, personal appearances and impromptu speeches never gave me the dose of shakes that that voice test gave me.

"The following day I was to hear the result of my painful experience. I dreaded that more than I did taking the test. We got into the projection room and something went wrong with the machine. We had to wait for a half-hour before it was fixed. I shook so that Mr. Reed told me I was shaking him off his seat, and he was three chairs away. Finally they got started. I couldn't believe that the voice was mine. I guess we never know what our own voices sound like, for everyone said: 'Oh, how natural!'

IT COULDN'T have been as bad as I thought it was, for they gave me the lead in *Rio Rita.* They had that much faith in me. I am making every effort to uphold and keep that faith. I have put myself in the place of a child going to school. I study, study, study hours and hours every day. I practice scales and scales and then some more scales and they are very uninteresting things, but it is the only way to train my voice.

"My instructors do not give me any more privileges than they do other pupils. I wouldn't permit them to. When it is time for my lesson, that is when I take it, no matter what else it interferes with.

"Well, I may break a vocal cord, but there'll be no more broken backs, broken legs, concussions of the brain. No more track work, no more high dives, no more jumping over cliffs, no more climbing steeples, no more dangling from dizzy heights at the end of a rope, no more racing automobiles, or motor boats. Just everlasting security in a land of peace and harmony.

"From *thrills to trills* is right!"

Flower of the Lumber Camps

[*Continued from page* 60]

Each year her grandfather acquired more lumber land until he had 1,000 acres and was considered one of Idaho's lumber kings. He had several camps in different districts and one camp near the Clearwater river was particularly beautiful. It was at this camp that she spent her summers with her family when she was a little tot.

LOGS shooting down wood flumes from the mountains above and carried along by sparkling, swift moving water until they dipped head first into the river. Bumping along in carts, over corduroy roads, bordered in fragrant giant ferns. Watching those big woods acrobats, the "river rats," riding the logs out in deep water. Those are all childhood memories of the Pathé star.

"Father had warned us that some day, the wolves might come down from the hills and frighten us. 'Never run away from them,' he had instructed me. 'Face it out and they will be frightened and not harm you.'

"So, one afternoon, when we were trudging home from school, we heard those fearful wolf calls far away. And they came nearer and nearer until we saw the beasts themselves come into a valley at the foot of a hill we were approaching. It took all the bravery we could muster to stand still, and clasping hands tightly, face them with a bold front. 'Daddy says we must not run away from them,' I kept repeating. 'Instead, we will walk toward them and perhaps that will frighten them away.' And so we two children walked down the hill and the wolves sat and looked us over and finally, when they had their fill of looking, walked off and left us alone."

HER love of music and her ability as a musician brought her into her first contact with motion pictures, for in Wadena, she played better than any girl in town, and so, at fourteen, she was in demand at the local picture house to play accompaniments for the movies. There were no afternoon performances, and pictures were shown only two evenings a week, so she earned the munificent sum of $1.00 a night and had the largest and stiffest pink taffeta hair-ribbons of any girl in school.

"The arts are all akin," runs an old adage, and undoubtedly Jeanette Loff's musical ability has helped her to better interpret drama, grace in pantomime and to readily adapt herself to the art of acting.

When she was seventeen, her family moved to Portland, Oregon, and that gave Jeanette a chance to complete her musical education at the Portland Conservatory of Music. She studied voice there, which, by the way, is going to be a great help to her in the talking and singing screen plays, and she became such a good organist that one of the largest picture houses in Portland engaged her to play.

I LOVED my music and I have always wanted to keep on with it, but more and more, I began to take an interest in the work of the players and I grasped quite a lot about picture technique by watching the same picture run over and over again at different performances. It didn't seem to me I'd be quite satisfied until I could play, too. So, during a summer vacation, I joined a musical stock company for experience using the name of 'Jan Love.'

"Then I almost went out on a chautauqua tour. Didn't. Took a run down to Hollywood instead. Thought it would be fun to do some bits in pictures to find out what it was all about."

Two astute casting directors gave her bits in *Young April* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Instead of going home when her bit was done, she sat on the edge of the sets and learned by watching the others. Then came her lucky break.

Cecil De Mille glimpsed her and asked her to take a screen test. Cast in a serial. Then a lead with Rod La Rocque in *Hold 'Em Yale* and *Love Over Night*. Then a really big job.

TO MAKE good as the featured lead in *Annapolis!* She was assigned to this part and given one day to pack her trunks to depart for the east. Government officials had consented to let the Pathé company use the United States Naval Academy grounds for the making of the picture.

After he saw *Annapolis*, Sam Goldwyn wished to take over Jeanette Loff's contract from Pathé and have her play leads opposite Ronald Colman, but Pathé would not let her go.

Now she is being coached in voice and rehearsing in famous plays, between pictures, her instructors being two of New York's most famous stage directors, Frank Reicher and Anthony Brown of the Theater Guild.

Jeanette Loff is modest, obliging and has much latent common sense. She is sincere in her work, has a good disposition, but is not easily imposed upon. The fans who write to her come from two widely divergent kinds of people. She has masses of letters from Argentine and South American youths. American men may prefer blondes, but Argentinians demand them.

Her other group of admirers includes bankers and intellectuals, for she is receiving some of the highest type of fan mail that comes to any star in Hollywood.

She has been married once, and undergone a sort of friendly separation. But she doesn't want to marry again—anyhow, not at once, for her career comes first.

And it's no small feat for a beautiful iris from the north woods to keep from wilting in hectic Hollywood!

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I Can't Make Whoopee

[*Continued from page 52*]

but I am so happy, I need a much, much bigger house for running!

"I am trying not to scream so much," says Lupe earnestly, "but it is so hard for me to keep still. When I go hunting with Gary he says, 'Now, dear, when you see the ducks flying this way be very quiet.' I am quiet for a few minutes. But when the ducks are in the air I shout, 'Darling, look. There they are.' And it spoils all the shooting!"

I ASKED her what kind of whoopee little girls could make in Mexico that would be barred in Hollywood.

"Go to bull fights and scream and get excited," she exclaimed, brown eyes glowing. "Flirt more. Be gay on fiesta days. Flirt. Dance in such beautiful ballrooms in the hotels of the City of Mexico. Flirt. Ride along tree-lined avenues past fine mansions two hundred years old. Flirt.

"We Latins are different. We show our feelings always. Nobody suppresses us when we are happy!

"You see, I make whoopee in my own way. But I do not want to do wrong. My public, they tell me and write to me that they love me. If I do wrong I am afraid they will not love me any more. That is why Lupe does not want to make more whoopee!"

I WANT to make a lot of money and a lot of love," Alice White is quoted as saying.

That sounded like whoopee at the very start.

Studio officials when they signed her, studied the facts concerning their new star's life. Her parents had died while she was very young, leaving her to be brought up by two doting grandparents. And grandparents are universally known as experts at spoiling the young. Some tactful parental discipline had to be provided and it was up to the studio to do it.

So they put a "conscience clause" in her contract. She is the only star in Hollywood to sign an agreement containing such a clause.

The "conscience clause" runs something like this: "If party of the second part is worried by any actions in her private life, she must consult with producer or party of the first part, and if she has violated the rules of ordinary conduct, she must ask forgiveness."

The adroit assumption is that Alice would never repeat an error a second time!

"I feel just as I did before I took off the required ten pounds and became a star," she says. "And I'm not making big money yet, so when I blow mine, it isn't like the Fourth of July."

I WANT to do my own Christmas shopping," says Clara Bow. "I'm always giving people the wrong things because I didn't pick them out. I'd like to go to premières and to football games, and to new restaurants to sample the food. But it's impossible."

When they make a waxwork statue of "Hollywood Whoopee" for the museums, they'll pick on Clara Bow for the model. Whenever there's a wild party in Centertown, Missouri, the village devil proves he is alive by wishing Clara were there.

But the party might quiet down perceptibly. Clara would be the square peg. She has no spotlight complex. She'd either break away early, or shrink in a corner and let some other girl be the noisy centrifugal force. She hates public places.

"I get one of my greatest kicks out of swimming in the ocean or driving in an open car with my hair flying in the wind.

"If you are young, and have pep, and have to cut out the things other people can do in public, you can change your whoopee tastes around to suit your own lot in life," says Clara, philosophically.

ALL I'm looking for is the right man," Joan Crawford told her friends two years ago. "When I do, I'll settle down and stop making whoopee."

They laughed *at* her—and with her—and behind her back. They razzed her in the same relative positions. The whoopee set knew life—and nature. A girl who liked hilarity, gaiety, popularity with a host of attractive chaps, a continual good time, couldn't survive without excitement—that was just one of Joan's momentary depressions.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was cast in a stage play. Joan Crawford visited the theatre one night, and after she saw him, she realized she had found the man she wanted. Now Douglas and Joan are Mr. and Mrs.

Joan has become very ardently domestic, and taken on new dignity of conduct to more readily fit into the clan Fairbanks.

She is busy furnishing a new house she has recently bought—a large, rambling Spanish dwelling with a rolling green lawn in front, flanked by big trees and a walled patio at one side and by a charming flower garden on the other extreme.

Joan still makes a dress or so for herself when she has time. She often tells the colored butler and his wife to go to a movie so she can cook dinner for her new hubby. She doesn't go out to after-theater suppers any more or to the night clubs to dance. Joan used to throw her money away uselessly. Now she finds more pleasure in buying something for the new home.

"I don't make whoopee any more, because I love 'Do-Do,'" Joan will tell you, with her firm chin well up. "That's the simple reason."

Vamping as is Vamping!

[*Continued from page* 44]

held a cigarette which she studied with her wide, blue eyes beneath long, curling, black lashes. Let's hurry up and have color photography, so that we can see the color of Mary Duncan's eyes! It is fatal to look into those eyes—as fatal as to listen to the song of the Lorelei. Instantly you feel yourself drowning, drowning in their blue depths. And drowning is such a pleasant death. You simply don't want to be saved.

TAKE Manon Lescault," she was saying, "now there was a vamp for you! She really intended to be true to each of her lovers, but well—somehow love led her from one man to another. But there was nothing hard or mercenary about her. She was a girl who could hold men, who could drive them to distraction—and often did. There is a rôle that I would like to play on the screen some time!

"Screen vampires should be like that —soft, tender and yielding, awakening the protecting instinct in man. Modern life has changed woman. It has made it almost necessary for her to be hard and shrewd to hold her place in the fierce struggle for existence. But it hasn't changed man so much, he still likes to be the dominant male, and the woman who can appeal to that instinct in him is likely to be the successful vamp."

Life has been very kind to Mary. Perhaps it has fallen under her spell. Practically everything she has wanted has been granted her, not without work, but without the struggle that hardens and embitters.

Her first picture was *Four Devils,* with Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. Then came *The River,* with Charles Farrell; *The City Girl,* and *Through Different Eyes,* a difficult picture in which she plays her part three ways as seen by three different people.

Now she is going to play the attractive rôle of the San Francisco cabaret singer who went to hell, but kept her return ticket, in *The Man Who Came Back.*

Perhaps this may prove to be the kind of a vamp rôle that Mary would like to play. After all, it takes will power to come back from hell, even with a return ticket in your pocket. But will power is something that lovely ladies of the type that Mary would like to play have everything else but.

Come on, Mr. Fox, be a good sport. Let Mary play the kind of vamp rôles she wants to play!

—o—

Fan Letters Saved Me!

[*Continued from page* 45]

saved and started for the land of my dreams.

WELL, I got by. They seemed to like my nerve, for I was given a letter to the casting director at Lasky's studio. Mother and I lost no time getting there with that letter. We were admitted at once. It was the first time I had ever been inside the casting office proper. I was so nervous I could hardly wait my turn to see the casting director. I felt all hands and feet and no place to put either.

"When they finally got to me, they told me they were looking for a little girl to play *Wendy* in *Peter Pan.* Herbert Brenon had been in New York, but he was returning, and they had to find *Wendy.* I was sent to Mr. Lasky. I was nervous before, but I was ill with fear now. Mr. Lasky asked me if I had had any screen experience. I said, 'No, but I know I can act.'

"Mr. Lasky smiled, 'You're rather sure of yourself, aren't you?'

"Sure of myself? Of course, I was sure of myself. Hadn't I always intended to be a motion picture actress? Well, they looked me over, sent me to the wardrobe for a long night gown and looked some more. Then Mr. Lasky said, 'Well, I guess you're worth a test any way.'

MOTHER and I went home, each afraid to speak our mind, but I knew that she was praying as only a mother can pray.

"That night the telephone rang. It was the studio. I almost fainted. I just knew it was bad news—only bad news travels so fast. But it wasn't! It was the greatest news I had ever heard. I was so dazed that it seemed a voice from another world was saying, 'You got the part, Mary. Mr. Lasky had to leave for New York, so we rushed the test through for him to see.'

"I was under contract to Lasky's but I did little work there. I was loaned to all the other studios—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer borrowed me to play *Brown of Harvard;* Fox borrowed me, First National also had a part for me. Then came the *talkies!* Really, I thought it was *Texas* for me. But a voice test and fan mail saved me. In fact, I think it was my fans who really saved me, for had they forgotten me the voice test probably would never have come.

"So you see, I do owe everything to my darling Mother. My dreams have not all come true but they have a good start."

But I think Mary's original dreams have come true—these others are new ones which, believing in Mary, we know will also come true.

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Contest Announcement!

As judging proceeds on the thousands of entries submitted for the popular Cut Puzzle Picture Contest, *Screen Secrets* begins with this issue a fascinating MOVIE TITLE STORY CONTEST.

For the best story received each month, *Screen Secrets* will pay $10.00. Movie titles must form the basis of all stories submitted. Each story must be not over 500 words in length.

Mail your entry to: Title Story Contest Editor, *Screen Secrets* Magazine, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Below is printed a story composed principally of movie titles—try your hand at writing one.

THRILLS

By Lillian Thrasher

THE LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY bring out the *Daughters of the Night* on *Dress Parade*, who, whether *Blonde or Brunette*, are but *Kindred of the Dust* and *Playthings of Desire*.

Sadie Thompson, A Daughter of Two Worlds, was *Coming Through Quality Street In Little Old New York* and spied *Beau Brummel, Our Leading Citizen*.

She had become *Woman Wise* after learning the sad lesson *Why Girls Leave Home* in an attempt at *Beating the Game*. *Life's Twists* had indeed given her *Something to Think About*. *Trouble Makers* and *Scandalous Tongues* of *Meddling Women* had driven the *Moral Sinner* from *The Old Nest Down on the Farm* where, with *Mother O' Mine, Old Dad* and her *Sisters, Sally, Irene and Mary, The Country Flapper* had lived happily until *A Sainted Devil* had entered *Love's Wilderness*.

HER prospective victim was a *Son of the Sheik On Easy Street* who had been used to *Soft Living* until *Shanghaied* by *Captain Blood, East of Suez*, on *His Night Out*. Lately he had been *Going Straight*, but tonight he felt like *Bucking the Tiger* and was *In Search of a Sinner*.

A Pair of Silk Stockings attracted the *Eyes of Youth* and the *Altars of Desire* lured him on to *Hell's High Road* for *One Exciting Night* in a trip to *Eden and Return*. *Always Audacious, The Danger Girl* grew *Very Confidential* and exclaimed, *Stop! Look and Listen, Excuse Me, Sonny*, but *Mum's the Word—Feel My Pulse!*

I have only *Five Days to Live* and even if I am only *So Big, Let's Be Fashionable* and have a drink *After the Show*. The *Silk Legs* of *The Branded Woman*, her *Red Hair*, and the *Faint Perfume* from her *Civilian Clothes*, warned him that it was *Dangerous Business* to consort with *A Lost Lady*.

I FEEL that I should be *Calling the Cop* said the *Don Juan*, but you seem to be *Almost a Lady* and look like *A Regular Scout*. *The Drums of Jeopardy* are sounding *In the Heart of a Fool*, warning me that *It's the Old Army Game* wherein *A Fool and His Money* soon part, and that it is *Midsummer Madness* to flirt with you. But that's *Mamma's Affair*. *Why Worry When Love Grows Cold?*

The Untamed Lady noted the *Flames of Desire* in the eyes of *The Talker* and agreed to *The Rendezvous* because *She Couldn't Help It*. She knew it was *The Woman's Place* to seize *The Wonderful Chance* to tread the *Coast of Opportunity*, but there would be *The Devil to Pay* if she used *Too Much Speed* and let *The Sheik* in *Wolf's Clothing* get away. They walked down *The Street Called Straight* to *The Palace of Darkened Windows* and entered *Through the Back Door* with *The Devil's Pass Key*. *Bell Boy 13* preceded them up *The Winding Stair Through the Dark* to a *Paradise for Two*.

The Grey Dawn was breaking when *The Veiled Adventure* ended and *The Woman* and *The Love Expert* started for home. *Life's Darn Funny!* They met *The Little Girl Next Door* in the hall, who proved to be *Sally*, her *Kid Sister*. She had reached the *Age of Desire* and had *No Defense* for the *One Wild Week* she had spent with *Dr. Jim* in a tour of *The Underworld*. *Cheap Kisses* and *Broadway Gold* had lured her on *The False Road* and *The Love Trap* had closed on her with *Jaws of Steel*.

This unexpected meeting was *The Turning Point* for *The Outside Woman* and *The Kid!* They had crossed *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Cup of Life* was running brimful for them. It had been *Risky Business* in their quest of *The Right to Love* and the *Two Girls Wanted* and did return to *Daddy, The Good Provider*.

Rich Richard's Almanac

[*Continued from page* 55]

such wide popularity for him among the motion picture public carried him to the center of student activities, and his natural initiative and sense of fun set him at the head of them. He became a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, and coming events cast their shadow before when he was elected president of the college dramatic club, the Jesters. He was usually leading man in the college plays, and practically always he was stage director and property man. And, in addition, he sang in the Glee Club, and was cheer leader in his senior year.

FORTUNE has favored Dick at many times and in many ways. It was in the merest nick of time that he was saved from missing the big opportunity which came from Nazimova's fateful idea. And it was his mother who saved him. Dick was on the way downtown to sign for a naval training cruise. His mother took a taxicab, reached the naval bureau just as Dick was about to write his name on the dotted line, and told him of the part that was open to him in *War Brides*.

Dick became one of the most popular leading men on the American screen, and then, a star. His first starring picture in his own right was *Tol'able David*, and he still thinks that the title rôle was the best portrayal he has ever done. After *Tol'able David* came a series of pictures that comprised *Fury, Sonny, The Bond Boy, The Fighting Blade, Seventh Day, Twenty-One, The Beautiful City, The Bright Shawl, New Toys, Just Suppose, The Enchanted Cottage, Classmates, Soul Fire, Shore Leave, Ranson's Folly, The Amateur Gentleman, The White Black Sheep, The Patent Leather Kid, The Drop Kick, The Noose, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The Wheel of Chance, Out of the Ruins* and *Scarlet Seas*.

His first talking production was *Weary River*, a First National-Vitaphone picture which achieved one of the greatest successes of his career, its theme song being sung and whistled not only up and down the length and breadth of the Republic, but also taking Europe in its melodious stride. *Drag* is his second vehicle in the new form of screen entertainment.

SO PLEASANT is Dick Barthelmess' manner, and so universally is he liked by those who know him, that it is surprising to learn that he is one of the most temperamental of all stars while working on the set. He is easy to get along with, but he possesses a nature of peculiar sensitiveness, and unless he feels that a director is sympathetic, he finds it impossible to act before camera and microphone. The directors who have worked with him have learned not to prompt him during a scene. Such interference seems to upset Dick's balance and weaken his grasp of the rôle, and generally the whole scene has to be done over again. But he is always open-minded and receptive to suggestions before or after the actual making of a scene.

He believes in the future of motion pictures and of talking pictures—believes that the art is still in its infancy and hopes to aid in its progress to higher and wider levels of achievement. This hope is quite likely to be fulfilled, for the development of the movies and talkies mainly depends, in the last analysis, on intelligence, and Dick Barthelmess is one of the stars who has brains and knows how to use them.

Six thousand people, on an average, write to him every month. He sits on top of the world, a hard-working, hard-playing young man whose rise to fame will always fill a brilliant page in the history of motion pictures.

And it has all come about because Nazimova had a happy thought 15 years ago!

—o—

Cinema Slants

[*Continued from page* 47]

MOST of the members of the Actors' Equity Association have taken tests for talking pictures, and in connection with two of them an interesting story is to be told. They happen to be husband and wife. The husband was an obscure actor who was given employment on the stage solely because his wife, who was a big star, insisted on having him in her companies.

While they were playing in Los Angeles, the wife was asked to make a screen test (this was in the days of the silent films) and she took her husband along to the studio to help her through the ordeal. He appeared with her in the test, and when the officials of the movie corporation looked at the resultant film they realized that, although the famous wife screened badly, the unknown husband came through extraordinarily well.

So he was given a movie contract and became prosperous. She returned to the stage and subsequently dropped out of sight.

Then came the talkies, and the now-celebrated husband was called upon to make a test before the microphone. He had never been much of an actor on the stage, and was nervous about delivering lines, so he asked his experienced wife to coach him and support him in the sound studio. She did so—and this time, when the executives saw and heard the results, they discovered that the husband was a flop on the Movietone, while the wife was marvelously effective.

Now she is up and he is down—and if O. Henry were alive, he'd tell this tale a lot better than I can.

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New York Newsettes

[*Continued from page* 81]

mustache curlers and investments, of which he has plenty. He intended replenishing his wardrobe first thing, and evidently did so, since suits went up 200 per cent in price for a while, Adolphe having probably commandeered all the available cloth in sight.

ADOLPHE'S something like John Gilbert in that way. Whenever Gilbert came tae toon, the price of flowers immediately jumped skyward. Why? Because Jawn would corner the floral market, buying them up for romantic uses with the phrailer sex.

Menjou, I regret to state, is temporarily out of a job. He's just finished a whopper of a contrack with Paramount. He may, however, go back with Mr. Lasky's little group—but not on a sub-treasury salary basis. He'll probably do three more pictures. His last talkie, *Fashions in Love,* has turned out so swello he looks like a good noise bet. Menjou has a deep bass voice, you know, and there isn't any voice he hasn't practiced in lovemaking on the silencies. He loves to give imitations of Rin-Tin-Tin to show the power and range of his low notes. Well, no noise is really good noise, y'know.

Of one thing *I'm* sure. I'd hate to see Menjou go down before the squawkies. He's too accomplished an actor and too natural a camera-genius. I'm sure Mr. Lasky and Mr. (Heavy) Zukor (Daddy) would be committing homicide to let him go.

Why not hold a blindfold test to determine his popularity? This'd be the way. Get a theatre full of blindfolded girls. Flash bits of silent film showing Barrymore, Gilbert, Dix, Colman and Menjou! Then let the phrails pick out the one who made them tremble with the strength of his sex-appeal. Who'dya think would win? Menjou everytime. Yeah, bo!

As for myself, I'd be willing to sit on a body of men and judge whether he ought to go. I suppose you'd call such a group a *menjoury, nesser par?*

For No Reason, I'm Reminded

NOT long ago a famous Hollywood director married the girl after a long, notorious courtship. The girl's mother, being a witty and much relieved person, sent around the following wedding announcement:

"Mr. So-and-so has finally decided to do right by Our Nell!"

Cuttings

SOPHIE TUCKER, the "last of the red-hot mamas," is singing a sob song about the purity of Hollywood at the Palace this week. Sophie's singie, *Honky-Tonk,* is turning 'em away. . . . . Dick Barthelmess sneaked in and out of town on a short holiday and was hardly seen at any of the better night clubs; nor, in fact, at any of the worse. He came on business, mostly to wangle an extra thou a week out of First National. He's getting only nine grand now or something in the neighborhood, but is he happy? Why, yes!...Jack Buchanan, *Charlot Revue* favrit, and dollink of the Piccadilly, hopped off a Lunnon liner and into a train for Hollywood on his way to support Irene Bordoni in *Paris,* for First National. Jack's some hefty lad but dances lightern' a fevver...Rudy Vallee, sweetie-pie (he can get sweetie-pie-eyed and jump in Lake Erie for all I care) of the flapperettes, is having his life's story told in pieces in the *Daily Mirror,* dishrag of the tabloids. Rudy isn't liked much by the males around Noo Yawk...Gertie Lawrence, also a star of *Charlot's Revue,* will do a singie at Paramount's Astoria studios...Helen Morgan, torch singer, will play the part of an old burlesque queen in a forthcoming Paramount opus...Johnny Weissmuller, the human tuna, is playing a small part in *Glorifying the American Girl,* now under construction at the Astoria studios... Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier, former barons of the cauliflower industry, who once spent four rounds together, spent a pleasant afternoon at the same Astoria studios, but, unfortunately, didn't meet. They came as guests of Mary Eaton, she of *The Cocoanuts* and *G. the A. G.,* on different afternoons ...Margaret Wycherly, long associated with the Theatre Guild and splendid dramatic actress, has left for Hollywood to work in a Metro talkie...Sil Vara, whose *Caprice* was one of the Guild hits of the past season, has also been snatched up by Hollywood for original plays, plots and what he has...Jack Yellen (make your own wisecrack) and Milton Agar've hit the trail to Metro, too, to do some creative musical writing... Universal has gone highbrow and hired Professor Walter B. Pitkin, one of the counterjumpers at an intellectual bargain basement known as Columbia University in the City of New York, to come to Universal City for the summer and inject Platonic hypotheses and comic sections into their pictures... Three youngsters, claiming they were once Our Gang kids, are on the Palace bill this week. They are pretty awful ...That's about all, excepting, has it ever struck you that the way to solve the director's yes-men problem on sound stages is to get them from the deaf and dumb asylums? Chippie-chip till the October issue!

Three Brothers

[*Continued from page 66*]

of the year-and-a-half step-ladder procession, who did the drawing.

And that's the way, never printed before, that the Moore family chanced to come to America.

IT'S a long step from the edge of the bridge to stardom in pictures, and the husband of Mary Pickford and Kathryn Perry—but Owen Moore took it; it's a long way from the side-seater "jaunting car" to popular leading man and the husband of Alice Joyce and Renee Adoree—but Tom Moore has done it; it's a big stride from being the baby of six in a thatched cottage in Ireland to a gorgeous bachelor home at Santa Monica and continued success in the movies—but Matt Moore has made it. It's a feat to work from Ireland to Toledo, to New York and Hollywood and become so well-known that a motion picture is written in your honor so that *you* may play in it—but the *Three Moore Brothers* have done it. *Side Street,* one of this season's RKO feature releases, was conceived by Mal St. Clair from the life story of the Moore brothers and they will be collectively *starred in it!* This is the first time that the three shall have appeared in a screen or stage production *together.* The picture will be a regular family affair, with Kathryn Perry, who is Mrs. Owen Moore in private life, in the leading feminine rôle.

I talked with all three of the Moore brothers in the interest of this story. They all agreed on one thing: "We don't like to talk about ourselves, but we love to talk about our mother!"

Ah! If she had only lived to play the mother rôle in this picture. The rôle which she herself created in the mind of Malcolm St. Clair while he was exchanging jokes with her!

In the picture one will be a policeman. Tom! Who else but Tom, with his broad-shouldered, black-haired, typical policeman manner! Tom, who has never lost the Irish brogue nor the Irish twinkle in his eyes! Another—an interne. Matt! The intellectual member of the family and the one possessed with a one hundred per cent reserved manner. And the third, a racketeer. Owen!

BROTHER Tom brought Matt into the theatrical profession. Tom was playing one night stands with a small company in Michigan. He had a chance at something bigger and suggested that Matt replace him.

"Has he had experience?" the manager inquired.

"Oh, lots of it!" Tom conveniently forgot that brother had never seen the back stage of a theatre. He wired Matt a lengthy telegram asking him if he would relieve him in Sheboygan, Michigan. Matt wired back one word: "Yes."

IT WAS Owen who pulled Matt into the movies! Owen, by the way, was playing talking pictures twenty years before they were discovered. He stood behind the screen and spoke the lines of the different movie characters. His brothers laugh today when they describe him running from one end to the screen, behind stage, to another and speaking in the voice of a woman one moment and an old man the next.

Matt was playing for eighteen dollars a week in Texas when he chanced to see brother Owen in a movie. That reminded him that he should write home. As a result word reached him that Owen was actually receiving $50 a week for flicker-acting! "I decided to save enough money to get to New York City. It took me a year and a half! Owen was leading man for Florence Lawrence. I became juvenile. At that time we were about the same weight and height and looked much alike. I wore his clothes. When one would exit and the other enter you could scarcely tell us apart. It became so confusing that Pat Powers asked, 'Which one was in that shot? This is too much. One of you will have to go—' That was fifteen years ago. I went, but I had my start in pictures!"

TO TELL the story of these three lads in one story is out of the question. They are an integral part of the history, the romance, the progress of pictures. They even had a hand in *The Miracle Man,* as it was Owen and Matt who met George Loane Tucker when he arrived in Hollywood with a script in his hand, but no knowledge of where to find his players, his cameramen or his set-pushers. Both had opportunities to play in it. They could not accept, but they did direct Tucker to all of those who helped him to create one of the greatest dramas ever filmed.

Taking it all in all, these three have seen little of each other. At the cottage of their mother; at the bedside of some member of the family. On the street; sometimes on the same studio lot where two of them chanced to be playing in separate productions. During the long years they have been separated, they have not corresponded.

For the first time in years they are really coming together! Their off-hand family experiences are about to be recorded. A fiction has been wound about them. Owen was fired the only time two of them worked together because of the family resemblance. But this time—it is because of that resemblance that the three little lads who crossed the bridge and watched their older brother draw the slip from the hat, the slip marked *America,* are going to stand side by side and be starred *as one* in a picture.

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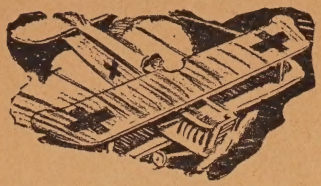

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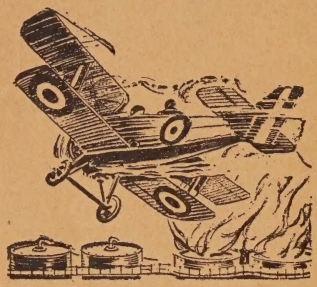
Five Phantom Aces



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If your newsdealer is sold out, send 25 cents to Battle Stories Magazine, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the September issue will be mailed to your address immediately.

My Life Among the Stars

[*Continued from page* 57]

why was I really marrying this fellow? I ran away! Back to Hollywood. Not until I had definitely accomplished something for the name of Betty Compson would I change it.

They have always said that *The Miracle Man* was my first serious picture. It wasn't. *The Light of Victory,* at Universal, gave me my first dramatic opportunity. And it gave me the courage to apply for the other.

George Loane Tucker, who made *Traffic in Souls,* sent for me to come to the Athletic Club to talk to him about this picture. Will I ever forget it? I hired a cab a block from the club so I could ride up in elegant splendor. It was December 23, 1918. If I didn't get this part, it would be a rather woeful Christmas.

THAT interview just happened to bring out the real Betty Compson. Life was—well, I was an idealist one moment, and a complete cynic the next. At first, the young girl who had played the classics on her violin and lived the great thoughts they had portrayed, while she was playing. And again, the woman who had been battered and bruised by Hollywood's screeching rabble—that rabble which screeches for fame and for show and for tinseled honors. Of course, that was the type of woman they were looking for in *The Miracle Man.* A woman who could combine idealism of the highest order with cynicism of the lowest. It was the logical point of my life to play such a part; it was logical that I should be chosen.

I had G. L. T. call me a taxi, which I dismissed at the corner. I stopped in a drug store to get a cup of chocolate. I was like wet rabbit's fur. My soul hung limp and worn within me, I had so exposed it to the man who had interviewed me. At that time I didn't care much whether he gave me the part or he didn't. But when I reached home, having walked to settle the turmoil within me, he had called three times.

When he called again, he gave me the greatest Christmas present—the lead in *The Miracle Man* and $150 a week to play it. "Come up on Christmas morning and talk it over," he ordered.

IT WAS a morning I shall always remember. "You must give up your love affairs, Betty. The people who play in this picture must be inspired."

It wasn't only the work which did the inspiring. It was Director George Loane Tucker. He did the same to all of us—Thomas Meighan, Lon Chaney. Even Phil Rossen, the cameraman, became a director when it was finished. But because I was a woman as well as an actress, he inspired not only my soul but my whole being. And when a woman allows a man to inspire her whole being—well, need I add that I fell in love with Tucker? Really in love, this time—not just a momentary emotional transition. He was my God and my hero, just as my father had been to my mother.

AH, THEN for six months I didn't see him. He had a screen put around his bed at the Clara Barton hospital and a place arranged where I could stand that he might see *me,* but where I couldn't see his sunken, wasted condition. I would stand there by the hour, dressed in my prettiest costumes, gowns purchased just because I thought he would like them. I would bring soup, flowers, delicacies, but never once try to look at him. His wishes were my desires. When he died—do you know that I think a woman loses something to every man as well as gains something from him? Of course, G. L. T. was a man who could have said of either man or woman: "I have taken something from him, yet I have left him with more than he had when he first met me." He took something from the life of Betty Compson, but he left her with a memory which can *never* be forgotten.

I took a home, when, one day, up bobbed Frank Urson. "Jimmy Cruze is going to make *North of 36.* I'm going to co-direct it. You should play the lead. Come on, I'm going to take you out there and have you renew your acquaintance."

On the way out, Frank stopped the car on the Flintridge highway. "Don't fall in love with Jimmy Cruze," he warned me. "Please don't, Betty!" he pleaded.

Now, of course, when anyone tells you not to do anything, you are the more susceptible. I walked into that house—already so famous for its huge parties, its nonchalant entertaining—and looked into the eyes of the host and director.

He had a two-weeks' beard, for he was to play a heavy in the picture. By the way, he never made it. He had on his head the big sombrero which he wears frequently to typify the hacienda. "How would you like to give me a kiss?" he greeted me, gaily. "I think I'd like to, in spite of the whiskers," I answered. Somehow, in a few moments we were in the patio, alone with each other.

WHY don't you marry me, Betty? One year from today I'll be a free man. I got my first decree through the mail yesterday. You've worked long enough. Why don't you settle down and be taken care of?"

And that's about all there was to it. All around was peace and quiet, the blue sky overhead, the substantial house which spelled "home" and protection. After all, what else was there for a woman? And I looked at the man beside me. I had said I would marry a

successful director, and he was not only successful, but fine and interesting, and he evidently loved me.

"All right, I will." Just like that.

YOU have heard of the fall of Betty Compson in pictures. You have heard correctly. For two years I did let myself go almost completely. I was a good fellow to hosts of people. It wasn't Jim—it wasn't exactly me. It was just the situation. Oh, I did make quickies and, financially, I made as much as at Lasky's. But I made them with my left hand, while my right one was busy at Flintridge. In other words, I lost my grip and I am not ashamed to admit it.

Then Jim went away. I was alone. My manager, Rebecca Uhr, came out to see me. What I owe to that woman, who still handles my business! She—why, she whipped me with her tongue until I was so ashamed I could scarcely face her. Here I was, a *woman*, forgetting all about the ambitions of the girl who had struggled so valiantly for fame and freedom. I had come up before—I could come back now. The comeback was gradual, much more gradual than people even in this city realize.

I met Fitzmaurice on the street. "Betty, I am going to have a big part for you. We are going to make *The Barker*. It may be a year, but get ready!"

The Barker! I had always wanted to play *Carrie*. Here was something worth while. I began in earnest to diet. I refused to take the least drink. And here is something I wish to say: A woman cannot drink, not even the least drink, and keep up her profession. Even one or two highballs or cocktails in the evening are devitalizing. And she must have her sleep. She can't *play* and *work* in that way and be successful. I never touch a drop of liquor in any form today.

Jimmy came back. I went straight to him and told him. "I don't want marriage without a career and I don't want a career without marriage. Let's make a go of them together."

It takes a big man and a big woman and a hell of a lot of experience in the backgrounds of both, to do that. We are putting it over.

I HAVE lived life as have very few women. I have run the entire gamut of human emotions. I have come up and gone down and come up again. The public is being very nice. After *The Barker*, then *Weary River*—but this can't last forever. There is a limit to anyone's success in pictures. After all, what is there in life for a woman? In a way she does not know how to live until after she is thirty. It takes her that long to come to an understanding with herself. But what would my mother have done without me? My mother will cry real tears when she reads this story, but in a way it will make her happy. I have been all in all to my mother even though I wasn't the boy she intended. You can lose a husband, but you can never lose that maternal yearning over your children.

As I see it now, that's about all there is in *old age*, for a woman, to watch *her* offspring struggle as she has struggled, watch them step into the pitfalls into which she has fallen and lend a lifting hand if she can to help them, if it brings only the comfort which only sorrow for them must bring to her.

Yes—I have never told this before, not even Jimmy knows this side of my nature which has developed through living—but I think in a couple or three years I'll have children. It is after all the only way to round out to full completion The Life of Woman!

POSTSCRIPT

AND because Life is Life, since this was written I have left and returned to my husband. Why? Well, to be perfectly honest, he needed a lesson. I was gone for a week. I am back until he needs another lesson. Perhaps we both needed it. We were both, shall I say, a bit frayed with each other? Iron becomes rusty, material gets frayed. Just so do humans. They need a change to restore them.

Couples talk of divorce before they realize that all they need is a vacation from one another. And besides—why not admit it?—all women get restless.

I saw my women friends dashing around here and there, going when they pleased, how they pleased, with whom they pleased, without any second party to take into consideration. I, too, thought I would like to enjoy complete freedom. I thought I would like to live in a house by myself—one which would depict only *my* personality.

After I had been alone a few days, I began to analyze with my mind, rather than to grope with my emotions. Were those other women really happy or did they merely *seem* happy? Ah, it is only too true that the *next pasture* always looks a bit greener. But when you are *in it* and look back over the fence you wonder if the grass *behind* was not, after all, more tender! Possibly it is the one who makes the most of his present situation, who *creates* rather than *chases* happiness, who is the more contented.

Leave him again? I don't know. When I wrote this life story I had no intention of going. But I did. How do I know that I won't do it again before this is printed? How foolish for woman—woman who is always the epitome of emotion—to foretell her future. But whether we, Jim and I, really learned from this one separation or whether we must go through further fires of purging—that last paragraph of my story stands as written: A child is the real fulfillment for woman. And whether this child comes with Jimmy Cruze or with some future husband, before my career shall have absorbed all of my being, I am going to have a daughter or a son who will be the fulfillment of my life, as I have been the fulfillment of my mother's.

THE END.

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Red Letter Days

[*Continued from page* 50]

Schenck and later becomes his wife and star.

May 10, 1917—Richard Arlen joins the Royal Flying Corps and is immediately sent to Canada.

June 2, 1895—George Fawcett marries Percy Haswell, with DeWolf Hopper as best man.

June 23, 1917—Lincoln Stedman buys his first automobile, a Trumbull, for $150, saved from his $30 a week earnings in the Universal stock company.

June 26, 1927—Vilma Banky becomes Mrs. Roderique La Rocque.

June 27, 1915—Nils Asther graduates from Lunel University, Sweden.

August 3, 1914—William J. Cowen, RKO, director, enlists with Britain and emerges, after the war, with three medals—the Military, Allied and General Service Medals.

September 2, 1928—Alice White signs the contract that makes her a First National star.

September 5, 1927—Fay Wray meets John Monk Saunders and a year or so later they lightly trip to Mendelssohn's.

September 6, 1916—Richard Barthelmess gets a small rôle with Nazimova in *War Brides.*

September 10, 1910—Al Jolson, a vaudeville actor playing the Brooklyn Theatre across the river, turns black-face and they haven't finished applauding yet.

September 21, 1922—Lenore Coffee meets William Cowen and decides to give up Coffee for Cowen.

October 23, 1917—Nick Stuart, then Nick Prater, arrives in New York with his parents from Rumania.

October 24, 1921—Sam Hardy opens in *Kiki,* with Leonore Ulric. It runs three years.

November 3, 1883—Ford Sterling, the screen's great pantomimist, cries out loud for the first time.

November 13, 1913—Raymond Hatton lands a job with Mack Sennett, and the wolf slinks from the door.

November 14, 1926—Laura LaPlante promises to love, honor and perhaps obey William A. Seiter.

November 17, 1927—Cecil B. DeMille sees George Duryea in the stage production of *Abie's Irish Rose* and signs him to play in *The Godless Girl.*

December 6, 1928—Betty Compson receives an ovation in her comeback in *The Barker,* when it opens at the Carthay Circle Theatre.

December 11, 1918—Conrad Nagel receives his release from the navy at ten in the morning and by 2 p. m. he is engaged to Ruth Helms, now Mrs. Nagel.

December 19, 1927—Raquel Torres signs the M-G-M contract that gives her the feminine lead in *White Shadows in the South Seas* and her first sea voyage, a long one, to Tahiti.

William Haines' Dream Girl

[*Continued from page* 69]

impression of a healthy body. Her shoulders are straight and broad, but not too broad for a girl of her height. They are developed, but not over-developed."

Bill doesn't believe a man should marry a girl who is taller than himself. Marion Davies is just his height. He considers Greta Garbo's hands as near perfect as any he ever has seen.

THE companionship that comes with matrimony is a wonderful thing, but there can be no companionship where the wife is constantly picking at the husband or crying about what might have been. That kind of a wife drives her husband away and forces him to seek his happiness in places other than his own home."

And that's just one reason that Bill is so strong for Polly Moran, who takes life as she finds it and assures the world that things are great, whether she believes it or not.

"I have known Polly ever since I first came to Hollywood, in 1921, but not once have I ever heard her utter a complaint against anything or anyone. Polly came into pictures after great success on the vaudeville stage and was going great for a while in featured rôles, at a big salary. Then came lean days and long periods when Polly couldn't get work even as an extra at $7.50 a day. But she never lost her smile—or her sense of humor.

"Polly Moran is one woman in Hollywood who has never been known to refuse aid to anyone in difficulty, financially or otherwise, and I have known of times things weren't breaking for her when she shared her last five-dollar bill with someone who was down.

"That's one thing I hope to find in the girl I shall some day marry. One who will divide her last cent with a mere acquaintance couldn't go so far wrong in the rôle of a wife."

EIGHT years ago, Bijou Fernandez, seeking new types for the old Goldwyn company, ran across Bill on a New York street corner and urged him to call at her office. She pointed out to him the possibilities of the movies, and a few days later he was en route to Hollywood, where he began his screen career in *Three Wise Fools.*

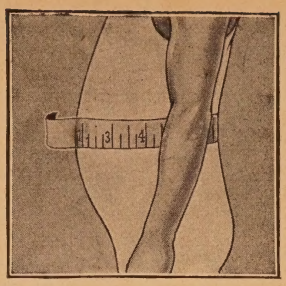
Bill admits that the only reason he never had a childhood romance was because he was too bashful.

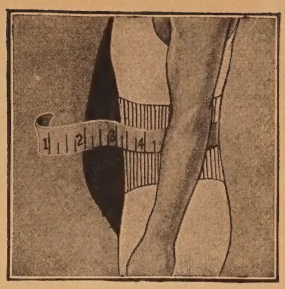
"But that isn't why I haven't had one since I came to Hollywood," explained Bill.

"Well, what is keeping you from the altar?" I asked.

"Don't tell my fans—they might think I'm putting her on too tall a pedestal—but I think the easy way out on that would be to say that I can't get married just now because...

"I haven't found my dream girl yet."





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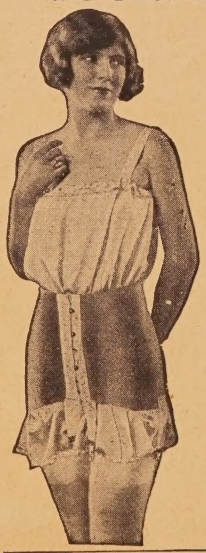

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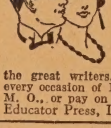

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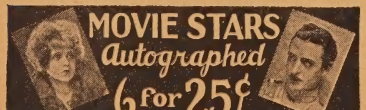

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Tunes for the Talkies

[*Continued from page* 75]

Bud De Sylva, Lew Brown, Ray Henderson, Fred Fisher, Martin Broones, Alfred Bryan, Ballard McDonald, Milton Ager, Jack Yellen, Con Conrad, Jesse Greer, Ray Klages, Harry Axt, Dave Dreyer—Oh Lord, I don't know who all."

SPEAKING off-handedly and in a burst of enthusiasm, Irving Berlin set the figure much higher.

"Why," he exclaimed, "nine-tenths of the song writers are in Hollywood right now. It's like a rush to a mining town, or as if somebody had struck oil."

You will find them on every lot. Not always exactly on the lot, either, for already there has been one change since the earliest days. When the first composers arrived, everybody thought it would be nice for them to have rooms right in the studio with their names on the door and all that sort of thing, but after they had spent a day or a week strumming the piano and strumming the piano and strumming the piano, it was discovered that they were the only people in the vicinity who were getting any work done. The rest of the population was spending all its time tearing its hair and holding its fingers to its ears. So the song writers were told that some nice bungalows had been obtained for them—not precisely on the lot, but just down the street a piece, where their artistic concentration wouldn't be disturbed by all the noise and bustle of the studio.

"We've got 'em in bungalows, now," one executive, not on the musical staff, explained, "but we've got 'em where we can lock 'em in until we get a song, if we have to. That's the only way you can handle those babies."

TO AN extent the song-writers work in the movies pretty much as they do when a musical show is being turned out—producing over night a number for this spot, changing a jazz number to a ballad in that. Keyed up. Under pressure. Keeping hot.

Even when the pace is not so fast they find themselves much more productive. Certain studios, for instance, expect a song in one day, if necessary, and in three days on the average. The reason the writers can turn them out at this rate is that the situations and characters the songs are written for give constant, definite inspirations. It is a whole lot different from trying to pluck a song about just something-or-other out of the thin air.

To illustrate: In *Our Modern Maidens*, Joan Crawford pursues her hero far into the last reel before she gets her man. Gus Edwards considers this situation. "That man is sure hard to get," says he. Ah ha! A title leaps to mind: *Hard-to-Get Charlie!* and that song is all but written, right there. Furthermore, the idea carries on to a second song and we have *I've Waited a Lifetime for You.*

The song-writers like this. Under such circumstances they can turn out opus after opus in the time it would take them to capture one undersized inspiration for a song about nothing in particular.

These men are on salary. They do not gather royalties on what the film grosses as they would if writing for a musical show. While they are under contract they can write for no one else and the studio controls their copyrights. They do not mind the lack of royalties, however, for the income from sheet music, phonograph records and radio rights are both sweet and quick.

THE fact that better than 50 per cent of the good song-writers can no longer create tunes for vaudeville or for the musical shows is bound to have an effect on Broadway—an effect which the sly movie magnates may just possibly profit by, as you shall see.

"Lookee," explained One Who Knows, "we can spend $50,000 putting across one song. Twenty thousand is Ziegfeld's limit. He can't possibly spend more, and get away with it. If he does, the first thing he knows the 'nut' is larger than the 'take,' then where is he?

"Another thing is that Ziegfeld has only four or five men to write his songs. We've got fourteen."

One of the men working on the Movietone Follies is Dave Stamper, who was for 17 years with Ziggy. Need one say more to indicate that something is really being gone in for? Stamper is also working on musical comedies for Fox. Musical comedy! Another new term in the movie *patois.*

By musical comedy one no longer means the plot of *The Student Prince* or *Irene* twisted into a film story. Neither does one refer exclusively to the talkization of eye-and-ear stage successes. No sir, one refers, in this connection to nothing less than another of the big developments in Talkiedumb, due to the coming of the music masters —*original* musical comedy. Yes, indeed, before long now, you will be dropping into your local Alhambra or Abyssinian theater to watch the hero look into the heroine's eyes and say:

WHAT is today?" And she says: "Friday." And he says: "Friday always reminds me that you're the only fish in the sea for me." Whereupon they sing the big duet number entitled *I'm Hook, Line and Sinker in Love* and go into their dance. And you won't be able to say to the certain party with you: "I saw the stage production in New York, and *it* was a knockout."

One of the first originals will be *Married in Hollywood,* unless the title is changed, which—believe it or not—is now being musically adapted by the DeSylva-Brown-Henderson trio for Fox from nothing less than a Strauss opera!

Now will you believe that it means something when Tin Pan Alley goes Hollywood?

SOMETIMES the song writers do something that changes the directors' ideas for them. For example: Before Whiting and Robbin arrived, Paramount had Nancy Carroll singing the sweet, slow and dreamy stuff. Then came the song experts, who took a look and a listen and delivered themselves of a dictum. "That girl ought to be singing jazz," said they. A chorus of "yes sirs," echoed back from all sides, including the directors' section of the yessing-stands.

Since then, Miss Carroll has been doing fast, zippy, finger-snapping, head-swaying, foot-twitching numbers like *I Want to Go Places and Do Things.*

The song writer's job is to bring forth alive some number that will be so tuneful, so crammed with tricky harmony, so whistly, so neatly fitted with catch words that the audience will accept the hero or heroine as the real thing.

ANOTHER thing that has stuck the song writers is the tensely dramatic moment that occurs now and then in the films. Musical shows do not have such moments. There moments are either romantic or comic. A song may be fitted in, if it seems necessary, almost anywhere. But you can't get heavy with your film music. When Pagliacci discovers what has been going on between Mrs. P. and that slick village feller, he can't stop and sing a heart breaking "Vesta la Guiba." If he does, all he gets for his efforts is a laugh.

The influence of the song writer is therefore behind any movement for more and greater romantic comedy films. When a song is used in a dramatic sequence, it is usually based on the idea of contrast—jazz lips masking a bleeding heart. Or, if the scene is sufficiently sentimental, the day is saved. All the song writer has to do is to turn out another *Sonny Boy,* a *Mother Machree,* or some little thing about a sweetheart such as Victor Herbert might have written. Otherwise the dramatic moment is left to the mercies of the dialogue writers, or, if silent, to the musical director who arranges the synchronization. The director will select what he pleases from the whole field of music, but, even though heavier numbers can be used in synchronized accompaniments than in the picture itself, he probably will not go in for anything more weighty than necessary.

THE arrival of the Tinpanalleyans in Hollywood and the significance thereof has been almost wholly overshadowed by the general development of all the talkers. Whether Mary had a good talking voice, or the fate of the foreign favorites, the sudden return of some of the old timers, Charlie's decision to remain silent, the question whether silent pictures were or were not all washed up, all these matters seemed much more important. The most publicity that the boys have got since they first appeared on the scene came the other day when Leonard Stevens, the man who wrote *I Faw Down an' Go Boom* first was hit by an automobile, then tumbled off a fence.

"The studios have got to get real quality, and to get real quality they must have the men whose work consistently has quality—the top-notchers. I think the day is coming when such men can practically write their own tickets," says Irving Berlin.

"In other words, the movies must have the Belascoes and the Arthur Hopkinses and the Jerome Kernses. The business man will continue to have an important part, but the great figures are going to be the men who create."

On the other hand, Berlin believes that the developments in talking pictures have given a particular enthusiasm to many song writers who had been commencing to grow discouraged with things as they were before the microphone became king.

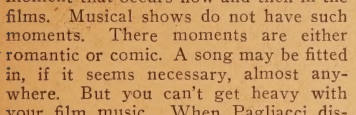
"It has practically given them new life," he said. "They breathe new air, and it is giving them just the lift and spirit they need to get going as they used to."

BERLIN does not believe that the wide hearing given film music will force the public to accept anything in the song line which would not become popular anyhow.

If you had heard him say it, you would have come away with the impression that this is his idea about the talkies in general, too.

There is a gag floating around that sums up the situation pretty well. A Hollywood preacher is supposed to have risen up in the pulpit—oh, yes, there are preachers in Hollywood—and announced *Onward Christian Soldiers* as the theme song for the morning services.

Well, if the composer of *Onward Christian Soldiers* were still among us, where would he be if not in Hollywood? Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote some pretty catchy numbers in his day, you must admit.



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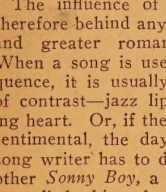
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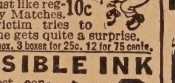

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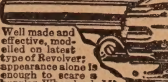

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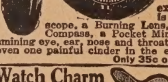

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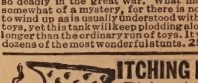

One of these glass vials dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than limburger cheese. The smell entirely disappears in a short time. **10c a Box, 3 Boxes for 25c or 75c per Dozen.** Shipped by Express. **JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY**

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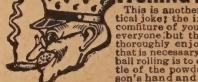

Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room or car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amusing to hear the remarks, as they never suspect the real source, but think they have caught it one from another. Between the laughing and sneezing you yourself will be having the time of your life. *For parties, political meetings, church, or anyplace at all where there is a gathering of people, it is the greatest joke out.* **Price 10c, 3 for 25c, 75c per dozen.** Shipped by Express.

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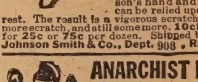

Lots of harmless fun and amusement may be had with these rings. Made in platinoid finish to resemble platinum, with oxidized or enameled, as illustrated. **Price 25c ea. Postpaid**

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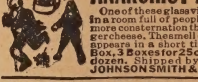
Rubber Chewing Gum



It is just like a package of chewing gum and looks so real that it fools everybody. And no one of course suspects it is not genuine until they start to chew it. There's a world of fun in this rubber chewing gum. 4 sticks to the package. **Price 10c Package; 3 for 25c; 12 for 75c, Postpaid.** Stamps taken.

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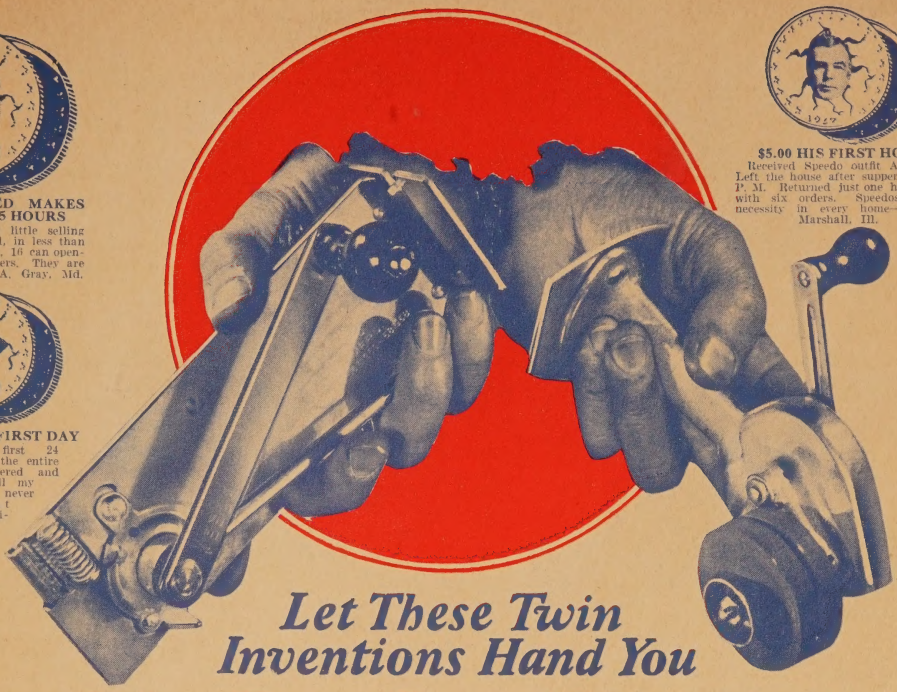
Received my first 24 Speedos yesterday; the entire lot is now delivered and more sold. In all my years of selling I never saw anything that met with such universal approval. —W. R. Duncan, Montana.



$5.00 HIS FIRST HOUR

Received Speedo outfit April 1st. Left the house after supper at 6:30 P. M. Returned just one hour later with six orders. Speedos are a necessity in every home—W. W. Marshall, Ill.

Let These Twin Inventions Hand You

Double Profits...$5 to $11 IN AN HOUR!

Men, here's a proposition that's amazingly simple. Yet the profit possibilities are nothing short of startling! For now, an old, well-known manufacturer offers you direct, TWO unique, patented inventions. Items used every day in every home. Yet so revolutionary that they positively sell on sight! So just read the facts below. Then mail coupon for FREE OUTFIT and FREE TEST OFFERS.

Works Like a Charm

Just insert can in holder and turn crank. Top is cut completely out **inside** the rim of can. Juices can't spill out. So simple a child can operate with perfect safety.

Food Pours Right Out

No fuss or muss. All food **pours** right out of can without scraping or "spooning." Even foods frozen in the can slip out easily.

No Jagged Edges

Speedo cuts the top out, smooth, slick and clean. Ends forever the danger of infection from fingers cut on jagged tin edges.

EVERY man who has cut his eye teeth in the selling game knows this: The big clean-ups are always made by men who get in on the ground floor with something new and sensational. Think, then, what a doubly sensational chance literally to coin money is now yours! For here are offered you two unique patented devices—pronounced by experts everywhere to be absolutely revolutionary—approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla, etc—and real necessities in every home in the land. In your wildest dreams, could you ever conjure up such an amazing opportunity for quick, easy profits?

A Real Million-Dollar Can Opener

Imagine a little **automatic** can opening machine, that opens any can, round, square or oval, simply at the turn of a crank. Cuts the entire top off, slick, smooth and clean! No more stabbing and hacking with old-style can openers. No more fingers cut and infected on jagged tin-can edges. For Speedo holds the can—strips the top out—flips up the lid—all in a couple of seconds! And men, it's inexpensive! No wonder women simply go wild over it. And no wonder 4 out of 5 buy on a 10-second demonstration!

The "Magic Groove" Sharpener

Women never saw anything even remotely like this other "twin" invention, the Speedo sharpener. Just demonstrate the "magic groove" principle and watch their eyes pop open with amazement. Now anyone can put a keen, smooth edge on everything that cuts. Even scissors are ground to a perfect cutting bevel! Every woman sees instantly that here is an end to the waste and drudgery of dull knives and tools. That's why agents everywhere report as much as $10 and $12 in a single hour with Speedo sharpener alone!

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This company has been in business over 20 years. Speedos are made entirely in our own big factories, under exclusive patents. Each item is backed by a printed guarantee of **5 years perfect service.** We give you absolute protection in exclusive territory. Over 100% profit! We train you from A to Z, and supply you with a complete selling outfit FREE.

Mail the Coupon TO-DAY

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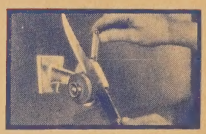
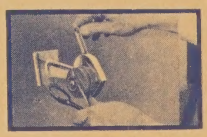


Sharpens Like Magic

Just rest blade in magic groove and turn handle. Sharpens a ten-inch knife in six seconds by the clock. Puts a razor edge on straight or curved blades, sickles, chopping knives, everything that cuts.



Grinds Scissors Perfectly

Now anyone can sharpen scissors and shears. No trick or knack to it. Just rest blade against scissors guide, give the handle a couple of turns—Presto! Scissors are sharp as new.

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THE VOICE OF SOUND PICTURES

Screen secrets

OCT. 25c

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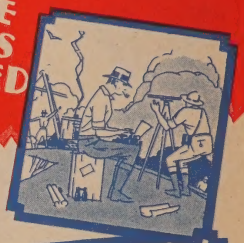

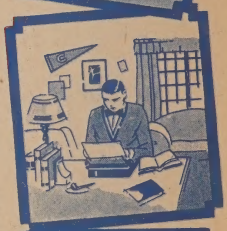

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OCT 1929

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

HOLLYWOOD REVUE

Marion DAVIES

Norma SHEARER

Joan CRAWFORD

Conrad NAGEL

Jack BENNY

Ukelele IKE

Polly MORAN

John GILBERT

William HAINES

Buster KEATON

Gwen LEE

DANE and ARTHUR

Bessie LOVE and Charles KING

25 of the Screen's Greatest Stars—Chorus of 200—Amazingly Revolutionary Motion Picture!

SURPASSING the dreams of the most optimistic, attaining a goal that was deemed impossible only a few months ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has created in its gigantic "Hollywood Review" an entertainment that will stand as a landmark in the annals of the talking screen. Every important resource and talent of show business contributed to its making. It is star-studded with names, its choruses are picked beauties, its voices represent the choice of experts, its songs are from the genius of the country's most famed, its dialogue was conceived by the leaders of their craft, its settings and costumes, its recording, each element of this mighty entertainment is the product of the top-notchers! Now playing at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Los Angeles, and the Astor Theatre, New York.

"The Hollywood Revue"
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MARION DAVIES
JOHN GILBERT
NORMA SHEARER
WILLIAM HAINES
JOAN CRAWFORD
BUSTER KEATON
Bessie Love
Charles King
Conrad Nagel
Marie Dressler
Jack Benny
Gus Edwards
Dane and Arthur
Laurel and Hardy
Ukelele Ike
Anita Page
Polly Moran
Gwen Lee
Brox Sisters
Albertina Rasch Ballet
Natacha Nattova and Company
The Rounders
Dances & Ensembles by Sammy Lee
Directed by Charles F. Reisner
AND THE GOLDWYN-MAYER Singing-Talking-Dancing Picture

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

Marie DRESSLER

Anita PAGE

LAUREL and HARDY

Gus EDWARDS

BROX SISTERS

OCTOBER
1929

Screen
Secrets Magazine

Volume VII
Number 55

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Why Clara Bow Said "YES!" to Harry Richman

THE engagement of filmland's famous IT girl to Harry Richman, Broadway celebrity and night club owner, was a romantic earthquake that rocked the emotions of countless fans. What reasons underlay the famous Clara's decision to marry? What compelling masculine attractions won her affections? The story of this famous star's reasons for deciding in favor of marriage will be told in the November issue of

SCREEN SECRETS
Out October 10

IN ADDITION, the November issue will contain a wealth of absorbing features of keen interest to all true fans—such features as "Talking Pictures in Your Own Home"; the first installment of a brilliant serial of love and achievement in the present-day, talkie-mad Hollywood; the whirlwind conclusion of Lily Damita's life story; and many other banner items.

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SHOWERED WITH HONORS

Fox pictures, actors, directors receive bewildering array of awards for artistic merit

FOX wins Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences First Award

This organization, composed of the leading stars, directors, producers, writers and technicians, headed by Douglas Fairbanks as President and regarded as the representative voice of the motion picture industry, awarded the most coveted prize in the screen world to FOX for the most unique and artistic production of the year 1928, "SUNRISE" ➨ They also bestowed upon Janet Gaynor, petite Fox star, the first award of the Academy for her artistic performance in her portrayal of the role Diane in "7th HEAVEN," this being adjudged the best screen performance of the year. Miss Gaynor's other noteworthy performances during the past year include "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR DEVILS" and "SUNRISE". ➨ Frank Borzage, director of "STREET ANGEL" was similarly honored by the Academy, who bestowed upon him the first award in the field of dramatic directors. ➨ The awards for the best adaptation was also won by FOX with Benjamin Glazer as the cited author.

FOX wins the Photoplay Gold Medal

One of the most important awards of the year is the annual PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL, presented by the publishers of Photoplay Magazine as a result of a poll of their readers made each year. The American public, as represented by the readers of Photoplay Magazine, voted "7th HEAVEN" the best motion picture of the year.

FOX Pictures receive important awards throughout the world

In a nationwide poll among dramatic critics, conducted by the Film Daily, three FOX pictures were named among the ten best of the year 1928—this poll included 295 critics in 188 cities representing 326 periodicals. The FOX pictures selected were "STREET ANGEL", "FOUR SONS" and "SUNRISE". ➨ In a WORLD-WIDE survey of 25 countries, "SUNRISE" was adjudged the best picture of the season by Der Deutsche, famous German publication. ➨ In Japan, "7th HEAVEN" won the contest conducted by Kirewa Jumpo, most popular motion picture magazine in Japan, for the best picture released in 1927. In 1928 the first award was won by "SUNRISE".

FOX Movietone is Americanizing the World

FOX MOVIETONE Talking and Singing pictures also have an important place in international education. As an example of this world-wide influence FOX Talking pictures are being used in the Orient to educate school children and salesmen to speak the English language. English being the commercial language of the world, FOX all-talking pictures are everywhere in demand for educational purposes. ➨ Artists who will be both seen and heard in the forthcoming season's FOX all-talking Movietone productions include some of the most famous from the ranks of the concert, musical and dramatic stage. You will HEAR and SEE John McCormack, Lenore Ulric, Will Rogers, to name only a few among the many famous personages appearing in Fox Movietone Pictures.

Watch your local theatre for the latest FOX MOVIETONE ALL TALKING PICTURE. Don't miss it And you will realize why the entire world is showering Fox pictures and players with awards for artistic merit.

. . . The Book That Zealous Reformers Once Burned in Public!

At Last!
Censorship No Longer Denies You This Thrill of Thrills—

Tales from THE GREAT DECAMERON...

YOU'LL never know life until you've read this greatest of all forbidden books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on the most fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books — the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Before your very eyes is unfolded the glittering pageantry of a golden age now vanished—an age when passion, intrigue and high-riding romance held full sway. Past you, in a breath-taking parade, sweep some of the most beautiful, yet unprincipled, women of all time—women whose intense fascination fired men's blood and even altered the fates of empires . . . Here you will find tales of scarlet days, when a robust world drank of life and love to its very dregs!

Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth-century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation nor fear!

These Great Writers Have Taken Plots From the Decameron

Shakespeare took parts of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet* from these stories. Lessing took the plot of *Nathan der Weise*, Chaucer the idea of his *Canterbury Tales*, Dryden, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson wrote poems—all based on these great tales, which have outlived thousands of manuscripts written since their day.

Mystery No Longer Shrouds This Brilliant Masterpiece!

Perhaps no other book ever written has had such an amazing history. Written in so vigorous a style as to be actually *startling*, it has long been a storm center of fierce controversy and even persecution. Critics and the *haute-monde* have acclaimed it with unstinted praise for its sparkling vividness and subject matter—while prudish zealots and tyrannical reformers, aghast at the utter frankness with which Boccaccio exposed human life and love in the raw, resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation. At one time they actually went so far as to gather all the available copies and have them publicly burned!

But all that was yesterday! To-day the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. This is the age of *reason*—and the peerless word-artistry of genial old Boccaccio has come into its own at last! . . . Now, for a short time only, you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing in your own home for five days, without obligation!

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As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale—I do everything to see that my partners get all the advantages of Big Business. Big FREE supply contains over thirty-two full size packages of highest quality products. Choose all your groceries, at wholesale, from my big list of over 300 home necessities. Quality backed by $25,000.00 bond.

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Look!

$36.47 IN HOUR AND HALF
Mrs. S. M. Jones, mother of four, made $36.47 first 1½ hours. Working only 2 half days a week made $2,000 profit in few months.

$200 IN SPARE TIME
C. C. Miner, Iowa, made $200 in spare time his first 15 days. His first 4 days brought him $74 profit.

"$15 A DAY EASY"
Says W. Skiles, Pa., "I have made $15.23 in only 2 hours." In addition to a big steady income he says, "You have given me $1,457 worth of gifts, checks and prizes."

BURNED MORTGAGE ON HOME
Rev. McMurphy, Alabama, tells how Van brought him from poverty to a mortgage-free home, new car and financial independence.

You too can be free from money worries for life—send the coupon.

I don't want you to take any chances. I give you a GUARANTEE that is the talk of the entire industry. This is the most amazing guarantee ever made. I can make this guarantee because I know you can do as well as my other partners whose letters are shown on this page.

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I offer every one of my partners a new Chrysler Coach *as soon as they come with me.* I want my partners to be prosperous and look prosperous to gain respect from everyone in their localities. That's why I will offer you ABSOLUTELY FREE this brand new Chrysler Coach to use in your business. This is no contest! It is yours to keep just as soon as you show me you are in earnest. Send coupon today.

This wonderful, new, easy way to make big money and have a growing business of your own is sweeping America. Thousands of men have found my proposition a way to double and triple their incomes—hundreds of busy housewives have started as my partners in a few spare hours a day and are earning from $25 to $50 a week *just in spare time.* One housewife writes, "I earn, in my spare hours, more money than my husband."

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NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD

CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute*
RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets*
FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

WALLACE BEERY, who has just moved from Paramount to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will have the leading rôle in *Bugle Sounds,* instead of Lon Chaney, who was originally slated for the part.

Mr. Chaney is suffering from an abscessed throat and has been advised by his physician to take a complete rest.

Beery will talk in the rôles which Chaney had planned on depicting silently.

Ann Pennington is moving her make-up box over to RKO studios, to play the leading rôle in *Tanned Legs,* a musical extravaganza.

Joseph Schildkraut has just finished work in *The Mississippi Gamblers,* for Universal, in which Joan Bennett has the feminine lead.

Typical Western heroes and villains of the old school will be seen with Louise Fazenda in the Christie talking picture, *Faro Nell* or *In Old California,* which is about to immortalize comically the melodrama of the good old Western screen. Jack Luden has been selected as the hero, and Frank Rice and Harry Woods will be in the cast.

Mary Nolan has almost recovered from a serious operation which was the result of an automobile accident several months ago. She will soon be able to resume her work in *The Shanghai Lady,* for Universal.

Alice Terry is back in Hollywood after an absence of three years spent in Europe, where she has been appearing in pictures produced by her husband, Rex Ingram. She has come out here to get the latest information about talking-picture recording equipment for Mr. Ingram.

Corinne Griffith is hard at work on *Lilies of the Field,* which will be an all-talkie, of course. Alexander Korda is the director.

Rumor has it that *The Saturday Night Kid* will be Clara Bow's last picture for Paramount, as her contract expires upon its completion. It is thought that she will sign as a special star with RKO, like Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix.

Traveling to Europe is no new experience for Ina Claire, so she was both guide and companion to her husband, John Gilbert, whose honeymoon with Miss Claire was his first trip across the pond. Here the newlyweds are shown aboard the Ile de France.

Dorothy Stone, daughter of the famous Fred Stone, had to make a wild dash across the continent to take Ruby Keeler Jolson's place in *Show Girl,* as the latter became seriously ill and had to withdraw from the cast.

Dolores Costello will not want for masculine attention in her next picture for Warner Brothers. Both Jack Mulhall and Chester Morris will be seen with her in *Second Choice,* and she couldn't go wrong on either of them.

Gloria Swanson is in Europe visiting her husband, Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray. She has just completed *The Temptress,* with which picture she hopes to make up some of her losses on *Queen Kelly,* which has never been released.

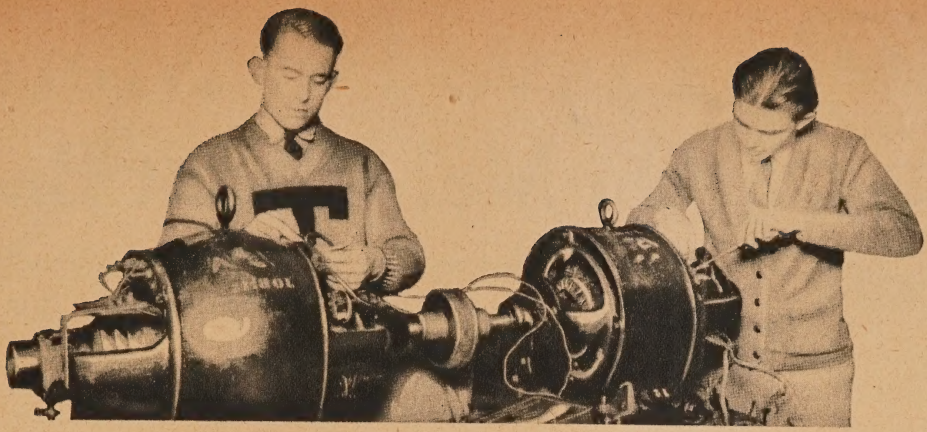
Ann Harding is playing the leading feminine rôle in the new Ronald Colman picture, *Condemned to Devil's Island.*

Another old-time favorite is about to stage a "come-back" via the vaudeville route. Theda Bara has just signed with the RKO circuit for a tour of the principal eastern and West Coast cities.

Richard Arlen's first starring vehicle will be an adaptation of *The Lost God,* a South Sea Island picture, in which Fay Wray will have the feminine lead.

Navy Blues will be William Haines' next starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It will be directed by Clarence Brown.

Anita Stewart and her brand-new husband, George Converse, have returned to Hollywood after a honeymoon spent rambling lazily through the high Sierra Mountains in their gorgeous new roadster.



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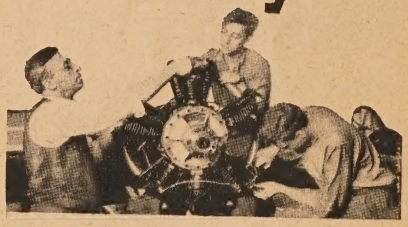
Don't worry about a job—Coyne training settles the job question for life. Demand for Coyne men often exceeds the supply. Just recently one concern called on me for 150 Coyne graduates. And calls for more Coyne students are coming in almost daily. My big expert Employment Department will help you and back you up as long as you live—**without one cent of cost to you.** And if you want part-time work while here at School, we'll help you get that, too. We often have more good part-time jobs open than applicants for them.



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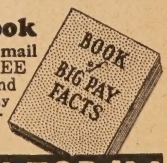

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These Records Any Time Within 10 Days Unless They're *Better* Than Any Records You Ever Had at Any Price.

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I'm a Stern Old Bachelor — Dream Mother
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When The Work's All Done This Fall
Wreck of the Number 9 — Red Wing
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POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

2477 I Want to Be Bad
Play Dat Rag
4262 I'm a Stern Old Bachelor
Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep
2480 Dream Mother
Every Once in a While
2458 Wedding Bells (Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine)
What D'ya Think of My Baby
4259 Somebody's Grandpa
Little Lost Child
4116 Letter Edged in Black
She Ought to Be Home
2446 Carolina Moon
Life Without You Is Just a Bubble
4140 Wild and Reckless Hobo
Shine
4267 Just Tell Them You Saw Me
My Mother Was a Lady
4258 I Won't Let You Insult Her
Don't Say I Did It, Jack
4201 Just Before the Battle, Mother
In Sweet Bye and Bye
4153 Girl I Left Behind Me
Last Rose of Summer
4263 Two Little Girls in Blue
The Convict and the Bird
4264 When Work's All Done This Fall
Allie Darling
4179 Bill Bailey
That's Gratitude
4150 New River Train
Show Me My Mammy
4182 In Shade of Old Apple Tree
On the Banks of the Wabash
4237 The Murder of Little Marion Parker
The Pardon Came Too Late
4202 Just as the Sun Went Down
Darling Nellie Gray
4268 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
Picture No. 84
4266 Jim Bludso
Tired Mothers
4149 Bully of the Town
Flow River
4038 Sleep, Baby Sleep, Yodel
Roll on Silver Moon, Yodel
4093 Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
4123 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Lone Trail Rose
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
Wanna Fall in Love Again
4148 Dream of Miner's Child
Bred in Old Kentucky
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in the Lane
4133 Jesse James
The Butcher Boy
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight?
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4117 Where River Shannon Flows
Rose From Ireland
4124 Old Black Joe
Dixie Land
4169 Where Silvery Colorado Wends Way
Everybody's Mother Was Somebody's Pal
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4185 Picture Turned to the Wall
White Wings That Never Grow Weary
4184 The Rosary
Love's Old Sweet Song

POPULAR DANCES
(All with vocal chorus)

1737 Pagan Love Song
In My Heart
1735 Huggable Kissable You
I Wonder Why
1706 Weary River
Sweat Blues
1727 Dream Mother
I Love You Dearly
1726 Louise
As Long As I Know You Love Me
1722 The Wedding of the Painted Doll
Waiting For Someone Like You
1587 Sweethearts on Parade
How Long Have You Waited

INSTRUMENTAL

4186 Beautiful Ohio
Estudiantina Waltz
4158 Old Time Jigs and Reels
Favorite Barn Dances
4068 Turkey in the Straw
Arkansas Traveler
4187 Missouri Waltz
Cuckoo Waltz
4193 Whistler and His Dog
Powder Puff
4194 Schubert's Serenade
Peer Gynt
4061 Listen to the Mocking Bird
The Song Bird
4161 Dixie Favorites, Banjo
Medley of Southern Airs, Banjo
4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw
4138 By Water of Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4164 Glow Worm
Let Us Love Over Again

SACRED AND SPIRITUAL

4154 Swing Low Sweet Chariot
Were You There
4241 Where We'll Never Grow Old
Shall We Gather at the River
4195 Beautiful Isle of Somewhere
Ninety and Nine
4245 Picture From Life's Other Side
Sweet Hours of Prayer
4013 Holy Holy Holy
Rock of Ages
4046 Nearer My God to Thee
The Lord Is My Shepherd

BLUES

7024 Memphis Blues
Beale Street Blues
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues
7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues

HAWAIIAN

4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4009 Palakiko Blues
One Two Three Four
4039 Pua Carnation
Hilo March
4113 Kilima Waltz
Honolulu March

COMEDY

4255 Rufus Green Takes a Trip
Greetings in Bingsville
4110 Flapperjacks
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
4197 Fishagan on a Trolley Car
Ticklish Tillie
4270 Allaboard for the County Fair
Fun at the County Fair
4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4167 Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee

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PU-50, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from Boston) in full payment, which is less than 20 cents per record and less than 10 cents per musical selection. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1..... 6.....
2..... 7.....
3..... 8.....
4..... 9.....
5..... 10.....
(Write Clearly)

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
(Write Clearly)
1.....
2.....
3.....

IMPORTANT ☐ **Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.**

Name .....

Address .....
(Write Clearly)

City..... State.....

START TONIGHT AND REDUCE WEIGHT!

Start Reducing Tonight at Home and Feel Better Tomorrow Morning Than You Have For Months
(Every Statement Certified From Actual Experience)
SEND THE COUPON FOR YOUR FIRST THREE FAYRO BATHS

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off excess weight once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro contains many of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely bodies more shapely, and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought To You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now enjoy these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately excess weight will have been removed in an easy, refreshing and asolutely harmless manner.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost weight. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself wholesome meals. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro At Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.

More Than a Million Fayro Treatments Have Been Sold

Fayro, Inc. PFU-10-29
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once

Name .....
Address .....
City .....State.....
If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

All Prices Slashed!!

SEND NO MONEY. Just Fill in Coupon Below.
Pay on Delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

No Permit Required

22 Cal. Six Shot Blank Automatic $4.99

With Box of Cartridges Free.

You need no permit or license to own this newly invented high power but absolutely safe and harmless automatic. Positively not a toy. Built like a real automatic, same in construction, appearance, finish, weight and every other detail—except that it fires blank cartridges only. Handy for self-defense, frightens tramps, scares away dogs, handy in the house—a real home protector—without the danger of keeping dangerous firearms at home. Play a practical joke on your friends. Ideal at festivals, fairs, picnics, outings, camping, hikes, outdoor sports, etc., etc. Blue steel, case hardened frame. Makes powerful loud report. Has six shot magazine that can be reloaded instantly. Uses 22 cal. blank cartridges. Checkered Grip. Box of cartridges free with each automatic. Convenient pocket size. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $4.99 plus express charge. Fill in coupon below. NO PERMIT LICENSE REQUIRED. **Genuine Leather Holster Free with Each Pistol.**

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Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock-proof and weather-proof. Perfect timekeeper. Radium Dial—tells time in dark—Fine imported full jeweled movement—Silver finish, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Genuine leather strap. Absolutely a $10.00 value. Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.99 plus postage. Fill in coupon.

$1.79

Pistol Shape Cigarette Case

Fool your friends with this novelty cigarette case. Looks in every way like a real automatic. Pull trigger and lid flies open, showing a package of your favorite cigarettes. Made of light weight metal in blue steel finish. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

22 Cal. Repeater Blank Automatic, Complete with Box of Cartridges $2.85

No license or permit required to carry this newly patented Blank Automatic. Built like a real firearm, same in appearance, makes a powerful loud report, yet it is absolutely safe and harmless. Use it for protection — to scare away burglars, frighten tramps, drive away dogs, etc., for camping, outing, towns, in city or farm—or play practical joke on your friends. Uses 22 Cal. Blank cartridges. Can fire two shots simultaneously. Easy and quick to reload. Box of cartridges free with each pistol. Send No Money. Pay on delivery $2.85 plus small shipping charges. Fill in coupon below.

Guaranteed Watches-Each, with Two Years Written Guarantee

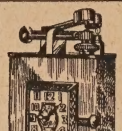
Newest Style Wrist Watch

$3.99

With Two Bracelets. One of the greatest bargains in America today. Storekeepers and Mail Order Houses charge a great deal more for this very watch. We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings. Absolutely the newest dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved, assorted shape case, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Exquisite dial with raised gold letter figures. Fully jeweled movement, guaranteed for two years. Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and rolled gold effect link bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

Jenkins Watch-Lighter

$4.97



A combination of an elegant, high quality cigarette lighter with a fine, guaranteed Swiss watch. The watch is of the best Swiss make, 6-Jewel lever movement, carefully tested and adjusted, accurate timekeeper, with two years' written guarantee. The cigarette lighter is well-known U. S. make, very fine and elegant in appearance, yet strong and durable in construction. Leather covered sides, all metal parts of silver finish, non-tarnishable quality. $20.00 value. SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in coupon. Pay on delivery $4.97 plus postage.

$3.98

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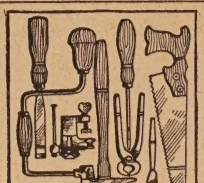
Box of Ammunition Free. Guaranteed to hit a fly at ten feet. The ideal pistol for target practice. Get one today and become a good marksman in short time and at very little expense. Shoots buckshot with accurate precision and great force. Holds fifty shots in magazine. Easy to reload. Excellent for hunting birds, etc. Looks like a real pistol. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.98, plus small express charge. Fill in coupon below.



Handy Tool Kit $2.98

Here's the Tool Kit you have been waiting for. All the tools you will ever need around the home, right before you in a handy arrangement. Ideal for small repairs around the house, garage, etc. Only one little repair job will pay the cost of this Tool Kit several times over. Buy direct from us and save middleman's profit. Our special price of $2.98 is a real bargain. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon—mail today. Pay on delivery $2.98 and postage.

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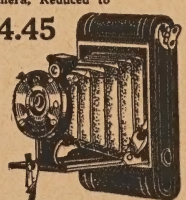
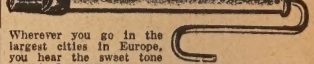
Genuine Eastman Kodak Camera, Reduced to

$4.45



This is a real Eastman Kodak folding camera. Takes pictures 1¼x2¼. Eastman Kodak cameras need no recommendation as to quality, dependability. We are offering them so cheap as just now we have a large stock of them on hand. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.

Latest European Creation Can Be Mastered in a Jiffy



Wherever you go in the largest cities in Europe, you hear the sweet tone of this Jazz Whistle. Self-controlled by hand, this instrument will play any tune. Nothing like it for simplicity of operation and ease of handling. Play any tune you want. Must be seen and played to be appreciated. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon. Mail today. Pay on delivery $1.19 and postage.

French Art Photo View Ring $1.97

Famous "actress" views. Most sensational and newest. Set with world's renowned reproduction diamond with the blue-white sparkle of a $500 diamond. Besides shank has view of French actresses seen through strong magnifying glass. Gold effect mounting. *Send no money.* Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

LATEST ULTRA-MODERN WRIST WATCH

$5.92

The newest thing in ladies' watches. Very modernistic in design, case beautifully enameled in exquisite color combinations of blue, black and green. Movement of the best Swiss make, 6 Jewel lever, 2 adjustments, carefully tested and accurately timed, with two years' written guarantee. Extra link bracelet, in white gold finish, furnished with each watch. $15.00 value. Our cut price $5.92. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.

GENUINE DIAMONDS Set in 14 kt. SOLID GOLD RINGS $4.98

No Installments to Pay.

Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K solid gold rings set with genuine diamonds only $4.98. Installment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember, these are genuine diamonds set in solid 14K gold rings at only $4.98. No. 1 and No. 2 are ladies' rings and No. 3 is a man's ring. SEND NO MONEY. State ring and size wanted. Pay on delivery $4.98. Fill in coupon below.

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The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 10-R-72, 683 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C.O.D. the following advertised articles (check articles desired).

...Lifetime Precision Watch	$3.99	...Jazz Whistle	1.99
...Six Shot Blank Automatic	4.99	...Genuine Eastman Camera	4.45
...Newest Style Ladies' Watch	3.99	...Pistol Shape Cigarette Case	1.79
...50 Shot Air Automatic	3.98	...Ultra Modern Watch	5.92
...Pistol Shape Cigarette Case	1.79	..."La Francaise" 6-J. Watch	7.59
...22 Cal. Blank Automatic	2.85	..."La Parisenne" 15-J. Watch	9.49
...French Art Photo Ring	1.97	...Genuine Diamond Ring	4.98
...Jenkins Watch Lighter	4.97		

NAME .....

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CITY..... STATE.....

"Stop clowning!"

. . . . HE WHISPERED

—but when I began to play

I HAD been trying—unsuccessfully—to make an impression on Helen for weeks. But she didn't seem to see me at all. Naturally, I was pretty downhearted at the turn affairs had taken. For, at the beginning of our acquaintance, she had certainly been far more friendly with me than now. Utterly perplexed, I turned to her brother for advice.

"Forget it," he laughed. "Helen isn't annoyed by anything you've done. It's something you *haven't* done. . . . Oh, I say, I'm sorry!" he broke off suddenly, red as a beet.

"What were you going to say?" I demanded. "What haven't I done?"

"It's nothing. Just a slip of the tongue," he evaded clumsily. But I insisted that he tell me what he had intended to say, and at last he consented.

"Well you know, Helen has always been fond of music. I once heard her say she could never care for anyone who didn't know how to play some instrument or other. Of course, that's ridiculous. Lots of perfectly nice people—congenial, charming—have no musical ability. But you know how girls are. Once they get a notion, they stick to it, come what may!"

I almost broke out into three cheers at Jerry's explanation. But that would have spoiled my secret—the secret I had kept so well all these months. Instead, I said:

"I wish you had told me this before. For I can play a bit, you know—one-finger stuff. Do you suppose it will convince that sister of yours that I'm not altogether a heathen and outside the pale?"

He laughed. "It might, at that!" he agreed. "Why not try it at the party tonight? It ought to show her your heart's in the right place, anyway!"

A Dramatic Surprise

True to his word, Jerry made an opportunity for me to "strut my stuff" that night. I sat down at the piano and did a little chop-stick version of that old favorite, "Yes, We Have No Bananas!" to everybody's intense delight.

Calls of "What technique!" "Another Paderewski!" "When are you going to give a Carnegie Hall recital?" came from all sides. But suddenly Jerry was at my side.

"Stop clowning!" he whispered. "Helen thinks I put you up to this to make fun of her. She suspects that I told you she has a weakness for music. . . ."

But instead of jumping up and apologizing to Helen, as he expected me to, I calmly swung into the opening bars of that beautiful ballad, "Garden in the Rain."

At first astonishment kept them all silent, but before long the whole crowd was singing—even Helen.

That was the beginning. It must have been an hour later before they allowed me to leave the piano—during which I had played everything they asked for. And believe me, they had asked for plenty! Songs, dance music, classical selections, jazz. . . .

My Secret

Jerry's eyes were almost popping out with curiosity by the time we went home. "Why on earth didn't you tell me you knew how to play?" he demanded.

"Oh, I thought I'd surprise you," I laughed.

"You sure did!" he averred. "But I don't understand yet. If you could play as well as you did tonight, why have you been keeping it a secret? I distinctly remember you once said you couldn't play. Yet now . . ."

I looked at Helen. "Well, you see, tonight there was a special reason for playing." I said. "I couldn't have done it months ago. Why, even last year Jerry's remark about my not being able to play, wouldn't have been an exaggeration.

"You see," I continued, "I made a discovery that has made me the happiest chap on earth tonight! I heard about the U. S. School of Music method of teaching music by mail, in one's spare time, at home, without a teacher."

Then I told them all about the U. S. School course. How it does away with tiresome scales and exercises. How it eliminates an expensive private teacher. How it is so clear and concise that even a child could easily understand it.

"Why, I played simple tunes and melodies right from the start!" I enthused. "But I didn't want to tell you folks until I was sure I could play well enough to put it over. Besides, I didn't know Helen was so crazy about music . . ."

"Not only about music," she murmured, with a shy smile.

You, too, can learn to play this quick and easy way

This is not the story of one isolated case. Over half a million men and women have learned to play their favorite instruments—at home, in their spare time, without a teacher—the U. S. School way.

To prove how practical this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have Free. They show how anyone can learn to play by note in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old, slow methods. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new **Automatic Finger Control.**

Mail Coupon NOW!

If you really want to learn to play—if you want a host of friends—to be popular—send for the free booklet and test lesson today. No obligation. (Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.) **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3610 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

Pick Your Course

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
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Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
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Sight Singing	
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Piano Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
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INCANDESCENT with "IT"...One million watts of what millions have come miles to see...Every film-foot flaming with the Spirit of 46—and Broadway...NO WONDER "BROADWAY BABIES" HAS MADE THE MAIN STEM JEALOUS!

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The success of the season in New York, at $2.00 per seat! Stunning dancing chorus and great comedy cast. Directed by Mervyn Leroy. Presented by Richard A. Rowland.

Introduces 3 new song-hits "Broadway Baby Dolls," "Wishing and Waiting For Love," and "Jig, Jig, Jigaloo." "They will be hummed and played in every household all summer."
—N. Y. Journal

ALICE WHITE in "BROADWAY BABIES"

100% TALKING, SINGING, DANCING

First National VITAPHONE

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

¶ On This and That

PROTESTS from the smaller theaters in the land have made themselves heard in Hollywood. Producers will continue to make silent versions of talking pictures for the thousands upon thousands of unwired houses.

No fear, then, that the fans unable to attend a theater equipped for talkies will have to be satisfied with second-rate pictures. Universal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fox, Paramount, RKO—all the big producers—have announced silent versions to accompany their 1930 program of pictures.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

But once a fan has attended a talkie, a silent picture seems strange and unnatural, and becomes not only silent, but dumb. It is like a taste for olives—acquired only after eating a few. After you get the habit, you'll reach for a talkie instead of a silent.

Peter Pan's Pal

JACKIE COOGAN is coming back to pictures again. I am not sure that he will be a riot when he gets back into films. There isn't any Jackie Coogan anymore. The Jackie we knew is romping around somewhere in Never Never Land.

Taking it on the Chin

ON THE other hand, the return of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason to the screen proved that one never can tell.

A few years ago the Flugrath sisters were at the top of the heap. Then they slipped into the discard, shuffled off by the hand of Fate that plays such strange tricks on Hollywood folk. Yet Shirley and Viola laughed it off, and carried on.

Since Fame chose to wane, Viola worked in quickies, toured vaudeville, played in stock companies. Between pictures they managed on a small income from their partnership in a beauty shop in Hollywood.

With the coming of the talkies, the revolving wheel of Fortune brought them back again. Both could sing and dance; they were seasoned troupers. They'll accept this lucky break with the same bright smile and eager courage with which they greeted the blows.

Watch for their sister act in Warner Brothers' *The Show of Shows.* And give the little gals a big hand.

No Tears, Please!

IN THE field of farce comedy, Laura La Plante deserves acclaim. We grow weary of comedies that are not content with ringing laughs, but must jerk the tears as well, with pathos and bathos. Laura whirls happily through a frothy comedy and needs no sad, soft music or clown-with-broken-heart episodes. She found her sphere in *Finders Keepers,* proved her right to rule in the domain of comedy by an even more laudable performance in *The Love Trap.* Give the laurels to Laura.

Thirteen

DOLORES DEL RIO, heartbroken after the death of Jaime, for seven years her husband, has been lifted away from disconsolance by a strenuous tour across the country in a series of personal appearances. Hard work, with no time for thoughts that haunt the mind of Latin people more deeply perhaps than the Nordic. While celebrating her twenty-third birthday at Breezy Point Lodge, home of the publisher of SCREEN SECRETS, she revealed another trait so characteristic of the people of Mexico.

Miss Del Rio loves to fly, and does so whenever she can give watchful studio officials and managers the slip. She was greatly excited when they finally gave her permission to serve tea for her friends in a big plane. At thirteen thousand feet, Peggy Hamilton, a member of the party, pointed out that there were thirteen guests aboard!

"But I do not care," Miss Del Rio declared seriously, "for thirteen is my lucky number!"

A Birthday Present

MR. AND MRS. JIMMY GLEASON, the famous stage couple whose success with *Is Zat So?* and *The Shannons of Broadway,* brought them inevitably to Hollywood at the behest of the movie moguls, are justly proud of their son Russell.

Russell is a tall, slow spoken youth, with a quiet humor. When his parents built their new home in

Hollywood, Russell wished to contribute his share to the comfort of the establishment. As a Pathe player—did you see him in *The Flying Fool*?—he is making a rather attractive salary for a lad of his age.

So he visited a constructor and arranged for the installation of a swimming pool. On his father's anniversary, he presented him with a little bronze plaque, dedicating the pool to Jimmy Gleason as a birthday present.

Jimmy values that little bit of metal with more satisfaction, I believe, than all his other possessions.

A Tip From Empey

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, idol of the readers of *Battle Stories* Magazine, is supervising the filming of *Troopers Three*, his first talkie. Guy has a tip for the producers which is well worth considering.

He gives the audience a chance to laugh at a joke in the dialogue without rushing into another speech. Too many laughs, he points out, are killed because the talkie producers forget that the fans can't laugh and listen at the same time. Either they must restrain their guffaws, or miss the significance of the lines that follow.

But suppose the audience fools you, and doesn't laugh? Leave that to Guy!

Another Idea

ANOTHER irksome imperfection in the talkies is solved by Raymond Cannon, Fox director. In *Why Leave Home?*, Mr. Cannon doesn't allow a moment of absolute silence during the film, which means that you may strain your ears in vain for the familiar hum and scrape of the recording apparatus. Instead, he supplies sound effects that would naturally be heard under given circumstances in real life.

It's a Gift

THIS Maurice Chevalier seems to be in a fair way to becoming one of the most popular matinee idols of the current crop of talkie stars.

He has that certain something which makes women go goofy about him, which could make anyone's fortune if they knew what it was. He isn't handsome. Take his features one by one and they are not impressive. He wears his clothes as though he had climbed into them sliding down a brass pole. His voice wouldn't make Gatti-Cazzazza utter any cries of joy. But he has that strange indefinable quality, the nearest name for which seems to be personality, that transforms all his imperfections into something entirely charming and wholly his own. Sex appeal surely has nothing to do with it here. Perhaps it is the gusto, the joyousness that seems to bubble up from way down inside him. I don't know.

Real Legs

JOHN STAHL, the producer who is plotting to bring Aimee McPherson to the screen, says, on the other hand, that the movies are devoting their attention to the one thing they can never do successfully—comic opera. The tired business man wants to see real legs—gooseflesh and all—not shadow pictures of them.

Florence Retires

THIS is one of the ironies. The girl who had the most charming voice of any actress in Hollywood will not be among those present in the talkies. This was Florence Vidor.

Just to hear her say "no" was a consolation to the young hearts she turned down. It seems to me that she would have been wonderful in talkie pictures; but her contract has not been renewed by Paramount.

Misty Memories

THE most melancholy experience I have had for some time was seeing a recent revival of *The Kid*, one of Chaplin's first big pictures. It gave me the same sort of pang that parents in future years will get when they drag out their home movies of little Willie, now grown fat and in the brokerage business, looking cherubic in golden curls and a Fauntleroy suit.

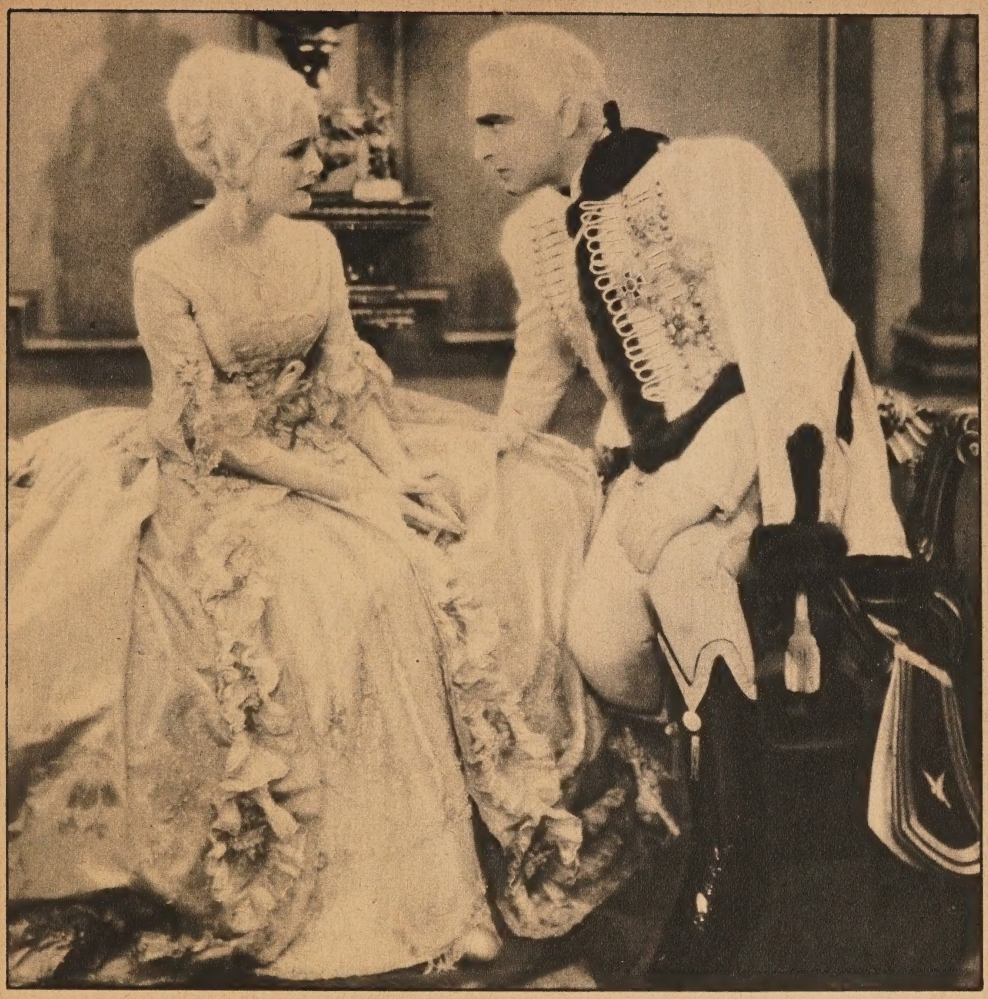
Time has dealt strangely with the little group of good troupers assembled in that picture. Little Jackie Coogan, round-faced and wide-eyed, has grown up to inherit the cares and tangles that go with the battle to keep a large fortune. There was Lita Grey Chaplin, amazingly beautiful in a minor bit, unknown, untroubled by fame, but also untouched by time and trouble which have wrought not too kindly with her.

There was Edna Purviance, in all the glory and gusto of her young prime. Now she is retired, lost in obscurity, living in Europe, perhaps trying to forget pictures and her unhappy love affair with Chaplin. There was Kathleen Key, once a star, almost forgotten now. There was Chaplin himself, imbuing even the moments of pathos with an irrepressible joy in life that is no longer to be found in the face that is lined with sorrow.

On only two has time left no impression. They are Chuck Reisner, who plays the part of a burly prizefighter, and Henry Bergman.

Chuck has become one of Hollywood's most successful directors, and fat and jovial Henry Bergman presides over the tables of Henry's one of Hollywood's most popular eating places.

Roscoe Fawcett



—Irving Lippman.

NEW PORTRAITS OF TALKIE STARS

ALL the delicacy of lavender and old lace is reflected in this portrait of Marian Nixon and John Barrymore, from a scene in Warner Brothers' General Crack. *This forthcoming picture is the great Barrymore's first venture on the talking screen.*

MARY DUNCAN, daughter of an old Southern family and a former Cornell University student, wants most of all to play the role of Manon Lescaut on the screen. In her forthcoming picture, The Man Who Came Back, *Mary's hands, reputed the most beautiful on the screen, play an important, seductive part.*

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

JOHN GILBERT'S magnetic charm has found a new and more potent vehicle than his genius of pantomime—his voice! The fiery Gilbert's forthcoming production is Redemption, *opposite the equally fiery Renee Adoree.*

DOLORES DEL RIO'S alluring singing voice made her loveliness more apparent than ever when she sang the love songs of old Acadie, in United Artists' Evangeline.

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

NORMA SHEARER'S splendid performance in The Trial of Mary Dugan *gave the talking screen a new dramatic actress. Her next appearance will be in M-G-M's* Last of Mrs. Cheney.

—Pach Bros.

IRENE BORDONI'S marvelous voice, which has thrilled Broadway stage audiences for many seasons, will soon be heard in First National's adaptation of Miss Bordoni's greatest stage success, Paris.

—Elmer Fryer.

BILLIE DOVE proves in Her Private Life, *that beauty has brains and that she can rely on her voice and acting ability as something apart from her dazzling pulchritude. Her next picture bears this title and promises great things for Billie.*

The TRAGIC LIFE STORY

Here is Mabel in the dinner-pail scene from Molly-O. *The Sennett fun-factory was a veritable kindergarten of genius and fame, with such names as Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Wallace Beery and Louise Fazenda on the payroll. Mabel Normand was the undisputed queen in those happy days.*

Mabel Normand's dazzling beauty to the very Throne of Comedy. dal and Illness, to change from comedy

By HARRY

MABEL NORMAND will always be remembered as the little girl who littered up the floor of her limousine with peanut shells.

As the girl who walked down the street with *The Police Gazette* under one arm and the highbrow *Atlantic Monthly* under the other.

As the girl with the brain of a philosopher and the ribald tongue of a gutter-snipe.

As the girl whose intimate friends included a woman of international notoriety, a gentle old priest, the queen of a night club, a learned judge of the Federal bench and an old Indian squaw.

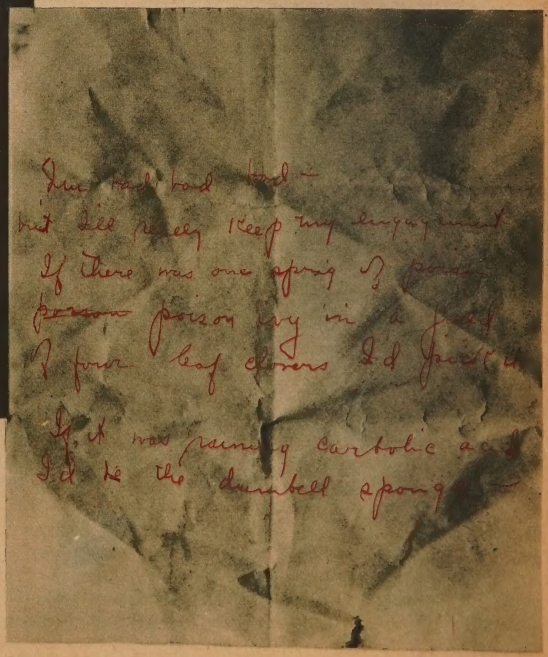
As the girl whose friends and associates absolutely adored her; whose servants would willingly have committed murder in her behalf; yet who suffered as no other girl in Hollywood ever suffered from scandal and unjust gossip.

As the girl who all but ruined herself through self sacrifice; and met only with ingratitude.

As the girl to whom hardship and poverty brought happiness; to whom wealth and fame brought unhappiness.

The life of Mabel Normand is as full of contradiction as a chapter from *Alice In Wonderland.*

Mabel has always been a little tomboy.



of MABEL NORMAND

carried her from a childhood of poverty Then came stalking the lurid jinxes, Scan- to tragedy the Life of Mabel Normand.

CARR

SHE was born on Staten Island in New York Harbor, in 1894. Her people were miserably poor. She "jes' growed," like *Topsy*. The little girls of the neighborhood were too tame. She played most of the time with the boys. She could "skin the cat" on the limbs of all the trees, play "one ol' cat," wield a shinny club, and put up a pretty good fist fight on occasion.

Situated as Staten Island is, quite naturally the great playmate of all the children was the sea. Mabel played tag with the Atlantic Ocean from the time she could walk. It was important to her after life that she learned to swim and dive when she was a little girl. It wasn't tame-cat swimming that Mabel did. She could do any daring stunt in the water that the boys did. Her first distinction was to win the diving championship of Staten Island.

Another fact that was to be an important factor in her life was that in Mabel's gang was a little French-Canadian boy. His name at that time was Louis Coti. In later years he altered the spelling to Lew Cody. He and Mabel played "prisoners' base" and swam together, as little children. Now she is Mrs. Lew Cody.

She wasn't all boy, however. She had the usual

Remember Raggedy Rose? *Rollicking, carefree, happy Mabel had only to "be herself" in her heyday to produce another box-office record-breaker for her employers. Tomboy, whirlwind parts were the very breath of life to Mabel. She always took great delight in putting her funniest foot forward.*

Louis Coti was a little French-Canadian boy in Mabel's childhood gang. Now he's Lew Cody and she's Mrs. Lew.

yearnings of little girls for dolls and clothes. But her family had such a direful struggle for existence that she never had money for either.

I HAVE heard Mabel tell how she used to stand in front of the store windows at Christmas time and look, until her little heart ached, at the dolls that some little rich girl would find in her Christmas stocking. She told me how one day she found her favorite window so frosted by the storm of the night before that she couldn't see into the window. So she leaned against the glass and licked a peek hole through the frost with her little hot tongue.

At the time Mabel was growing up, it was the period of girls and artists. "The Gibson Girl" upstaged the world from the covers of *Life*. "The Penrhyn Stanlaws Girl" smiled out through a swirl of decoration. "The Howard Chandler Christy Girl" beamed from bachelors' walls. A girl with a lovely face found her footsteps drawn to the studios. Mabel was a beautiful child—with big lustrous eyes, a face that glowed with animation and intelligence. Her figure was superb.

Several girls of her acquaintance, among them Alice Joyce and Olive Thomas, were posing for artists: they brought Mabel along. She posed for many of the magazine covers and story illustrations. She posed for Penrhyn Stanlaws, C. D. Williams, Cole Phillips and other famous artists. She got 50 cents an hour and $5.00 for posing for photographs for front covers. Between times, she was a cloak model. Once every season, she and Alice Joyce and several other girls went to Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, as part of a New York fashion show.

Mabel got to be quite famous as a model. It was in the days of full skirts with ruffles and she won a prize offered for the most beautiful "Fluffy Ruffles" girl.

One day she and some of the other girls were reading a newspaper in one of the studios. They saw an advertisement stating that twenty beautiful girls were wanted at the motion picture studio of the Vitagraph Company.

Michael Sinnott worked his way from a pick-and-shovel job to singing in a chorus. Then he changed his name to Mack Sennett and started making comedies for the Keystone Company.

At that time, Vitagraph came pretty near being the motion picture business. Under the leadership of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, the company was beginning to reach out from little news flashes of flags waving from flag poles, cows standing in running streams, engines steaming down the tracks, and started little dramas.

Candidates appeared in swarms. Commodore Blackton says it was no job to pick out Mabel from the swarm. She shone out in the line of waiting candidates like a diamond on a sidewalk, she was so beautiful and so adorably young.

HER first picture narrowly escaped being her last. In order to make the tank deeper for diving, a pit filled with water and surrounded by planking was constructed inside the other tank. They didn't know much about studio engineering in those days. Just as Mabel was getting ready to make a dive into the tank, the whole thing

Mabel took a dislike to Charlie Chaplin and they would fight like a dog and a monkey. But their comedies made together were record-breakers.

burst with a roar and a rush of water. Everybody on the set was half drowned and heavy planks were flung about like chaff from a threshing machine.

After the swimming picture was finished, the rest of the twenty swimming young ladies were sent on their way. Mabel was offered a regular job. Her salary sounded like staggering wealth. She got $25—every week!

At that time, there were several stars in the Vitagraph Company who were headed for fame. Jim Corbett, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, was making some physical culture pictures with the help of Florence Turner. Anita Stewart was a lovely little girl just trying to break in. Maurice Costello—father of Helene and Dolores—was the bright star.

Mabel's first picture was with Maurice Costello. It was called *Over The Garden Wall.* She played the part of a girl who disguised herself as a maid to test the affections of her rich lover.

MABEL didn't last long at Vitagraph. That corporation decided to stagger along without her services—owing to a typically Mabelesque incident.

The old elevated railroad ran past the studio—right past Mabel's dressing room. This was far too great a temptation for her tomboy heart. She used to stand in the window and kid the passengers as they went by. Some of them got sore and complained to the picture company officials, who looked very grave at Mabel. That young lady was defiant. "What do the dirty dogs want to look in my dressing room windows for?" she demanded. The discussion led to this and that. It finally led to Mabel's looking for a job.

At that time the old Biograph was getting started on Fourteenth street in New York. A long, lean actor named David Wark Griffith was begging for a chance to direct a picture. A very much embarrassed Irishman, who had been working his way from a pick and shovel on the streets to a job singing in a chorus, was asking them if they needed a strong man. His name was Michael Sinnott; but he preferred being called Mack Sennett. A little girl from the stage was there with her mother. Her name was Mary Pickford. Blanche Sweet, a young dancer, had come to do a dance scene in a picture and had lingered on to become an actress.

Mabel's work in Tillie's Punctured Romance *was so screamingly funny that exhibitors the country over yelled for more—and they were given* Mickey. *This picture shows Mabel as she appeared in the title rôle in* Mickey.

BILLY BITZER, the veteran camera-ace who photographed *Broken Blossoms, Intolerance, The Birth of a Nation* and other Griffith masterpieces, remembers when Mabel joined the Biograph company. He says she was at that time the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

The trouble was that she didn't get the breaks. Her flare was for comedy and most of the Griffith pictures in those days were solemn and heavy affairs.

The other girls, Mary Pickford and the Gishes, tried very hard to get on. They were always experimenting with new makeups, making tests, etc. But her job weighed very lightly on Mabel. So it can't be said that she made a great artistic commotion in the picture world.

In those days, Griffith was turning out a picture a week. Mabel, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet—and later the Gish girls and Florence Turner, were in most of them. Whenever there was a comedy bit, Mabel played it. When there wasn't, she frequently played heavy ladies with a dark past.

The first great adventure of her life came when Griffith brought the Biograph company out West. They found an old house in Los Angeles and played one-reel dramas.

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And Now It's The

Hollywood's "Eighteen-day Diet" has taken the movie folk by storm. They're all doing it, and no wonder—read the results they're getting!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

LENORE ULRIC lost seven pounds in eight days with Hollywood's new reducing diet. And she confesses to cheating a little bit at that.

Mrytle Stedman had to stop in three days for she had lost six pounds and that was her quota for the experiment.

Lily Damita sacrificed seven exquisite pounds in nine days.

John McCormick, husband of Colleen Moore, went the whole route and took off twenty pounds in the eighteen days.

Which explains why grapefruit is up in Hollywood, why the new diet is all the rage there and threatens to invade the rest of the country, and why Herman J. Mankiewicz may some day adorn a pedestal in the film capital.

For the new diet glorifies the grapefruit. It really seems to work. Mankiewicz is credited with introducing it. And the Mayo brothers, of Rochester, Minnesota, given credit for the diet by rumor, emphatically deny originating it.

Herman J. Mankiewicz, credited with sponsoring the Eighteen-Day Diet, arrives at Paramount Studios fortified by grapefruit for the day's work.

MONTE BRICE, Pathé director, who dropped two and a half pounds in three days, declares it is a new racket of the grapefruit growers, for forty-three of the fifty-four prescribed menus list that fruit.

The story goes that Mankiewicz, former *New York World* reporter, drama editor of *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker*, and author of such Paramount films as *The Man I Love* and the dialogue of *Thunderbolt*, went into a restaurant. It was Eddie Brandstatter's Montmartre café.

Charles Morton seems aghast at the suggestion of Helen Twelvetrees that the Eighteen-Day Diet might do desirable things to his bodily contour.

WAITERS began clustering around him. They proffered the choicest viands of the place.

But he produced from his vest pocket a typewritten list and spoke: "Give me half a grape fruit, one egg, six slices of cucumber, one slice of whole wheat toast and a pot of coffee."

Brandstatter, attracted by the furore in his café, approached Mankiewicz and found that the writer held in his hand a complete schedule of food for each meal to be eaten in eighteen days. Being a business man as well as a restaurateur, Brandstatter had the menus printed on the back of his dinner card and he has been doing a rushing business ever since.

Mankiewicz seems to have had the proper crusading spirit, for he converted Gene Markey, Guy Bolton, King Vidor, Harry

Eighteen-Day Diet

Winifred Westover's sacrifice for her art involved putting on thirty-five pounds for her rôle in Lummox—*the Eighteen-Day Diet should enable her to drop this weight easily.*

Lenore Ulric, exotic brunette of stage fame, found herself seven pounds lighter at the end of eight days' observance of the Diet.

Johnny Mack Brown, after seven days of the Eighteen-Day Diet and the loss of four pounds, decided that he had accomplished his desire, and halted the reducing regimen.

Crocker, Lloyd Sheldon, Pepi Lederer and a score of others to the diet. At one party he passed out thirty copies of the schedule.

It is rumored that four out of five have it—in Hollywood.

SOME of the favorites are having their troubles with it. Bernie Fineman of the Paramount executive forces, has slipped three or four times after starting bravely, it is said. Fay Compton is taking her third whirl at it. Count Edgar Berlanga, the titled Spaniard attached to the embassy at Washington, who gravitates to Hollywood at frequent intervals, is said to follow the menus closely as far as they go and then goes on much farther.

Robert Frazer, Ben Lyon and Stuart Holmes insist they do not need the diet, but they refuse to let Mankiewicz and his steadily lessening girth hog all the popularity.

The cost of reducing by this route varies according to the locale at which it is tried out.

At Brandstatter's Montmartre, the first day's luncheon costs $1.25. At Moore's, on the Paramount lot, it costs 40 cents. At the Munchers' Café, on the Fox lot, a posted notice reads: "Eighteen Day Diet—Breakfast or Luncheon Served Amid Cheerful Surroundings in the Munchers." Henry's the delicatessen, has out a sign: "We Are Featuring Mayo Brothers' Eighteen-Day Diet. Ask for our Special Menus." The diet for the eighteen days cost $16.45 at Moore's café.

HERE is the complete schedule as it appears on the Brandstatter menu:

First Day

Breakfast: One-half grapefruit, coffee. Breakfast the same every day.
Lunch: One-half grapefruit, 1 egg, 6 slices cucumber, 1 slice Melba toast, tea or coffee $1.25
Dinner: Two eggs, 1 tomato, ½ head lettuce, ½ grapefruit, coffee $1.50

Second Day

Lunch: One orange, 1 egg, lettuce, 1 slice Melba toast, tea 1.25
Dinner: Broiled steak (plain), ½ head lettuce, 1 tomato, ½ grapefruit, tea or coffee..... 2.00

Third Day

Lunch: One-half grapefruit, 1 egg, lettuce, 8 slices cucumber, tea or coffee 1.25
Dinner: One lamb chop (trim fat before cooking), 1 egg, 3 radishes, two olives, ½ grapefruit, lettuce, tea or coffee 2.00

Fourth Day

Lunch: Pot cheese, 1 tomato, ½ grapefruit, 1 Melba toast, tea or coffee 1.25
Dinner: Broiled steak, watercress, ½ grapefruit.... 1.75

Fifth Day

Lunch: Orange, 1 lamb chop, lettuce, tea..... 1.25
Dinner: One-half grapefruit, lettuce, 1 tomato, 2 eggs, tea 1.50

Sixth Day

Lunch: Orange, tea ..... .50
Dinner: One poached egg, 1 slice Melba toast, orange, tea 1.25

Seventh Day

Lunch: One-half grapefruit, 2 eggs, lettuce, 1 tomato, 2 olives, coffee 1.40
Dinner: Two chops, 6 slices cucumber, 2 olives, 1 tomato, lettuce, ½ grapefruit, tea or coffee..... 2.50

[*Turn to page* 98]

AN EPIC *of* MELODY

—Fred R. Archer.

John Boles croons a melody of love to Vivienne Segal in this moonlit scene from Warner Brothers' spectacular covered-wagon epic, Song of the West.

¶ *Song of the West* marks another talkie milestone with its musical cadence swinging through gorgeous outdoor scenes in natural color.

By BURNS BRADLEY

THE old pioneers, who trekked westward in their covered wagons through Indian country, fording streams and making their way toward California and its gold through the vast uncharted bleakness of the Rockies, had nothing on Director Ray Enright and the technical crew, staff and cast of *Song of the West.*

This picture is the first all-natural-color, all-talking-and-singing, outdoor picture. And the filming of it on location was as much of a pioneering stunt as were the voyages of the covered-wagon pioneers whose hardships it portrays.

In going out into the wilds to film this picture, with uncertain sunlight, and problematical electrical current, Warner Brothers pioneered a new field.

One of the big scenes of the picture is the march of the covered-wagon train. To film and record this, it was necessary to conceal microphones and cameras in the underbrush so that one camera would not film another, and so that no modern microphone would be photographed in a scene representing the days of 1849.

When the company, numbering nearly 500 people, arrived at Lone Pine, California, 250 miles from Los Angeles, everything was in readiness. The covered wagons were on hand; horses, mules and oxen had been gathered from the ranchers in the district; and local drivers, "bull whackers" and mule "skinners," employed. The local town did not offer accommodations for 500 people, so a complete tent colony had to be built to house the movie troupe.

Life on location is no bed of roses. The bugle is blown at 5:45 a. m., and breakfast is at 6:30. After breakfast, cars took the 400 people to the location site, where filming started just as soon as the sun was high, and strong enough.

[*Turn to page* 87]

The sentinel! John Boles sits astride his spirited mount in this lavish setting Nature has provided for Song of the West.

THE LOWE-DOWN

It was this sort of facial activity that Ed Lowe had to unlearn when he went from the stage to the silent screen, a transition that demanded the development of a new technique.

Edmund Lowe and Corinne Griffith in a scene from Outcast; *Edmund had learned "to speak softly and with as little movement of the lips as possible."*

But scenes showing a tightly closed mouth are not so good for the talkies, so Edmund Lowe had to unlearn silent movie technique and revert to facial practices of his stage days.

Edmund Lowe tells of the changes his art has had to undergo during his career on the stage, the silent screen, and in the talkies—and comes out strong for the speaking movie.

By ALLEN A. STAMPS

WHY are you so certain that dialogue pictures are with us to stay?" I asked Edmund Lowe.

"Because the talking picture, as a scientific fact, is too great a discovery to be discarded," Lowe responded earnestly. "Only a few years ago, when motion pictures —the silent kind—were new, people were saying of them the same things they are today saying about dialogue productions. People were saying: 'Moving pictures cannot succeed; they cannot compete with the stage.' But moving pictures did succeed and they became many, many times greater than the stage has ever been.

"Science will not let talking pictures be cast aside. Do you realize how wonderful it is that a man can move and talk and the entire world can see and hear him? Of course, talking pictures are as yet very new and very far from perfection, but do not lose sight of the fact that they have been in existence only a short time. Ultimately, motion pictures will talk, will be in natural color and will have depth—the third dimension. I am convinced that the day will come when motion pictures will be so lifelike that an audience will receive the same reactions from a photoplay that it now receives from a legitimate play."

THIS conversation, which I am recording as nearly as I can remember it, took place in the cellar store room beneath the Lowe residence in Beverly Hills. I had accompanied the screen star down a narrow flight of steps on an exploring excursion into the past. Deep down in a dark recess of the damp cellar stood an old trunk, mildewed with age. Edmund Lowe knelt before it. Article by article, the actor lifted memorable souvenirs into the light. A moth-eaten swallow-tail. A highly-colored suit with extremely narrow trouser legs, broad hips and heavily-padded shoulders. A tarnished cigarette case and a worn billfold containing several blank checks.

THIS is the first time I have opened this trunk since 1920. These aged props bring back memories. Why, digging into this old trunk is like returning dead things to life."

"Including your voice, Eddie," I suggested. "Do you realize that talking pictures have done for you just what you are doing for the old swallow-tail? Talking pictures have opened your old wardrobe trunk, the trunk that used to accompany you on tours, and lifted your voice right out of moth balls and returned it to you, good as new."

"Great guns, you're right," Lowe's voice was almost sepulchral. "It had not occurred to me in just that sense, but what you say is true. My voice *has* been stored away.

"Why, it was my voice that really lifted me to success. When I was on the stage, critics were most kind to me. They pointed out that I promised great possibilities. Their encouraging words made me more ambitious. I

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SO THIS IS

Anne Howe tells what they're doing—

THERE was a scene in *The Virginian* which called for Mary Brian to be frightened by a tame cow running toward her.

Before the scene was taken, Director Victor Fleming explained, "Now, Mary, there is nothing to be afraid of. The cow is tame but she is supposed to become suddenly frightened and run toward you. But she isn't to hurt you."

"I know," said Mary, "but are you sure the cow understands that?"

The Reason

ROSETTA DUNCAN wired Hollywood friends. "I am coming. Vivian and my dog will stay another week in Yosemite because my dog is getting such a kick out of chasing the bears."

His Habit

THE script girl over on the RKO lot called to the assistant director to ask a question.

The assistant only hummed a tune.

Again she called and again he hummed the same little tune over and over. In desperation she asked him if he did not hear her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I have been working on these musical comedies so long that when anyone asks me a question, I sing the answer."

A Visitor in Washington

DOLORES DEL RIO found that there was one thing she could not do. She could not visit the president at the White House without first being introduced by the representative of her native country, Mexico.

She secured the necessary introduction and was then welcomed by President Hoover.

Distinction

ROD LA ROCQUE is the sixth white man to be made an honorary member of the Pawnee tribe of Indians. Others are Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Edward Dougherty, of Washington, D. C.; The Canadian Premier, Mayor Walker and Mayor Edwards, of Seattle.

Rod's new name is Ishcahabe, meaning "Chief Guiding Star."

Richard Barthelmess, long an ardent tennis fan, pauses for a session with his pipe, his almost inseparable companion during his leisure hours. He rates a lot of play after his work in his latest picture, Drag.

Raquel Torres, sparkling Mexican M-G-M player, demonstrates a plan by which school days could be made more interesting. Señorita Raquel played a lead in The Bridge of San Luis Rey, *and is going strong.*

HOLLYWOOD!

saying—thinking—in Celluloidia.

Getting Service

ERIC VON STROHEIM had ordered some new mown hay to be used in a picture. He was not pleased with the hay brought him and said, "When I order new mown hay I don't want weeds."

"But," said the man, "that is new mown hay."

"That's not new mown hay," said Von. "You can't argue with me. I'm the boss around here."

Reed Asks a Favor

VICTOR BARAVALLE arranged all the music for the picture, *Rio Rita.* It was necessary for him to direct the orchestra that accompanied John Boles in singing his part. They just couldn't get together.

They would start, John would hold up his hand and say, "Just a minute." Then they would begin again and Mr. Baravalle would hold up his hand and say, "Just a minute." After this had happened a few times, Luther Reed, director of the picture, said, "Now, listen, boys. I know I am only the director here, but give me a break. Let me stop them once in a while."

Omitting an Essential

THE Fox Company built a very nice bungalow dressing room on the lot for Mr. Will Rogers. It was quite the most novel one ever built on the lot and everyone expected Mr. Rogers to be overjoyed.

He looked it over and then disappointed everyone by saying, "It's a keen shack, but where's the place for my horse?"

Mr. Winfield Sheehan, vice-president of Fox films, had personally planned the erection of the building and was rather embarrassed to find he had forgotten the most important part—the stable. However, it's there now and everyone is happy.

His Limitation

BILL HAINES doesn't exactly shun publicity, but he does shy at it. The press walked gaily up to him and said, "Well, Mr. Haines, we would like a little story on you. Won't take up much of your time."

Haines looked a little bored and asked, "What kind of a story do you want?"

"Oh, just a little story—about ten thousand words."

"Sorry," said Bill, "I don't know that many words."

Barbara Ann Bustetter and sister Beverly Ann, youthful talkie workers. A baby is allowed to work no longer than four hours, but these twins, by alternating, managed to put in eight hours per day for Three Live Ghosts.

Carol Lombard is the first graduate of Pathé's Training School in Talkie Technique. This shimmering beauty has adorned High Voltage *and* Big News, *and is recognized as one of the talkies' best bets.*

Lupe
gram
L

Wise Gal

ALICE WHITE has moved. She doesn't say where and when asked why, she said, "Well, I have a new sweetie and I don't want any one of the old ones dropping in unexpectedly."

He Knew

MATT MOORE, Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor, was being directed in a love scene.

"No, no," said the director, "don't you know what love is?"

"Yeah," drawled Matt, "it's a term that is used in tennis."

Trials of an Equestrienne

IT WOULD be hard to convince Leatrice Joy that animals have no sense of humor, after an experience she had with a horse on a set in *A Most Immoral Lady*, her latest starring picture for First National.

In one of the scenes, Miss Joy was called upon to do a canter in a park. Not having seen a horse for several months, owing to her extended vaudeville tour, Leatrice naturally felt the effects of her ride. Next day she limped painfully onto the set and was forced to listen to much kidding from her fellow actors.

She didn't mind that, but when the horse she had been riding emitted a loud neigh, it was more than she could stand.

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So This is Hollywood

Adrian, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer costume designer, calls on Greta Garbo to find out how she likes the pajama costume he designed. Exotic garment for an exotic lady.

Cliff's Question

BUSTER KEATON'S press agent was explaining how the artist worked out his gags.

"You see, he takes chess men and moves them about from different angles. If they bump into each other they naturally fall down."

Cliff Edwards was listening attentively and when the press agent reached that point, said, "Yeh, I understand that, but how does he arrive at a fancy flop?"

Accommodating

EDMUND LOWE was watching Lilyan Tashman do one of her famous vamping characterizations on a set on *Tin Pan Alley* recently, when a man standing on the sidelines exclaimed:

"Gee, that Tashman is a gorgeous blonde. I could love a woman like that. Wonder if she would take dinner with me?"

Alan Hale's parrot seems to have language habits that shock this exceedingly popular Pathé player, but one wonders just where the parrot learned the tough stuff. They've even got parrots in the talkies, now!

"Well, she never refused to eat with me," answered Lowe.

"Oh, then you know her," said the other. "Do me a favor, old man. Introduce me."

"Sure," said Eddie. "Anything to save a dollar. I intended to take her out to eat, but I can do that any time. Lil's my wife, you know."

Lively Conversation

KEN MAYNARD was having a little heated argument with an employe of the Universal Studios.

"I'm a star," said Maynard. "You can't talk to me like that."

"Well," said the other, "I'm not a star but I didn't have to get a horse to support me."

That remark put Maynard into a fighting mood.

"Say, you," he threatened, "you'd better not get me angry! Just remember I always win my fights."

"So I see by your pictures," said the other man.

The Difficulty

BUDDY ROGERS was sitting on a stump on the location set. Mary Brian was in a like position but on the other side of the set.

A friend spoke to Buddy. "Well, pal, what's the meaning of this? I thought you were thick with Mary."

"Nope," said Buddy.

"Now, come, come, don't give up so easily; maybe you didn't use enough sugar."

"Yes, I did," said Buddy, "but the darn thing won't jell."

Clara Emerges

CLARA BOW'S engagement to Harry Richman seemingly has brought her out of her hermit life. She's appearing in public almost every day now, clinging to Harry's arm. It used to be that Clara always kept pretty much to herself, entertaining her friends either at her Beverly Hills home or at her beach home in the Malibu. But now she's apparently changed her mind. Since the engagement became public, she has been seen any number of times on the boulevard, at the Montmartre and at the Roosevelt Hotel dinner dance. The natives and tourists are getting quite a kick out of seeing her since she gave up her secluded life.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (Joan Crawford), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan's mother, Mrs. Le Sueur, form a happy trio upon the return of Doug, Jr., and Joan from New York City, where they were married.

Canine Costs

JAMES HALL has decided it's about time to quit being too good a friend to friends. It's much too costly, he says. Jimmie is a lover of dogs. He started out with a valuable black wire haired fox terrier. His friends learned he liked dogs and was good to them. First thing he knew somebody presented him with a blooded police dog. It's a huge one. The police dog and the terrier are great pals. Jimmie thought that was great. Then another friend went broke and heard about Jimmie and his two dogs. The friend had a huge Great Dane. Jimmie took it. All was well until he got his bill from the meat market. Now he's trying to get rid of the dogs—that is, the police dog and the Great Dane.

M-G-M's startling "Living Billboard," advertising The Hollywood Revue of 1929, *employs fifteen beautiful dancing girls, and promises to make this advertising pay.*

An Attention-Grabber

FIFTEEN beautifully costumed girls, in dance evolutions atop of giant letters while multicolored lights played over the fantastic scene, formed one of the most amazing signs ever invented, the "Living Billboard" erected by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to commemorate the world première of *The Hollywood Revue of 1929* at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood.

The "Billboard" was seventy-five feet high, and erected on a busy Los Angeles corner. Each letter spelling "Hollywood Revue" was constructed of lumber five feet high and stood out from the board some four feet, so that the top of each character was a miniature dancing platform, and on top of each a girl pirouetted. Girls appearing in the revue itself were employed in the unique sign, which blocked traffic and was watched by

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AND THIS IS PARIS!

A new department telling what goes on among members of the American film colony sojourning in Gay Paree.

By COUNTESS JOSEPHINE de CHILLY

Pola Negri and her divorced husband, Prince Serge M'Divani, said good-bye and parted friends, after two years of married life.

Jascha Heifetz, noted violinist, and his wife, Florence Vidor, were guests of honor at a recent dinner party given on the River Seine.

PARIS, FRANCE.

POLA NEGRI, after filing a petition in the Paris courts for divorce from Prince Serge M'Divani, her Georgian husband, went off to Elstree, England, to make a picture, whence come rumors of a new and positively lamb-like Pola. No more temperamental explosions! Perhaps too much temperament caused the divorce; for while both declare they are parting friends, they admit marriage was just a little bit difficult. They were wed near Paris, at Serincourt, about two years ago.

Rudolph Valentino's widow, Madame Natacha Rambova, was here designing costumes for the first American Opera produced in Paris, *A Light From St. Agnes*. The American colony treated this opera like a family party (several local American musicians being in the cast) and numerous parties were given.

Loads of cinema and near-cinema people have been through here lately. The near-cinema ones are those artists of other fields newly caught in the snares of the sound-film and talkie. Irving Berlin, who has composed the music for *Mammy*, a talkie to be played by Al Jolson (whose *Jazz Singer* is having a long successful run here on the boulevards) rushed through Paris on his way to the Lido.

WE ARE wondering on this side whether Norman Kerry's divorce decree—due to take effect in a year—will stand or fall.

He arrived here hatless, so to speak, after his sensational leap aboard the same boat that bore his ex-wife to Europe, just as the liner steamed out of the harbor. Hopes that he was catching up with a reconciliation were dashed, however, when he told the Paris reporter who met the boat, that that wasn't what he came for. Peggy Joyce stood beside him while he made this declaration.

A wonderful party was given here for Florence Vidor, with her husband, the famous violinist, Jascha Heifetz, and the Edsel Fords (son and daughter-in-law of the great Henry) as co-honorees. The hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Jules Glaenzer, who took nearly a hundred guests to dinner down the Seine, on a *bateau mouche* as far as the Pêche Miraculeuse (Miraculous Fishing—or Miraculous Peach, you can translate it, if you're with a pretty girl)!

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Exploring Ronald Colman's

What sort of life does Hollywood's male sphinx lead? Why has his haven of bachelorhood been kept mysterious? SCREEN SECRETS tells its readers what goes on behind the high white plaster wall, hedged with ragged red geraniums, that guards his house.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Ronald Colman gazes across the patio cubierto *of his part-Mexican-part-Spanish home, while the world wonders what the interior of his house looks like.*

THERE is a mystery about Ronald Colman embodied in his famous "unseen house". Entrance is forbidden to those outside his fraternity of friends; the privacy of the Colman domicile is as sacred as are the cities of Tibet.

There is nothing belligerent about Colman's attitude concerning his inviolate castle. It is merely steadfast and British. He has no inexplicable aversion to entertaining the fourth estate at his home. No, not that. Colman merely holds some things sacred. Among them is his home. He doesn't want it cluttered with prying eyes and ears. He prefers privacy and he means just that.

It was knowing just what he wanted that compelled Colman to search long and mightily two years ago when he decided to move from his Manhattan street home in the well-tenanted Wilshire district of Los Angeles. He wanted a house with sufficient grounds on which to lay out a tennis court. He found it after hunting for weeks. He found a little eight-room house on the side of a hill, bought it, and immediately started to remodel it. Incidentally, and to dispel a popular rumor, he did not buy Norma Shearer's home which she vacated to become Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook and William Powell are frequent visitors of Colman's and are considered his most intimate friends.

I HAVE seen his house—been his guest there—and the privilege seems almost too great to be true, because of the impossibility of anyone outside Ronald Colman's select coterie ever gaining access to the little house on the hill.

Ronald Colman is the most affable of persons to know He has, gathered about him, a small and select circle of friends, each of whom plays a good game of tennis. Indeed, anyone at first knowledge of Colman might think that tennis was the prime requisite of intimate friendship with him. This is not true. Nor is it true that the next requirement is that of English birth, although many of the persons who gather for a dish of tea on the grassy terrace overlooking the tennis court, first saw light of day under the Union Jack.

"Yes, it is nice here in Hollywood," said Ronald, his words coming forth close-cropped and terse, "if you are an actor. I can imagine no better place to live when you are in this profession. Of course, if you were a writer, a painter, a sculptor, it would be different."

'Unseen Home' in Hollywood

"Where then would you want to live?"

"Oh—along the coast of Italy, perhaps," drawing on a cigarette. "In China. Egypt. God knows where. You could move from place to place."

Not a malcontent, Colman, but a man who knows what he wants, and, under existing circumstances, gets it. Seldom has he to suffer compensations. It was that way with this house, far up in the Hollywood hills, on a little street that runs up the spine of a small mound. A street that ends there. Perhaps it dies of sheer joy, happy to have been of service to Colman. At any event, it is seldom trespassed by tourists because it is guarded by a sign that says "Not a Through Street."

Across from Colman's part-Mexican-part-Spanish home, Janet Gaynor lives in a little white frame building. There are not more than five other houses on the hill. At night, the lights of Los Angeles and Hollywood spread themselves out, glowingly, for Colman's consideration. He can see a glittering carpet of them from his sleeping room on the second floor of his white plaster house.

ONCE inside the door, set with a tiny window through which Tono, his Filipino house boy peers, you can understand Colman's scheme of existence. It is to eradicate, put aside, the outside conflict. He succeeds admirably with the final turning of the

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Even his tennis court is screened off from outside view. Colman's favorite pastime is the racquet game.

Colman's hacienda, *his little estate, is as indigenous to this semi-tropical country as are the palms outside the door, and the pepper trees and the tall, waving, odorous eucalypti. He would much rather play tennis than swim; so, there is no swimming pool. His property is just so many square feet of perfection: an Eden without an Eve.*

A SINGING HEART

Cliff Edwards was a waiter when he started picking on a ukulele. He changed his name to Ukelele Ike and soon he rose from slinging hash to crooning for cash—and a movie career.

By CLIFFORD RANDALL

When Cliff Edwards was fourteen, he worked from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m., singing twenty songs a day for $4 a week.

HE USED to sling hash in one-armed lunch rooms for $16 a week.

Today he serves hot melody for more money than he knows he makes.

Cliff Edwards is his name. You know him better as Ukelele Ike, a born troubador who has absolutely no illusions and delusions and takes fame and fortune with a Great Neck horselaugh.

Amazing, the gigantic success of this crooning ballader who used to warble torch songs to drunks in night dives, paint freight cars, sell newspapers, peddle magazine subscriptions, demonstrate nasal humanatones and play trap drums.

Consider this bland-faced minstrel man singing seventy-one phonograph records in three years and setting a sales bumper crop with 11,000,000 records sold!

And for each and every record sold he has collected three cents apiece royalty, in addition to a singing fee of $1,000 per record—which, if you want to figure it up, runs mighty close to $1,000,000.

Today, Cliff has deserted the stage for the movies and is struggling along making whoopee in talkies for a weekly check that has three 0's printed thereon. And this in addition to phonograph earnings.

Owens, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gateman, struggles with and tries to prevent Ukelele Ike from taking his constant companion with him on a sound set.

To the world at large, Ukelele Ike was more or less obscure until he began making records about six years ago, when his quaint manner of "selling" songs attracted attention on the stage.

His first record was *Old Fashioned Love* and *My Lovey Came Back*. He clicked right off the bat.

Ukelele Ike records were the rage. Hundreds of songsters began—and still do—to imitate his clarinet vocal register and hey-heying.

He made *June Night* and sold 1,200,000 of that issue alone. *It Had To Be You* polled 800,000. *Somebody Loves Me* registered 500,000 and *Red Hot Mamma* hit in the neighborhood of 1,000,000.

CLIFF was born in Hannibal, Missouri, of German-Irish parentage. Poverty sent him out on the streets of St. Louis, when he was ten years old, to sell newspapers. He was a tough urchin who would just as soon fight as sing—and he loved to sing. He had practically no schooling, but was trained in the painting trade at a car shop where he later worked.

When he was fourteen, Cliff got himself a job singing for illustrated slides and playing trap drums in the People's Palace. He worked from 11:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m., singing twenty songs a day. He got $4 a week and he was glad to get it.

All day long he sang *Just Plain Folks, Take Me Out For a Joy Ride, Mother Machree* and *Just Break the News to Mother.* Then when he got back to his room he'd sing some more for his own amusement. He still does.

Between scenes you will find him in his dressing room, singing and spanking his trusty ukulele for no other reason than because he enjoys it. He has a singing heart.

Ukelele Ike strums a few bars of melody for Bessie Love, while her pooch looks on approvingly. Ike and Bessie appear in The Hollywood Revue of 1929.

THE Electric Theater in St. Charles, Missouri, was Cliff's second theatrical venture and by that time he was badly bitten. Things at home weren't so helpful to the boy's ambitions, so he climbed the rods of a freight train and landed with Patterson's Carnival at Waco, Texas, selling cider and humanatones—musical atrocities that are blown through one's nose—remember?

He hit Cleveland for the winter and peddled his humanatone stock in a department store during the Christmas holidays. He went broke and decided to be a movie actor because he looked like a slapstick comic he saw working for Johnny and Emma Ray in their Cleveland movie factory. He worked for nine months at their plant and then found himself looking for work again when the studio gave up the ghost and expired without benefit of payrolls.

Ike again hit the rods and caught his first sight of New York from the Grand Central freight yards. He rang doorbells with magazine subscriptions and then went to work at Thompson's lunch-room in the heart of the theatrical district on Broadway, because eating was more certain in such a job.

Cliff has since sipped a mug of coffee in this same restaurant and looked across the street to the *Ziegfeld Follies*, where his name blazed in electric lights.

Chicago next saw Cliff. Broke again. He found that Thompson's also operated in Chicago, so he went back to hash slinging until he landed a job singing in the Federal Inn for $20 a week.

Cliff Edwards "goes Italy," stepping out of his Ukelele Ike character into that of Marie, *in M-G-M's gigantic and spectacular attraction,* The Hollywood Revue of 1929.

IN SOME unknown manner, Cliff drifted into a quartet as a tenor and went on the road. It was in this company that he discovered his freak voice.

Seems that the leading lady of the troupe sang *Auld Lang Syne* and the quartet followed by singing it all jazzed up. Clowning on performance, Cliff discovered he could make all sort of strange noises and warble a high falsetto at the same time.

It also was in this show that Cliff first was introduced to the ukulele he has made more famous than all the Hawaiians put together. He picked one up in his dressing room and began to strum it. He never had a lesson. It just seems to have come naturally to him.

After this show, Cliff went back to torch singing in the Arsonia in Chicago, wheeling about a little piano after the band went home and jerking tears from the maudlin members of the party

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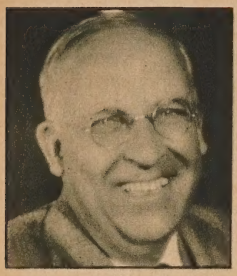
HARRY CARR'S

THE PICTURE CIRCUS



Mr. Carr has the best motion picture background of anyone writing about the movies today. Besides conducting a column for The Los Angeles Times, *Mr. Carr has received screen credit for such masterpieces as* Old Ironsides, Wedding March *and* The Divine Lady. *His comments appear only in* SCREEN SECRETS, *among fan magazines.*

THE grandest sight in Hollywood is Mr. Stepin Fetchit, the colored actor coming to his daily toil.

There are other actors who steam up in a spiffy car, while the gate-keeper salaams to the ground. Stepin Fetchit drives up in two spiffy cars.

He adorns a high-bred roadster in person—all dressed up in an aviator's helmet. Behind him rolls an empty limousine driven by a chauffeur who wears a uniform as overwhelming as a South American admiral. If it is by night, all the lights in the limousine are blazing; it looks like an ocean liner going by. He used to drive the leading car in the procession himself, but his method was too impetuous for the police and so they took away his driver's license.

The Old Griffith

GRIFFITH has come back from New York with all kinds of plans for stage plays in the movies and the distinct possibility of Carol Dempster coming back to the screen.

If I had anything to do with his plans, he would go back to his old time thrillers with the villain chasing the young lady around the room and the cavalry galloping to the rescue.

Recently, Russia employed a great Swedish psychologist to analyze the reactions of movie audiences. He turned them inside out—heart and soul. His report to the government as to what movies ought to be, sounds exactly as though he were describing a Griffith play.

Diet

TWO Hollywood doctors of my acquaintance have given up their summer vacations. They have read about the number of girls who are taking this Eighteen-day Diet and they do not mean to be out of the market when the prospect of patients is so good. They predict that about half the screen world will be laid up with sick tum-tums.

Lupe Raised Her Nose

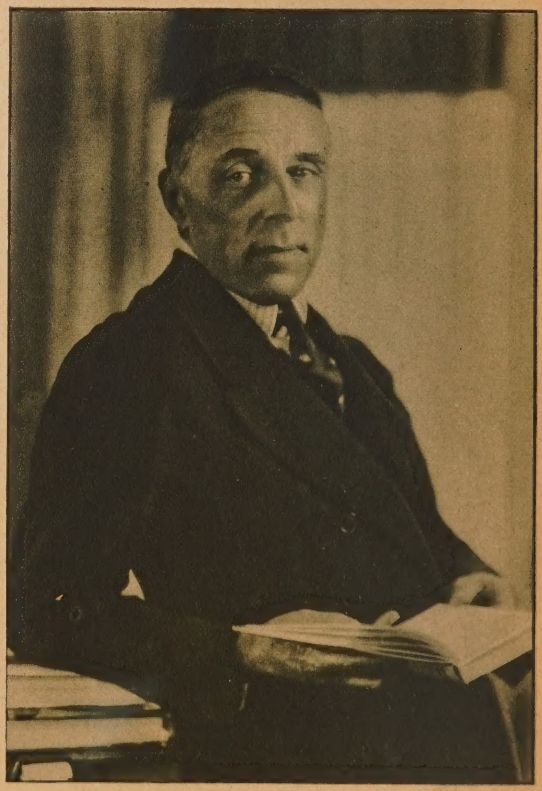
OUR unterrified little friend, Lupe, has given the colony another severe shock. At a midnight performance at the Warners Brothers Theater, Lupe was called upon for a stunt by a master of ceremonies who swears by the Great Horn Spoon that he didn't know what was going to happen.

Lupe said she would give an imitation of a couple of fellow artistes. She first showed how the luscious if excitable Jetta Goudal used to come on the sets at the Griffith studio with her nose very much in the air. Then she gave an imitation of the imperial Señorita Dolores Del Rio, that startled the audience with its audacity.

The Ride Actor

JOHN STAHL has dug up an all but forgotten face. There was a day when Gareth Hughes was one of the biggest cards in pictures. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* was his high note and his swan song. He made a fortune in Hollywood real estate and retired. Being a very blasé and world-weary young man, he just couldn't figure himself getting up early enough in the morning to bother about a picture career.

Stahl had to hold out many inducements to get him to take a part in Leo Carrillo's *Mister Antonio.* But I think the real bait was Ling.



David Wark Griffith is planning to produce New York stage plays for the talkies, says Harry Carr.

PRIVATE LINE

FROM THE INSIDE

His Pal—Ling

LING is Leo Carrillo's dresser and valet. At one time, however, he was also a professional gentleman. He was the Chink who dangled over the heads of the audience at the old Hippodrome in New York, hanging by his queue on a wire. One day the wire or his tresses played him false, and he fell, breaking his legs.

Ling and the cultured Mr. Hughes are inseparable pals. If Ling is shooting sevens or elevens, it is a matter of despair on the part of the assistant director to try to get Gareth on the set.

Leo's Dream

LEO, by the way, is about to witness the fulfillment of one of his dreams. He comes of an old California family which has played a great part in history since the days of the conquistadores. The old estate was a rancho that included all the land where Santa Monica now stands.

Leo has bought part of it back and is building an old-style California ranch-house. He has named it "El Ranchito de Los Alisos" (the little ranch of the sycamore trees). He has made a will in which he leaves this ranch to the poor Mexicans and Spanish people of California to be used by them for holding their barbecues.

The two of us have made a compact to boil in oil the next guy who calls him Mr. Car-ill-o. His name is pronounced "Car-reel-yo."

How to Say Them

JUST so Lupe Velez is rightly called Valeth—with a sound mid-way between a lisped "th" and an "s." And also Ramon Novarro is not Raymon-d with the d left off; but Rah-mone—with the accent on the last

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Hollywood's madcap, Lupe Velez, looks sedate enough in this costume, but look closely — there's mischief in her eyes.

Billie Dove looks over a scene from Her Private Life, *and John R. Rawlins, First National film editor, hesitates about cutting the film when Billie looks at him, with a plea in her eyes. He'll not cut it, for he who hesitates is lost—when looking into Billie's eyes.*

DOCTORING

When Crown Prince Talkie suffers vowel correct it. Split infinitives are easily patched Prince Talkie will soon be strong enough to

By BOB MOAK

John Arnold, M-G-M cameraman, uses the mixing panel to iron out Renee Adoree's almost imperceptible French accent—and she listens in on the results.

DOC GENIUS has issued his monthly bulletin on the progress of the convalescence of Crown Prince Talkie, the next ruler of Cinemaland. It reads: "Improvement in the condition of the patient has been so marked in the last six months, that I am authorized to announce that King Silent Film, due to old age and general debility, plans to abdicate in favor of his son, early in 1930."

So Movieland rejoices. The kingdom is safe.

Turn back the pages for a minute.

Had Alice White informed her friends a year ago that she could sing, they would have laughed heartily.

Had Victor McLaglen, he with the English accent, announced he would play the rôle of an American slang-tosser, he would have been booed.

Had Raymond Griffith, who suffered a throat affliction and long since has spoken only in a whisper, confided that he planned to stage a great comeback because of the tie-up of sound and shadow, he might have been rushed off to the psychopathic ward.

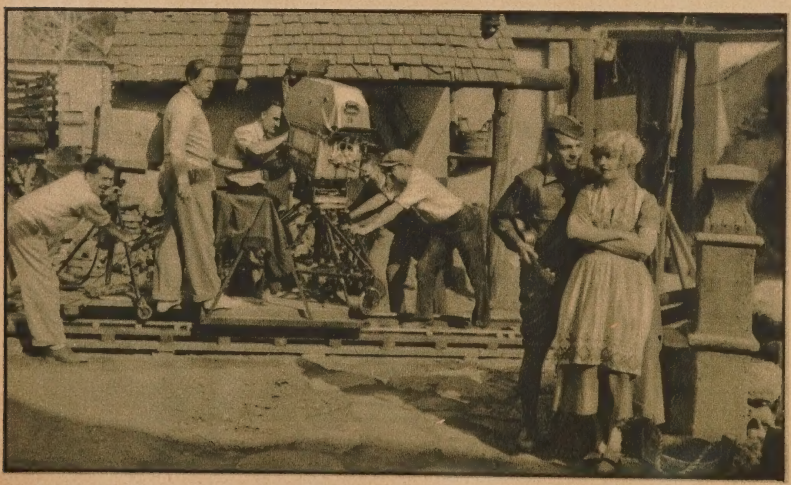
BUT times have changed in the movie industry. No longer does the squeak and squawk of the talkies irritate the nervous system of the audience to the point where theater-goers pray for the return of silent pictures. No longer does the inclusion of dialogue and sound slow up the films to a point where they are uninteresting.

If the part fits some beautiful young actress who has been trained in the art of pantomime rather than in elocution, it matters not. The recording apparatus can be so manipulated that she can play her rôle without alienating the affections of her fan following. Should the story call for a cross-country dash by cowboys or the filming of an auto chase, it can be done, and with sound, too.

Yes, the talkies have taken to walking. Their creeping days are only a memory.

The master magician of modern sorcery is the "sound mixer." He is a veritable "sleight-of-voice artist—a demi-god who sits alone at a mixing table in a tiny enclosure on the sound-proof stage, peering out at the set and the actors through tri-paned windows.

At his fingertips, as he twists the dials that control the microphones, is the destiny of each and every player who has a line to speak in the production.



Robert Z. Leonard directs a love scene featuring Lawrence Gray and Marion Davies in Marianne, *while his assistants on the set maneuver the talkie cameras and microphones to get unusual shots.*

the TALKIES

complaint, Old Doc Genius steps right up to up—so is broken English—in short, Crown occupy his throne as King of Movieland.

THE sound mixer is a new figure in the operation of the picture-making plants. Only recently has he come into being, for he is the recording technician assigned to every film and it is his job to see that the voices and sounds are properly registered on film or disc.

He derives his cognomen, mixer, from the fact that he sits at an instrument board with from six to twelve dials, each connected with a mike, so that he can increase or decrease the power of a speaker's voice, as he sees fit.

And it is this same sound mixer who makes a singer of Alice White, who soft pedals Victor McLaglen's accent, and who puts power and tone into Raymond Griffith's whisper! Voice doubles have passed into the discard in the Hollywood factories since the movie-makers began hiring "sound mixers" away from the radio broadcasting stations.

And working as a close ally of the mixer is the film cutter, who, in the old days, was nothing more than a cog in the big technical wheel, but who, with the dawn of the talkies, has found his place in the sun. Should the mixer err, the cutter comes to the rescue.

Between the two, it no longer is necessary to remake entire scenes or sequences because of a mispronounced or misplaced word.

Norma Shearer takes a trip to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound department to watch and listen to her own voice on one of the recording discs.

ALICE WHITE is a tiny bit of humanity and her voice is as small as her physique. As for singing lessons—well, Alice studied stenography.

Little wonder that movie magnates gazed at one another in amazement when First National chiefs announced that Alice would be starred in an all-dialogue version of *Broadway Babies.*

"Must be going to use a double on the songs," suggested one.

But those who doubted hadn't taken into consideration the fact that anyone can sing if he does not go in for volume. Then, too, word of the newly discovered powers of the gentleman known as the mixer had not yet spread to all corners of Hollywood.

Alice did sing. In fact, she sang right into the ear of the hidden microphone.

The strength of her voice was increased by juggling the keys on the mixer's desk.

A few short months ago no producer would have thought of casting Raymond Griffith in a talking picture. That is, not unless they expected to let Raymond, a finished actor, go through the motions, while

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Alan Crosland, director of General Crack, *John Barrymore's first talking picture, presents his star with a permanent record of his first day's work in this eighteenth century story of adventure and romance.*

The JOY of

At fifteen, Leatrice Joy decided to become a motion picture actress—today she has accomplished that—and vaudeville and talking picture stardom besides!

By RUTH BIERY

A YOUNG girl of fifteen stood on the veranda of her comfortable home in New Orleans, contemplating the future which was beckoning. She turned to her typically southern, home-loving mother and said, quietly, "I am going to be an actress, a motion picture actress!"

Her mother looked up from the bedspread she was piecing together and registered her inherited feminine indignation. That evening, the girl's grandmother, her father, her relatives and neighbors reiterated and re-emphasized the words of her mother.

"Southern girls don't work for a living—

"Women of culture marry and make homes for fine Southern children—

"Only one girl out of a million ever makes a success of acting—"

"But I am that one girl and I am going to make a success," retorted the girl. The girl was Leatrice Joy.

Two months later she was working for the Nola Films Company, in New Orleans. The fact that she talked French like a native secured a small part she was playing

IT WAS while making that very first picture that I met John Gilbert," she said. "He played the part of a gardener. I shall never forget what Marcia Manon said about him even then. He was so young and yet so cynical, so bitter about pictures and his work in them.

Preparedness has always been the watchword of Leatrice Joy. Once in motion pictures, she studied voice—then came the talkies—and Leatrice polished up a bit with a vaudeville tour, practicing tap dancing. Her first talkie part called for a tap dancing bit—so again the reward of preparedness has been success. Even in matrimony, Leatrice was prepared for contingencies. Married early in her career to John Gilbert, she refused to leave the screen, because, she says, "To keep my work meant that I would always be prepared to be independent."

Walter Pidgeon and Leatrice Joy, in the two principal rôles in the picture, celebrate their reunion in the final scenes of A Most Immoral Lady.

Accomplishment

Marcia said she would like to give him a good spanking.

IT WAS during the making of *Bunty Pulls the Strings* that we were married. Baby Leatrice is four and a half, but since I am Vitaphoning, I call her four. I have always refused to talk about John. When things are past in life, it is better to say nothing." (Leatrice Joy and Florence Vidor!—two Southern women who have consistently restrained from discussing their matrimonial ventures).

"I never gave up my professional life while I was married to John," Leatrice continued. "I believe that women who make money, whether it be in pictures or other work, learn automatically to be the head of their families. My mother was ill for a long period, so I had become the one responsible for her.

"Ask Lois Wilson or any number of others. It would not have been fair to have asked John to shoulder my responsibilities. He was a young actor, struggling. Besides, to keep my work meant that I would always be prepared to be independent.

BUT how different, how different! I went with John to the opening of *The Big Parade* in New York, after we were divorced—I married him when he was just beginning!"

"Do you know Greta Garbo? What is she like?"

For several minutes we discussed—or, rather, I talked of—Miss Garbo. Leatrice had never met her. She made no comment. It didn't seem necessary. But my heart seemed to reach out and grasp her's with a clasp of understanding. Not one question did she ask about Ina Claire.

While waiting for her cue to go on the stage, during her recent vaudeville tour, this Joy of Joys applied herself to mastering the intricacies of tap dancing.

It was just ten years after her start in pictures that Leatrice Joy one night was waiting her cue to go on the stage of a Minneapolis theater. While waiting, she was practicing tap dancing, under the tutelage of one of the other vaudeville performers.

"Why are you doing that?" a visiting editor inquired.

"To be prepared. You can't tell when they'll want to hear my feet as well as my voice in the talkies. I'm one little gal who's going to be ready for anything," explained the lovely Leatrice.

Two months later she signed with First National for four pictures, one of which required tap dancing.

I wondered, when the editor told me about the tap dancing and Leatrice told me of herself as a young girl and her declaration to her mother about being a movie actress—if the Leatrice Joy as a girl could have forseen her future as Leatrice Joy, the woman—if youth could have glimpsed the failures and the successes, the

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Anita Stewart

Nick Stuart

Paul Page

Mary Eaton

CUPID'S BULLETIN

¶ The chubby little God of Love punctures Hollywood hearts.

FRANCES MARION, scenarist at M-G-M, and widow of the late Fred Thomson, is rumored engaged to George Hill, director on the same lot. Friends of the pair say they're to be wed several months hence, but Miss Marion is noncommittal.

"Maybe we will. We've known each other for seventeen years," was Mr. Hill's reply when asked if he and Miss Marion would walk to the altar.

Anita Stewart Marries

I TRIED it once before, when I was only eighteen. This time I'm older, twenty-eight, and I think my judgment is better. I do hope it takes."

So said Anita Stewart when she filed her declaration of intent to wed George P. Converse, New York banker.

The couple were married recently at the Chateau Elysee, home of many film stars, by Reverend James H. Lash, who officiated at the marriage of Constance Talmadge to Townsend Netcher. Lucille Stewart, sister of the bride, acted as matron of honor. The couple left shortly afterwards on their honeymoon trip.

Sue's Way of Announcing

SUE CAROL chose the simplest way to announce her engagement to Nick Stuart. She wore the beautiful square-cut diamond ring which Nick had given her several months ago, to the studio the other day, and the secret was out.

"We are ready to make it known now," Sue said.

No plans have been made as yet for the wedding, which will probably not take place for several months.

Eaton-Webb Engagement

MILLARD WEBB, First National director, and Mary Eaton, stage actress who plays the lead in *Glorifying the American Girl,* have glorified each other by announcing their engagement.

Wedding bell chimes must be held in abeyance, however, since their work will keep them apart for several months, but they're surely going to ring, according to statements from Mr. Webb and his betrothed.

Untying the Bow

AFTER only eight months of married life, Tui Lorraine, one-time motion picture actress, has announced her intention to file suit for divorce from Robert Bow, father of the noted Clara.

The couple were secretly married last September, after a whirlwind courtship. The young woman, only twenty-one, had been employed as Clara's secretary, and it was through his daughter that Bow, forty-eight, met Miss Lorraine.

Paging Miss Allis

SIX years ago, Paul Page, one of the stage importations brought west by Fox, and Ethel Allis, eastern actress, played opposite each other in many ardent love scenes. The years have convinced them that they would do well to carry these sentiments into their private lives, so recently they took a day off and were married.

Crawford-Ruggles Romance

IT IS rumored that one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors is about to succumb to the wiles of Kathryn Crawford. Wesley Ruggles is the gentleman's name, and he is devoting all the time he can spare from his directorial duties, to squiring Miss Crawford to all the Hollywood festivities.

Doris Arbuckle Engaged

WHILE there's nothing official about it yet, so far as an announcement is concerned, everybody is saying, and nobody is denying, that it is likely that when Doris Arbuckle, Fatty's wife, wins her divorce, she will marry Lieutenant Victor Bertrandias.

Already she is wearing a platinum and diamond slave bracelet on her ankle. Inside is the legend, "To my love pilot." The bracelet is decorated with the wings of the Aviation Corps.

Lieut. Bertrandias holds a fine position in the aviation service of the United States, having served during fourteen years.

A Greater *Rio Rita*

Hollywood caps its many raids on Broadway talent with the enlistment of Ziegfeld musical directors, song writers, chorus trainers and dialogue writers—to produce a dazzling screen version of one of the Broadway impresario's best bets.

By HARMONY HAYNES

Robert Woolsey, the dressed-in-white fellow with his mouth open, is one of the comedy hits of RKO's singing extravaganza. And the charming background in this picture is a mere hint of the colorful company in Rio Rita.

John Boles sings an inspired tenor to the warm contralto of lovely Bebe Daniels. Rio Rita *is Bebe's first talking picture—and what a decided hit she makes!*

ONE of the greatest blows to Broadway's stage shows has been Hollywood's procedure of recruiting actors for the talkies, but now comes another series of raids which threatens to put Mr. Ziegfeld and other theatrical impresarios out of business.

Musical directors, song writers, chorus trainers and dialogue writers for New York's finest productions, are now on Hollywood payrolls. In *Rio Rita,* RKO's all-talking, all-musical extravaganza, the picture-going public will not only see the film version of a Flo Ziegfeld success, but several erstwhile mainsprings of the Ziegfeld organization will be enlisted by RKO to out-Ziegfeld Ziggy.

On location on the desert in the Rio Grande country, with gigantic mess, wardrobe, hospital and recreation tents to make life fairly tolerable, a company sufficient in numbers to populate a good-sized town set to work in a temperature hovering around 117 degrees to outdo all previous efforts of competing companies in producing a musical delight.

THERE is John Boles in the lead—he who sang so magnificently in *The Desert Song.* And the dark, sultry beauty, Bebe Daniels, newly-born to the talkies with a voice as dark and rich as her beauty, forsakes whirlwind comedy at last and comes into her own with the feminine lead opposite Boles in this picture.

Colorful? *Rio Rita* has splashes of gorgeous reds and blues and yellows and oranges and greens—enough brilliant colors to make a rainbow look dull and drab in comparison.

Victor Baravalle, formerly Florenz Ziegfeld's musical director, has the same position in the RKO organization—

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A Gift of the Stage

Ann Harding occupied the topmost pinnacle on the legitimate stage when the microphone beckoned—now she's one of the big hits of the talkies.

By HELEN STARR

ANN HARDING'S voice is being captured on film and disc, so that the world may hear this marvelous personality of the footlights. Miss Harding has created havoc among stage critics; she has fairly dazzled them by her brilliance—and now she has gone talkie, with the world waiting to hear her.

"These talkies are so refreshing," says this famous trouper. "On the stage your job is never done; you finish one performance only to do the same thing over again, but there's a satisfying finality about the pictures.

"A career—any kind of a career—is impossible without discipline," says Ann Harding.

It is difficult to associate anything strict with natural blond hair and large blue eyes. Miss Harding is one of a very few stars who still lets her hair grow to its natural luxuriant waistline length. And she is positively the only star on stage or screen who has never allowed a curling iron to touch her locks. She wears her hair straight, parting it in the center as Vilma Banky, Lillian Gish, Camilla Horn and Greta Garbo have

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Any bridegroom's heart would beat with pride at such a breath-taking vision of beauty as is Ann Harding in this superb wedding costume in Paris Bound, *her first talkie. Miss Harding, a marvelous personality recruited from the footlights, is one of Pathé's brightest talkie stars.*

Harry Bannister, called by critics the handsomest man on the stage, began his acquaintance with Ann Harding as her leading man. Now he's her husband!

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Jobyna Ralston's popularity started waning when she started talking about her love for her husband, Richard Arlen; she still loves Dick, but she's ceased talking about it—for publication!

By ANNE HOWE

MANY of Hollywood's most famous young ladies will admit, if pressed for the truth, that they talked their way to success in the movies. For instance—

There's the Hoboken brunette who adopted an accent and crashed the gates in the guise of a graduate of the Moscow Art Theatre.

There's the Sauk Centre red-head who got her start by convincing the casting office that she taught Clara Bow the meaning of the word "IT."

There's the Dubuque blonde who was lifted from the extra ranks to featured rôles because she "yessed" a famous director.

There's . . . But why go on? The list of those who reached the heights with loquacity as their ladder is almost without end. Then, too, this is not the story of a girl who won by the chinning method. Instead, it is the tale of one who got within an arm's length of stardom through sheer hard work, only to talk herself into obscurity!

Her name is Jobyna Ralston.

THE passing of the little Southern girl from the celluloid firmament is one of the greatest of all Hollywood tragedies. She is paying the price for sincerity in a town where it is tinsel, rather than gold, that glitters. Jobyna preached of love. Crucifixion was the penalty meted out to her.

Players have waxed rich in glory and currency by portraying sweetheart rôles on the screen. But in real life they must love only their public. The fans refuse to share the affections of their favorites.

Many a feminine star has gone on to greater popularity after marriage. But she remained mum about it after she tripped to the altar with the man of her dreams. She spoke of her career, of her art—of everything except her husband. She loved him, no doubt. But she didn't herald the fact.

Jobyna, on the other hand, believed love the greatest thing that could come to her. She married her "man in a million." As Mrs. Richard Arlen she was supremely happy.

So why not let the world know? Jobyna answered the question with action. She broadcast the news that Cupid finally had succeeded in Hollywood after many, many failures.

"I am the happiest girl on earth," she would tell interviewers. "Dick is the most wonderful man that ever lived."

Jobyna Ralston reaches for the brake as her hubby, Dick Arlen, steps on the bicycle pedals back in their own back yard.

It was one of those real life dramas with a kiss at the final fadeout. But in this case, I don't believe it could be called a happy ending.

TWO years ago I met Jobyna in the Montmartre. She had been married to Dick Arlen only six months before.

During the hour that we sat together over the luncheon table, I tried to draw from her something of her plans for her future in pictures, but I was unable to switch her from the topic of the newly-found bliss. Summed up, Jobyna's entire conversation amounted only to: "Ain't love grand?"

I assured her it must be if she felt that way about it.

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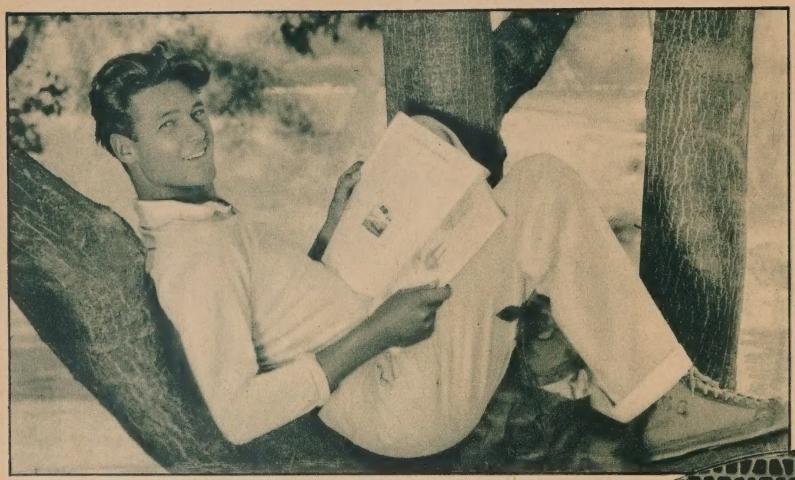
Charles Farrell's



Charles Farrell perches himself in the "hammock tree," on the grounds of his home, and takes life easy.

Charlie Farrell has just three more years of single life, and then—in 1932—he's going to marry! Where in these United States is the girl of his dreams—who combines the most attractive attributes of six noted screen stars?

WHEN he is thirty—that's three years hence—Charles Farrell will dive into the sea of love, pick the mermaid who comes nearest to matching the mental picture of his dream girl, and swim for the altar!

At the age of thirty-one, he hopes to be a proud parent.

And if, when he attains forty, he has a family of ten to feed, he will be the world's happiest human.

Charlie knows well this ideal girl who will some day be Mrs. Farrell. He has, I discovered, devoted a great deal of thought to the lady.

She has the hair and nose of Virginia Valli.
She has the eyes of Janet Gaynor.
She has the mouth and teeth of Clara Bow.
She has the chin of Mary Pickford.
She has the figure of Billie Dove.

AND that's not all Charlie can tell you about this dream person of his.

She has the charm and sweetness of Janet, plus the disposition and poise of Virginia, plus the loyalty of Mary. Into this mixture has been stirred the sense of humor of Colleen Moore.

There you have Charlie's word painting of the lady who will be the mother of his ten children!

Charlie has had only one love affair in his deep, dark past. It was a "puppy" romance during his school days in the old home town—a romance long since forgotten.

Since coming to Hollywood seven years ago, Charlie has gone about with two girls, but the question of love and marriage has not entered into either of these friendships.

The two young women whose companionship he has enjoyed in Cinematown are Janet and Virginia. Rumor has had him engaged to both at various times.

But Charlie has a reason for waiting three more years before asking any one to wed him.

Billie Dove's figure represents Charlie's idea of bodily perfection and is one of the requirements of his dream girl.

Dream Girl

As Revealed to
BOB MOAK

Janet Gaynor's beautiful brown eyes hold a charm and a sweetness to the discriminating Mr. Farrell.

Virginia Valli's hair and nose—also her poise and disposition—are parts of Charlie's dream girl.

Charles Farrell's dream girl must have a mouth and teeth like exuberantly magnetic Clara Bow's.

Mary Pickford's attractive chin—and her sense of loyalty—must be part of the future Mrs. Farrell.

MARRIAGE is a state into which two persons enter partnership for the balance of their natural lives, views of other Hollywoodians notwithstanding," said Charlie. "At least, that is the way I look at it, and I can say here and now that there will be but one marriage for me. That's why I want to be sure of myself, not only for my own good, but for the welfare of the girl who honors me by becoming my wife.

"Some fellows are level-headed enough at twenty-one or twenty-two to pick a bride with whom they can find great happiness, but I'm afraid of my own judgment. I'm sort of a dizzy guy at the best, but I'm improving, and I feel sure that when I am thirty I shall have both feet on the ground and know my own mind."

Charlie admits he prefers brunettes, but he doesn't know just why. He likes the color of and the way Virginia Valli dresses her hair.

"There's a charm and sweetness to those big, soft brown eyes of Janet Gaynor," said Charlie. "A fellow can't help being at his best when he is playing opposite a girl like her in a picture. The greatest effort of my career went into my work in *Seventh Heaven* and it was Janet's eyes that urged me on."

VIRGINIA VALLI, Charlie will tell you, has poise as well as a marvelous disposition.

"She is quiet, cool and peaceful," he declared. "She has a soothing effect upon everyone with whom she comes into contact. It is restful just to be in Virginia's company."

Mary Pickford, according to Charlie, is one person in Hollywood who never "threw down" a friend.

"Everyone who knows Mary will tell you that she has a sense of loyalty that is most unusual," continued *Chico*. "The troubles of others become her troubles and she bends her every effort to alleviate them. That would be a remarkable quality to find in a wife.

"Mary also has a wholesomeness or a something that you just can't define. It is noticeable in her films, but it is more noticeable when you see her in person and talk with her.

"I think Colleen Moore has the greatest sense of humor of any girl in pictures—and that's an asset to anyone, either husband or wife."

CHARLIE doesn't care whether Mrs. Farrell-to-be is a college girl or not, as long as she is intelligent and refined. He won't worry about her ability to cook. He would be pleased to find that she was interested in outdoor sports and music. But those are mere details to be found in his ideal.

This, however, is vital:

She must be of a maternal instinct!

"I want a wife and I want children and I'm serious when I say that ten children won't be too many. I'd be willing to make any sacrifice for a big family of my own. There could be no greater happiness in this world for me."

It was then that I reminded Charlie that more than one promising movie career has crashed with marriage.

"I can't believe that the fan public is selfish to the extent that they would lose interest in me as a husband and father," he said. "But if it is true, then I am perfectly willing to retire from the screen. I would rather drive a truck or dig ditches and have a wife and kiddies than be the most popular star who ever lived."

Charlie confided to me that he built his present abode with matrimony in mind, but the fact that the house is completed and in use will not cause him to swerve from his determination to wait three years before getting married. During the interim his mother will preside over its management.

But 1932 promises to be a big year for the American girl!

TAKING THE

This month SCREEN SECRETS visits the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in its round of the studios to learn what the players must do to keep the microphone happy.

By ALVA LANGDON

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

Bessie Love got in shape for the talkies by cultivating her toes instead of her tongue. That's a tip for all girls with movie aspirations, for dancing ability was Bessie's passport.

DEMOSTHENES with his mouthful of pebbles, practicing enunciation against a crescendo accompaniment of the Aegean surf, didn't face any graver problem than did many of the stars of the silent drama when they first faced the microphone. The only difference, however, was that Demosthenes had a real defect in speech—while the artists of the silent screen soon found, for the most part, that their principal trouble was akin to stage fright.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios it was found that practically every screen player under contract was naturally adapted to talking pictures, or, with a slight preparation, could become so. The preparation mostly was in correction of certain habits in speech, or, in the case of the foreign actor, the matter of accent.

Anita Page solved her problem by going to college. She enrolled at the University of Southern California and took a course in speech from Professor W. R. MacDonald and Dean Ray K. Immel. In her case, it was discovered, she had a perfect natural voice, but had a habit of speaking "high in her head," and knew nothing about breathing correctly. Breathing exercises and training to acquire nasal reasonance and chest tones fitted her for her first talking hit in *The Broadway Melody*.

Nils Asther, the Swedish actor, faced a different problem; one of accent. He, too, sought the aid of Professor MacDonald. His English vocabulary was good, his voice perfect.

"We had him read lines and speeches," relates Professor MacDonald, "and tabulated all words in which an accent was apparent. Then we coached him on these words, developing in him the habit of pronouncing them in the correct English manner. Finally, this became a habit, and the accented words began to disappear from his conversation. He is still working on this system, which is almost akin to that used to cure stutterers by having them substitute words they don't block on for those that they do."

NORMA SHEARER, whose splendid voice in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* and *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* is one of the great arguments that screen players can do as well as stage artists, also prepared for the talkies by study. When the talking picture first came into being, Miss Shearer began practicing to accustom herself to the microphone. Already possessed of a perfect voice and clear enunciation, her preparation was really more mental than vocal—she practiced until familiarity with the microphone overcame any fear of it. In other words, as James Forbes, the

TALKIE TEST

playwright, who aided her, says, it was more a case of overcoming stage fright than anything else.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, when talking pictures first came in, voiced a warning to screen players against voice culture, teachers, and the voice schools that began to spring up as by magic in Hollywood. "The voice means little," he said, "but the gray matter and personality behind it is the thing that counts. Lincoln had a very bad speaking voice, but it was sufficient for what he had to say. Joseph Jefferson once remarked that a fine voice ruined more actors than whiskey. Even a bad voice may be interesting with the proper personality behind it."

Barrymore's prediction became startling true, a short time later, when screen actors began to talk into the microphone.

John Gilbert, for instance, made no vocal preparations at all to start his first talking picture, *Redemption*, and soon found that he did not need any. The principal problem, Gilbert says, is in using the voice in conjunction with pantomime.

"For instance," he said, "I could take a scene that I knew perfectly well how to portray in silent action, and find that by using words I would have a new conception of the scene. I had constantly to figure out a method of portrayal that would use both sight and sound to best advantage—little inflections in speech and little actions that went with it. It proved a fascinating study."

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

Back to school went Anita Page, because she didn't know how to breathe correctly for the talkies. Three months of practice made her an accomplished speaker.

Marion Davies needed no preparation—her natural voice records excellently. In Marianne, *her genius for mimicry enables her to speak with a convincing French accent.*

Neither Lionel Barrymore nor Conrad Nagel made any preparations for talking pictures, but "jumped in" —and both scored phenomenal successes.

In each case, both men were experienced in both stage and screen work, and knew how to blend the two to advantage.

MARION DAVIES, too, avoided elaborate preliminary study, but went into *Marianne* with her own voice unchanged by any practice or artificial training—and much of the success of the picture, her director, Robert Z. Leonard, insists, is due to the fact that her voice is absolutely natural.

Joan Crawford, too, went in with her voice *au naturel*. She had had considerable stage experience before going into pictures.

Bessie Love's preparation was perhaps the most

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Pictorial History of Alice White

In this picture, Alice White is decked out proudly in her First Communion Day dress. Alice's parents died when she was very young, leaving her to be brought up by two doting grandparents. Several years after the event depicted here, Alice left her birthplace, Paterson, New Jersey, to attend Roanoke College at Roanoke, Virginia. When she had completed her college education, Alice went to Hollywood, where she worked for two years as a studio script girl, after which she was given her first chance to act.

Telling in pictures how Alice White grew from an orphan waif into the starry-eyed, energetic motion picture celebrity she is today.

Alice White's only companion, when she arrived in Hollywood, five years ago, was Ching-a-ling, her chowchow.

This vibrant little actress went vigorously to work in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, *making her first big hit on the screen, after which she was very much the whole show in* Show Girl, Hot Stuff *and* Broadway Babies. *With each successive picture, Alice's popularity grows by leaps and bounds.*

"Cut yourself a piece of birthday cake," coaxed was host to the beautiful Dolores Del Rio on h nesota, August 3. Left to right in the picture Fawcett, Harry Curtis, son of Vice Presiden

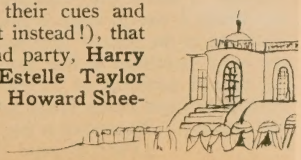
Society in

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY,

PEOPLE like to say that the stars are getting about world premières or local first-nights, didn't appear true on that glorious opening o *Hollywood Revue of 1929,* presented by Metro-Gol Mayer at the Chinese Theater. The roster of the au might have been taken straight from the pages of l wood's Blue Book.

As every ticket holder had a police badge and all traffic was kept off the boulevard within a certain r traffic problems were reduced to a minimum. Th crowd outside the edifice greeted each star with ap and laughed approvingly at the radio announcer's s

A loud speaker within the theater kept us inform the various celebrities about to pass down the center or the right or left. Thus we learned that **Mary** and were at last headed for the center aisle (they missed their cues and went down the right instead!), that **Louis B. Mayer** and party, **Harry Rapf** and party, **Estelle Taylor** and **Jack Dempsey, Howard Shee-**



The United States

"How did you like the show, little boy?"
"Rotten!"
"That's what they all say, the greatest show on earth! Step up folks, and get your tickets! Here's the famous Hal Skelly, who has trouped this broad land in tent shows, medicine shows, vaudeville, and stock. Now he's with Nancy Carroll in the movies! He's seen every burg, every hamlet, in the great United States. Step up and hear his lecture—it's amusing, entertaining, interesting and ed-u-cational!"

By HAL SKELLY

GOOD evening, folks! Now, while my assistant passes down the aisle with D Skelly's Famous Gloom Eradicator and Remedy, one dollar the bottle, let me give you a brief lecture on your native land. I have seen this country from sidedoor Pullmans, over the footlights, from medicine show wagons, and through jail windows. I've just finished making *The Dance of Life* for Paramount Pictures, with the beautiful Nancy Carroll, and ladies and gentlemen, my education is complete. Let us begin the lecture. Ready with the slides? Here we go!

Davenport, Iowa

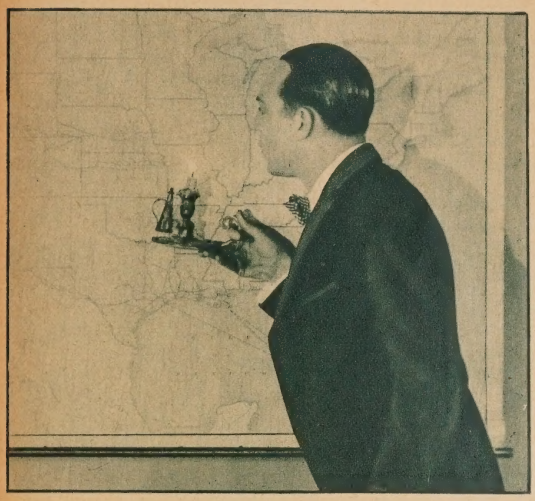
This town, since made famous by the Palmer Chiropractic Institute, is the place where a boy of eight, destined to no good end, took his first downward step by appearing behind the footlights, also the scenery, when his parents thought he was safely home in bed. This he accomplished by jumping from nightshirt into pants and sliding down the rain spout in two minutes flat, arriving at the theater just in time to help set up the flats for *East Lynne* and other current attractions, and arriving at home in time to receive the licking he knew was waiting for him. Ladies and gentlemen, this boy stands before you now.

Denver, Colorado

Whenever I think of Denver, I think of the time I played my first rôle of any importance. The play was *The Jolly Musketeers,* one of those musical comedies of a mythical kingdom in Europe. I was to play the part of General Boone, for which I was to wear a uniform like that of a doorman at the Roxy. My body was still sprouting in all directions at that time, and had acquired no natural padding of its own. The wardrobe arrived late and immediately upon examination of my uniform I discovered it had been designed for

[*Turn to page* 108]

# of a Merrymaker



Wait a moment, folks, till I get a little light on a gloomy subject. Yes, sir, here's where I got my start, at Davenport, Iowa, and I cry to think of how my father had me yanked out of a dog and pony show, just when I was beginning to establish a reputation as the boy wonder. But I couldn't be squelched. I was soon acting again.

And now, ladies, gentlemen, and you college boys up in the balcony, here we come to Chicago. Have a shot! This place is chiefly famous as the scene of my second venture in the show business, where I was the hit of the season in *The Time, the Place, and the Girl.* Janitor, please clean up these rotten tomatoes before the lecture proceeds.

Canada? Oh, yes, Canada. Somehow my memory fails me, but I'm pretty sure I was there. In fact, I remember going there, but the rest is hazy. My finger is now resting on the best bar in Ottawa. I wish it were my instep cuddling the brass rail. Quick, professor, the next slide before I lose control of myself and break down and weep.

And now, the sweetest spot in the Universe—Hollywood! Where scented breezes blow, and the girls are easy to look upon. The sidewalks, folks, are a mile wide, and the streets take a day to cross! Palm trees blossom in every yard, and movie stars can be seen free! Well, well, my audience seems to have gone home!

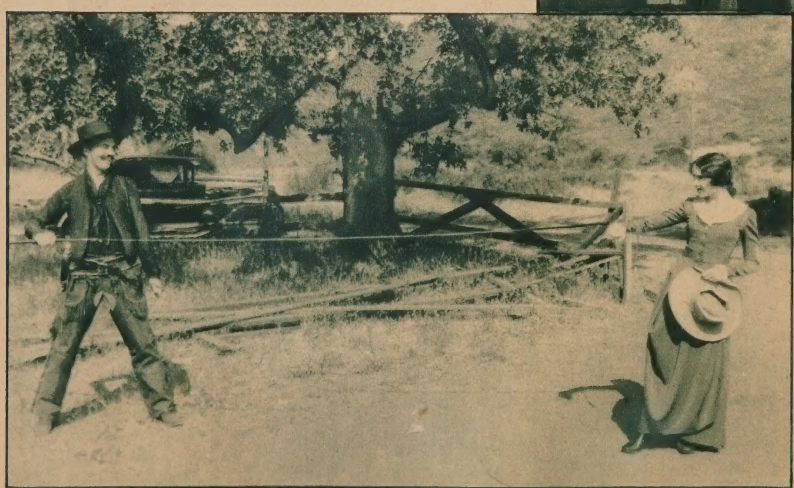
On Location with *The Virginian*

Gary Cooper and Mary Brian in a love scene under the great oaks at the Lasky ranch, an ideal setting for this famous Western romance.

FORTY miles from Hollywood, time had been set back forty years. They were making a talking version of *The Virginian* at the Lasky ranch.

Gary Cooper, as *The Virginian*, lean as jerked beef, deliberate in speech and movement, practising the road-agent's roll with his six gun . . . Walter Huston, as *Trampus*, absently twirling his mustache as he sits in the shade with old-time cowboys on the set, discussing the quick draw used by *Billy the Kid* . . . . Mary Brian and Dick Arlen grinning at the tussle around the horse-trough, where Gene Pallette was getting a ducking. QUIET, please! Victor Fleming, the director, leaps up, eager as a boy for action.

"Get out of town before sunset." That was the order Trampus gave the Virginian. You can see by the shadows the sun is getting low, and Gary has his gun ready for the showdown. The gun duel takes place very close to this spot in the dusty cowtown street.



It's not all work on location, for setting up cameras and "mikes" takes time. Huston and Mary Brian took turns with a bull-whip, trying to get the hang of the cowboy's knack for flipping the lash like a lasso.

—Photos on the page posed especially for SCREEN SECRETS.

He puzzled the fans.

Surprisingly many of the clever entries in the SCREEN SECRETS Cut Puzzle Contest were ruled out because the contestants confused Nils Asther with Johnny Mack Brown. Can you distinguish them from these pictures?

Were you fooled, too?

--Photos by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Did *You* Guess Right?

WE'RE surprised at you! Out of the thousands of entries in the SCREEN SECRETS cut puzzle contest, nearly a third mistook Nils Asther for Johnny Mack Brown!

Perhaps it was the gym shirt and basketball that Nils carried in his arm in the puzzle picture that started the fans off on the wrong foot, for Johnny Brown is a noted athlete and used to be seen in all the papers carrying a football to victory for his Alma Mater.

Here are pictures of the two gentlemen, for comparison. True, both have the boyish, winning smile, dark hair parted at the side, and quizzical eyebrows. Nils, the Swedish star, has higher cheek bones, however, and his nose is shorter than Johnny's. John is shown above at left, Nils at right.

Another puzzle which caused great consternation in the ranks of contestants and which put a generous number of competitors in the "also ran" class, was the Alice White picture, in the fourth and final set. Nearly 25 per cent of the total number of entries carried Nancy Carroll's name under the IT-y star's portrait.

SEVERAL entries, elaborately prepared, contained mediocre biographies. Others suffered because of misspellings, the most frequent of which was the erroneous spelling of "Mackaill." Nils Asther's last name proved a stumbling block to several contestants, too.

Some entrants tried to make a Scotchman out of the strapping Britisher, Victor McLaglen, by inserting an "a" between the "M" and the "c." Even the famous Gloria Swanson suffered a misspelled last name, while "Chaplin" fooled a number, also.

The Puzzles Solved

FIRST SET

Gloria Swanson, Charles Chaplin, Marion Davies

SECOND SET

Colleen Moore, Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove

THIRD SET

Charles Farrell, June Collyer, Victor McLaglen

FOURTH SET

Dorothy Revier, Alice White, Nils Asther.

SINCE the great number of correct entries far surpassed the number of prizes, 110, the judges found it necessary to split hairs on the basis of neatness and excellence of biographies. Several contestants with attractive entries exceeded the limit of 100 words for biographies and so were forced out of the money. Others ruined their chances by ignoring the rule of neatness and submitting puzzles poorly mounted and carelessly put together.

On the whole, however, the cut puzzle contest proved that SCREEN SECRETS readers are an exceedingly clever lot. There were sailboats, miniature stages with lights, dolls, treasure chests, illuminated vanity cases, and scrap books galore. Each entry is being carefully checked by the judges, the biographies must be read, and the final eliminations made before the winners can be announced.

NO PHOTOGRAPH could reveal the ingenuity of some of the offerings. Several were wired for electrical displays, plugging into the light circuit, while one provided its own power plant in the shape of batteries. A novel entry showed each star in the contest represented by a kewpie doll in appropriate dress, the costumes being chosen from the players' most popular rôles.

While elaborate treatment was applied to about 75 per cent of the entries, no preference was accorded these pieces of work except in cases where neatness and excellence of biographies were of equal merit.

Watch for further announcements on this contest in the November SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, on sale, October 10.

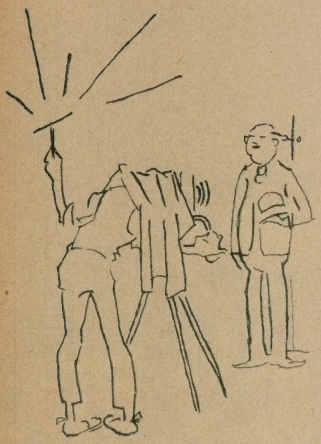
Our Own Snapshot Album

MERNA KENNEDY and KATHRYN CRAWFORD, TWO PRETTY BEACH ACROBATS, DEMONSTRATE THEIR BALANCE and POISE.

DOLORES DEL RIO PARKS FOR A MOMENT AT ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL IN VENICE, and PROVES TO BE AS POPULAR WITH THE PIGEONS OF THAT ANCIENT SPOT AS SHE IS WITH THE FANS OF MODERN AMERICA—WHETHER IT'S A FEAST OF BREAD CRUMBS OR BEAUTY, DOLORES CAN SUPPLY.

ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK (WEARING HELMET) and MERIAN C. COOPER EXCHANGE TROPIC GREETINGS WITH TWO NATIVES OF AFRICA.

SCREEN SECRETS' CAMERA MAN SNAPS SOME FILM STARS FOR YOUR ALBUM



CYRIL CHADWICK, VICTOR McLAGLEN and MITCHELL LEWIS RELAX and BASK IN THE SUN BETWEEN SCENES OF "THE BLACK WATCH."

SALLY BLANE OFTEN GOES A-YACHTING ON THE NEAR-TO-HOLLYWOOD PACIFIC.

MARCELINE DAY and CHARLES GRAY, NOTED YOUNG FICTIONIST and FAN-WRITER, DURING A LAZY MOMENT ON THE BEACH.

WHY I AM MARRYING

There's a sign, "For Sale," on Marian Nixon's little Hollywood bungalow, for Marian has changed her mind about matrimony. The sincerity of Eddie Hillman, wealthy young Chicago sportsman, won "the sweetest girl on the screen."

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

It was love at first sight for Eddie Hillman, and Marian Nixon soon succumbed to his siege for her affections.

THE shades are drawn in the shrub-banked bungalow in Hollywood that used to be home to Marian Nixon. A "For Sale" sign hides the steps that lead to the awning-covered front porch.

Marian has said farewell to the little Spanish place for which she worked and saved that she might have shelter when age would have barred her from the silversheet.

But Marian doesn't have to worry about that now!

When she returns from her honeymoon in Europe, two or three months hence, she will assume her throne as queen of all she surveys in one of Beverly Hill's most pretentious palaces—a millionaire's gift to his bride.

The two homes offer a study in contrasts. So, too, do Marian's two marriages.

Imagine, if you can, this delicate beauty whose quaint charm has won for her the sobriquet of "the sweetest girl in pictures," as the wife of a rough and ready youth whose aim in life was to punch and pummel his fellow humans that some day he might attain a pugilistic championship! Truly this match was an attraction of opposites!

Yet Marian's first matrimonial venture was with Joe Benjamin, erstwhile friend of Jack Dempsey and at the time a leading contender for the world's lightweight crown. And Marian might have remained Mrs. Joe Benjamin, living in the little house she purchased with her own earnings, had not her husband mistaken her for one of those husky lads who stood between him and his prize-ring goal.

It was a marriage destined to destruction as soon as it was negotiated!

But Marian has closed the book on all that. Cupid settled in full when he brought about her introduction to Eddie Hillman, twenty-eight-year-old scion of one of Chicago's oldest and most respected families, owner of five million dollars in his own name and heir to several more, and a polo player of international repute.

Yes, Cupid has paid—and with compound interest, for there's as vast a difference between Joe Benjamin and

AGAIN

By
BOB MOAK

Eddie Hillman as there is between the Hollywood bungalow and the Beverly Hills mansion!

THERE are two periods in Marian's past that are as nightmares to her—two periods she tries hard to erase from her memories. First, the days when she went hungry between occasional jobs as an extra girl in the studios. The other is that brief space of time when she was Joe Benjamin's wife.

Marian was nineteen when she met Joe, in 1926. A whirlwind courtship, in which the prizefighter swept the young movie actress off her feet, led them, hand in hand, to the parson's door. They parted a few weeks later and Marian won her decree in 1927.

Little wonder that Marian announced, then and there, that she was forever through with matrimony!

But it wasn't long before the gossip factories of Hollywood went into capacity production on rumors.

Marian was engaged to Ben Lyon, the screen star—she would marry Wesley Ruggles, the director—she was going about with Lisgar Greer, wealthy auto dealer.

As each story popped into the open, Marian popped, too. She would knock it cold with formula No. 2-A-19: "I'll never marry again!"

Marian admitted that she liked all three of these young men. Ben used to take her swimming at Santa

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Was it an attraction of opposites that drew Marian and Joe Benjamin, prizefighter, into matrimony? Or was it the impulse of youth? Marian was nineteen when she first married.

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

"Companionship" is the key word to happy marriages, says Marian. She believes Edward Hillman has the understanding that will make their union endure.

CINEMA SLANTS

Robert E. Sherwood
Staff Correspondent for Screen Secrets

Sending his comments for SCREEN SECRETS this month from Vienna, Mr. Sherwood is able to view the Hollywood scene from a distance and observe filmdom, as it were, through the telescope. As a result we can learn from him how American stars look to the Europeans, and his conclusions may surprise you.

No Spik English!

WHEN the talkies came into being, the film producers realized that they were sure to lose the foreign market, and reorganized their business so that they could derive an adequate profit from the sale of their products in the territory of the United States and Canada alone.

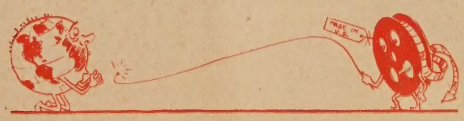
They figured that Great Britain, South Africa and Australia would be lost, because the fans there would never accept American accents. France, Germany, South America and other parts of the world would cease entirely to purchase Hollywood's pictures because of the insurmountable barrier of language.

It was figured that each country would make its own talking pictures for its own market in its own language, and that everything would be lovely.

But everything isn't lovely.

In the first place, all the professional patriots in England have been unable to persuade the British fans that they resent the crude noises made by American stars. Hollywood sound films are just as popular throughout the British Empire as Hollywood silent films ever were, and the British producers (who are now making their own talkies) are again having a frightfully hard time of it. They can't seem to convince their own people that they should patronize home industries.

In all the non-English speaking countries one can see and hear evidences of the terrific grip that Hollywood holds upon the cinema audiences of the world. Although the people of these countries find our dialogue films incomprehensible, they still want Hollywood, and will accept no substitute. At this writing, most of the European studios (outside of Germany and Russia) are shut down, because they can find no market for their goods; and the



theaters, unable to obtain new silent films from America, are running *A Dog's Life*, and similar ancient Chaplin masterpieces over and over again.

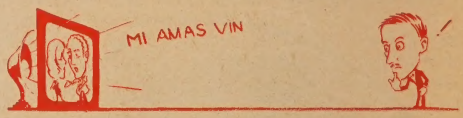
The situation in Europe is in a woeful mess, and no one seems to know exactly what will come of it.

Perhaps American producers will have to make their talkies in Esperanto, the "universal language" which nobody knows.

Our Edge on Europe

AS ONE who has never been wildly enthusiastic over the standard of artistic excellence maintained in the Hollywood studios, I have often wondered why it was that American films so completely dominated the world.

Foreigners have always told me that this domination was due to the enormous money power of America, with which Europeans couldn't compete. And yet America hasn't been able to corner the automobile market, for all the incalculable wealth of General Motors and Ford. Nor have Hart, Schaffner and Marx and the House of Kuppenheimer been able to corner the men's wear market.



Having seen a great many European pictures—English, German, Swedish, French and Italian—and compared them with the ordinary run of Hollywood celluloid now on view, I have come to the conclusion that there is one principal reason for the amazing popularity of the American product:

Acting.

In this respect, Hollywood does hold a vast advantage.

Imported Talent

IT MIGHT seem foolish to say that American acting leads the world, in view of the fact that so many of Hollywood's foremost stars were foreign born. But most of them were trained in the shadow of the Sierras.

Consider the male actors, among whom are Charlie Chaplin, Emil Jannings, Victor McLaglen, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Reginald Denny, Jean Hersholt, Ramon Novarro, Warner Oland, Joseph Schildkraut, Gilbert Roland, Victor Varconi and, of course, the late Rudolph Valentino.

Among the actresses are Greta Garbo, Dolores Del Rio, Dorothy Mackaill, Pola Negri, Renée Adorée, Baclanova, Vilma Banky, Lily Damita, Lya De Putti, Camilla Horn, Raquel Torres and Lupe Velez.

Of these, only Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Lily Damita, Lya De Putti and Camilla Horn had any substantial motion picture experience, or had achieved any conspicuous success on the screen, before moving to Hollywood. All the others, Charlie Chaplin and Greta Garbo included,

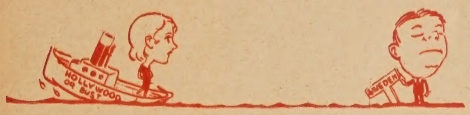
may be claimed as native sons or daughters of California.

(Definition of a Native Son of California: One who has lost money in a real estate deal.)

Garbo, for Instance

FROM a Swedish film fan I heard the protest, "Our divine Garbo was bought from us with American dollars."

That's a noble statement, but it isn't true. When Greta Garbo left her native land, no one then protested that Sweden was being robbed of its greatest art treasure; almost no one knew that Greta Garbo existed. She arrived in Hollywood, unheralded, unwanted. It remained for a young American director, Monta Bell, to see in her pos-



sibilities that no one had previously suspected except, perhaps, Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director, who brought her to America.

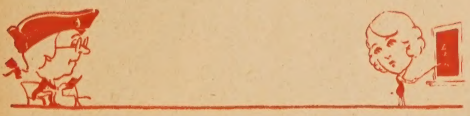
Bell brought out her talent, and it developed subsequently under Fred Niblo and Clarence Brown.

Similarly, if some English director, in the early days of the screen, had happened to observe that genius existed in the scant frame of Charlie Chaplin, then London would have become a center of film production long before Hollywood was heard of. The industry in Britain would have been given an impetus that would have lasted to this day.

However, no British director did recognize that genius. Charlie Chaplin had to wait to be discovered until he fell under the probing eye of Mack Sennett.

The Old School

THE technique of movie acting in Europe has been derived directly from the ancient traditions of the speaking stage. Thus we see, in almost every European picture, acting that is stiff, and pompous, and mannered—in a word, "ham." Now and then some great artists (Jannings, for instance) will shatter these traditions, and rise above them. But great artists (Jannings, for instance) are regrettably rare.



In America the movies managed to divorce themselves almost entirely from the speaking stage, and developed a style of acting that is unaffected, easy and naturalistic. Perhaps the leading exponent of this style, if not the originator of it, is Harold Lloyd.

Strangely enough, the stage in New York has learned this naturalistic method of acting from the studios in Hollywood.

American Boasting

THERE is an unaccountable belief, prevalent particularly in Great Britain, that American motion pictures are sent abroad not so much for the purpose of making money, as for the purpose of spreading American propaganda.

It seems that the movie industry is secretly subsidized by the U. S. Government, and that Colleen Moore, Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Dolores Costello, Buster Keaton and others are paid to spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the world.

I can't quite make out what the object of all this propaganda is supposed to be. Certainly, it can't be to encourage immigration, because the quota is already full for years to come. But whatever the object, it seems to me that the advertising campaign is being badly mismanaged.

For most of the American films that I have seen lately in European cinema theaters have tended to inform the audiences that the United States is populated by gunmen, loose women, drug addicts, stool pigeons, gin-guzzling society girls and corrupt cops.

There is no such thing as normal, human life in America, if you believe all that you see and hear on the screen. And Europeans are only too glad to believe just that.

Competition

IT SEEMS to me that the best thing that could happen to the motion picture industry as a whole would be a tremendous outburst of film production in Europe. Competition is the life of trade, and the perforated celluloid trade is no exception to this rule.

In 1920, just after the war, conditions in Hollywood were becoming lethargic and very little progress was being made. Then Germany suddenly was heard from; the works of such directors and stars as Ernst Lubitsch, Jannings, Pola Negri and F. W. Murnau were seen for the first time in America. And Hollywood had to wake up and open its eyes.

This German invasion enlivened and stimulated the movie industry in America to an incalculable extent.

The German pictures of today are technically excellent, but they are revealing very few original ideas or unusual talents. They are imitating Hollywood as closely as possible, instead of opening up new paths for Hollywood to follow.

Russia seems to be the chief hope of those who look for artistic progress on the screen. Russia is experimenting and exploring, and has already produced some startling results.

It is extremely improbable, however, that Moscow will ever seriously worry Hollywood by competition.

Indeed, just at present, there is no competitor in sight, unless the English producers should achieve a miracle and turn out talkies of any considerable merit.

This, too, is extremely improbable—even though the English producers are making heroic attempts to overcome their inexplicable lack of understanding of the movie business.

So Hollywood will continue to have everything its own way—until such time as the public has grown weary of carbon copies of *The Singing Fool* and *The Broadway Melody*, and has begun to look elsewhere for its entertainment.

Merna Kennedy gives a snappy demonstration of what the young lady of 2029 will wear. It's certainly a sad thought that we'll have to wait a whole century, isn't it?

Merna Kennedy—Youngster

Merna—believe it or not—would very much like to avoid high-powered dramatic rôles, preferring to act with the younger generation. Read her reasons why!

By DOROTHY RUST

BREAKFASTING with Merna Kennedy at a wayside inn near Hollywood is all that it's cracked up to be, especially when she is in a talkative mood. Getting up at the unfamiliar ring of an alarm clock sometime just before sunrise isn't conducive to good interviewing, but meeting Merna in an unusually effervescent state of mind, and driving some twenty miles with her to breakfast in a quaint Old English inn, rare even in Hollywood because of its unsophisticated atmosphere, is.

At first she conversed impersonally, but finally, after some coaxing and quite a few carefully baited questions, she did talk about herself.

In that animated, spontaneous way of her's, she told me all about the time she was expelled from high school; her pre-school days when soccer and football, played with the toughest boys in the neighborhood, was the greatest diversion of her young life; how unmercifully she had been "set" in bridge at the studio on the preceding day when she recklessly outbid her partner; about the time she kicked Charlie Chaplin in the pants, because his temper got the best of him one day at the studio.

"And the amusing thing about it was that Charlie was so surprised he forgot to get mad, and was in the best of humor the rest of the day," she laughed, in recalling the incident.

And now was the crucial moment to pop the big question concerning all those Hollywoodian rumors about Charlie and Merna!

"Nothing to it!" she insisted hotly, "but I'll admit it was a marvelous opportunity for a lot of gossiping typists to jump at. Why, Lita Grey and I were chums! Years ago we both met Mr. Chaplin in a Hollywood drugstore, and afterward Lita and he were married. I'll bet Charlie even forgot me, until he saw me playing in a musical show at the Mason Theater in Los Angeles. He sent a note backstage suggesting that I try out for the feminine lead in his current picture, *The Circus*. I did, and received the rôle. At that time I was seventeen, and that was my first part in films—a leading one, too. Of course, I was thrilled!"

BUT after that, Merna pointed out, came domestic troubles between Lita and Charlie, and because she was his leading lady it involved her, too. In reality it shouldn't have, but it all happened in Hollywood, so there was no escape. Followed a two-year retirement from the screen.

"But now it is all very different. Time, I believe, proved that it was all folly and that I had nothing to do with the Chaplin divorce. And when *Broadway* came along, I got my second screen chance to make good."

"I suppose your part as *Billie Moore* in *Broadway* will lead to some excellent dramatic rôles," I challenged.

"Well, anyway, let's hope not," she sighed. "I'd much rather pal around with a bunch of the younger movie set than be a dramatic success, and be forced to ritz all of my old friends. I know girls that have worked their way up to enviable positions in this film game. I pity them rather than covet their success, because they are forced to not only appear high-hat to the outside world, but also carry it even into their own homes. At heart they're all right, but deliver me, please! You can see why I am trying to avoid tremendously dramatic rôles, can't you? I wish I could act with a bunch like Universal's Col-

[*Turn to page* 110]

Merna stands—or sits—at the threshold of a brilliant movie career as a result of her triumph in Broadway, *but she has a few definite ideas of her own regarding what that career should be.*

SOUND *and* SILENT

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS,

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN (Talkie)

THIS was once a mystery story, and a famous one; now it is a movie, and a good one.

Lois Moran is a girl who married a rotter, but was determined to stick it out until the right man came along in the person of Warner Baxter. Then there was nothing for her to do but run off with him, all in a perfectly nice way, of course. After a lot of romance we finally get to the murder, but by that time, who cares about that?

Lois Moran is nice to look at. Warner Baxter's rôle doesn't give him much of a chance, which circumstance is a shame after his dashing *Cisco Kid* rôle in *In Old Arizona.*

Warner Baxter's splendid performances, registered whenever he is given a reasonable part to play, rank this actor close to the top of the roll-call of talkie actors.

Lois Moran has developed from just another pretty girl into a very capable young actress and her voice has a certain quality that should help her along to great things in this talkie business. Gilbert Emory from the stage is effective as Sir Frederick Bruce of Scotland Yard. There are some desert scenes of compelling beauty.

In general, it may be said that this is one of the outstanding talkie successes, rating well toward the top of the good ones that recent months have seen. Based on the story by Earl Derr Biggers, it is a skillful combination of a murder mystery and a powerful love affair.—*Fox.*

THE SINGLE STANDARD (Silent)

ALL Greta Garbo fans—and who isn't?—ought to declare a national holiday over this one.

The story concerns the adventures of a lady who not only took love where she found it, but went around looking for it. Then one day she met Packy Cannon (Nils Asther), prizefighter, painter, and what have you, and throwing convention to the four winds went romping off to the South Seas on one of those excursions you dream about. Eventually, of course, it wore itself out, and Packy brought her back to San Francisco and dumped her out on the dock to face the scandal. However, up turns a faithful lover of her youth in the person of Johnny Mack Brown, who has been a-waitin' for her all these months and finally persuades her to marry him. All goes well. Time passes, and a baby comes, as babies will. Then one day up turns Packy Cannon; Greta finds that her love is not quite dead. Then, for the first time she is forced to choose which of the men in her life she really wants. And you'll never guess whom she chooses. Nils Asther is more devastating than ever in the rôle of the vagabond painter.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SCREEN REVIEWS

SCREEN SECRETS REVIEWER

HER PRIVATE LIFE (Talkie)

BILLIE DOVE'S rôle in this picture affords her the opportunity to render the really great acting of which she is pre-eminently capable—and she makes the most of the opportunity. The result is a picture that is not to be missed, whether you are a Billie Dove fan or not. In the latter case, you are apt to become an ardent one, on seeing this talkie.

The story deals with the experiences—emotional and otherwise—of a lady of the English nobility who, after being divorced by her husband, goes to New York City. There she is a victim of such ill fortune that, poverty-stricken, she is forced to pawn her last pearl in order to buy food. And does she remain poverty stricken? There's where the drama comes in!

Walter Pidgeon gives a notable performance, playing opposite Miss Dove, and the cast includes Thelma Todd, Roland Young, and Montagu Love. Taken as a whole, the picture is a highly dramatic and forceful one, giving not only Miss Dove, but many other members of the cast an opportunity to demonstrate their talkie prowess.—*First National-Vitaphone.*

SAY IT WITH SONGS (Talkie)

AL JOLSON and Davy Lee are at it again. This might be *The Singing Fool* under a different name, only this time Al sings over the radio, and little Davey doesn't die, although he does get hit by a truck, which is more or less to be expected, after all.

Al, in a moment of carelessness, kills a man, it seems, and has to go to jail for it. While there, he learns that his wife has fallen in love with a doctor, so he decides to give her up.

Presently he gets out and is living in the slums with the child when Davey is hit by a truck. Of course there is no one who can save the child from being crippled but the doctor, so Al gives him up, too. And that, of course, brings us to the big moment in which the little child hears Daddy's voice over the radio.

Marian Nixon is attractive as the white-capped nurse who tenderly cherishes the lovable little bundle which is Davey Lee. Miss Nixon's histrionic charms are obscured somewhat by the powerful personality of the great Jolson, but she is appealing and as capable an actress as ever, nevertheless.

While there is plenty of tear-provoking material in this one, the sentiment is true and believable, not mawkish, and the golden voice of America's black-faced throb songster gives no evidence of diminishing power.—*Warner Brothers.*

EVANGELINE (Sound)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was a good poet in his day, but no great shakes as a scenario writer, so it took courage for Edwin Carewe to tackle the job of making a movie out of one of his favorite pieces. The plot moves a little slowly. There are moments when it would be a positive relief to see the U. S. Cavalry come galloping over the hill to liven things up again. However, the beauty of Dolores Del Rio in picturesque costumes and settings makes the picture something very comforting to look at. It is a sort of series of beautiful pictures. To Robert Kurrle, cameraman extraordinary, goes a great deal of the credit.—*United Artists.*

STREET GIRL (Talkie)

IT *WOULD* be Betty Compson in the title role, but this time she plays it sweet instead of hard-boiled. The first sweet rôle, in fact, that Betty has had in years, and it's a treat. Betty is a wandering waif, who is welcomed in out of the cold by four boys who have an orchestra. So she goes to live with them. My dear, it's really being done this year. And of course the fact that they are an orchestra makes it possible to drag in a song hit every little while, which seems to be every producer's aim and ambition these days. Jack Oakie is the comedy hit, working on an oboe like a chiropractor on his favorite spine.—*RKO.*

THE ARGYLE CASE (Talkie)

THIS is a sort of family reunion for Tommy Meighan and Lila Lee. Remember when they used to play together in those down home dramas a few years back? Here they are again and doing nicely, thank you. Their voices are splendid and Lila looks better than ever.

Meighan is the detective with the second sight who knows just where to find the finger prints. H. B. Warner is good as usual as the family attorney. Lila Lee is the girl, wrongly of course, suspected of the murder. There is scarcely a flaw in the development of the plot, and it will easily hold its place as one of the best mystery pictures of the year.—*Warner Brothers.*

WONDER OF WOMEN (Talkie)

HERE is a picture which, starting from scratch with a hatful of handicaps, manages to grip you in spite of anything. It gets under way as a silent film and half way through it breaks into speech. There is no star. But a strong cast and a good story carry it safely over the hurdles.

Lewis Stone is a stepfather who had no use for children until he met Wulle-Wulle, the child of his second wife. Peggy Wood, of stage fame, and Leila Hyams both do well in the picture. Clarence Brown's able directing is its outstanding characteristic and puts this in the very front rank of current pictures.—*M-G-M.*

DARK STREETS (Talkie)

IT SEEMS that there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike. And both of them were Jack Mulhall. No, I am not getting dizzy. That is the first dual rôle in the talkies.

Pat is the good brother. He's a policeman. Mike is the bad brother. He's a crook, the dirty so-and-so. They are in love with the same girl, who is Lila Lee, and she finds it hard to choose between them, which seems natural since they are both Jack Mulhall. One night there is a gang war. And two square toes are turned to the daisies. Is it Pat? Or is it Mike in Pat's clothing? Don't you wish you knew?—*First National-Vitaphone.*

THE VALIANT (Talkie)

THIS picture ranges all the way from being very nearly great to just plain mediocre. You can talk about movies having grown up, but we still have our little gray-haired mothers who sit in rockers out under the ellums and wonder where our Joe is tonight. Nevertheless, the picture has its great moments.

For one thing, it gives Paul Muni, an actor new to the screen, an opportunity to do his stuff. He has a great gift of registering emotion after emotion while scarcely moving a muscle. Actors who think they aren't getting over unless they scream and howl might take a lesson from him.—*Fox.*

THE LOVE TRAP (Talkie)

DEAR, dear, what we don't know about chorus girls after all these back-stage pictures. And now Laura La Plante is one. And what a lot of trouble she gets into, with all the best intentions in the world! Her girl friends tell her that the way to get along in the world is to go to some wild parties and she believes them. Fancy! Of course a mean man, played by Robert Ellis, tries to take advantage of her. Of course she rushes out onto the street and who should she meet but Neil Hamilton, with whom she falls in love on the spot. The cast is excellent, but if you try to figure out the plot you will wake up talking to yourself—*Universal.*

THE LAST OF MRS. CHENEY (All-talking)

THINGS are coming Norma Shearer's way these days. No sooner had she staggered the public with her performance in her first talkie, *The Trial of Mary Dugan,* than she follows with a quick right to the public plexus in *The Last of Mrs. Cheney.*

This picture is taken from the Broadway success. The plot isn't much, but the lines are everything. The cast, with the exception of Hedda Hopper, is entirely British. Basil Rathbone promises to be a sensation as a leading man. George Barraud does great work as Charles, the butler.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Grace Kingsley

HOBNOBBING

Miss Kingsley's unquestioned authority on happenings in Hollywood results from a long period of contact with the motion picture industry as a news writer and critic for *The Los Angeles Times*.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

WHY, of course, Lily Damita never was engaged to Harry Richman, that lord of New York night club life!

Lily told us all about it the other day. It was all a great joke.

"It was this way," explained the vivacious Lily, whose brown eyes sparkled at the recollection. "You see a lot of us were on a friend's yacht at Catalina Island. These Americans, they were putting up treeks on me—card treeks, hypnotizing treeks—till they get me c-c-razy—excited! I scolded.

"This Harry Richman says to me, 'You're crazy!' That makes me, oh, so mad! I think I am insult. I have no father, no brother to hit him—so I hit him—crack—across the nose! He gets mad with me—won't speak. But we are in a boat together and have to meet every day. So I say to him one day, 'Aw, let's make up!' He is nice about it and we make up. Then I say, 'Let's pretend we're in love!'"—Lily laughed joyously at the memory—"So we do. Some people come from other yachts—some newspaper people with them—we kid, Harry and I, and they think we are engaged! Tha's all!"

Like Father, Like Daughter

JOHNNY MACK BROWN'S wife has just presented him with a little daughter—their first child. Of course Johnny is delighted.

Eddie Lowe asked Johnny, on hearing of the recent happy occurrence, whether the baby could talk yet.

"Talk?" echoed the proud father, "why, suh, she's got a Southern accent!"

Bessie Love Is All Grit

MAYBE there's somebody in the film world who is gamer than Bessie Love, but I don't know who it is.

When she was taken to the receiving hospital, following her automobile accident, all the attendants rushed to her side, when they found out who their patient was.

Bessie calmly asked them to look after an old man who had just been brought in. Then, when a sympathetic young physician began sewing up her head where it was lacerated, she began kidding him. "I want it nicely hemstitched!" commanded Bessie. "I'll bet, clever as you are, that you never learned to hemstitch!"

And the very first inquiry Bessie made at the studio, when she returned following her accident, was of Clarence Brown.

"How much," she inquired of Brown, who flies his own plane, you know, "does an airplane cost?"

Charming little Marion Davies struts saucily down this avenue of legs in a song-and-dance number from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Hollywood Revue of 1929.

Lon Chaney Bragging

LON CHANEY, like every other fisherman, loves to tell about his luck. But he's going to be careful hereafter who he brags to.

He went fishing in the High Sierras last week, in a lake near Bishop, and caught 125 fish. That's more than the legal number.

Coming down the mountain and stopping to repair his car, he met a man.

"Catch much?" said the man.

"Yep, 125," boasted Lon.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the man.

"No," said Lon.

"Well, I'm the game warden."

"Know who I am?" asked Lon.

"No," answered the warden.

"Well," answered Lon, "I'm the biggest liar in the State!"

with the FILM FOLK

Charlie Chaplin to Wed

IF ALL signs, rumors and reports do not fail, Charlie Chaplin will wed ere the year is out. Friends of Charlie and Georgia Hale declare that the marriage is certain to take place. One sees them out together all the time, and never a party is given at the comedian's house that Miss Hale is not present.

And friends of the couple approve heartily. Miss Hale is a young lady of brains and character. She is a mental pal to Charlie and a mental stimulus as well, as she matches her wits against his in argument and discussion. Yet their tastes are similar. Georgia, too, is just that frank sort of person that other women trust.

Leila Hyams models herself a foundation for lots of fun on the beach sands during her leisure hours.

And Then There's Ruggles

EVERYBODY knows the devotion that exists between Wesley Ruggles, director, and beautiful, sweet Katherine Crawford. She always assists him in receiving, when he gives parties at his new Malibu Beach home, and—well, it's all over but the announcement.

Ruggles declares, though, that he is hesitating a little because he is older than Katherine. Nobody would think of it, though, if he didn't suggest it, for he looks very young, and has that mental and temperamental fire which is always fascinating to women.

Katherine never goes about with anybody else.

On the whole, it looks like another marriage soon.

Millard Webb, Paramount director, is host to his cast on location in the filming of Glorifying the American Girl. *Mary Eaton sits directly behind Director Webb at the left front.*

Leila Hyams Tells It

LEILA HYAMS awoke in great disgust, early the other morning, the cause of her awakening being the sound of a radio.

"I lay there in bed, thinking how inconsiderate some people are in playing their radios so early. Here was I," explained Leila, "expecting to have a good morning sleep for the first time in many weeks, because I have been working in pictures, being awakened because somebody couldn't restrain his ardor for music at this unholy hour.

"Finally I got up to have a look out of the window, to try to trace the source of the music. I went into my living room—and there it

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LOIS MORAN'S

Lois Moran, as she appeared in The Gallery of the Monsters, *with Jacques Catelain, in France, in 1923.*

Travel pages torn from the memoirs of a good gad girl—memoirs of lilting, happy, carefree days in Paris, Brittany and the beautiful Gallic countryside—then Hollywood and fame! As reported to

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Buoyant youth, wholesome, vivid girlhood is reflected in this charming portrait of Lois.

A LITTLE sketch book, tucked away among copy books and playthings for years, has been brought to light. In it is a faithful entry of a young girl's impressions of France—Paris, Brittany and the beautiful Gallic countryside.

Lois Moran was only eleven, verging on twelve, when she and her mother, Gladys Moran, set sail from America for an unknown land, without even knowledge of its tongue. Her experiences and impressions are all set forth with clarity and vision in her Paris sketch book.

Recently Lois pulled the book forth from beneath algebra and Latin tomes and annotated it, adding comments pertinent to her present Hollywood life.

August 5, 1920. Cherbourg is a black city. It is black in layers. Darkest black is the breakwater that stretches out into a lighter black ocean, and the town itself is the lightest black of all. It looks like a smudgy charcoal drawing, such as we make in drawing class at Mount Mercy School in Pittsburgh. We docked at dawn and for the first time I set foot on a foreign continent. *(Hollywood, 1929. Two years ago, in '27, mother, my little adopted sister, Betty, and I, boarded the Leviathan for a week-end in Europe. It was our first trip across since we spent four years there. We docked on Friday; saw London and Paris by flying and sailed away on Tuesday. And it was well worth the effort.)* Soon we were on board a little train. It is so small that it looks like a larger model of some of our toy trains. The dining cars are very narrow. At *déjeuner* (already I have learned a word) the steward's coat tails frisked into our soup. He is a very sprightly Frenchman, with spiky mustache. Someone calls him *garcon.* That is French for waiter. When we turned to look at scenery he whisked away our plates. He is very energetic. *Déjeuner,* I understand, means breakfast-lunch, but it is very good, nevertheless.

IN TWO hours we shall be in Paris. I think I never was so anxious to reach a place. Paris must be very beautiful. It also must be very wicked. Beauty and evil often go hand in hand. The American papers were full of Olive Thomas' death. It must be tragic to be so beautiful and to die so young in such a lovely city.

PARIS SKETCH BOOK

There is a French family in the next compartment. They chatter so fast, I wonder if we shall ever be able to learn to talk with the people here. Gladys is teaching me the difference between a franc and a centime. The conductor sticks his head in the door and tells us we are soon in Paris, *madame et mademoiselle.*

August 6. Cherbourg was a black city. Paris is a blue city. We arrived at dusk last night. The lights on the Eiffel Tower were just beginning to gleam. The long wide avenues were astream with motors. There is a dusky haze, not like violets, more like gentians, over everything. Even the trees look blue, a little. Street vendors thrust Parma violets under your nose and say, *"Violettes, mademoiselle?"* They cost one franc. Everybody seems very happy, as if he were bound for a party. You feel vivacious, too; at least that is what Gladys calls it. It is like the champagne in the air, of which you read. We are stopping at the Savoy Hotel, on the Rivoli.

FRANCE is very nice but I do not like its lettuce. First, on the transit, they served it hot. "Endive," they called it. Then, at the hotel, they served it cold. I tell Gladys that I like France but I do not like her lettuce. She laughs.

August 10. We are now at Madame Aubigeult's, in Tours. Again we took a little rocking train and went toward Brittany

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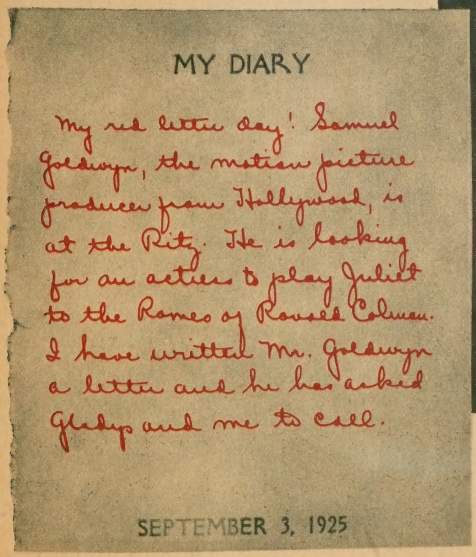


MY DIARY

My red letter day! Samuel Goldwyn, the motion picture producer from Hollywood, is at the Ritz. He is looking for an actress to play Juliet to the Romeo of Ronald Colman. I have written Mr. Goldwyn a letter and he has asked Gladys and me to call.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1925

A page from Lois' diary written before she had found glory and happiness in motion pictures.

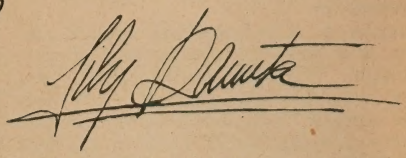
No, these two virile specimens of girl and boy aren't physical culture instructors. Lois Moran and George O'Brien, both prominent Fox stars, are merely posing for a picture which shows, perhaps, the results of clean living. Miss Moran is considered the most unsophisticated, girlish young lady in the film colony—she drinks neither liquor nor tea nor coffee—and her greatest dissipation is ice cream.

LILY DAMITA

Small wonder that gorgeous Lily Damita was drawn into European motion picture productions, when her fame spread as a dancer. This photo from Miss Damita's personal collection, shows the star as she appeared in Red Heels, *made in Vienna. The film was an immediate success.*

Enter the Prince of Wales and Prince George into Lily's life, and a new love —the movies. In these chapters of the French star's life story, Ronald Colman is the lure that brings her to America.

By



The Editor reviews Part I.

BROUGHT up with the one idea firmly implanted in her mind that some day she was to be a great actress, Lily Damita spent a strange childhood wandering over Europe, learning a little of languages, a little of history, and a great deal of singing and dancing. As a child her mother taught her to fear men as the enemy of her career and to put love and romance out of her life. During the war she made her first public appearances, singing to soldiers at the relief camps. At fifteen she made her formal début as a dancer in the ballet of the Opera de Paris. Then came a three-years' adventure with a band of strolling players, bringing American jazz to hidden corners of Europe. Wearying at last of this, she eagerly accepted an offer to return to Paris as a dancer at the Theater Des Capucines.

Now go on with her story:

AH, PARIS! Can you imagine how good it is for me to be back once more? The honking of the funny taxicabs, the cries of people in my native tongue, they are like music to me. All my life I have never live much in any one place. I have travel in many countries, I know many languages, but always in my heart I am Parisian. And how good it is always to have a bed to sleep in, to know I am going to get paid at the end of the week. The life of the wandering player, it is good when you are young and can laugh at everything, but it is nice to have security for a change.

At the Theater Des Capucines I have my first real taste of the gay life of Paris. It is not so hard as the Opera where I must study and rehearse all the time I am not working. They are very kind to me. I have my own number in the Revue from the very beginning. I begin to have a name in a little way, to have my own small public who come just to see Lily.

Then one day I get my big opportunity. It is to come and dance at the Casino de Paris. You know the Casino? It is the ambition of every girl to dance there. It is the most wonderful, the most gay of all the places in Paris. It is like the grand cabaret—very beautiful with divine food and music and the biggest show of all. It is there you meet the biggest people in Europe.

It is different like that in Europe than in America. The girl who is populaire in the cabarets, everybody desire to meet her, to take her to parties; the people in the highest society, noblemen, princes, she meet them all.

They have in the middle of the show the *entre act*. It

from Gay PAREE

is like what you call the intermission. It is the social hour for the girls who dance. The people who want to meet you, they send in notes, they get friends to introduce them. Your dressing room it is piled high with the most beautiful flowers. There are many boxes of bonbons. Then they come and you have big party in your dressing room. They have the waiters bring in bottles of champagne and they drink many toasts to you. After the *entre act* is over you go back and dance and your friends give you the great applause.

When the theater is over there are very gay supper parties that last until daybreak. We form a big crowd and go to the little cafés in the Montmartre that are open until dawn.

I first go to the Casino dancing in little numbers by myself. At that time Mistinguette, who is one of the most famous dancers in Europe, is the première danseuse of the Casino. I want very much that I, too, should some day be première danseuse. She is the big star of the show.

My Big Chance Comes

ONE day the manager of the show he come to me and say, "Lily, I want you should be the understudy for the great Mistinguette, so that sometime something happen she cannot go on with the show you take her place."

I am so happy I do not know what to do. I laugh and I sing all the time until people say, "What is the matter with you, Lily?" I

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Lily had one ambition, to be the première danseuse of the Casino. Then one day Mistinguette was ill, and Lily's chance came. But Mistinguette's costume was much too large for Lily and great numbers of pins had to be pressed into service. The dance started, the pins pricked and Lily jumped about like a cricket. The audience went wild over what they thought was a cute little wiggle.

Lily Damita with Prince Ferdinand, grandson of the ex-Kaiser, snapped near Berlin, during their romance.

New Talkie and Silent Movies Shown on

'TIME PLACE GIRL' | Fun and Beauty in Ziegfeld's 'Show

Richman to tie matrimonial knot with Bow—Jolson visits Ruby in Gotham—So's your oil man—Police reporter playwrights—and other newsy titbits from Broadway.

By TED SHANE, SCREEN SECRETS' New York Correspondent

HO-HUM! They do tell that that It gal, whotsermame?—ah, yes—Clara Bow, has done gone and got herself engaged to the It boy, Harry Richman, godpappy to all the Rudy Vallees in this over-sex-appealed suffering world.

Harry, 'tis roomid abaht, met Clara while she incognitoed about New York not many moons back, stopping at the Park Central under an assumed name (see a recent issue of SCREEN SECRETS for facts—adv.) to avoid publicity.

They say further that Harry and Clara did some fancy stepping about. They were rarely seen anywhere together, however, Harry evidently being careful not to step on Clara's incognitoes. So Clara went back to Hollywood, no one suspecting the overwhelming secret that was being shared by the two. Clara went to work making *Dangerous Curves* and Harry sat down to a good moon every night, dreaming of his Far-Away L'il Passion Flower. Then suddenly Harry was called to the Great, Glowing Land of Harry Rapf to make *The Song of Broadway*—and, in five weeks, when Harry shall have finished hooting through his picture, they intend to do the old halter act.

AT THIS point, it becomes necessary to tell a little of the leading characters of this powerful domestic drama. Everybody who knows anything knows the life story of Clara Bow. Whatever it may be, you all know how Elinor Glyn suddenly discovered It (after American vodvilyists had known all about it for years) and applied the term to those vast reserves of restraint that are Clara's by birth. And how, since that day, Clara has become the Bernhardt of the Screen, the Greatest Little Trouper of all Time, owning her own cars, homes, furs, joolery, hot and cold running chauffeurs.

As for Harry Richman, he deserves a word or two, even though he is to be only the bridegroom. Richman formerly played a little piano and sang in the old Murphy cellar under Earl Carroll's Theater. His voice, which the gals find full of peaches, cream, honey and other goo, but which I find full of razzberries and (sour) cream, soon won him a place in *George White's Scandals*. He has also made millions of hot records and broken heart after heart and emptied pocketbook after pocketbook in his palatial aforementioned Club.

Nacherally the news of the engagement is going to raise hell amongst millions of members of both sexes.

—De Barron Studios.

Mary McDonald, one of the star attractions in Florenz Ziegfeld's Show Girl, *"sits pretty"—all dressed up with a string of pearls.*

n Broadway Screens

7 Girl' | THUNDER' OFFERS

SHUBERT Theatre, 44th W. of B'y. Eves. 8:30. Mat. Wed. (Day & Date) 2:30
a NIGHT in VENICE
MOROSCO Thea., 45th W. of B'y. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
JOHN BRINKWATER'S Comedy
BIRD in HAND

It is curious that a girl puts notches in her drawer for the number of men that she has given the mitten to—while a man does it for the same reason. Just the same, Clara once had a young man try suicide (unsuccessfully, as you guessed) after she had laden him with the pumpkin. At a subsequent court testimony, a friend of the young man said, "Clara kissed X— so hard, that his lips were sore for days afterwards. He couldn't do any work for days after being kissed like that . . . She would bite his lips until the blood ran." Clara, when she heard this evidence and the gruesome details of the wrist-slashing said, "And you say he tried to commit suicide? Well, what nice weather we're having. You know, he pursued me and actually bored me. The man I marry must dominate me."

As for handsome, golden-throated Harry, he was recently reported ardently in pursuit of Lenore Ulric, the human torch, now in Hollywood, too.

WELL, at last we're getting to a point. Namely, I don't believe the wedding will ever come off. Why? First, because me spies tell me that when Clara did the Gotham rounds on that vacation of her's, she was seen mostly in the company of a swell and brainy-looking young medical student, with whom it looked as though she was very much *that way*. The young man has gone to Germany to complete his studies and there is good reason to believe that he will consummate some day with Clara. Besides, all Broadway hears that Richman has been a poor draw in his talkies thus far and that this announcement is just a gag for publicity. Wherefore I'm sitting very pretty and keeping very cool about the whole thing. At the time of going to press I know no more about the matter than you do. I can only guess. But I think that my guess is good enough to warrant the prophecy that the wedding will not come off. In the meantime, I marvel at what a man will do for publicity. Ho-hum.

—De Barron Studios.

Georgia Payne, another Ziegfeld beauty in Show Girl, *is minus the pearls, but it's plain to see why the show is a big hit.*

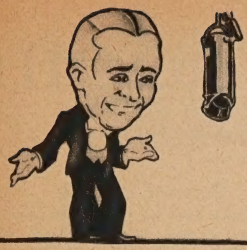
Mammy and Pappy

AL'S HERE. That is, that Jolson feller. How come? Well, having finished his latest chef doover for Warners in Hollywood, to wit, *The Song of Songs*, and being between pictures—*Mammy's* to come next—he decided to come East to keep his l'il loyal woman, Ruby Keeler, company throughout the rehearsals and opening of the Ziegfeld extravaganza, *Show Girl*, in which she stars. Any little peeper into screen romances knows that Jolson is very much married to Ruby Keeler, but he doesn't believe that marriage should interfere with art. He and Ruby are going to have their separate careers. Very sensible, too.

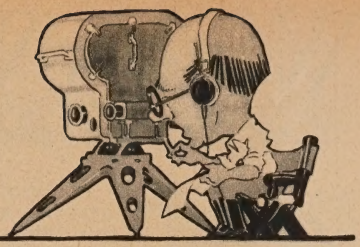
Here's one of Al's favorite stories. A Scotchman was being operated on for brain trouble. The doctors had his whole brain out on the table next to him when a fire broke out. Everybody rushed out of the hospital in a panic, completely forgetting the poor Scotchman. Suddenly someone

[*Turn to page* 114]

CLARA BOW is all wrapped up in what the well-dressed woman of 1930 will wear—perhaps. The IT girl's costume is a yard or so of sequins slashed with silver lightning—striking, isn't it?



TALKIE TALK



A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

First Talkie Double

THAT bright young man, Russell Birdwell, who, on the strength of his excellent little $500 picture, *Street Corners*, won a contract for himself as director at Fox Studios, has achieved a notable triumph in his first picture, *Masquerade*.

He shows a man playing a double role, talking to himself! This isn't, of course, difficult at first glance, but is harder than it seems, owing to the intricacies required for double exposure, which requires careful timing. If the speaker talked too soon, his speech would impinge on that of his double, or if the interval were too long in the conversational give-and-take, it would be ridiculous.

Friend and Critic

MANY and strange are the pranks played by the mischievous microphone. Here's one of the latest. An acquaintance was looking on while an actor went through a big scene. During the business the actor noticed the bystander whispering to a companion. When the scene was over, the actor went over to greet his acquaintance. "Well," he asked, "how did it look to you? And how did my lines sound?"

"Oh, you were great," replied the acquaintance, who had been doing the whispering; "really, I have never had the pleasure of seeing anything so well done."

Whereupon the actor, in an expansive mood, invited the acquaintance into the playback room to hear again the scene they had just been through.

The lines rippled smoothly out of the loud speaker. Then there was a moment of silence and during the lull, a very small and far away, but very clear voice was heard to whisper: "He's lousy, isn't he?"

—K. O. Rahmn

Douglas Fairbanks as Petruchio, *and Mary Pickford as* Katharina, *pronounce their marriage vows in Doug's first talkie—and their first picture together—* The Taming of the Shrew.

Cutting Their Speeches

HOLLYWOOD film cutters take words right out of players' mouths in a new development of the talkies. At Paramount, one actor pronounced athletic as "ath-e-let-ic." A cutter corrected his pronunciation by clipping one-sixteenth of an inch from the sound track on the film. Cutters are also able to remove entire words from dialogue sequences. The important thing about all this is that it saves many retakes.

Introducing the Hole-Puncher

A VERY important person on a sound stage these days is the man who goes 'round punching holes in the walls of a set, using an automatic auger.

But that isn't so destructive as it might seem. The chap who bores the holes is merely letting the air in so the voices of the players won't sound too hollow!

The holes he bores are so tiny, in fact, that they are not visible to the camera's eye. But they are very important and most every indoor set has to have them.

A Bad Break

DURING a performance in a leading theater in a city in Ohio, a patron became so interested in the talkie feature being presented that he slumped away down in his seat. A pint bottle in his hip pocket slipped out, went sliding along the floor down the incline of the balcony, to smash with a loud noise at the bottom. Everybody in that part of the house sniffed and then laughed. When this happened the talkie feature had just ended and the organist was playing a solo. When he heard the bottle crash he played just a bar from *How Dry I Am*.

Getting Results

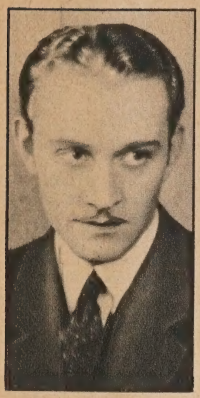
LEAVE it to Lionel Barrymore to get what he wants! While directing *The Green Ghost* at the M-G-M studio, he wanted a chorus to sing in sepulchral tones in the seance scene in the new talking picture based on Ben Hecht's story. So what did he do but place a large nail barrel under the "mike" and have the singers sing into the barrel. The "mike," 20 feet overhead, caught the loud sound from the barrel; a new voice effect was achieved—just what Barrymore wanted.

Rawther Difficult, Eh, What?

VICTOR McLAGLEN, strapping Englishman with a robust Kentish accent, is having the peculiarities of his speech ironed out, by orders of his director.

Who's Who in Filmdom

SCREEN SECRETS publishes each month biographies of several noted screen players. Save this page for your scrapbook.



Conrad Nagel

Conrad Nagel

IF CONRAD NAGEL had followed his childhood ambition, the field of architecture might have been benefited, but motion pictures certainly would have been deprived of one of their most beloved players. Nagel's mother was a concert singer; his father, Dr. Frank Nagel, was a noted pianist and composer, but their son, Conrad, wanted to design buildings. To prove that he was in earnest, he secured a summer job laying bricks. The union stepped in and he stepped out and went to college at Des Moines, Iowa. His success as an entertainer at college turned his ambitions to the stage. He joined a Lyceum Bureau as a reader, later he joined a stock company, then vaudeville and finally Broadway. His first big part was in *The Natural Law.* His first experience before the camera was in 1918 in *Little Women.*

Corinne Griffitn

Corinne Griffith

SHE was born on the border line between Texas and Arkansas and comes very near having no native state. Her father, a railroad man, was of English descent and her mother's parents were Italian. She began having her own way early in life. When she was only four, her father took her to the circus. She flatly refused to leave, so daddy bought the circus for her. In her early teens she determined to be an artist. The first money she earned was $50 for a still-life study. After her father's death, the family moved to Los Angeles. Corinne loved to dance and attended one at Santa Monica. She received the beauty prize offered that evening. One of the judges was Roland Spurgeon, a film director. He made a test of her the next morning; the result was a contract from Vitagraph.

Lila Lee

Lila Lee

LILA LEE was born in New York City on July 25, 1905. She is the daughter of Charles and Augusta Lee Appel. Private tutors made it unnecessary for her to attend public school, which she now regrets. At the age of five she first appeared on the stage in a Gus Edwards' revue, being billed under the name of *Cuddles* because she was so tiny and chubby. "Just a cuddly baby" is Mrs. Edwards' description of her. She was starred in the Gus Edwards' Revues until 1918, when she left the stage to make her début in pictures. Her first picture was *The Cruise of the Make Believe,* for Famous Players-Lasky. She was then given a five-year contract by that studio. After her contract expired, she again returned to the stage and appeared in a New York show called *The Bride Retires.* Since then she has been free-lancing.

Kenneth Harlan

Kenneth Harlan

KENNETH HARLAN was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and attended public school there. He began his stage career in Boston and later came to New York City, where he played in vaudeville with Gertrude Hoffmann. Lois Weber saw him in a road show and was so impressed with his work and with his appearance that she gave him his first screen rôle in *The Whim.* So well did he handle this part that Universal gave him a contract. It was here that he met and married Marie Prevost, his leading lady. They were recently divorced. Mr. Harlan left pictures two years ago to appear on the stage in Los Angeles. After the run of the play, he toured the country in vaudeville. So great is he as a box-office attraction. that he consented to a second tour. He has an unusually sensitive nature.

Joseph Schildkraut

Joseph Schildkraut

BORN in Vienna, Austria, March 22, 1898. Educated in Vienna and Berlin. Studied music with the idea of becoming a violinist. Graduated in 1913 from the Imperial Academy of Music, Berlin. His father is Rudolph Schildkraut, noted actor. His mother, Erna Schildkraut, is a non-professional. His admiration for his father and his father's art caused Joseph to desert his music for drama. His work as an actor took him to all the large cities of Europe. He came to America in 1920 and starred with the Theater Guild for five years. His first picture was *Orphans of the Storm,* for D. W. Griffith. His wife is Elise Bartlett, a well-known stage actress and she continues in her profession. He has three hobbies—books, music and dogs. His library contains 17,500 volumes, in five languages.

Irene Bordoni

Irene Bordoni

THE Island of Corsica in Ajaccio, has long been renowned as the birthplace of Napoleon, but it is also the birthplace of Irene Bordoni. Her great grandmother was the sister of Millet, the artist. Her stage career began in an act of disobedience. When a youngster of thirteen in Paris, she disobeyed her mother, and instead of coming directly home from school, she pranced into the Theater Varieties and asked the manager for a job. She got it and a salary of fifty cents a week! George Halevy, the noted French writer, discovered she had talent and gave her a real chance on the stage. Soon she was known all over Europe. But America's Broadway beckoned. She learned English and came over, scoring a success in *Miss Fortune,* with Elsie Janis. Her popularity grew until she became star of her company.

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With 100 per cent Talking and Singing, an all-star cast of 14 famous names, a glorified beauty chorus of 100, and 3 brand-new hit songs—"Am I Blue?", "Let Me Have My Dreams", and "In The Land of Let's Pretend"—"ON WITH THE SHOW" would be superb picture entertainment, even in black and white . . . But the added thrill of Technicolor makes it an artistic event of commanding importance in entertainment history. Make—or break—a date to see it!

You *See and Hear* VITAPHONE *only in* Warner Bros. *and* First National *Pictures*

Backtrailing Movie History

¶ Movie personalities and developments of a decade or so ago.

Do you recognize them? These two little girls, Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost, now world-famous, were just getting their start as Mack Sennett bathing beauties when this picture was taken.

THIRTY years ago, Rex Beach, Jack London and Jesse Lasky stood on the streets of Nome, Alaska, watching the parade in celebration of the birth of the first white child in that city.

▲▲▲

In 1903, 26 years ago, the first real narrative picture, *The Great Train Robbery*, was started. This picture introduced the first stunt man. He was Frank Hanaway, of the U. S. Cavalry, chosen for a part because he could fall off a galloping horse without breaking his neck.

▲▲▲

In the same year, Harry Warner and his brothers opened a 99-seat store show called *The Cascade Theater*, in their home town of Newcastle, Pennsylvania. The chairs were rented by the day from an undertaker and on days when a funeral was held the patrons of the show had to see the picture standing up.

▲▲▲

Twenty-five years ago, Adolph Zukor, who was then a furrier in Chicago, loaned a friend $3,000 to put into a penny arcade peep show. The friend was not making good and Zukor rushed to New York to protect his interest. There he met Marcus Loew, also in the peep show business. Out of this adventure grew the string of theaters and also the present interest of Mr. Zukor in motion pictures.

▲▲▲

Fifteen years ago, Mack Sennett started his first six-reel comedy, *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. It was fourteen weeks in the making and brought into prominence Marie Dressler, Fatty Arbuckle, Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand.

▲▲▲

Fifteen years ago, David Wark Griffith started work on his greatest success, *The Birth of a Nation*.

An Epic of Melody

[*Continued from page* 30]

When the sun became too weak for filming purposes, generally about 4:45 p. m., work stopped, and the company, tired and dusty, went back to camp and a big dinner. Generally by 10 p. m. the camp was silent under the light of western stars.

Strange, indeed, to those who witnessed the filming of these scenes, was the contrast presented.

COVERED wagons, manned by bearded pioneers, carrying women in hoop-skirts, rolled away slowly over the plains, while at their side rolled a glassed-in camera booth, with an extended swinging microphone, recording the conversations en route. It was a strange co-mingling of vehicles of a primitive era, before the times of modern invention and electricity, before the talking motion picture camera, recording on all-natural color film! In the days of 1849, cameras themselves were scarcely known, let alone pictures that moved, phonographs, electric lights, radio, or photo-electric cells!

Song of the West is adapted from the operetta *Rainbow*, the New York stage success by Oscar Hammerstein II and Laurence Stallings. Vincent Youmans, of *Hit the Deck* and *Rio Rita* fame, wrote the music. John Boles is already famous for his work in *The Desert Song*. Vivienne Segal who sings the lead in *Song of the West*, is new to pictures, but is quite the darling of Broadway's musical shows. She sang the original New York stage lead in *The Desert Song*, and recently completed 58 weeks in the feminine lead of Flo Ziegfeld's musical extravaganza, *The Three Musketeers*. Joe E. Brown, remembered from the stage in *Twinkle, Twinkle*, and recently seen in *On With the Show* on the screen, has one of the most important rôles in *Song of the West*, that of the comedy mule skinner.

Lost the Point

I HAVE seen many good pictures, of late, that have been marred because the art director got too exuberant with his bosses' money.

The whole point of the stage play *Broadway* is the yearning day dream of the "hoofer" to get a job in vaudeville. When you look at the gorgeous night club which the art director has given him in the night club, any vaudeville job would grow tame by comparison.

Just so, Billie Dove's first talking picture, *Careers*. In this, a young wife consents to sell herself to the governor of a French colony in Indo-China—in order that her husband can be promoted and go back to Paris. From the picture, you can see no reason why he should have a special hankering to get to Paris. The point that the producers left out was the terrific heat of Saigon.

—Harry Carr.

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You will ask that same question, once you've tried Kotex. Study its features, listed right here. Then buy a box and try it.

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Letters of a Movie Extra

Hollywood

ABOUT two weeks ago I went to see a certain man about a certain part in a certain picture and he said, "Naw, yer too thick." I got to thinking it over and decided maybe I was a little overweight, so I went home and got ahold of this diet list—this eighteen-day starvation period—by which so many of our celebrities are knocking off the aver-de-poise and for two weeks I existed—it would be a crime to say lived—on grapefruit, lettuce and eggs, but it was not useless torture, because I lost, or mislaid, ten pounds.

I looked as slim as a greyhound, so I trotted back to see the wizard. I busted right up to him and said, "Well, here I am and I'm thinner."

That's when the jolt came. That man actually said to me, "Say, Frenchie, I didn't say you were too fat. I said you were too thick. You may have lost ten pounds but you lost it in the wrong spot—your head is still plenty thick."

I FINALLY landed a few days at Warner Brothers playing a little Mexican girl in *Under the Texas Moon.* I don't look exactly Latin but by keeping my back to the camera and out of the director's sight, I got by.

Ever since Warner Baxter made *In Old Arizona,* the studios have been making pictures with Spanish backgrounds and Portugese dialects. In this picture, Frank Fay plays *Don Carlos.* He can handle everything but the general appearance and he can't look Spanish any more than an Albino can look Ethiopian.

He likes pictures and Hollywood and all that, but the lights do bother him. They are so bright.

Michael Curtiz is the director. I thought when I climbed out of that tank full of cattle in *Noah's Ark,* I never wanted to see him again, but after a few weeks' idleness he didn't look so bad. He is a good director but his treatment of the Queen's English is no cure for convulsions. He gets up on a parallel and yells, "Props man, props man, go me for some vine glasses after, qvick."

It is a beautiful set away out on the old Lasky Ranch. There must be a thousand people on that location and the whole thing is done in color. And it will be some color, too, with all those old Spanish costumes.

I JUST heard that Howard Hughes had actually finished *Hell's Angels* and was about to start on *The Front Page.* Well, if they leave the play with its original dialogue the entire company can get a lot of wrathy remarks (about the trouble on the former picture) off their chest.

I stopped in to get a sandwich at a little café on Sunset and who was there but Jimmy Murray. He looked terrible and I don't think he's worked since he took it upon himself to break his contract about a year ago. He broke it because he thought it wasn't good enough—believe me, a poor contract should be better than none. If I had one, it wouldn't ever need to worry about abuse from me.

Francois Fern

And This is Paris!

[*Continued from page 37*]

Of course the boat was christened the "Whoopee".

Mr. Renault loaned his island to the hosts for a gorgeous display of fireworks rivalling that of the Grande Semaine at Deauville. Afterwards, the guests were brought back to the Bois de Boulogne to the Ermitage leased for the evening by Mr. Glaenzer, and especially illuminated for the dance and supper that followed.

WHEN I was in Vichy some time ago, a ripple of excitement ran one day from lip to lip: "Charlie Chaplin is going to turn a picture in a tea-shop here at three o'clock."

I felt like crying: "Tell me a better one!"

Charlie, I felt sure, was not in France. But everyone insisted that the rumor was true, and our hotel made such a point of securing me a table of honor whence I could see the famous comedian at work, I hadn't the heart to voice my skepticism.

Three o'clock found me at a ringside seat near the door by which the great little Charlie and his cast were to enter. To my astonishment, he actually arrived.

"But," I cried, seeing the well-known derby, fly-mustache and mutton-kink curls, "that's not Charlie Chaplin—he's too tall!"

"Oh, yes it is!" everybody assured me.

The scene was filmed with much dropping of napkin, spilling of tea, exaggerated effects of the derby and finally stumbling over his own feet in departure—slapstick stuff, lacking the genius which raises Charlie's work above that of the common clown. Of course it was some local actor—he may even have had a contract authorizing him to turn this Vichy scene in Charlie's name—I don't know.

But all the Vichyites remained firm in their conviction that they had seen Charlie Chaplin in the flesh. I hadn't the heart to disillusion them.

Chester Morris, Proud Papa

CHESTER MORRIS of *Alibi* fame has an eleven-months-old son, Brooks Kilborn Morris, who is spending his days during the summer cutting teeth upon a full-sized pipe which Pat O'Malley presented him for that purpose. Pass the Morris home on Scenic Drive any time after ten in the morning and you'll see the son and heir swinging in a canvas contraption on the porch enjoying his smoking apparatus.

Speaking of Chester, we were interviewing him the other day when he remarked sadly, "I wish I could give some of the cute sayings of our youngster for publication. But so far all he says is, 'glub, glub, and blub, blub'—exactly like a movie star trying to make a talkie."

Mr. Morris is one of the newcomers from the stage, remember.

"Unaccustomed as I am—

....Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN A DAZE he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

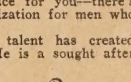
"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him now a simple and easy method in 20 minutes a day, would train him to dominate one man or thousands — convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought after speaker for civic, banquet and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*



* * *

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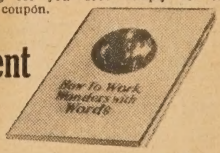

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Fair		COLOR OF LASHES	Dry	
Medium			SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR	Oily	
Dark			Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark	Age	
Olive				

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*Address*_____

*City*_____

Getting Personal

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

Theda Bara may have been a vamp to screen fans, but her husband calls her "Tootsie."

Colleen Moore has fourteen electric clocks in her new Bel-Air home. One of them plays three different sets of chimes.

Hoot Gibson has just purchased a new Rolls-Royce limousine. This makes six cars for Mr. Gibson.

Glenn Tryon is so attached to the studio that when not working he spends his time either riding horses on the lot or working out in the gym.

Betty Compson wears a pair of rhinestone studded shoes that cost a whole $225—a pretty good price even for Hollywood.

Gary Cooper

Gary Cooper has opened his dude ranch in Montana at last. His father is running it for him.

Pauline Frederick, whose hobby is cooking, has entered the Hollywood cake-baking contest. Later she discovered that her chef had also entered the contest.

Adolphe Menjou presented his friend, Maurice Chevalier, with a Sealyham Terrier which Maurice promptly christened *Adolphe.*

Al Jolson presented Douglas Fairbanks with a golf-watch on his birthday recently. It was inscribed "Bought and paid for by Al Jolson" and a note accompanied the gift which read, "You'll never do a seventy if you use this."

When Nils Asther returned to Hollywood after six weeks aboard a yacht off Catalina Island during the filming of *The Single Standard*, he asked M-G-M for a vacation.

"You've just had it," replied Irving Thalberg, his boss.

Charlie Farrell's friends have been wondering for two years where it was he spent his Tuesday evenings. Now the secret is out. He's been taking singing lessons.

Sue Carol

Sue Carol's mother has purchased a new Lincoln town car as a birthday gift for the perfect flapper of the screen.

For more than a year, Marian Nixon has been investing all but $100 of her $1,500 weekly salary in building and loan associations.

Few know it, but with the exception of evening gowns, Marian, with the help of her sister, makes all her own frocks.

Colleen Moore is looking forward to a three months' vacation, in Europe, with one of the three set aside for her stay in Ireland, land of her forebears.

Edmund Lowe wears a blue béret with his sport clothes.

Joseph Schildkraut has one of the few pure white police dogs in the world.

George Bancroft has a 40-inch chest measurement and a four-inch chest expansion—without benefit of red flannel undies.

Stepin Fetchit has a colored chauffeur who drives his big Cadillac and Stepin rides in the front seat with him.

Charles Morton tames squirrels and quail that come to his house in the hills.

Greta Garbo

Greta Garbo has moved her trunks from the Miramar Hotel, overlooking the Pacific at Santa Monica, where she has lived since coming to Hollywood, three years ago, and has taken a lease on a home in Beverly Hills. Just where in Beverly, however, is Greta's secret.

The Lowe-Down

[*Continued from page* 31]

studied for years and years preparing my voice so that I might one day become a great star of the legitimate drama. Then, when motion pictures called, I gave up all I had learned during the years of study. I buried my voice in the silence of cinema theaters.

OF COURSE, talking pictures have changed the technique of the screen. In silent pictures, the actor had to put over his idea in pantomime before the title flashed on the screen. For example, let us assume that in a silent picture I was to say to another character: 'We must make no false move in this place. Behind me is the revolution leader.' Before I spoke my title, I would glance around cautiously. Then I would lean forward and place my hand on the arm of the person to whom my title was addressed. Before I spoke, I would again move my eyes slyly toward the revolution leader. Then I would open my mouth, and the title, in written words, would be inserted into the picture.

"Now all such surplus motion is unnecessary. I act as I naturally would. I lean closer to the character I am to address and I say: 'We must make no false move in this place. Behind me is the revolution leader.' The very tone and volume of my voice establishes the fact that I am being cautious.

"The experienced stage actor never worries about his voice. He has become unconscious of it. That is the reason he is superior to the screen actor in talking pictures. The screen actor is conscious of his voice. He *listens* to himself talk. The stage veteran does not. He has learned how to use his voice and then has forgotten to think about technique; consequently, he is at all times natural."

Seated carelessly on the floor of his damp basement, Lowe told me how he happened to go on the stage and then into motion pictures.

Several years ago, a graduate of Santa Clara University with high honors, he informed his family that he did not like law and had decided to become an actor. His decisions created an uproar, but Lowe did not allow this to change his course. He went to San Francisco and to the Alcazar Theatre, then that city's foremost show-house.

FRED BUTLER, later a prominent character actor in motion pictures and now deceased, was then stage director at the Alcazar. Lowe entered his outer office. He was awed to find himself in the presence of several prominent actors of that day, but he held fast to his courage and finally found himself before Butler. The stage director, noted for his kindness and for his willingness to aid beginners, promised Lowe that he should have an extra bit the following week.

With this promise, Edmund left the office. En route through the lobby to the street, he stopped to look at the photographic displays. He was thus engaged when Butler's assistant burst hastily through the door with the information that the director had decided Lowe would be satisfactory for a part in the show then in rehearsal. It thus happened that Edmund was lucky enough to get a stage job on the very first day and in the first place he applied for work.

LOWE'S first motion picture was *The Spreading Dawn.* He was tested for the part by the Goldwyn company and was cast to play opposite Jane Cowl. He did not desert the stage at this time, but he alternated between it and the screen.

He quit the stage permanently when he signed a Paramount contract to appear opposite Betty Compson in a picture titled *The White Flower.* The film industry has had exclusive use of his services since.

The past five years were spent at the Fox studio, where he has risen to stardom in such pictures as *What Price Glory? Iz Zat So? Dressed to Kill, In Old Arizona, Through Different Eyes* and latest, but not least, *The Cock-Eyed World.* Looking over this list, I find it includes a suprising number of very big productions. At least four of them may be classed in the familiar movie group termed epics, although the word is sadly misued by the film representatives.

While he was telling me the historical facts of his career, Lowe suddenly sneezed. Three times he sneezed. The eruption over, he raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips.

"Lil will kill me," he muttered (*Lil* is Lilyan Tashman, his wife). "She will say I should have more sense than to sit on this damp cellar floor. I'll probably have a terrible cold before the day is ended."

We climbed steps again to the comfort of Lowe's living room, where we both enjoyed proper precautions against colds. Just before I departed, Edmund called his valet into our presence and gave orders to carry the old wardrobe trunk and its contents up to his den.

"I'm going to have it cleaned up," he explained to me. "Finding that old trunk was like running across a long lost friend. I won't allow it to mildew in the cellar.'"

At the door, as I said good-by, Lowe sneezed again.

"I hope you don't catch cold," I sympathized. "You should be more careful —at your age."

Then I sneezed. I caud a bad co'd, doo.

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...now made easy by clever new Kleenex box that gives 2 cleansing tissues at a time.

PROPER complexion care necessitates the use of Kleenex . . . the safe, hygienic tissues that blot away the dirt and germs instead of rubbing them down into the pores.

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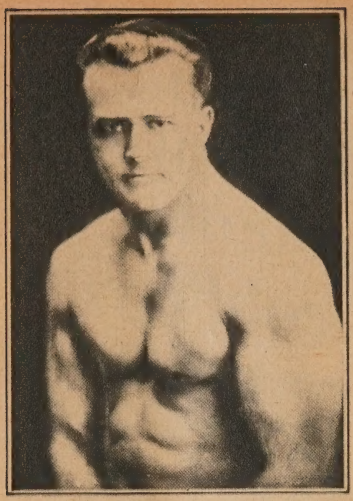

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Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. **Kill him!** If you don't, he will kill you.

Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real, live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. **I guarantee them!** It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

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An attractive bevy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chorus girls in a scene from The Hollywood Revue of 1929. *This dazzling production trots out in one elaborate ensemble the pick of M-G-M's stars and featured players.*

Classified Picture Guide

[*Other reviews will be found on page 70*]

DRAMA

1929—This is the most marvelous, most dazzling pot-pourri of singing, talking and dancing that has come to the screen. There isn't any plot—sing Hallelujah! But there is this impressive lineup: Marion Davies, Gus Edwards, Bessie Love, Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Charlie King, Conrad Nagel, William Haines, Buster Keaton, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, the Brox Sisters, Joan Crawford, Ukelele Ike, Natova, Norma Shearer and John Gilbert. Oh, what a masterpiece! You can quote us as saying that *The Hollywood Revue of 1929* is the greatest screen entertainment of all time.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

SMILING IRISH EYES—Colleen Moore sings with a verve and a sincerity that will tug at your heartstrings. She makes you laugh and she makes you cry and you'll love her more than ever when you see her excellent performance throughout this picture.—*First National.*

ON WITH THE SHOW—This is the first of the all-color talkies, and judging from its overwhelmingly successful reception at the box-offices throughout the country, there will be more like it. Betty Compson and Arthur Lake play the two chief rôles, but Joe E. Brown's great comedy work attracts the major share of spotlight glitter. Sally O'Neill is adorable and Sam Hardy is as smooth an actor as ever.—*Warner Brothers.*

THE BLACK WATCH—Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy as the chief characters in a story of love, politics, intrigue and India under the midnight moon. Rather an unconvincing plot, but good entertainment.—*Fox.*

THE FLYING FOOL—It's all about aviation, with William Boyd, Marie Prevost and Russell Gleason. The boys are brothers and are in love with the same girl. Boyd, a stunt flyer, and *that way* about women, thinks his brother in puppy love. One of them marries the girl. Guess who? Gleason shows great promise.—*Pathé.*

COMEDY

BROADWAY BABIES—Alice White as a chorus girl who marries a fathead with a fat bankroll. He gets himself conveniently shot and Alice uses the money as a step to becoming a Broadway star. Alice does her own singing—and it's quite okeh!—*First National.*

PARIS BOUND — Ann Harding's breath-taking beauty is apt to obscure this picture. Not that her work isn't excellent—but she is *so* captivating! This is a really great picture that succeeds on its own merits, without benefit of ballyhoo.—*Pathé.*

COLLEGE LOVE—George Lewis frolics through a career of football, disgrace on the eve of the big game; and reinstatement in just the nick of time to make the winning touchdown for dear old Calford. Dorothy Gulliver is the gal who sticks with George through thick and thin.—*Universal.*

WHITE COLLARS—The screen version of this well-known stage play is as amusing as the thing in the flesh. Conrad Nagel plays the millionaire, with Leila Hyams as his wife. Bessie Love and Robert Ober supply the comedy, and you'll like it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

What They Are Doing

Dorothy Mackaill's latest is *The Woman on the Jury,* a First National show.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is hard at work on *The Forward Pass.*

Loretta Young plays opposite him. It's a First National picture.

Marilyn Miller is busy on the perennial *Sally,* for First National.

Richard Barthelmess is at present working on *Young Nowhere,* for First National.

Lenore Ulric, famous New York stage star, is now making *Frozen Justice,* for William Fox.

Hal Roach Studios have three comedies now under production, one Laurel and Hardy, one Our Gang and one Harry Langdon.

Sunny Side Up, which Fox is making, will give us the treat of seeing Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell together once again.

Bessie Love (and her ukulele, I guess), and Charles King, are busy on another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of backstage life, *The Road Show.*

Greta Garbo's first picture since her return from Sweden will be *Jealousy,* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Jungle will serve as Joan Crawford's initial starring vehicle, for M-G-M.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Trader Horn* company, with Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in the leading rôles, is still in Africa.

Clara Bow is busy being *The Saturday Night Kid,* at Paramount, just now.

George Bancroft is now working on *The Mighty,* for Paramount.

Maurice Chevalier. is singing his charming way through *The Love Parade,* for Paramount.

Bebe Daniels is hard at work on her first talkie, *Rio Rita,* which is musical as well as just plain audible.

John Boles has the male lead in the picture, which is being produced by RKO.

Mary Pickford and **Douglas Fairbanks** have almost finished *The Taming of the Shrew,* their first co-starring vehicle, for United Artists release.

Norma Talmadge's first talkie, which she is making for United Artists, is *Tin Pan Alley.*

Gilbert Roland plays opposite her.

Under a Texas Moon, a Warner Brothers production, brings together Frank Fay, John Boles, Vivienne Segal and Armida.

Dolores Costello is playing in *Second Choice,* for Warner Brothers.

Tiger Rose, at Warner Brothers, boasts the glamorous presence of Lupe Velez.

Pauline Frederick is making *The Sacred Flame,* for Warner Brothers.

George Arliss is playing *Disraeli,* for Warner Brothers.

Laura La Plante is now making another for Universal, *One Rainy Night.*

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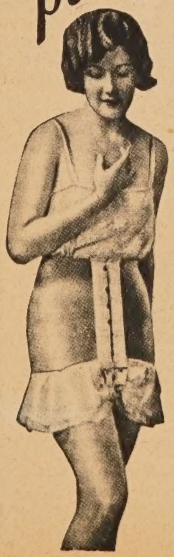

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POSTAL POUCH

The Postal Pouch editor will answer on this page any questions you may want to ask concerning the movies. For a personal reply, enclose with your letter a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

THOMAS: Not the cat variety, however, are you? How the boy-friends like Baclanova. But I'll bet my Sunday teeth that you don't know how to pronounce her name! It's tricky! She was born in Moscow, Russia, is five feet four inches tall, has natural blond hair and blue eyes, weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds, received her stage training when she entered the Moscow Art theater at the age of sixteen, and is married to Nicholas Soussanin. She came to America with Morris Gest's production of *Carmencita and the Soldier* in 1923, and was here eight months at that time. She returned in 1927, and has been in pictures ever since. Her first screen appearance was in *The Dove,* in which she had a small part.

WENDELL: Tom Mix was born on a Texas ranch in 1880. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He was originally with the 101 Wild West Shows, but joined the old Selig Picture Company many years ago. About twelve years ago he discovered a pathetic little wild colt, which he bought for almost nothing. Today Tony is almost as well known as his famous master. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Michigan, on August 19, 1902. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has brown hair, and one brown eye and one blue eye. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, on September 20, 1899. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes.

HERBERT R. W.: Gee, what do you think we are—a matrimonial bureau? I don't know any "lonesome little extra about five feet two inches tall, either red haired, blonde, or brunette" who will write to you whenever you write to her. Better hire a secretary to write billets doux to you. If, as you say, you don't think it's anything to brag about to know stars, better stand on the Hollywood street corner when you come out here. Every very hungry looking girl will be that "lonesome little extra" you're yearning for.

Who Will Be Next?

Mary Brian

EVERY month one of the stars answers a letter received by Postal Pouch and sends to the writer an attractive, large photograph of herself. This month's lucky fan receives a photograph from Mary Brian. The winner's letter and Miss Brian's reply appear below.

Dear Postal Pouch Editor:

I hate to be such a trouble and ask so much, but could you please tell me the biography of the one whom I firmly believe is the most beautiful, talented and sweetest girl on the screen, Mary Brian?

I'll be watching eagerly for an answer to my question. Thanking you, I am,

Cordially yours,
BETTY K.

Dear Betty:

My real name was Louise. When I played in *Peter Pan,* Paramount changed it to Mary, which I like better. I have one brother, Taurrence. We were both born in Corsicanna, Texas, where all our early life was spent riding and going to school.

I have brown hair and hazel eyes. My weight was 105 about a week ago, and I am five feet, two inches tall.

I hope you know me better through this letter.

From your very, very sincere friend,

MARY BRIAN.

BETTY M: "Don't get excited and think you're a new girl-friend?" Say, Betty, knowing you've come back a second time is what gets me all agog and aflutter! I must be getting good in my old age! Charles Rogers was so popular that he needed a private secretary some two years before you thought of asking for the job! Mary Brian is five feet two inches tall and is just twenty-one years old. Barry Norton is six feet tall and twenty-five years old, while Nils Asther—the "h" silent like the "r" in "fish"—is six feet two inches tall and is twenty-seven years old. If you come back again I'll meet the postman with a brass band!

E. K. MOVIE FAN: When I saw Alice White last week her hair was blond. She was born in Paterson, N. J., twenty-three years ago, is five feet three inches tall, and still single. I'll say she isn't a "home girl"—unless home's where you hang your hat while you're out at a party. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank. I couldn't answer your letter personally because you forgot the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

AGNES K.: Sure I know everything—and what I don't know I'll make up! Buddy is twenty-four years old. Write to Ramon Novarro at M-G-M, Culver City; to Dolores Del Rio at Tec-Art, Hollywood; Jacqueline Logan at Columbia Studios, Hollywood; Ruth Elder, Universal, Universal City; Nancy Carroll at Paramount, Hollywood; and Al Jolson at Warner Brothers, Hollywood. No, Clara Bow has never been married. Gloria Swanson is thirty-one years old, while Douglas Fairbanks gives his age as thirty-six.

LAWRENCE G. C.: You must be a Norma Shearer fan—and I'll make it two! They say she is one of the few actresses who can impersonate a perfect lady without undue stretch of the imagination. She was born in Montreal, Canada, and is married to Irving Thalberg, a young executive at M-G-M, where she is under contract. Mary Pickford is also a Canadian. Clara Bow and Jean Arthur can both be reached at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

Exploring Ronald Colman's "Unseen Home" in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 39]

wrought-iron handle of the door. His greatest weapon in this fight for sanity in a motion-mad world is tranquility.

THE first impression, as one descends the flight of a dozen steps, is of a tranquil old Spanish courtyard, a foot-stoned patio, flaming with flowers. There are petunias of purple and red, Canterbury bells, daisies banked against the protecting wall that rears itself from the street and sinks to meet this patio. A canvas canopy protects a portion of the outdoor room from the afternoon sun. There are comfortable wicker chairs, a little sun-worn, and bright-tiled tables in friendly groups. A roof covering a small veranda to one side offers permanent protection during rainy months, and forms a *patio cubierto.*

Another door, a rough-hewn door in the Mexican manner, primitive, effectual, with a small amber glass window in which a small colored glass-piece dangles, leads to the cool interior. There is amber glass in the long window with its deep recesses. Two other small-leaded glasses of varied colors hang there. To the right, as you enter, are the steps that lead to Colman's sleeping quarters; a guest room has been converted into a study. There still remains one guest room for the favored *enveitado,* at the moment Mrs. Freda Smith of Australia, his sister, and the first of Colman's relatives to visit him in Hollywood.

STRAIGHT ahead, and down a step, is the living-room that Hollywood craves to over-run. It is a dusky living-room, save in the morning, when the eastern sun, lighting the tennis court, lights also this room, through long windows that are doors, as well. It is such a *sala* as might be found in the home of a Spanish gentleman; it might well have been retained from the period just past when the *dons* built their *haciendas* in a Latin California. Colman's *hacienda,* his little estate, is as indigenous to their semi-tropical country as the palms outside the door, the pepper trees and the tall, waving odorous eucalypti.

Ronald Colman once made a trip to the altar, but the marriage proved a failure. Despite this one great disappointment, Ronald is not cynical about women and love and marriage. Some day there will be another Mrs. Colman —Ronald says so—and the companionship of a loving wife will undoubtedly go far toward softening the strictly masculine tone of the Colman hilltop home.

Once Hollywood had the fascinating Britisher linked with Vilma Banky—but they were sweethearts only on the screen, according to Ronald.

IF I WERE not living a bachelor's life," Colman went on "my scheme of living would be different. As it is, I do not entertain in large groups. I haven't the accommodations."

An archway revealed a small dining room with capacity for eight at a handsome antique table. Pewter and Wedgewood china gleamed on a buffet.

"I don't entertain the producers nor the players nor the press in a body, but that does not mean that they never enter my home. They drop in for tennis, or for a chat, three or four at a time. In that way I probably entertain as many as if I gave large parties. Of course, if I married, it would be different. It would be necessary to entertain on a larger scale."

THERE is nothing particularly antisocial about Colman, but why should any man want to leave the secluded beauty of a miniature Paradise for the doubtful pleasures outside of Eden? Overlooking the terrace is a little canopied outdoor room, bright with tiles, in which Colman has his breakfast served by Tono.

Colman is awakened by a decisive knock on the door at seven-thirty of a workaday morning; at eight-thirty or nine on days of idleness. His hour of retirement is irregular, due, undoubtedly, to the absorbing contents of *An Experiment with Time,* by J. W. Dunne, another Englishman, or the interest between the covers of the *Tatler, Punch, The Graphic* and other British sheets, spread beguilingly on the low coffee table before the fire.

He would much rather play tennis than swim; therefore, there is no swimming pool. His property covers 140 feet by 170. It is just that many square feet of perfection. An Eden without an Eve, save, perhaps, a gracious lady who comes for tennis now and then, and whose identity is not always the same—as befits a bachelor.

In the summer, he deserts all this bliss on week-ends for a beach cottage at Malibu, far up the coast, where steep cliffs drop within a short distance of the ocean. The same tenor of existence is carried to the water's edge with a few jolly good fellows as companions, and their wives and sisters.

But I think Ronald Colman is never happier than when he is lounging in the orange and green striped swing, gazing long at the piney hill yonder, trying to figure out what lies on the other side. Once, he admits, he climbed in his green roadster as far as the road permitted, but even that didn't take him to the top of the hill. He wants to know what lies abaft it. He will probably never know, for he will never make the effort to find out.

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THE GAB BAG

A meeting place for readers to discuss their views on motion pictures.

Too Much Lupe

Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Editor:

I like your magazine very much, but I am just about fed up on Lupe Velez, the so-called "Senorita Cyclone." Hardly one issue of your magazine comes on the stands but it contains some mention of this "impulsive, madcap Mexican maiden." Most of this stuff sounds to me like the raving of some high-priced press agent.

Why not cut out Lupe from your pages and fill this valuable space with information about actors who can really act?

Very truly yours,
C. P. R.

Editor's Note:

SCREEN SECRETS will publish in a forthcoming issue a pictorial layout of Lupe Velez in a series of impersonations—then you can really judge for yourself whether or not she can act. Your letter seems to disagree perfectly with the opinion voiced below by M. M. B. What'll we do about it?

Let Lupe Make Whoopee

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I saw Lupe Velez on her personal appearance tour several months ago and I want to compliment you on giving the little girl such a great big hand in your editorial pages.

I like your "Who's Who in Filmdom" department; it contains some real information. Your life stories on Victor McLaglen, Betty Compson and George Bancroft were *great*. I can hardly wait to read what SCREEN SECRETS will have to say about Mabel Normand.

M. M. B.

Prefers Home Products

Corvallis, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

I liked the first installment of your life story on Lily Damita very much, but I think Lily tries hard to be like America's IT girl—Clara Bow—and, like most foreigners, falls short of being up to the standard set by most goods "made in U. S. A." Lily may be from Gay Paree (oo-la-la! an' all that), but give me Clara Bow or Alice White every time. They're the original jazz babies of the silver screen! Let's see more of 'em in your pages.

Yours truly,
CORVALLIS CAL.

Mammy from Alabammy

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Dear Editor:

Want to make an Alabama fan happy? Then let's have a portrait of Johnny Mack Brown with his wife and their new daughter. I'd like to see what this younger generation is coming to.

Also, since John Boles is becoming such a big star, why don't you print his biography in "Who's Who in Filmdom?" I'm sure there are many people who would like to know something about him—where he got his start, etc.

Sentimentally,
MAMMY.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Thanks for the tip! Thy will be done! There'll be just what you want—John Boles' biography—in the December issue of SCREEN SECRETS, on the newsstands November 10.

Tired of Buddy

Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sir:

All I see these days in fan magazines is Buddy Rogers, Buddy Rogers, Buddy Rogers. After taking several good close looks at his photographs, and watching his moving pictures, I can't understand the popularity he seems to enjoy. Do me a favor and help me forget his girlish face by not printing it.

Of course, I suppose there are many who are fond of this Rogers kid, but give me George Bancroft, Victor McLaglen, William Boyd or Clive Brook every time.

Sincerely,
C. B. Q.

THE columns of *The Gab Bag* are open to movie fans everywhere as a meeting place and open forum for discussions concerning pictures and players. Readers are invited to express freely their opinions on any phase of the motion picture industry. Letters should be limited to 300 words. Views expressed by readers are not necessarily in accordance with the editorial views of *Screen Secrets*.

—Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

He Likes the Talkies

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

On a recent trip to Kansas City, I saw *The Four Feathers*. Boy, what a talkie! I also saw *Noah's Ark*, but that was a silent picture—and all wet, besides.

On With the Show is by far the best of the musical hits I've seen since the movies went talkie and I'm not going to miss *The Hollywood Revue of 1929*, which the critics seem to agree on as being the best movie ever filmed.

I recently saw William Boyd and Russell Gleason in *The Flying Fool*. There's a picture! I predict great success for young Gleason, and with the help of his dad's dialogue writing, it should not be very far away. Boyd is always good, I think.

Of all the straight talkies I've seen so far (without benefit of back-stage plots and music), *The Voice of the City* stands out as superlative. Willard Mack is a wonder, but I suppose that was discovered by theater-goers a long time ago.

Cordially yours,
G. H. B.

The Public is Deaf

Nocona, Texas.

Dear Editor:

The public is more deaf than dumb. That is the reason talkies are having a hard time of it. Automobiles trained the public to be alert, the silent drama taught them to be keen, and the talkies will teach them to tune in mentally.

I saw and heard *Show Boat* recently, and what stays with me most pleasantly is the voice of Joseph Schildkraut. With its elegant enunciation and its delicate inflections, it is like the tone of a master's violin.

Milton Sills has never disappointed me. There is an air of genuine humanness about him, and he is always convincing.

One of his chief attractions is the way he lets the audience see his mind work. Another, is the way he uses his hands. Strange how some hands seem to have thoughts as well as feeling. As a boy, did he love to make his own toys; as a man, what mental and manual art or arts have developed such attractive and beautiful hands?

Sincerely yours,
MRS. J. S. A.

A Greater Rio Rita

[*Continued from page* 49]

and what music he has arranged for *Rio Rita*! Even when there's dialogue, there's music. So many minutes of jazz and so many minutes of grand opera—such a versatile genius as Baravalle has plenty of scope to exercise his talents.

Pearl Eaton, who has trained more choruses than any girl in America—and who could well take the lead in *any* chorus—keeps the *Rio Rita* "ponies" on their toes and supervises rehearsals of singing and dancing numbers.

WHEN the directors find a weak spot, they go into a huddle and come out with the dictum: "We need something right here." Who supplies the missing punch? Why, Harry Tierney, another of the erstwhile Ziegfeld minions. Then there is Russell Mack, who used to write the dialogue for Ziggy's shows—he spends all his time now putting words together in such a way that they will sound funny.

Rehearsals are not all dull, serious affairs. During one rehearsal, Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee were supposed to come dashing down over the hill on a motorcycle, but, of course, they had a double for the long shot. So the director, Luther Reed, called the double over to the motorbike and the double looked at it and said: "Say, how do ya start it?"

They finally got it started for him and he took off at a merry speed, turning it over and rolling, bike and all, down the hill. They all rushed over, thinking he was killed, but he wasn't even hurt. He walked up to Mr. Reed and said: "Well, I didn't do so well that time, but I'll do better next time."

"Not in this picture, brother," said Mr. Reed, and they pressed into service a new double.

AFTER that rehearsal, Bert and Dorothy got on the fiendish contraption for a medium shot and close-up. They started the motor and Bert couldn't stop it, so they just rode right into the scene and right out again—till a cowboy lassoed the machine and stopped it.

Fred Burns, world's champion roper from 1900 to 1913, is cast for a neat bit of cowboy business in *Rio Rita*, and Big Boy Gillespie, from Castle Hot Springs, Arizona, the much-publicized cowpuncher who recently married Katherine Thorne, Chicago heiress, also has a cowboy rôle.

Don Alvarado plays Bebe Daniels' brother in the picture and he looks enough like her in his make-up to be her real brother.

Rio Rita promises to set a new high mark in motion picture musical extravaganzas. Yea, verily—one more Hollywood raid upon Broadway's theatrical stronghold—and New York's Great White Way is likely to fade out into a dim and feeble flicker.

Glenn Tryon, Universal star, illustrates the prophecy of a New York manufacturer as to what the well-dressed man of 2029—100 years hence—will wear. Trousers to the knee or a little above, one garment to serve as coat and shirt, and sandals on the feet, will comprise the day-time dress. For evening wear, knee breeches, full dress coat, high silk hat and slippers, with long silk hose, is predicted will be the rage.

A Singing Heart

[*Continued from page* 41]

débris. He got no salary. Just whatever the weepers threw at him.

In this café was an old hard-boiled waiter. He couldn't remember names and didn't even try. So he called Cliff "Ike" and later tacked "Ukelele" in front of it.

Today Cliff uses Ukelele Ike as a trade name.

WHEN Cliff got back to New York he caught on the Ziegfeld Midnight frolic. Then he jumped to vaudeville and tasted first fruits of success. His salary jumped to $250 a week—plenty of dough for a fellow who had been as hungry as Cliff Edwards had been not so very long before.

After playing in musical shows, Cliff went to London to appear at the Embassy Club upon personal request of the Prince of Wales.

After returning, in *Sonny*, Cliff made a swing around picture houses and then went on the Orpheum circuit. He has saved his money and taken care of himself. No one realizes better than Cliff Edwards himself that Fortune has chosen in him a strange figure upon which to heap success and riches. He laughs every time he looks in the mirror at himself and thinks of how much money he has.

Cliff has a home on the beach at Santa Monica. He is perfectly happy. He doesn't want any more roaming and doesn't care if he never sees a stage again.

And he's not ashamed of having slung hash.

Because he's ready to go back and do it again—if he wakes up and finds it's all a dream.

Keeping pace with the radical developments in motion pictures, brought about by the advent of the talkies, SCREEN SECRETS furnishes a fund of valuable and timely information on this fascinating industry.

Copies of each month's issue appear on the newsstands on the 10th of the month preceding date of issue. Reserve your copy today!

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And Now it's the Eighteen-day Diet

[*Continued from page 29*]

Eighth Day

Lunch: One broiled chop, lettuce, ½ grapefruit, coffee ..... $ 1.25
Dinner: Two eggs, plain spinach and 4 stalks of asparagus, ½ grapefruit, 1 slice toast, tea 1.50

Ninth Day

Lunch: One egg, 1 tomato, ½ grapefruit, tea 1.25
Dinner: Any meat salad 1.00

Tenth Day

Lunch: One-half grapefruit, 1 lamb chop, lettuce, tea 1.25
Dinner: One-half grapefruit, 1 lamb chop, lettuce, tea 1.25

Eleventh Day

Lunch: Cinnamon toast, tea ..... .50
Dinner: Broiled steak, celery, olives, tomato, tea 1.50

Twelfth Day

Lunch: One-half lobster, crackers, ½ grapefruit, coffee 1.75
Dinner: Broiled chops, cold slaw, tomato, 1 orange, 3 olives 2.50

Thirteenth Day

Lunch: One egg, 1 slice toast, ½ grapefruit 1.25
Dinner: Broiled steak, lettuce, celery, ½ grapefruit, coffee 2.50

Fourteenth Day

Lunch: One egg, toast, ½ grapefruit, coffee 1.25
Dinner: Broiled steak, tomato, ½ grapefruit, coffee 2.50

Fifteenth Day

Lunch: One egg, tomato, ½ grapefruit, 1 slice toast 1.25
Dinner: Two chops, ½ spoonful tomato catsup, 1 slice toast, ½ grapefruit 2.50

Sixteenth Day

Lunch: One egg, 1 tomato, ½ grapefruit, coffee 1.25
Dinner: Broiled steak, plain spinach, orange 2.00

Seventeenth Day

Lunch: One chop, lettuce, ½ grapefruit 1.50
Dinner: Broiled steak, tomato, celery, olives 2.25

Eighteenth Day

Lunch: One egg, tomatoes, ½ grapefruit, coffee 1.25
Dinner: One broiled fish, plain spinach, ½ grapefruit 1.50
Eighteen breakfasts at 75c 13.50

Total, including 10 per cent for tips....$56.80

A glance at the schedule reveals that someone who understands psy-

chology as well as physiology has had a hand in it.

IN THE first place, it is not an indefinite schedule, but is limited to eighteen days. It gives the dieter a definite distance to go, which is easier from a psychological standpoint than undertaking what looks to be an endless performance.

This eighteen-day feature is also a safeguard against the dangers that admittedly lurk in unsupervised reducing diets, for it does not open the way to a long continued stretch of unbalanced rationing.

Practically all reducing diets throw the ration off balance. They subtract from the menu the large volume of carbohydrates which goes with normal eating and leaves a consequent overload of proteins which put a burden on the kidneys. They have also a strong tendency toward leaving an acid residue in the digestive tract which, in this particular instance, is counteracted by the grapefruit which, though seemingly acid, actually leaves a basic ash or residue.

When it is considered that the sugar and starch of the balanced diet constitute by far the larger volume of food taken, it is easy to see the danger of reducing this portion of the diet to a single piece of well-dried toast.

ROUGHLY speaking, the eighteen-day diet is our old friend, the lamb chop and pineapple diet, with variations, and with the grapefruit substituted for the pineapple. The tomato and cottage cheese school of thought is only slightly represented, although tomatoes do appear with some regularity after the thirteenth day.

There seems to be no trace of the glass of milk and baked potato every other day, which had some vogue a few years ago.

All in all, the menus offered are tasty, and, as reducing diets go, satisfying. The chief advantage seems to lie in the fact that each meal is definitely prescribed, and nothing is left to the individual will-power or discretion. This, taken with the fact that a specific number of days is selected for the test, ought to make it easy for the Hollywood favorites to control their very valuable figures.

An interesting phase of the situation is that the film stars and their supporting players think in terms of half a dozen pounds or so where the average outsider has to do with twenty or thirty pounds at a time.

Johnny Mack Brown, athlete of the lots, halted the diet when he had lost four pounds in seven days. He had figured he was four pounds overweight and he reached the goal long before the eighteen days passed. Mary Doran, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkies, went out to exorcise three pounds and did it in four days.

They say Eddie Brandstatter himself went on the diet, giving as his reason that he would not advocate it for others until he found out what it was like himself.

The estimate of a pound a day as the amount of too, too solid flesh that may be melted off during the eighteen-day period is only an approximate one. Some of the more rotund have done better than this, while those whose appetites have been under more rigid control or whose athletic prowess keeps them in constant trim are likely to have a lesser average.

MOLLY O'DAY is one of the few stars who have not yet taken to the new diet. She has her own method. Having six pounds to get rid of, she went on a watermelon diet and disposed of them handily. The sugar in the melon gave her energy, and the water, taken in this form, added no weight, although water in large quantities has been known to fatten.

Ouida Bergere, the scenarist, is a devotee of the diet and so is Mrs. Alan Dwan, wife of the director. Such young actresses as Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford and Elene Aristi are joining the ranks. Bob Armstrong and Lucille Webster Gleason have done some experimenting along the same lines.

Lenore Ulric lost seven pounds in eight days, and admits to cheating, just a wee bit, because some of those cakes on Sunday looked so tempting. Myrtle Stedman knocked off six pounds in three days and stopped, because that was just as much as she wanted to lose. Lily Damita, who, to our way of thinking, is just about right, slipped out of seven pounds in nine days. Mrs. Alvine Lyon, Ben's mother, dispensed with six pounds, and the story goes that Elizabeth Meehan, scanarist of *Lummox*, took off plenty.

Winifred Westover, who put on thirty-five pounds to play Bertha in *Lummox*, will probably use the new method to bring her waist-line back from 38 inches to her accustomed 24, her hips from 42 to 36, and her bust from 38 to 32.

Some of the prominent Hollywood physicians have predicted dire things if the diet is continued too long, but others have declared that persons who are not doing too much physical work can live on practically nothing for eighteen days without doing themselves any particular harm.

"Nature's way of curing a good many ills," says one of them, "is to take away the appetite, thus automatically putting people on a diet. If the thing is not overdone or is supervised by a physician, there need be no danger in reducing. Even the dangers of an unbalanced ration are sometimes overestimated, for, in the natural state, savages, living on whatever they can find most of the time, hardly ever achieve a perfectly balanced diet. Far less harm can come of eating lightly after this fashion than from continued over-indulgence in fattening foods without the proper exercise."

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Harry Carr's Private Line

[*Continued from page* 43]

syllable. And Raquel Meller does not rhyme with beller. Her name is pronounced May-yare—if you want to sound Mexican—or Mail-yare—if you are a Spanish purist—but never beller.

Little Mary

AN UNHAPPY lawyer tried to make a sucker out of Mary Pickford one recent day in Los Angeles. A lot of film people like Louise Fazenda, John Gilbert, Will Rogers, Mary, and others, were protesting against the establishment of a cement plant in the neighborhood of Beverly Hills.

Mary having filed a protest, the lawyer for the cement plant decided to get her on the witness stand and make her acknowledge she didn't know what she was talking about. It was a sad and depressed lawyer who went out of the committee room sagging at the knees. Mary knew so much about that cement, about real estate values, and about the principle of real estate zoning, that she had him shrieking for help.

He timidly reminded her that the cement plant would not be so ugly.

"Oh, yes," said Mary cuttingly, "I dare say it will be an artistic triumph—all decorated with mission bells."

"The witness is excused," said the lawyer, in a hoarse whisper.

The Tragic Life Story of Mabel Normand

[*Continued from page* 27]

MABEL lived under the chaperonage of Mrs. Pickford. Mabel was still the studio tomboy. She was recognized as a holy terror. She lived with Alice Joyce and another girl in one of the early day apartment houses in Hollywood.

From the first, Mabel showed brilliant promise as an actress. She had a vivid sense of drama, a striking originality and an artistic sympathy. The only trouble she had was in learning the technique of the screen. She wanted to go through every scene like a whirlwind. The camera was out of breath trying to keep up. But so great is Mabel's power of concentration and will power that she finally became noted throughout the film world for her perfect sense of time. Her screen scenes became models to be studied in that regard.

WHEN I first knew Mabel Normand, she was a queen.

This was in 1916. The old Keystone comedies were then at the height of their fame. The Keystone Kops were known all over the world. The pay checks of the kops held many names afterward to be famous—Harold Lloyd, Mal St. Clair, Slim Summerville, Ramon Novarro . . .

It was like a big fun factory. There were twenty-two producing companies. When the studio automobiles drew up in front of the old Sennett lot every morning to take the comedians out on location, it looked like an army mobilization.

Comedies fairly poured out of the studio to the market.

It was a veritable kindergarten of genius and fame. Nearly every girl and many of the men afterward became famous screen stars—Phyllis Haver, Mary Thurman, Gloria Swanson, Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, Polly Moran, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Raymond Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin, Mack Swain . . .

Mabel was the undisputed queen.

Everything in the Sennett lot was as Irish as Paddy's cart. Sennett had a grand studio office built for himself with panelling made of teakwood and mahogany; and always held all his business consultations in the Turkish bath rubbing room. The big concrete studios were surrounded with old wooden shacks so that the whole effect was of Hooligan's Flats. There were even the goats and the stray cats and dogs wandering around having free fights in the scenery. It was the breath of life to Mabel. She was never happy in any other studio.

She was the most exasperating and the most adorable of stars. She was never there when they wanted her. Every picture was an alley fight with the director. And through it all, Mabel had about as much "side" and was about as "upstage" as an old hat. If she had any fighting to do (which she had about once an hour) she fought with Mack Sennett; she didn't take it out on the hired help.

I recall one day when there was an important scene to do. They were on location. One of Mabel's girl friends drove up. Mabel ran out to see her, climbed into the car and did not come back for two weeks.

IN THE beginning, Mabel's comedies were all made with Sennett and Fred Mace and Ford Sterling. As the company prospered and grew to proportions, Sennett stopped acting and became an executive.

About this time, a new comedian hove in sight. He had been a hick variety actor in Bisbee, Arizona. He got ambitious and came to Los Angeles, where he acted in little burlesque shows on Main street. His name was Roscoe Arbuckle. Sennett found him and put him into comedies with Mabel. To my mind, these pictures were the high tide of two-reel comedies. In many of them Mabel swam and dove. The success of these swimming-in-tights pictures was such that it became impossible to supply the demands of the market. They eventually led to the launching of the Sennett Bathing girls. In these pictures, Mabel had pretty much her own way. The ideas were often her own and the direction reflected her sure touch and daring originality.

I don't know why Mabel always wanted to appear as a roughneck. Even in those days she had a brilliant, thoughtful mind. She read books of heavy German philosophy that I couldn't even pretend to understand. She wrote good poetry—and hid it. Never was there a girl of such perversity. She always took a delight in putting her worst foot forward.

I remember when Charlie Chaplin joined the company. Sennett found him—as every one knows—acting in a vaudeville sketch called *A Night in a London Music Hall*. Mabel took a dislike to him.

SENNETT always treated every comedy recruit—no matter how famous—the same way. For two or three weeks, he let him roam around the lot—neglected, ignored—lower than the dust. It was during this lonely period that Charlie found those old shoes, the little cane and the funny derby hat in a corner of an old prop room.

When he finally got a part, it was in one of Mabel's comedies. She could not see him at all and did not like him. Mabel was as Irish as the map of Dublin. I imagine it would have been a singular Englishman who could have walked into her heart.

She and Charlie used to fight like a dog and a monkey. She did most of the fighting. She never called him by his right name. She invented the most ex-

traordinary and diabolical nick-names for him. He didn't like the way she did comedy and she didn't like his brand. His technique was entirely different from the one then in vogue.

Money to Mabel was just something to be thrown around. She put it in a pocket that had no bottom, nothing but a hole. Compared with Charlie, Calvin Coolidge was a prodigal wastrel.

Charlie should have been suspicious when Mabel asked him to go with Fatty Arbuckle and three or four others for an evening at a night club at Vernon. But—for once—he wasn't. Every one ordered everything on the menu card. When the waiter came with the check every one but Charlie was dismayed to find that he had left his pocket-book at home. Charlie had to pay—and the bill was $40. He would not speak to Mabel for weeks.

MABEL had a heart of gold. I do not believe any such generous or self-sacrificing soul ever lived in this world. She flung both her money and her quick sympathies around as though dollars were leaves and she owned an unlimitable forest.

Every workman on the lot adored Mabel. She used to borrow the "makings" from them and smoke Bull Durham cigarettes on the sets. She knew all about their children and how they were getting on in the world.

There was an old blacksmith who did all the iron work for the sets. Mabel had helped him when he stepped on a chunk of hot iron and had to go to the hospital. When his wife was operated on, she paid all the bills.

I happened to be wandering around the studio on the day before Christmas. The old fellow came up and, with shy embarrassment, handed her a funny little package—all rumpled up. Mabel unwrapped what was probably the most outrageously ugly soft pillow cover ever seen in the world. She threw her arms around the old fellow's neck and kissed him twice—once for himself and once for his wife. After he had gone, she showed me the funny little uneven stitches, made by trembling, old fingers. Then she sat down and cried.

One thing I always liked about Mabel—the wives of her men friends were also her friends. Mabel had no more inhibitions than a savage of the South Seas. But there was nothing dirty about her private life. In fact, somewhere under Mabel's reckless swear words was a Puritan morality.

On one memorable occasion Mabel was dining in the Alexandria—at that time the fashionable gathering place of the movie stars. A famous woman star who had just been the co-respondent in a divorce suit, came over to Mabel's table. Mabel leaped up, flaming with anger. "Don't you talk to me—you—" she cried. "I may not be a Sunday school character, but I never have broken up homes and broken women's hearts. I let married men alone."

Dear harum-scarum Mabel! I remember once when she was coming to our house for a seven o'clock dinner. She arrived at 10:30 and innocently asked if she was late.

Texas Guinan told me how she looked out on her front steps one morning in her house on Tenth street, New York, and there sat Mabel eating peanuts—like a little street gamin. At that time one of the most famous motion picture stars in the world, she had gotten lonesome and had decided to come to have breakfast with Texas. She got there pretty early so she sat on the front steps a couple of hours.

ONE of the most thundering hits in the history of motion pictures was *Tillie's Punctured Romance.* This was the first long comedy ever made. And it was made with misgivings. The trade did not believe a funny picture could hold the laughs for six or seven reels. Sennett cast it with a great triumvirate—Mabel, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin. It was a record breaker!

The exhibitors began yelling for more and Mabel was launched in *Mickey.* The making of it was one long chapter of grief.

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There are many ways of winning the heart of a lady; but if Lew Cody won Mabel in *Mickey,* then it opens a new chapter in the art of love.

I remember that he chased her around and around the room, kicking over chairs while the fair one yelled for help. She ended up hanging on the edge of the eaves of a roof that overlooked a precipice. And in this case it was a real roof and a real precipice. Mabel was always a star athlete and absolutely without fear.

Read how Mabel Normand reached the pinnacle of success and how she played her endearing pranks on the high and mighty in the movie industry. How she overnight became "the woman in the case" in the William Desmond Taylor murder and how this and other scandalous episodes crushed her heart and broke her spirit. And of her sudden marriage with Lew Cody and the jinx of illness and sorrow that has since pursued them both, in the November issue of

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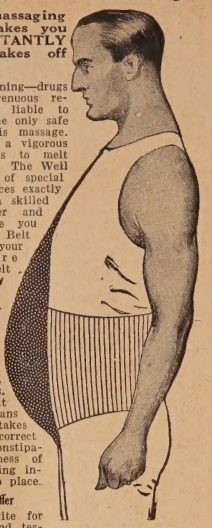

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Doctoring the Talkies

[*Continued from page* 45]

someone else supplied the words and music.

That, however, was before they had given Raymond's whispering voice a test. Now Griffith is finding it difficult to keep up with all the contracts that are coming his way—thanks to the mixer.

TWO words spoken by Victor McLaglen might have ruined his whole able performance in *The Black Watch.*

The picture had been completed and given an okeh by the director, when the cutter, who was trimming it down to the proper footage, discovered that the big Britisher had pronounced the word "athlete" as "athalete."

What to do! It was simple!

Victor was called in and asked to repeat the word correctly into the mike. Try as he would, he just couldn't get it.

A double was summoned, spoke the word, and, then, by cutting out one-sixteenth of an inch of the sound track on the side of the film and pasting in the substituted word, the public was none the wiser.

But McLaglen's second stumbling block in the same picture was not discovered until the night of the world première in a Hollywood theater.

Myrna Loy has the rôle of *Jasmine,* the leading woman. In the big love scene at the end of the picture, the star takes Myrna into his arms and murmurs her name.

To the opening night audience, however, it sounded as though McLaglen was saying, "Yes, Minnie." The house was thrown into an uproar of laughter at a moment when handkerchiefs should have been in order.

Again Victor's voice double was called in, he uttered "Jasmine," and the second-night crowds were none the wiser.

BEFORE the discovery of the gentleman known as the mixer, it was believed impossible to record the sound of a falling body.

One studio tried many things without avail. Then someone suggested crashing a watermelon to the floor. That did it.

But later at the Warner studio, when someone proposed using the watermelon idea to supply noise for Pauline Frederick's fall in the filming of *Evidence,* the director said "no" emphatically.

"Nothing sounds more like a body falling than a body falling," he announced. "We won't ask Miss Frederick to fall hard enough to get the sound, but we'll call for volunteers among the fellows on the set."

He did, and—

Pauline Frederick took her fall, but a prop boy fell at the same time to supply the noise.

Until the coming of the sound mixer into the picture world, it was almost impossible to register pistol and gun fire.

Recording apparatus was taken to West Point to install the roar of cannon in Colleen Moore's *Lilac Time.* The result might have been mistaken for the growl of a two-month-old puppy.

When the real thing failed, the picture was taken into sound laboratories at Camden, New Jersey, and artificial noises inserted that supplied the necessary realism.

In even so recent a production as George Arliss' *The Green Goddess,* it was necessary to use a pistol cap in place of a bullet to obtain proper registration. Firing of the real bullet sounded more like the pop of a child's air rifle.

This, too, has now been overcome by the mixer. From now on, gun fire will be gun fire.

IN *The Broadway Melody,* one of the acrobats, in two or three places in the dialogue, referred to the Mahoney sisters as "the Mahoney sister." The final "s" had failed to pick up.

The actor was taken onto a sound stage and told to make a noise that resembled a "shush." This was fitted into the sound track on the negative in those places where the "s" was missing.

In M-G-M's *Wonder of Women,* there is a scene in which Lewis Stone gazes out of his living room window at the ocean—the latter being nothing more than a scenic effect on a canvas drop.

It being a sound picture, it was necessary to have the roar of the surf.

A truck was sent out from the studio to the shore of the Pacific, a few miles away, and thirty feet of "roar" recorded. This was spliced into the picture.

So well was the task accomplished that even studio employees did not detect it.

For years, each producing company has had its library of "stock shots"—crowds at football games, battleships passing in review, cloud formations, street scenes in practically every city in the world, and thousands of others.

These could be inserted in silent films to lend a touch of realism to pictures produced in their entirety inside the studio.

NOW we have the "stock sounds". Gradually, libraries are being built up which will contain the roar of lions, the wash of the sea, the collapse of burning buildings, songs of the birds, the roar of thunder; in fact, every noise that will ever be needed by directors.

Already the talkies have surpassed the fondest hopes of the film moguls. But they are not going to permit things to rest there.

Old Doc Inventive Genius, family doctor to Crown Prince Talkie, will be kept on Movieland's payroll.

The Joy of Accomplishment

[*Continued from page* 47]

sorrows and the happiness which have made of her a woman—if she then at sweet sixteen would have chosen the road which had beckoned.

"I don't know." Leatrice looked over the heads of the eight Russians who were practicing their songs on the set for her first talking picture, *A Most Immoral Lady*. She did not see them; she did not hear the words of their carols. "What woman knows? What woman would relive her life if she could? If I had settled down and become just a wife and a mother, would I have been happy—when all the time I wanted to be an actress?

IT'S funny how real ambition overshadows every other life value. Ivan Olinsky painted me in oils; the portrait was exhibited in one of the galleries. I went over and listened to the public's remarks, their criticisms. How closely ego is related to ambition. To *me* that wasn't a painting by Olinsky; it was a future world-famous actress having her portrait displayed before an all-adoring public.

"Then I came West, following the long trek of others to the film mecca. But here I couldn't work as an extra; once established as one, you are stamped, probably forever. John Griffith Ray, the director on my present picture"—Leatrice's eyes twinkled—"had a stock company in San Diego. My manager sent me down as the ingénue lead.

"I knew nothing about it, but again, ambition overbalanced common sense. I took the position and the minute I arrived, I secured one of the public school teachers to instruct me in elocution and voice culture. A forerunner of the talkies, although I didn't, of course, know it. I thought if I acted ritzy and high-hat they would think me experienced. I swept onto the stage late with a mere nod. About the third day, John Ray said to me, 'You've never been on the stage in your life before!' So much for acting on stage or off!

"I stayed there six months. He used to call me 'Wicky-Wicky' and 'Loosey-Loosey.' He still does, right now on this picture. I was that slow!

GLORIA SWANSON was to be starred! Cecil de Mille needed a new girl. He sent for me. I stood there before him and felt like a curiosity, like a side-show in a circus.

"Then he began his work of automatically turning out one more exotic creature. He forces you into the atmosphere of his pictures. When you walk onto a set you think you are a millionairess. The secret of his success is putting before the people things they would like to do, but can never do. He has his players wallow in luxury and think nothing of it.

"Soon after, I gasped what seemed to be my last breath in pictures. The expiration of my contract in March, 1928, came at the wrong time. The talkies, the formidable talkies. A slump in production. Pictures whose releases had not been—well, not like de Mille's other releases. I free-lanced for *The Bellamy Trial*, but a slump is no time for free-lancing. When I left de Mille, I was getting $2,500 a week. With these new people beginning to come out from Broadway—

WHAT could be done about it? I believed in being prepared. How could I prepare myself to compete with these people? I met Mr. McGowan of the Orpheum Theater. I thought I couldn't do it, even after he showed interest. I had been taking singing lessons. But to come out on that stage alone, to talk and to sing! In a play, you build up a wall between yourself and the audience; you are in the land of make-believe. But in vaudeville you are one of them. You look *away* from them in a play, in vaudeville you look *at* them. My mouth was so dry during my first appearance in Los Angeles that I was afraid my upper lip would stay up and act as a muzzle. My tongue crackled like isinglass in my mouth.

That trip was my elocution trainer, my manager-trainer. I learned everything except sword-swallowing from my fellow entertainers. I booked for St. Louis just to see the Lindbergh collection. I mean the gifts which were sent him. That's good for anybody, not only because of the numbers of rare things—the education it gives you, but because you feel so small in comparison to the boy who inspired them. What is your courage compared to his? And yet—while it knocks the conceit, it issues a new insurance policy on ambition.

IN CLEVELAND, First National sent me my contract—proof that my vaudeville experiences were not to be in vain. In vaudeville they were paying me $3,500 a week; the contract called for almost the same amount I received when I left de Mille. I sent it back. *Not* for more money, however, but to have them insert a stipulation that I could play on the stage between pictures. My ambition had forked in two directions."

She paused; her eyes again looked over the heads of the singers who were still at their seemingly endless practice. "Would I change it? I don't know. Today is today; live for it and for the tomorrow. Vain remembrances or regrets do not *lead*, they retard progress. No matter where you walk in life, the code is the same. Ambition means keeping prepared and to be prepared is the best weapon for any of us in our single-handed life-battle."

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So This Is Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 36]

more than ten thousand people.

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A Gift of the Stage

[*Continued from page* 50]

done. In fact she seems to be a composite of these four screen stars.

BORN in the army," she relates, "I learned the law of discipline as a child." She thinks and talks rapidly. "Obeying in the theater, being on time for rehearsals and curtain were second nature to me.

"No, I cannot give you my father's name. He is an officer, high in the army. He has been uncompromising in unforgiveness because I went on the stage. Ann Harding is not my real name. Because of my father's attitude, I have told no one in the film colony his name."

Ann Harding attended school at Montclair, New Jersey, and at the Baldwin School at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; then, despite her father's objections, declared that she meant to be self-supporting. Her mother was sympathetic with her from the first.

It was during a summer stock engagement in Detroit that she met Harry Bannister, who is her husband. From a youth who at the ambitious age of ten had run away with a tent show, he had had many years of experience in fine stage productions and in stock.

He was spending the summer with his father in a town just outside Detroit. Ann Harding needed a new leading man. Among others, she interviewed Harry Bannister.

"He was much too expensive, but after meeting him, I knew I had to have him anyway," she laughed. "We played together for only three weeks, then I was offered a starring engagement in New York in *The Woman Disputed*, so I left to accept this opportunity. Very soon after, Harry also came to New York and he used to take me to dinner and out driving, and so a few months later we were married."

IF HER stock experiences taxed her health and strength, the starring engagement which followed in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* must have been still more difficult. She joined this company only five weeks after her baby was born—that was last September, and she continued until the middle of January, when she had a severe nervous breakdown and had to leave the company.

She came to Pasadena to rest last spring. No one in the motion picture business knew she was there. She, in turn, was not thinking movies, because she considered she knew nothing whatever about them.

Harry Bannister came west also to play the rôle of the doctor in the stage production of *The Strange Interlude*, in Los Angeles. Some newspaper press notice added the information that Bannister's famous wife, Ann Harding, was also in the west.

Five studios spotted this bit of news and sent scouts to find her and ask her to take tests for the talkies. Frank Reicher, the well known stage director who she had known in New York, and who is now coaching players for the talking pictures at the Pathé studio, was one of these. When she registered surprise and said she needed a rest instead of work, he said, "Well, come to the studio and have lunch anyhow, and we'll show you around just as if you were a tourist."

THE talkies are going to agree with her health and temperament better than stage life has. She is sure of that.

"Months of production work are wearing. If, on the stage, we could have vacations every so often during the long run of a play, it would be easier. But the movies provide just that. I like to tear into a new job and work hard, and know that when the finished picture is all packed away in tin boxes, I can, if I am completely exhausted, go home and rest in bed for a week. Or, my husband and I can take trips together between pictures. This rest will give me a fresh perspective for each new picture."

Her first talking picture, *Paris Bound*, is a different type of play than she has ever done on the stage. Footlight audiences remember her in emotional rôles, but *Paris Bound* is in a lighter vein. She likes best to do romantic drama, like *Pomander Walk*, *Smilin' Through* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. Very soon she and Harry Bannister will be cast in a talkie together.

Miss Harding has been borrowed by Samuel Goldwyn from Pathé, to play the lead opposite Ronald Colman in his next picture, *Condemned to Devil's Island*.

LOVE? Yes, she and Harry Bannister are tremendously in love. They were married only two and one-half years ago. But—she told me timidly, tremulously—so many people in Hollywood had warned her! If they find out a star is really in love and happy, some people won't believe you. Tiresome people give you reams of advice on how to hold each other. Some are jealous. Others try to wedge in and spoil the whole romance. Anyhow, she is apprehensive of a village that no longer seems to have any faith in real love.

Ann Harding doesn't care to go out a great deal socially. Simplicity of taste is another part of her ritual of discipline. She loves the California climate and her little hillside home and garden.

"We spend most of our spare time with baby," she says, "and we seem very complete unto ourselves. But, as I have been told, if you are in love and happy in Hollywood, you mustn't say so. It isn't the wisest thing to do!"

Not for Publication

[*Continued from page* 51]

As we shook hands, I made one last effort to get an answer to the question that most interested me. "Are you going to continue in pictures?" I demanded, almost voicing my exasperation.

"Why certainly, I am going on with my career," replied the young bride. "Dick wouldn't think of asking me to give up my work. That was all understood before we were married. Right now, you see, I have to give a little time and attention to Dick," she went on. "Our new home is under construction and I'm busy buying furnishings and draperies. Oh! It's going to be so wonderful when we're all settled."

I said no more to Jobyna, but I did a lot of thinking. So did other writers who talked with her about that time.

WE ALL liked Jobyna Ralston from the day she was first given recognition in the studios, and that was by no means the day she arrived in this city of Rolls-Royces and heartaches. It was many months before she stood out as one different from the thousands who seek work in the mob scenes.

Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon were Jobyna's pals at the time. All three were eking out an existence as extras, biding the time when they would be given an opportunity at bigger things.

Then Harold Lloyd saw the possibilities of Jobyna and made her his leading lady. He kept her under contract for several years, opening to her the gateway to even bigger opportunities.

Among the young fellows who used to drop into the apartment shared by Jobyna, Janet and Marian, was Charles Farrell. The crowd would gather in the evening, throw back the rugs, turn on the Victrola and dance. Before they disbanded, they would stroll down to the corner for an ice cream cone or a hot-dog sandwich. One night Charlie told the girls he was going to bring a friend who was new to Hollywood and to the picture game. That's how Jobyna met Dick. It was love at first sight.

Jobyna continued to climb. For Dick, things did not come so easily. He supplied atmosphere for a long, long while before he was given small bits. Often he became discouraged and threatened to quit pictures. But Jobyna would urge him on.

HAROLD LLOYD paid Jobyna $1,000 a week. Dick considered himself lucky when he drew engagements that brought him ten to fifteen dollars a day. The two youngsters became betrothed, but marriage, Dick said, was out of the question until their incomes were more nearly balanced.

Came the production *Wings* and Dick was given one of the leads. Not at $1,000 a week, of course, but at $200 a week and a chance to show what he could do, which was more important than money.

The *Wings* company would be on location in Texas for six months. In order to be near Dick, Jobyna took a more or less minor rôle in the picture, and—at a more or less minor salary. Certainly, it was far from the $1,000 a week to which she was by this time accustomed.

Wings completed, Jobyna and Dick returned to Hollywood, and it wasn't long before they skipped off to Riverside, then Southern California's Gretna Green, and were wed in the old Mission Inn.

They settled down. Dick went back to work. Jobyna talked about love.

Today Dick is one of Paramount's most popular leading men; so popular, in fact, that his producers have submitted to him a new contract under the terms of which he is to be starred. This despite the fact that his present agreement still has a year to run. And Jobyna? Well, she's just Mrs. Dick Arlen, insofar as the films are concerned.

THE other day I dropped into the Arlen love nest, a rambling white stucco bungalow nestling beneath ancient walnut trees on the outskirts of Hollywood. It was late afternoon.

"Come in quickly," she greeted me. "I'm lonesome and you're a sight for sore eyes. Dick's just getting up and I've been trying to kill time since noon. You see he's working nights now."

"Why don't *you* go to work?" I suggested. "Then you wouldn't have time to be lonely. Maybe they'd put you on the night shift with Dick."

The big Ralston eyes dropped. The smile faded from her face.

"I guess they don't want you in pictures when you're in love," she answered, somewhat sadly, I thought. "You don't hear of the producers fighting for my services, do you?"

Ah! Jobyna at last had awakened.

"But still happy otherwise, are you not?" I ventured.

"Happy?" cried Jobyna. "Still the happiest girl in the whole wide world. We sink more deeply in love every minute—but that's not for publication."

"Why?" I asked, smiling, for I knew the answer that was coming.

"Say, that's just why I'm not in pictures right now," she said. "I loved and talked about it. Now the love goes on but the talk ceases."

Jobyna told me she hoped someone would invent a new name for talking pictures. She is firm in her belief that the two words don't belong together. Once she, too, was in pictures. But she talked!

Jobyna wants to "come back," so she intends to profit by her one big mistake.

She will continue to love Dick Arlen. But—"It's not for publication!"

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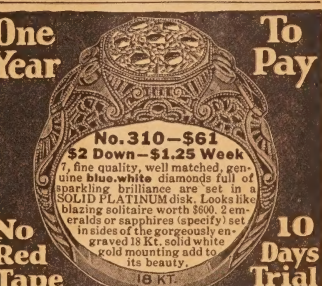

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BEN LYON could serve as a model for an attentive fiancé. All the time that Bebe Daniels has been working on *Rio Rita*, he spent so much time on the set that they have almost come to look on him as a member of the company. Every day that Bebe was working on location, about forty miles up the San Fernando valley, Ben flew out in his plane to visit her. There were very few landing places in the rolling country, so Ben chose the fairway of a nearby golf course as the only available landing spot.

"They've caught me at it three or four times now," said Ben, "and every time I've told them I had to make a forced landing. I've got to think up a new one pretty soon, I'm afraid, or they will begin to think there's something funny about always running out of gas at the same spot."

Hollywood in Who's Who

THE 1929 edition of *Who's Who in America* contains in its lists of constructive celebrities, the names of John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman, King Vidor, Cecil B. De Mille, Byron Morgan, Paul Bern, Tully Marshall, Hobart Bosworth, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, George Fawcett, Gloria Swanson and Alfred Allen.

Five years ago the book listed only two screen celebrities, Griffith and Chaplin.

Attention, Husbands!

BETTY COMPSON is being directed by her husband, James Cruze, in *The Great Gabbo*. Betty is a dancer. Dressed in tights, she was posing for a still.

She called to Mr. Cruze, "Do my legs look better this way? Or this way?"

Mr. Cruze grinned, "They look good no matter what you do with them."

Temperamental Tarzan

IT WAS during the filming of *The Dark Horse* at Universal. A shot called for the appearance of Tarzan, the horse, which shares honors with Ken Maynard.

"Sorry, sir, but Tarzan's gone to lunch," someone answered. So the company followed the horse's example. Later in the afternoon, another call was issued and Tarzan was again missing. Investigation found he had escaped to join a large group of horses tethered not far distant.

"Guess we'd better shoot another scene," grinned Maynard. "Tarzan can't be disturbed; he's in conference."

Hobnobbing with the Film Folk

[*Continued from page* 75]

was my own radio that was playing! I had forgotten to turn it off the night before!"

Gwen Lee's Diet Idea

GWEN LEE, of course, isn't a bit plump, really. Nevertheless, she decided to go on the famous eighteen-day diet.

Somebody asked her about it, the other day.

"You don't," the friend said, "seem a bit thinner."

"Oh, I ate it all up in two days," retorted Gwen. "I just thought, what's the use of fooling along with it?"

Mabel Normand Recovering

MABEL NORMAND—wonder of the age—is slowly but surely recovering. She is up every day, and out in the sunshine of her patio, at her Beverly Hills home. Her bronchial tubes were badly affected, but are getting better.

Here's something we've found out since Mabel was ill. Several years ago, she pledged a certain amount of supplies to a tuberculosis hospital for ex-soldiers of the World War, down in Arizona. The pledge was made with the explicit understanding that it was to be kept a secret. And it has been, up to this time. But every year the supplies are sent, and the boys don't know who their benefactress is.

Tom Mix and Wife Together

WHATEVER faults people may find in Victoria Mix, they cannot say that she isn't loyal to Tom in his troubles.

No sooner did Mrs. Mix hear of Tom's problem with the Government about his income tax, than she hurried home from Europe.

She and Tom have taken a little house at Venice, and are leading a happy, quiet, unostentatious life, far away from the big estate, the French drawing room and Venetian bedrooms in Beverly Hills. Little Thomasina Mix worships her dad, and is happy to be with him again.

Thomasina and big Tom ride horseback along the shore at Venice at low tide, and are completely happy.

Tom is a versatile person. He has a store of learning gained from outdoor life, and this Thomasina is eager to learn. He knows about tides and seashells and crabs and sand fleas—the lore of the sea.

And all this he teaches his little girl during their rides and walks. Of course Thomasina can both swim and ride.

Hollywood's Latest Sheik

THERE is always a king-pin sheik in Hollywood. Now with John Gilbert out of the way, it looks as though his place were going to be filled by Grant Withers.

Grant is one of these quiet young fascinators. He has a way with him. He has humor and gallantry—and an air of holding off that is very provocative.

Into the bargain, he is really one of the finest and most manly young men in the film business. And of course everybody remembers that he was a hero in one of the big floods which swamped Boulder, Colorado, a few years ago.

It is whispered now that Grant and Loretta Young are as good as engaged.

Clara Bow's Engagement

AND now Clara Bow is really and truly engaged to Harry Richman, to whom Lily Damita was rumored engaged only a few short weeks ago.

Clara, we always thought, would wed one of these strong, silent athletes for whom she has such a penchant.

They are going, Clara and Harry, on their wedding trip to Europe—Clara's first trip. Clara wants to see Paris, of course, but do you know where she wants most to visit? In Ireland! She has some Irish ancestors, who dwelt near the Lakes of Killarney, and she means to hunt up a family tree.

Hail and Farewell

GLADYS BROCKWELL, one of the finest actresses the screen has ever known, recently passed away, following an automobile accident in which her car flew off the road, landing 75 feet down a mountain side.

One deeply sorrowing heart is Billie's. Billie is Billie Brockwell, Gladys' mother. She was but fifteen years old when Gladys was born, and they were always like sisters.

Gladys had become a deeply devoted Christian Scientist during the past year, and that faith also sustains Billie.

Gladys had always been singularly free from illness, it being related of her that she never was ill a day in her life. Her accident, while tragic, was merciful in one way. She suffered little if any. Some one sent her a telegram the morning after she was taken to the hospital. Evidently her injuries had stunned her. The telegram read, "Heard of Gladys' serious injury. Sympathy to you both."

Gladys had only one or two lucid moments. One occurred when the telegram was received.

"Why, Billie," she said—she always called her mother Billie—"Am I as ill as that?"

She leaves her mother well provided for. She had many talents, including one for drawing and architecture. At one time she designed, had built, and sold several houses, one after another, making a good deal of money in this way.

Taking the Talkie Test

[*Continued from page* 55]

elaborate, for she played in vaudeville and stage skits, took dancing lessons, and changed her whole screen personality. But voice lessons did not figure in it to any great extent. She paid far more attention to dancing.

When beginning in pictures, Bessie played demure little flappers, and when talking pictures came in she decided to switch to dancing and singing rôles, such as she plays in *The Broadway Melody*. Vaudeville experience had made her an accomplished jazz dancer, but she took up other forms, so that when she went into *The Hollywood Revue of 1929*, she was able to perform almost any type of dance.

"It was a case of changing personalities and learning the things that went with the new personality," she says, "rather than any training of voice."

"Clear enunciation and a fair volume," says Douglas Shearer, recording engineer in charge at the M-G-M plant, "are really the only things the actor needs, and these are basic, and hardly to be acquired by any training. I think that preparation is unnecessary in an experienced actor, save in the matter of possible speech defects. Of course every actor has to learn the trick of talking to the microphone, just as he had to learn camera angles in the silent drama, but this is not an arduous job. In many cases, exercises in correct breathing are a good thing for the actor, but as a rule an actor is an actor, whether it be on the screen or stage, and we find that he can work in either medium."

Society in Cinemaland

[*Continued from page* 57]

and his wife, **Gus Edwards** and tiny **Armida, James Roche** and **Ezra Mir, Charles Chaplin, Harry D'Arrast,** the **George K. Arthurs, Karl Dane** and many others.

ONE of the most elaborate social events of the month was the Mayfair Club dinner-dance at the Biltmore. The ballroom was converted into a grape arbor with the ceiling of paper roses, with petals falling on the dancers. The favors were tiny imported china animals.

Looking over the gay groups at the various tables, **Irene Bordoni** remarked that one might well be in New York, as all the well-known Manhattanites were present. There was **Fay Bainter** in **Fred Niblo's** party, with **Ruth Chatterton, Ralph Forbes, John Colton** and the **Walter Moroscos (Corinne Griffith).** There was **Joe E. Brown** with the **John Boles.** And **Katherine Dale Owen, Kay Johnson, Charlotte Greenwood, George Arliss** and **Vivienne Segal.**

In **Richard Wallace'** group were **Sally Eilers, Nancy Carroll, Lupe Velez, Florence Hope, Eddie Sutherland, Gary Cooper, Paul Lukas** and **Arthur Lake.**

Noted among the dancers were redhaired **Merna Kennedy** and **James Hall,** svelte **Lina Basquette** and her husband, **Peverell Marley, William Ince** and his new bride, **Mary Philbin** and **Paul Kohner, Evelyn Brent** and **Harry Edwards.**

UNIVERSAL'S *Broadway* première came to the Biltmore with all the fanfare of bright lights and well-known stars. Thousands of pink and white blossoms banked the entire orchestra pit and their sweet scent was wafted pleasantly to the audience.

Uncle Carl Laemmle and **Junior** were showered with congratulations. **Rosabelle Laemmle (Mrs. Stanley Bergerman)** looked very dainty and cool in pure white taffeta with a wrap of the same material. Blond **Laura La Plante** favored beige chiffon and **Mary Philbin,** shell pink trimmed in ostrich feathers. **Merna Kennedy** (described by **Joseph Schildkraut** as "the Universal cocktail of red hair and blue eyes") wore white maline, long and bouffant.

Thomas Jackson, who plays the drawling detective in *Broadway* and who walks away with most of the honors, held court in the lobby before and after the show. **Paul Porcasi** and his sweet young bride were also the recipients of much praise for **Mr. Porcasi's** wonderful work.

Joseph Schildkraut was master of ceremonies. An excellent choice, too.

Something that seemed to please the fans outside the theater happened when **Joan Crawford** and **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** arrived. The radio announcer began his spiel: "Ah-ha, a treat! Here's Doug and Joan, everybody. Miss Joan Crawford and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks!" Joan drew herself up proudly and corrected him: **"Mr. and *Mrs.* Fairbanks,** *if* you please!"

SUPPER and dancing and the showing of a new film filled the early hours of the Sunday night entertainment given by the **George K. Arthurs,** but the climax of the fun came with a moonlit plunge in the outdoor pool.

Joseph Farnham organized swimming matches, and **Doris Lloyd, Mrs. Edwin Justus Mayer, Roland Young, Barton Hepburn, Basil Rathbone** and **Johnny Mack Brown** carried off the prizes.

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The United States of a Merrymaker

[*Continued from page* 58]

a large and fat man. There was no time to lose, so we stuffed out the uniform with bits of wadded newspaper until I filled it nicely, and had, in addition, the appearance of a splendid physique. All went well until on towards the end of the show when I had to go into a somewhat violent eccentric dance. Bit by bit the wadded paper dribbled out of the sleeves, oozed out of the neck, sloughed off at the waist, until I finished aghast, amid the roars of the audience, standing forlornly in the center of the stage, like a scarecrow in a paper snowstorm. Next slide, please, professor.

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Tulsa may be an oil town to the Chamber of Commerce, but to me it's the place where I almost married an Indian Princess. I used to see her out front, night after night. There was a lot to that girl. If you'd rolled her out, she would have been 12 feet tall.

One night she was waiting for me backstage, after the show. She came up to me and said, "Me have good tepee. Plenty heap big dough. You marry me. Come along live in tepee."

It sounded tempting, but there was too much of her for me. I knew that Indians had a horror of having their pictures taken, so I told her that I would marry her if she would go down to the photographer and have her picture taken with me. Imagine my embarrassment when she consented.

We had our picture taken together, and then I told her I must leave her for a few minutes to go back to my dressing room and pack my things. Luckily for me the show left town that night, or I might have been an Indian Prince today.

St. Louis, Missouri

This city stands out as a high light in my brief experience as a lion tamer. I was working with a show that carried a lion, and I was appointed the lion's chaperon.

In every town that we played, I'd get a boy to clean the lion's cage on promise that we would take him along with the show, which of course we never did.

When we hit St. Louis, a freckle-faced little cherub came down to get the job. Travel didn't improve the lion's disposition, and it hadn't been long since he had nipped off a keeper's arm in an angry moment. But the way we worked it, cleaning the cage was an easy job. We would push another cage up to the first one, open both doors, prod the lion into the second one while the boy cleaned the first one, then prod him back in again. I explained this to the boy and went on the stage. A few minutes later I returned, and there, to my horror, I saw the boy in the same cage with the lion, industriously scrubbing around him. And while I watched, he suddenly gave the lion a vicious whack on the rump with the scrubbing brush to get him to move over.

I couldn't make a move or a sound for fear of exciting the lion or the boy. But the lion submitted placidly and the boy finished his job and strutted out of the cage as though nothing in the world had happened. I guess those were the longest minutes I ever lived through.

Streator, Illinois

It's an odd little incident that makes Streator stick in my mind. I always went big for the races. I used to save my money carefully, then when I got about $1,500 I would go to the racetracks, in hope of pulling off the big cleaning, which, of course, I never made. I was always the one who got cleaned.

After one disaster, I landed in Streator with about 15 cents to my name and a very nifty overcoat which I had managed to save out of the wreckage.

I had to have a job, so I walked into a theater in town and put my proposition up to the manager. It was very warm in his office and he kept insisting that I take off my coat. But I shook my head and kept it on. Luckily, they were opening a show that night and had a part for me. There was some good comedy stuff in the last scene, in which I appeared as a bum.

When the show was over that night the manager came backstage.

"Well," I asked him, "how did you like it?"

"Great!" he replied, "and the best of all was your wardrobe for that tramp comedy stuff: Your bum's outfit was the most realistic I have ever seen. Where the devil did you get it?"

"Oh, that," I said, "is my own suit and the only one I've got to my name. I had it on under my swell overcoat in your office this afternoon, but I knew if you saw it, it would mean $50 off my pay check, so I kept my coat on."

New York

There are as many things that recall New York to me as there are lights on Broadway. Here's one of them.

I had just come in from a run in Chicago and had gone over to the Lambs' Club when they sent word that Jack Donahue, a friend of mine who was playing in *Be Yourself*, had taken ill and they wanted me to take his place at once.

We had time for only one rehearsal before the show went on and it lasted right up until the rise of the curtain. Because this was a special rehearsal for me, everybody went through it in his street clothes.

I went on the stage thinking everything was fine, only to discover that everyone who played with me in the first scene was wearing long white whiskers, which completely disguised

the cast so that I had no idea who was who. I was lost in a forest of beards. I spoke my lines into thin air, trusting to luck that the right people would catch them.

Another time I was rehearsing for a very refined musical comedy, at the same time committing the lines for a skit, not so refined, to be given at the Lambs' Club. I was late for rehearsal, so I grabbed a script off my dresser and crammed the lines into my head as I rode to the theater in a taxi.

I arrived just in time to get in with my lines. The leading lady had made a very pretty romantic speech to which I replied, entering, all out of breath, "My God, where in Hell's the lunch?" They were just about to rush me to the psychopathic ward, when I discovered I had been reading the lines from the Lambs' Club skit.

Hollywood, California

I have just discovered Hollywood and am still busy making a specialized study of this strange locality. So far, it is to me the place where I can pick oranges for breakfast off trees in my own backyard.

Don't go yet, folks. Dr. Skelly's de luxe entertainment, *The Dance of Life*, will be seen shortly in the next tent, during which you will be accorded the privilege of buying Dr. Skelly's Gloom Eradicator.

Why I am Marrying Again

[*Continued from page* 65]

Monica. Wes, whose weakness is motoring through the wide-open spaces, would take her along on her days between pictures. Lisgar was a clever dancer and they spent two or three evenings a week at Cocoanut Grove.

"But we never talked about love," said Marian. "That was a word I had eliminated from my vocabulary."

That is, until she met Eddie Hillman!

REALLY," said Marian ,"I was honest with myself and with my friends when I said after my first unpleasant romance, that I would prepare for a future alone. I even went on doing that very thing for several months after I met Eddie."

But the coming of Eddie Hillman, the man who cared little for girls and less for motion picture people, changed more than one of Marian's plans.

They met for the first time, when Eddie stopped off in Hollywood with his team-mates before going on to Santa Barbara for the winter polo season. They were introduced, chatted a few minutes, and that was all—that is, so far as Marian was concerned.

He phoned twenty-four hours later. Then he phoned some more. But Marian always was busy.

Three weeks passed and one night Marian received a long-distance call from Santa Barbara. It was Eddie urging her to attend the polo game there the next day as his guest. Marian accepted.

It was then that Marian and Eddie really became acquainted.

Eddie's days were busy ones that kept him in Santa Barbara, what with daily practice and semi-weekly contests. However, it's just a nice drive to Hollywood in the evening, and Eddie drove it almost every night.

IT WASN'T long before he proposed to Marian. No, you guessed wrong! She didn't accept.

Then for fourteen days in a row, Eddie proposed again and again. Finally, his mother, Chicago society leader, began phoning each night from her home half-way across the continent, getting acquainted with her son's choice for a bride.

It would take a stronger person than this eighty-eight-pound Marian to continue obdurate against such a siege!

"The rest of Hollywood was no more surprised than was I myself when I announced our engagement," Marian declared. "I forgot my fears of another disillusionment because Eddie made me feel that I was such a terribly important thing in his life. He convinced me that I really mattered.

"But then, when you know Eddie's mother, you realize that Eddie would have to be quite a wonderful boy. She's the kind of a mother you dream about, but seldom meet."

Companionship, Marian believes, is necessary to happy wedlock.

EDDIE is so companionable, whether we are sitting alone at home or are out with a crowd of friends. We enjoy every minute we are in one another's company.

"I have suffered hardships and I think I know life well enough now to say that I am of an understanding nature. Our marriage will be lasting because we will go half-way with each other."

Marian will go on with her screen career despite the fact that Eddie Hillman is not enthusiastic about having her work.

"Eddie consented that I make two or three pictures a year because he thought it would make me happier," said Marian. "Eddie, too, is going to settle down out here and engage in some kind of business so that he will have something to occupy his time while I am at work."

Since the death of his father, Edward Hillman, Chicago merchant, a few years ago, Eddie has roamed the world with his twelve polo ponies and his trainers. He will go on playing polo, but he will limit the scope of his travels to Southern California.

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Merna Kennedy—Youngster

[*Continued from page* 69]

legians. I enjoy traveling with that crowd — good, clean, unsophisticated kids."

DRIVING back to Hollywood after a crisp bacon and fragrant coffee breakfast proved an adventure. Not that it was particularly thrilling. It was just the opposite, in fact.

The solitude of this suburban district so near the very heart of noisy Hollywood and Los Angeles was enlightening. Merna must have sensed my feelings, for there was a quizzical expression in her green eyes when she offered me a 1929 penny for my thoughts, and then promptly interrupted herself by saying: "That is precisely why I take these before-sunrise jaunts so often. I think it gives me strength to meet Hollywood in the day that follows and look her square in the eyes."

Merna's mother, who was married when she was fourteen, and looks more like her daughter's older sister now, met us on our return to their Sunset Boulevard apartment and jumping into the car (by the way, Merna drives the family coupé, not a dashing roadster, as you would expect) drove over to deliver me safely at my own front gate. Nothing hectic about that jaunt!

Impressions? I didn't get any. How could I, when Merna Kennedy loves to mingle with gay crowds, but never discloses her identity at a movie première; is fond of dogs and monkeys, but doesn't own any; is enraptured by Rachmaninoff's music, but can do an amazingly authentic Varsity Drag; is considered forthcoming star material by Dr. Paul Fejos, who directed her in *Broadway*, but prefers light comedy rôles; is an ardent devotee of Mary Roberts Rinehart, O. Henry, and Theodore Dreiser; dislikes telephones and trains, but adores huge arm-chairs, steamers, and airplanes?

Lois Moran's Sketch Book

[*Continued from page* 77]

and the coast. Tours is on the Loire River, and you wouldn't think you pronounced it that way. Your tongue does a pirouette when you say it and then you smile pleasantly at yourself to think you said it nicely. Madame Aubigeult is a war widow. There are many in France. She has a *pension* and four *pensionnaires*, English and American families.

Gladys decided that we might as well learn to speak the best French that is spoken, rather than some incorrect patois. That is why we have come to Tours. *(Hollywood, 1929. Knowledge of French has been invaluable, especially when I have been directed by French directors—Maurice Tourneur, for instance, and even George Fitzmaurice, who also speaks so well in English.)* As soon as the school opens in October, after harvest, I shall go there and spend week-ends with Gladys at the *pension*. Madame Aubigeult has a daughter who is to teach me French so I will know a little about it before I start in the Lycee. The school is called Lycee de Tours. Foreign students pay double, but the resident pupils pay a very small price, for it is a government school.

ANATOLE FRANCE has a wee house near Tours. On bright days I cycle past, hoping to see him. They say he is very old and has a white goatee. The house has few windows. It seems like a little blind house. The windows are at the very top, under the eaves. A garden, all bright-colored flowers and fragrant, is behind a little fence. Josephine, his housekeeper, guards him like a dragonet. Gladys gave me *The Revolt of the Angels*, by him, which I love.

December 25. The French do not celebrate Christmas as we do. To them it has deep religious significance. They spend the day in worship. New Year's Day is their day of celebration. It is then that *Pere de Noel*, which is French for Santa Claus and means Father Christmas, leaves presents in the *sabots* that are placed by the fireside. *Sabots* are wooden shoes and if you have been a bad girl, the children believe, *Pere de Noel* will leave but ashes in your shoes. If you are good, you may expect oranges, fruits, nuts and little gifts.

MADAME AUBIGEULT had a Yankee dinner on Christmas day for her *pensionnaires*. She had turkey, dressing, cranberries. It was all very delightful. It was snowing and she had a Christmas tree. There were carols at night, just as in America. I think, perhaps, we were a little lonely.

March 1, 1921. This is St. David's Day, and also my birthday. St. David is the patron saint of the Welsh and I have Welsh blood in my veins; and English and German and Irish blood, too. Today, because it was my birthday and I was glad, mother and I went again to the Cathedral. It is so beautiful. It looks like a rare piece of old lace, the blue sky gleaming through its network of spires. I love it very much.

May 23. We are now at the Victoria Palace on the Left Bank. The Left Bank overlooks the Seine River. Many artists are here. Mother has engaged a tutor for me. His name is Michael; he is young; and he has blue eyes and black hair. He is Irish, from Dublin. The purest English is spoken in Dublin, Gladys says, so why

not learn it? Gladys also says that she has always thought a young girl could learn more from a personable young man than she could from a funny old fossil. I am inclined to believe her.

June 3. We have moved to a little apartment on the Boulevarde Raspail. Paris is very lovely. Spring was beautiful here with the chestnut trees blooming. Michael, when we are not studying, takes me to the Jardin des Plantes. It is nicer than the Bois, which is full of picnickers. I can learn Spanish as well at the Jardin as at home. We have been to Notre Dame, too. I love it even better than the Cathedral at Tours. It seems so benign and all-comforting, a very mellow and glowing thing that has come down through the ages. Michael says it is a very fine piece of architecture.

September 3. It is all very confusing. I asked the man in the *metro* who La Pompadour was and he smiled and said, "She was a very famous king's mistress." At Versailles, in the beautiful garden that leads to the Petit Trianon, there is an Allee de Maintenon and the guide book said, she, too, was a king's mistress. On every hand in Paris, it seems, you meet evidence of women so immortalized. I have it reasoned out that they must have been very wonderful women who ruled their kings, and so were called kings' mistresses. Sort of glorified governesses. I must ask Gladys.

February 25, 1922. Mother has just discovered that I have been going, unescorted, to dancing lessons in the Montmartre district. Someone told her that Place Pigalle and Place Clichy were not the proper places for me to go alone. But I am not afraid. There is nothing to hurt me. The men in Paris are very playful. They approach you on the street and say, "Bon jour, mademoiselle," and smile pleasantly. Beyond that I do not know what they do; for I smile in return and say, "How do you do?" and walk hurriedly on. It always works. They are so amazed at my answer that they are left standing with their mouths agape. They are very amusing. So were the little boys in Tours who used to do the same thing.

June 23. It would be very pleasant to go to college if I did not want to dance. I think I could dance until I died. I am taking ballet from Szboda, the Russian, for three hours in the morning.

July 14. Never was there a Bastille Day like this, all glittering with sunshine, and confetti sifting down. Michael and I went forth early to celebrate with the rest of the French Republic. It's like America's Independence Day, only more so. There are mobs of shrieking people swirling up and down the avenues all day long, and dancing, and embraces.

EVERYBODY is in carnival spirit. The little street cafés sell bottles and bottles of wine. The pastry merchants do great business. At night there are fireworks, lovely spinning wheels like those King Louis ordered for the regattas at Versailles; and rockets and flares. I was so tired when I got home. When I removed my chemise, confetti, like little colored raindrops, spattered the floor. Oh, it was a mad day, but beautiful.

November 3. I walked into l'Opera the other day and asked the ballet mistress if I could dance in the ballet. She seemed quite amazed that I did not have a patron. It is considered the thing to do in Paris; have someone sponsor you. But I wanted to dance and that seemed the best way to go about it. The ballet mistress is very young and pretty and a Swiss. In the mornings, from 9 to 12, I dance with Szboda and from 2 to 5, I dance in the Opera. We wear little black knitted garments, with short chiffon slips, for rehearsal. And the Delcroz dance system is used. The routine is not too difficult. Three nights a week I dance at l'Opera, too. It is thrilling, all the lights and the costumes, all gauzy, and the faces and the odor of perfumes and flowers that streams over the footlights. The other nights of the week I am home with Gladys and usually go to bed early.

January 15, 1923. Michael's friend, Harold Brown, a photographer, has taken some pictures of me in sports costumes. *(Hollywood, 1929. Harold is now in Santa Barbara, has a studio there. I saw him not more than a month ago when I went on location for* Joy Street *there.)* The pictures are rather nice. Marcel L'Herbier of Cinegraphic, a French motion picture concern, saw them at Harold's studio and asked to meet me. He wants me to appear in a motion picture he is making, *The Gallery of the Monsters.* In it I shall be the forlorn mother of a little baby, trouping with a circus sideshow, and I shall wear a black wig. We are going to Italy to make some scenes. Gladys and I think it would be a pleasant experience. I gave my first solo dance at l'Opera not long ago. It was in *Falstaff.*

March 7, 1924. M. L'Herbier is arranging to make another picture. This time we shall go to Spain and make *The Living Dead Man.* M. L'Herbier has a very nice friend, Maurice Silver. We have good times together. *(Hollywood, 1929. Maurice Silver has just finished the direction of the* Fox Movietone Follies, *in which I had a part. It seemed like dear old Paris days again.)* I am very anxious to go to Spain. I want to walk the Street of Flowers in Barcelona, and see Madrid and the Court of the Lions of the Alhambra.

September 3, 1925. Samuel Goldwyn, the motion picture producer from Hollywood, is at the Ritz. He is looking for an actress to play *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of Ronald Colman, his star. I should like to play it. I have written Mr. Goldwyn a letter, in answer to his advertisement in the paper, and he has asked Gladys and me to call. An artist, a friend, says I would make a rather fine *Juliet.* I hope Mr. Goldwyn thinks the same way.

September 7. He did! We are sailing in a few days. Back to America! I'm so thrilled and happy, and, yet, I am sad. I am sad at leaving France. I wish we could dash down to Tours to say farewell there. But we have no time. We must pack. Farewell France. Gladys and I shall return.

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Lily Damita from Gay Paree

[*Continued from page 79*]

work very hard and I learn all Mistinguette's song and dances.

Pretty soon my dream come true. Mistinguette she go away from the Casino forever and I am become the première danseuse.

I Meet the Prince of Wales

NOW is the beginning for me of the gayest time in my life. The biggest people in Europe, they are become my friends. There are always parties, parties, such good times as we have!

One day I go to sit for my portrait at the studio of Drian, who is one of the most famous portrait painters in all Europe. I have just finish sitting for my picture and have gone into the dressing room to change into my street clothes.

In a few minutes comes M. Drian knocking on my door. He say, "Lily, hurry and dress. There are two nice boys here would like to meet you." I am very much excited. I hurry so I can hardly get my makeup on right.

Then I come out and he say, "Lily, I want you to meet the Prince of Wales. And this is his brother, Prince George."

They are so natural and so unaffected, these boys, you never would think they are princes. We become good friends right away. I invite them to come and see me dance at the Casino. So they come that same night and afterwards we all go out to a grand supper party together.

They come often to the Casino after that and we go on many supper parties together. I like both of the boys so much. But I see Prince George more often than the Prince of Wales. We are, however, just what you call good comrades. We have many good times together. But he never speak to me of love. But some of my happiest times I have with him. I will tell you more about him later.

ALWAYS, wherever you go, it is the same crowd. The same faces, the same names, the names you see in the papers often. There are the Dolly Sisters, Pearl White, the Marquis de la Falaise, M. Letelliere, Mrs. Nash, and many others. For a while it is fine. It is nice to go everywhere and always have your friends. But always in my life I come soon to the time when I would like something new, something different. It is not long that I wish that before my chance come. It is always like that for me in my life. I wish for something very hard and I get it.

Making Movies in Vienna

THEY ask I should come to Vienna and make a motion picture for the Fellner Company. I am glad to go, to leave Paris awhile, to leave all the people that I know so well and to meet new ones, so I go to Vienna.

In my very first picture I am starred. It is called *Red Heels* and I play a dancing girl like I do on the stage. It is very big success, this first picture, so when they want me to go to Berlin to make more pictures for the same company, I go quick.

All this time I am working so hard in pictures I do not have an opportunity to think of love. Then, all of a sudden, in the wink of an eye, it happen to me.

The Ambassador from Spain, whom I have known, invite me to a large dinner party at the Spanish Embassy in Berlin. Many of the nobility and the big political people of Germany are there.

I see across from me way down the table a beautiful tall blond boy with nice blue eyes. He look at me with those eyes. We smile at each other.

When dinner is over the Spanish Ambassador he bring him up and introduce him to me. He is Louis Ferdinand, a grandson of the Kaiser. His father had been the Crown Prince of Germany. He was then a student at the University of Berlin.

He ask me then if he can take me home in his car. We drive together through the empty streets in the early morning and talk and talk about many things. He is such a nice boy I am at once very fond of him. He has, too, a very strong personality. He tell me all about his ambitions, how he want to make his own way in the world as a business man and forget all about being a prince.

When he leave me at the door he ask if he can come see me again and I am happy.

Love Comes to Me

THAT is the beginning of a very sweet romance. We dine together at the little cafés in Berlin. We go to many parties together. There are wonderful dances in the big gloomy palace at Potsdam where the royal family have lived.

He tell his family so much about me he want me to meet them. So he take me home to dinner with them. I am afraid that it will be very solemn, but they are very kind to me, and laugh and joke and make me feel much at home.

All this time Prince Ferdinand is falling in love with me and I do not know it. Then one night when we are out riding he ask me to marry him. I laugh. I think it is nothing serious, that he is just a boy who is infatuated with an actress and that he will soon get over it. So I tell him he is much, much too young to think about such things, that he must think about his career first and then it is time enough to talk about marriage. I tell him besides that I have my career and I cannot think of marrying. He tell me to never mind about all that, some day he is going to marry me.

So that night, the prince, he go home and tell his family he is going to marry Lily Damita. They laugh, too. They

think like I do it is just puppy love, that he will soon get over it.

But he does not get over it. Pretty soon I see that he is feeling very badly about it. I do not tease him any more. I am sorry now, because he is such a nice boy. I am so fond him and I do not want I should hurt him. I see now he cannot forget me so easily while I am there. So I make up my mind I go away. Then it will be easy for him to forget me. In a few hours I pack up my things and leave Berlin to go to Paris.

A New Love Enters

IT IS funny the way things happen. I am only in Paris very few days when I hear that Samuel Goldwyn want to see me. He have seen some of my pictures, they tell me, and want to know more about me. I have heard much about him in Europe and so I am anxious I should meet him. One day I go to see him. I find I like him very much.

He say to me, "Lily, how would you like to come to America and make pictures for me?"

I shrug my shoulders. I have not think much about America.

I say to him, "What for should I go to America to make pictures? I have my friends here. I have the little success. Maybe I do not like America."

He say, "Well, all right, if you do not like it, you can come home any time you want. But it is the great country. There is a chance there for you to make big success. You come with me. You make a picture with Ronald Colman. Then if you are unhappy I will send you home."

"Make a picture with Ronnie, *hein?*" I say. I have always like Ronnie. "Well I will think about it."

I go home and I think and I think. It is a great chance to see new people, new faces, to travel. And Louis Ferdinand, he is still feeling badly. If I put an ocean between him and me, it will surely be all over, I think. Ah, how foolish I was! So I call Mr. Goldwyn on the phone and I say sure, I go with you.

So three days later I am on the ocean with Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, headed for America.

[To be continued]

Did Louis Ferdinand manage to forget Lily? Not for long. Read how another glamorous chapter was added to their romance against the gay background of Hollywood. Other adventures of the little French girl in a strange land, including the madcap adventure which brought this displeasure of the British Admiralty down upon Prince George will be told in the November issue of SCREEN SECRETS Out October 10.

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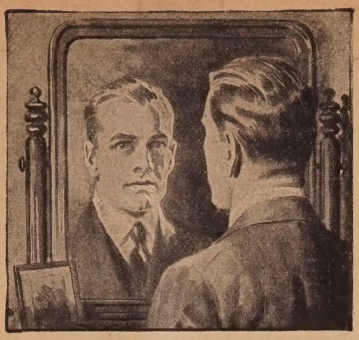

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[*Continued from page* 81]

remembered the fellow and several firemen went galloping into the operating room to try to save him. But when they got there they found that the Scotchman had gone. Only his brain remained lying there on the table, undisturbed.

"And when do you suppose the Scotchman was found?" Al asks. And answers: "Years later, teaching school in Ireland."

Oil's Well

JOHN D.'S broken into the movies. On his ninetieth birthday, several Fox News cameramen crashed the *verboten* gates of Pocantico Hills, New York, to snap a few pictures of the Erl Koenig even if they had to sneak 'em from ambush, like it was on a Martin Johnson hunting expedition, Mawruss.

But there was no need for underhand work. John met them and consented to pose—for the first time in all his Kliegless career. He not only posed as the cameraman directed him, but he showed the lads all over his enormous estate and picked his own places for closeups. He even selected a group of statues (females, nude) as a background and seemed to get a particular kick out of standing in rather close and slightly questionable proximity to the ladies. Later, when the film was developed and flashed on the studio projecting room screen, it was found necessary to cut these scenes. They were rather suggestive. American youths must not be undermined by disturbing thoughts. I get hot thinking about it. To judge from John M. Winkler's recent irreverent biography about him, John D. never was one to neglect a good, honest look at a passing trim ankle.

Peck's Bad, Bad Boys

THESE two Katzenjammer Kids of the screen, press, pulpit and stage, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, have been cutting a wide swath hereabouts with movie contracts for original stories. They have the industry in their hip pockets; everybody wants their stories. MacArthur, as any good li'l Patsy knows, was co-author of the smash, *Lulu Belle,* done with Edward Sheldon and the smash, *The Front Page,* done with Ben Hecht. Ben, you know, wrote *Underworld* for Paramount and completely changed the face of the screen for a while. He is directly responsible for the movie crime wave. Personally, there are times I feel he deserves a good spray of machine gun bullets for some of the atrocious imitations his *Underworld* has begotten. But since *Underworld* was so good—probably the best movie made in America—come home, Ben, all is forgiven.

Hecht and MacArthur are going to write a talkie to be known as *The Homicide Squad.* Curiously, it will deal with just that branch of the police department of Chicago, where the authors served as crime reporters on sundry newspapers. They know their underworld.

MacArthur, by the way, is wedded to Helen Hayes, actress. When Old Master Woollcott, who lives in the image of George Eliot, heard of the wedding, he said waggishly: "Every young girl ought to marry Charles MacArthur once."

Chaff

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S expected East soon on a wheeling tour through the larger cities: his first trip away from Hollywood in a dinosaur's age . . . Herbert Brenon, having finished *Lummox* for United Artists, is here conferring with RKO about his next, thus far, nameless . . . . Al Jolson will do one more for Warners and then go over to United Artists in April . . . Alice Joyce is back from Hollywood where she played opposite George Arliss in his talkie version of *The Green Goddess.* Alice, you know, is a New Yawk girl, hailing off Park Avenue, where she has a wealthy husband, two children, diamonds, cahs, joolery, and money to burn . . . Do you remember George Jessel's gag about the Warners? He said: "Three years ago the Warners had $17. Today they owe eleven millions!" . . . Paramount has paid Havelock Ellis ten thousand good hard dollars for his title, *The Dance of Life.* Guess what it's going to be applied to. The talkie version of the play, *Burlesque,* so help me Hannah! . . . The word comes that all's quiet and serene in Ireland at Moore Abbey, where John McCormack is making his singie for Fox . . . Ditto from the Metro company way out Africa way, making whoopee with Trader Horn's precious paragraphs . . . Lily Damita has been reported engaged more times than Man o' War. There have been, and seem to be no more, the Kaiser's grandson and Prince George of Old England, who danced with her when in Hollywood. . . . Do you know that Samuel Goldwyn came to New York recently and on meeting Dick Watts, the movie critic, said, "I'm glad to meet you, Mister Watts. I read your stuff regularly in the *World.*" Watts is cineman for *The Herald Tribune* . . . While sitting at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offices, a radio came in from some Hollywood press agent to the effect that Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page and Gwen Lee were cheering on the endurance flight boys and tossing hot soup up to them. How tough it is on these press agents to earn their money . . . Does it interest you that I think female movie critics are the lowest form of humanity . . . that I think Rudy Vallee is just what every sensible male thinks he is . . . that I know a girl so dumb she thinks hari-kari is a movie actor? . . . It doesn't? Well, what about it? I'm through for the month anyway.

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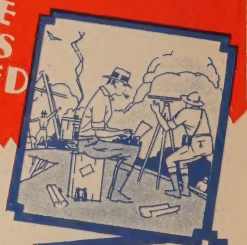

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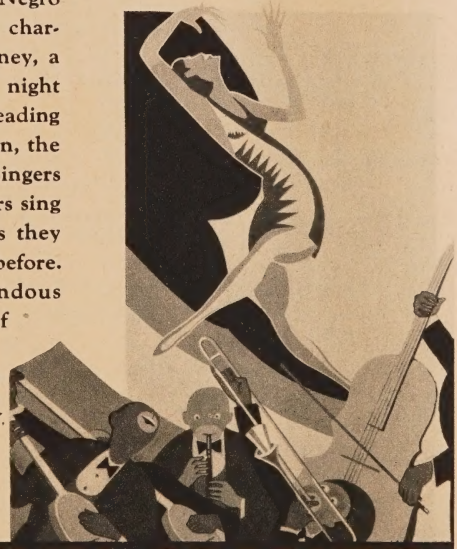

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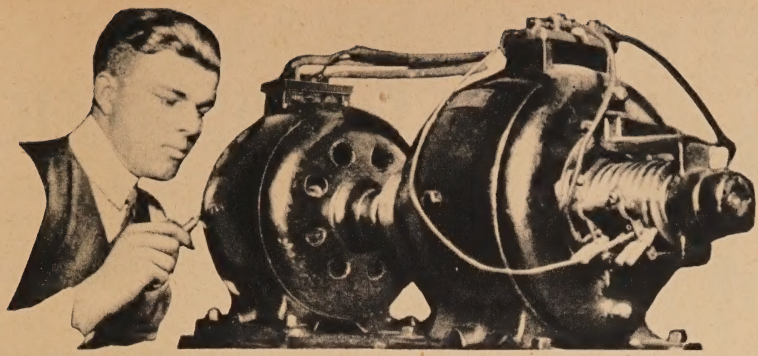

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Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 30 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt—endorsed by many large electrical concerns. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book of 150 photographs . . . facts . . . jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. Tells you how many earn expenses while training and how we assist our graduates in the field. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

Get this FREE Book

Mr. H. C. LEWIS, Pres.
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 89-70
500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis: Without obligation send me your big free catalog and all details of Railroad Fare to Chicago, Free Employment Service, Aviation Electricity and Automotive Electrical Courses and how I can "earn while learning."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
H. C. LEWIS, Pres. *Established 1899*
500 South Paulina Street **Dept. 89-70** **Chicago, Ill.**

START TONIGHT AND REDUCE WEIGHT!

Start Reducing Tonight at Home and Feel Better Tomorrow Morning Than You Have For Months
(Every Statement Certified From Actual Experience)
SEND THE COUPON FOR YOUR FIRST THREE FAYRO BATHS

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off excess weight once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro contains many of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely bodies more shapely, and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought To You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now enjoy these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately excess weight will have been removed in an easy, refreshing and asolutely harmless manner.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost weight. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself wholesome meals. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro At Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.

More Than a Million Fayro Treatments Have Been Sold

PFU-11-29

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

June Collyer, screen beauty, says:

"enrich your beauty with really natural rouge"

You *can* have color which seems your own . . . but *do you?* Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as *deep and rich as you desire.*

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that is because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of *you*, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that *is* a thought!

Always Complimented

Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat Rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

How Color Comes to Life

Any harsh, *flat*, color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*.

This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat Rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat Rouge give its marvelously lifelike color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

And Now the Beautiful Princess Pat *Summer*tan Shade.

To the famous group of six Princess Pat shades has been added the "magic seventh." This is Princess Pat *Summer*tan—fashion's favorite for the tremendously popular sun tan mode. Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge gives instantly the accent to perfect tan—just where you want it. In *Summer*tan, as in actual tan, are the soft, dusky, golden tints and the note of lovely amber with ruby tints showing through. There is the same beautiful clearness found in actual tan; for the rich gypsy coloring gives perfect illusion of coming from within the skin.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Your favorite shop shows all seven shades.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept 85-B
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer*TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

☐Name (Print).....

Address.....

City.....State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For that Modern Sun Tan make-up use Princess Pat Creme *Summer*tan on face, neck, limbs and back. Enjoy the thrill of beautiful "burnless" tan instantly. Now, gaily accent the cheeks with that glowing, dusky Princess Pat *Summer*tan Rouge. Glorious! Then follow with exclusive Princess Pat *Summer*tan powder. You will be amazed at the heightening of your beauty through this newest, perfect tan make-up.

CLASSY SERVICE DESIRED	
WHO	X
WHAT	X
WHERE	X

NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD — CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute* RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets* FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

RUTH ELDER, the movie colony's star aviatrix, and Walter Camp, Jr., president of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., were married in New York City. The couple met five months ago in Hollywood, and the engagement was announced while Miss Elder was en route to the Women's Air Races in Cleveland.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford announce a three months' trip abroad. They will visit England, France and Italy. Their co-starring picture, *The Taming of the Shrew,* will be given its New York première soon.

Lewis Milestone has been signed by Universal to direct their big special, *All Quiet on the Western Front,* based on the widely-read novel of the same name.

Hollywood was presented with a surprise when Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck filed their intention to wed and announced plans for an immediate marriage. Mr. Peck is a prominent Los Angeles attorney.

Laura La Plante will be co-starred with John Boles in a big Universal special, tentatively titled *La Marseillaise.*

Rudy Vallee has arrived in Hollywood to start his first picture for RKO. He was met at San Bernadino by a group of film notables, who boarded his special train for the last few miles into Hollywood.

Lionel Barrymore, who deserted the footlights for a megaphone, has been signed on a long-term directing contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Joe E. Brown is being starred by Tiffany-Stahl in a circus picture called *Painted Faces,* in which he will have plenty of opportunity to make use of his boyhood training as a trapeze artist.

Bebe Daniels has scored such a hit in *Rio Rita,* her first singing picture, that RKO has decided to star her in a musical version of *Carmen,* which she will sing in English. It is to be started around Christmas time.

Richard Dix has started work on his first picture for RKO, as yet untitled. He has been idle these many weeks while searching for just the proper vehicle that would please both him and the powers that be.

Climaxing a romance which had its inception when she came to Hollywood to star in Paramount pictures, Mary Eaton, former Ziegfeld Follies star, has become the bride of Millard Webb, who directed her in "Glorifying the American Girl", a musical extravaganza.

Untamed is the final title of the new Joan Crawford starring picture, which was made under the working title of *Jungle.*

Hollywood's newest "discovery" is Joan Marsh, fifteen-year-old high school girl, who has been signed by Universal for talking pictures.

Another screen beauty has married a director. Wedding bells rang for Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett, Pathé director. Beverly Hills was the scene of the wedding.

Leatrice Joy, having completed a six weeks' vaudeville tour, is to make a film in France, for the Gaumont Company. She will speak French in the picture, and will also make an English version.

Louis Wolheim, the only Caddo contract player who does not appear in *Hell's Angels* has been loaned to M-G-M for an important part in *The Ship from Shanghai.*

Out of the Night, the picture Henry King is making for Inspiration, and for which Lupe Velez has been borrowed from United Artists, has been re-christened *Hell's Harbor.*

Emily Fitzroy, noted character actress, has just returned to Hollywood after an extended European tour.

Mary Nolan's next picture will be *Rope,* which Universal is planning to produce on a lavish scale.

United Artists have decided to keep Lupe Velez at home a while, and are starring her in a talking, singing, dancing version of Norma Talmadge's old success, *The Dove.*

Win $1000.00 CASH

THIS OFFER IS OPEN TO EVERY READER OF THIS ANNOUNCEMENT.

It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for our toothpaste. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win—nothing more is necessary to gain this cash prize of $1,000.

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Snow-White," "Gum-Strength," etc., or any other name you might think would fit the high quality of this dental cream.

There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and neatest suggestion for a name will receive $1,000 cash prize or, if prompt, $1,100 in all.

ANY NAME MAY WIN

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

NAME THIS

Win this $1,000 cash prize by a few moments thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1,000 and the extra $100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this dental cream is marvelous for teeth and gums. It is designed to sweeten the breath, beautify the teeth, cleanse cavities and promote teeth and gum health. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the neatest and best suited for this dental cream. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant.

This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan, whereby those taking part may win any one of twenty-odd prizes, the highest of which is $3,500 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the $1,100 cash prize may win an additional $3,500, making a total of $4,600. Everyone sending a name regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the $3,500 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay! Neglect may cost you thousands of dollars.

$100 EXTRA for PROMPTNESS

To get quick action I am going to pay the winner an extra $100 for promptness, or $1,100 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, their employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes November 30, 1929. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

Mr. H. E. Ray, Contest Mgr.
748 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read .....

Date my suggestion is mailed .....

Name .....

Address .....

Note: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

The Postal Pouch editor will answer for you any questions you ask concerning the movies. For a personal reply enclose with your letter a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Hurry Back, Verna

VERNA P.: Yes, indeed, you are welcome in the Postal Pouch—not only this once, but as often as you want to come. Sue Carol is at the Fox Studios, Hollywood. She was born in Chicago on an October 30, about twenty-two years ago. Renée Adorée hails from Lille, France, and is twenty-seven years old. Don't forget I'm watching eagerly for your next letter!

K-K-Katy

KATHERINE S.: Where have you been all my life with those busy questions? Jack Mulhall is married. Dorothy Mackaill recently divorced Lothar Mendez, the director. Mary Brian was christened Louise Dantzler, and is just twenty-one years old. Dorothy Sebastian is twenty-six, while Nils Asther is twenty-seven. Hurry back to the Postal Pouch!

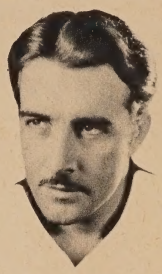
How to Become a Star

B. McG.: *Wings* was made by the Paramount Studios; *Lilac Time* and *Naughty Baby* by First National, Burbank; and *Masks of the Devil* by M-G-M, Culver City. See Buddy Rogers next in *Illusion;* Gary Cooper in *The Virginian;* Alice White in *The Girl from Woolworth's;* Clara Bow in *The Saturday Night Kid,* and Joan Crawford in *Untamed.* The first thing to do when you want to become a movie star is to get acquainted with Mr. Lasky, Mr. Goldwyn, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Griffith. Act as if you don't want a job under any circumstances, but wear real platinum jewelry, gorgeous furs, and simple little $500 frocks. Get a press agent who can convince the world that you are Hollywood's greatest gift to the movies—it can be done for $125 a week or so. Be sure you are a wonderful stage dancer, have had experience in dramatic productions, and be an opera singer if possible. The first thing to do when you want to become a movie star is get a stenographic job and be sure of the next meal!

She Draws Well

THE SEEGAR: Joan Crawford is twenty-four years old, has brown hair and blue eyes. She is married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Yes, she reads her fan mail, but has a secretary to answer it, of course. "Red Head Bow" is twenty-three years old. Yes, I seem to remember the time when she was—well, rather plump; but she is quite svelte now. Maybe she lost weight reading one of your hefty letters!

Who Will Be Next?



John Boles

EVERY month one of the stars answers a letter received by Postal Pouch and sends to the writer an attractive, large photograph of himself. This month's lucky fan receives a portrait from John Boles. The winning letter and Mr. Boles' reply appear below.

Dear Postal Pouch Editor:

I would like some information about John Boles.

How old is he? When and where was he born? What pictures has he appeared in?

Best wishes to SCREEN SECRETS.

Very truly yours,
KATHERINE F.

My dear Katherine:

I was born in Greenville, Texas, twenty-eight years ago and since going into pictures I've played in *Sunya,* opposite Gloria Swanson. Then I played in *We Americans, The Last Warning* and *Scandal,* for Universal; *The Desert Song,* for Warner Brothers and *Rio Rita,* for RKO.

My next pictude will be a superproduction, which at present is called *La Marseillaise,* and this will be my first starring picture for Universal. It is a story about the man who wrote the French National anthem and I am thrilled about making it.

Sincerely,
JOHN BOLES.

Don't Crowd, Boys

JEAN P.: Jeans and Janes are popular here—especially the *janes.* Monte Blue is at Warner Brothers, Hollywood; Hoot Gibson at the Universal Studios, Universal City, and Marion Douglas at M-G-M, Culver City. Mary Pickford is at United Artists, Hollywood. Gloria Swanson is American.

Thank You!

STEWART A. J.: So you think SCREEN SECRETS is the best movie magazine you've ever read? Join the crowd on the right, and let the lonely ones on the left huddle together out in the cold. We're always tickled to death when we get a boost—unless it's with the business end of a boot. Billie Dove was born in New York City, on May 14, 1903. She is five feet five inches tall. William Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Both are American.

Zizz, Boom, Bah!

KAPI-S.: Are you a college yell or a new breakfast food? David Lee is very much alive, and is working on another Warner Brothers picture. Dolores Costello has just completed *Second Choice,* for Warners. Al Cooke and Alberta Vaughan have been appearing together in Darmour-F. B. O. Comedies. Kit Guard recently worked in *Lingerie*—and, no doubt, in B. V. D.'s Write to him at Tiffany-Stahl, and to Vera Reynolds at the Trem Carr Productions, Hollywood, where she recently made *The Divine Sinner.*

Nils Asther Booster

JEAN E.: Yes, Nils Asther is as Swedish as a massage. He is twenty-seven years old and still single. Nils won recognition on the European screen before he was imported to America.

Cut-Price Sale
OF GUARANTEED WATCHES

TWO YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE
Two years' written guarantee given with each watch. We guarantee to replace FREE any watch that does not prove satisfactory to you or to refund your money in full. You therefore take no risk whatever. Our guarantee protects you.
SEND NO MONEY **Pay on Delivery**

$3.99

Newest Style Wrist Watch With Two Bracelets

Really the Greatest Bargain in America Today
Storekeepers and Instalment Mail Order Houses charge $12.00 for this very watch—*We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.* Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable ladies' watch. White gold color, engraved case, *jeweled movement*—Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and Rolled gold effect *link* bracelet for evening and party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99.
Send no money. Pay on Delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.

$4.96

"The Mary Ann" Rectangular Shape Wrist Watch

Everyone will admire this elegant and artistically designed small and narrow shaped 6-Jewel wrist watch. White Rolled Gold Effect case, guaranteed not to tarnish, handsomely engraved platinoid finish top, gracefully carved sides. Fitted with genuine Swiss movement of the finest quality, guaranteed for accuracy and dependability. Every wheel, spring, screw and jewel flawlessly finished. Furnished with *two* bracelets; a black silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and a white gold effect link bracelet for evening and party wear. A real $20.00 value.
SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.

$7.59

"La Francaise" 6-Jewel Wrist Watch

$9.49

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Wrist Watch

"La Francaise" 6-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinoid effect and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 6-Jewel movement, guaranteed for two years. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch, and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet. $30.00 Value. Our cut price $7.59.

"La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Platinum and Diamond Effect Wrist Watch. The very latest creation in elegant and fine wrist watches. Newest design cases in assorted shapes, platinoid effect and completely surrounded with sparkling synthetic diamonds and sapphires. 15-Jewel movement, guaranteed for two years. Has the appearance of a platinum and diamond set wrist watch, and guaranteed not to discolor. Complete with elegant extension link bracelet. $35.00 Value. Our cut price $9.49.

$5.92

Latest Ultra-Modern Wrist Watch

The newest thing in ladies' watches. Very modernistic in design, case beautifully enameled in exquisite color combinations of blue, black and green. Movement of the best Swiss make, 6-Jewel lever, 2 adjustments, carefully tested and accurately timed, with two years' written guarantee. Extra link bracelet, in white gold effect, furnished with each watch. $15.00 value. Our cut price $5.92. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon.

Jenkins Watch-Lighter

$4.97

A combination of an elegant, high quality cigarette lighter with a fine, guaranteed Swiss watch. The watch is of the best Swiss make, 6-Jewel lever movement, carefully tested and adjusted, accurate timekeeper, with two years' written guarantee. The cigarette lighter is well-known U. S. make, very fine and elegant in appearance, yet strong and durable in construction. Lestheroid covered sides, all metal parts of silver effect, non-tarnishable quality. $20.00 value. SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in coupon. Pay on delivery $4.97 plus postage.

$3.59

This Exquisite Combination of Elegant Imported Swiss Watch, together with penknife and chain and pistol-shape cigarette lighter reduced to $3.59. Watch is of latest design, newest thin model, beautifully engraved case, white gold effect—handsomely designed dial with vision letters—jeweled movement and really a perfect timepiece, guaranteed for two years. Comes to you complete with latest style watch-chain and a fine penknife to match design of watch. The cigarette-lighter at the other end of the chain is a unique but practical cigarette-lighter that will delight you because of its oddness and usefulness. Send no money. Pay on delivery. Fill in Coupon Below.

The "Princess Mary" Ladies' 6 Jewel Wrist Watch

$5.98

Complete With Extension Link Bracelet

A new creation in the jeweler's art, representing the latest style in watches. Combines exquisite beauty with the highest quality. Case elegantly engraved, white gold and platinum effect. Fitted with a wonderfully perfected 6-Jewel movement, tested and adjusted accurate, and having a two years' written guarantee. Supplied complete with ultra-modern extension link bracelet to match the watch. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.98. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in Coupon

$3.99

Lifetime Accuracy Men's Strap Watch

Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock-proof and weather-proof—Perfect timekeeper.—Radium dial.—Tells time in dark.—Fine imported Jeweled Movement.—Silver effect, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Genuine leather strap.—Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.99 plus postage. Fill in coupon.

Men's Up-To-Date Strap Watch

$4.88

Our choice in square, rectangular or tonneau shape at same price. White Gold effect richly carved case, guaranteed not to tarnish or discolor, with extra-fine Swiss 6-Jewel movement, shock-proof and weather-proof. Tested and adjusted for accurate timekeeping. Regular $15.00 value. Radium dial and hands, tells time in dark. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

"The General" Men's 15-Jewel Strap Watch

$7.99

"The Chancellor" Men's 6-Jewel Strap Watch

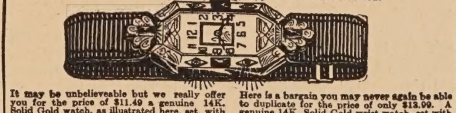
$5.99

"The General" men's 15-Jewel strap watch. Built for real service, shock-proof, dust-proof and weather-proof. Mounted in an elegant white gold effect, non-tarnishable case. Our choice in assorted shapes; rectangular, square, and tonneau. Fitted with a genuine Swiss Fifteen Jewel movement, carefully tested and accurately adjusted. Two years' written guarantee given with each watch. Each watch supplied with newest style non-tarnishable metal bracelet to match the watch, with patented buckle adjustment. Regular $25.00 value. Our cut price $7.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon below. Pay on delivery.

"The Chancellor" men's 6-Jewel strap watch. Built for real service, shock-proof, dust-proof and weather-proof. Mounted in an elegant white gold effect, non-tarnishable case. Our choice in assorted shapes; square, rectangular and tonneau. Fitted with a genuine Swiss Six Jewel movement, carefully tested and accurately adjusted. Two years' written guarantee given with each watch. Each watch supplied with newest style non-tarnishable metal bracelet, to match the watch, with patented buckle adjustment. Regular $20.00 value. Our cut price $5.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon below. Pay on delivery.

Genuine Diamond Watch 14 K. Solid Gold Case 6-Jewel Movement **$11.49**

Genuine Diamond Watch 14 K. Solid Gold Case 15-Jewel Movement **$13.99**



It may be unbelievable but we really offer you for the price of $11.49 a genuine 14K. Solid Gold watch, as illustrated here, set with four (4) genuine, fully cut diamonds, and four synthetic sapphires. Case is as illustrated, with bow-knot design wings, in 14K. solid gold. Movement is of finest Swiss make, 6-jewel lever, carefully tested and adjusted accurate with two years' written guarantee. Made to retail at $60.00. Our cut price only $11.49. Send no money. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.

Here is a bargain you may never again be able to duplicate for the price of only $13.99. A genuine 14K. Solid Gold wrist watch, set with four (4) fully cut genuine diamonds, and four synthetic sapphires, with bow-knot design wings in 14K. solid gold, and fitted with an excellent 15-Jewel Swiss movement. Carefully tested and adjusted accurate, with two years' written guarantee. Made to retail for over $100. Our cut price only $13.99. Send no money. Fill in coupon. Pay on delivery.

GENUINE DIAMONDS *Set in 14 kt.* **SOLID GOLD RINGS** **$4.98**

No Instalments to Pay. Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K. solid gold rings set with genuine diamonds only $4.98. Instalment houses charge $25.00 for same rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are genuine diamonds set in solid 14K. gold rings at only $4.98. No. 1 and No. 2 are ladies' Rings and No. 3 is a man's ring. Send no money. State ring and size wanted. Pay on delivery $4.98. Fill in coupon below.

Tear off this COUPON and Mail

The Jenkins Corporation, Dept. 11-S-72 683 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly ship me C. O. D. the following advertised articles. (Check articles desired.)

( ) New style wrist watch	$3.99	( ) "The General" 15-Jewel Watch	$7.99
( ) "Mary Ann" wrist watch	4.96	( ) "The Chancellor" 6-Jewel Watch	5.99
( ) "La Francaise" 6-Jewel Watch	7.59	( ) Ultra-Modern Wrist Watch	5.92
( ) "La Parisienne" 15-Jewel Watch	9.49	( ) Watch, Chain & Lighter	3.59
( ) Lifetime Men's Watch	3.99	( ) Jenkins Watch Lighter	4.97
( ) Up-To-Date Strap Watch	4.99	( ) Genuine Diamond Ring	4.98
( ) The "Princess Mary" Ladies' Watch			5.98

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

THE GAB BAG

¶ An open forum where readers may discuss their views on motion pictures.

Parsons, Kansas.

Dear Editor:

I think SCREEN SECRETS is a wonderful magazine and the October issue just can't be beat.

I certainly would like to see an article about Sally Blane. I think she is a very good actress. I also would like to see something about William Bakewell, whom I also think is fine.

Hoping I will see something about these players in SCREEN SECRETS soon.

Sincerely, F. H.

Editor's Note:

Watch closely for stories or pictures on Sally Blane and William Bakewell in future issues of SCREEN SECRETS and you will not be disappointed.

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Talking pictures are new, and, like all new things, are subject to controversy.

I am an optimist. I believe that in four or five years, the talkies will have been improved wonderfully. The talkies will better the quality of pictures generally, and for too long, motion pictures have been subjected to the criticism that they must be directed at the fifteen-year-old mind. I do not believe that this is true. Pictures can and will be made to interest people of all grades of intelligence.

I absolutely believe in talkies. They have put life in filmdom. This is the most wonderful thing that has happened for years in the motion picture industry.

Sincerely,

L. H.

Editor's Note:

Talkies are the most important topic of discussion in motion pictures today. It is the suggestions and criticisms by fans that will guide the producers in developing further this new entertainment. May we suggest that other readers with interesting observations offer them to the industry through these columns?

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor:

Permit me to congratulate SCREEN SECRETS on the acquisition of Harmony Haynes as one of your writers.

In screen magazines, as in motion pictures, a new find is often a decided asset, and Harmony Haynes is that—and more. Her articles are both refreshing and convincing; free from the garish superficies which coat the articles poured forth by the average interviewer. There is nothing average about Harmony, bless her! To her goes the credit of putting new zest and adding more laurels to your most estimable magazine.

To Miss Haynes and SCREEN SECRETS, I offer my sincere good wishes for continued success!

Yours truly, E. M.

Editor's Note:

Thank you for the kinds words of praise and best wishes you extend to Harmony Haynes and SCREEN SECRETS. We assure you that forthcoming issues of SCREEN SECRETS will bring you many pleasurable articles by this writer.

Scranton, Pa.

My dear Sir:

In reading through your magazine, for the month of September, I was interested in the article by Harry Carr in which he expressed considerable criticism of Ramon Novarro.

Now why does Mr. Carr think his opinion is to be the "last word"? Does he think that the public expects a Peter Pan from a husky body like Novarro's, or a very human portrayal as was his *Pagan*? Mr. Carr must remember that there is a great big American public that sits nightly and other times at the cinema and is formed nowadays of intelligent people.

Novarro's last picture was liked here very much. It showed more assurance, poise and acting than he has portrayed in any other picture for some time. *The Flying Fleet* was poor as to Mr. Novarro's part—so different, no pep, boyish and miscast.

I have not read as direct an attack on any player as Mr. Carr gave Mr. Novarro. If any more such articles are written by Mr. Carr, he may find *himself* "cooked", not Novarro.

Respectfully,

D. B. H.

Editor's Note:

In view of the fact that "The Pagan" is one of the greatest box-office successes ever produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, it appears that Harry Carr's criticism was a wrong guess on his part—something he is very, very seldom guilty of. We appreciate your frank criticism of anything that appears in SCREEN SECRETS—come again.

Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I greatly enjoy SCREEN SECRETS Magazine and the Gab Bag letters.

May I add my wish to that of G. H. of Portage, Wisconsin, that we have a picture of Lillian Gish in our favorite magazine? Not one of those plain ones published for some time past, but one of our beautiful *Annie Laurie*, with her golden curls, her lovely veiled eyes and her darling little pout. She is my favorite star, and Ramon Novarro is her only rival; I never miss a picture made by either.

Sincerely,

G. H. of Elmira.

Editor's Note:

There is a picture of Lillian Gish in this issue, in "So This is Hollywood." Here's a surprise for you: there will soon be a story in SCREEN SECRETS entitled "Ramon Novarro's Dream Girl." Of course, you'll not want to miss THAT!

Masontown, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I'm a movie fan—and how! I've been a movie fan ever since I can remember, have read magazines of all kinds, have seen loads of pictures, but so far I'm not tired of one yet. I love *all the stars* as they are all beautiful.

To pick out my favorite, I have no other but Clara Bow. She's my weakness and always was, especially now. Clara makes talkies, so she is the hit of our town. Everyone talks about the IT girl. I've seen *The Wild Party*, with Clara—and boy! they sure did make whoopee in that one.

SCREEN SECRETS for this month sure was what I call a magazine! I have read it over and have looked at all the pictures a couple of times, but I still find something new every time. SCREEN SECRETS sure is the kind of magazine I love and I don't mean maybe, either.

Well, the best bets in pictures, I think, are Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, Johnny Mack Brown and Anita Page.

Best wishes to SCREEN SECRETS, my favorite magazine.

Sincerely,

K. H.

Editor's Note:

It is certainly plain that there is no one like Clara Bow in YOUR young life! Tell us how you like her story in this issue. And as for your other favorites—which do you like best of the four you mention?

THE GAB BAG is a department in which readers are invited to express freely their opinions relative to any phase of the motion picture industry. Letters should be limited to 300 words. While fans everywhere are welcomed to use these columns for frank discussion of pictures, players and other matters relating to the screen, views expressed by readers are not necessarily in accordance with the editorial views of *Screen Secrets*.

—Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

Why waste time on *old fashioned methods*

. . . when you can learn to play at home without a teacher

DON'T let the thought of long years of tiresome practice scare you from learning to play! Don't let the thought of an expensive private teacher keep you from letting your dreams come true! For you—*anyone*—can easily *teach yourself* to play—right in your own home, in your spare time, and at only a fraction of what old, slow methods cost!

It's *so* easy! Just look at that sketch on the side. The note in the first space is always f. The note in the second space is *always* a. The way to know the notes that come in the four spaces is simply to remember that they spell *face*.

Now, isn't that simple? You don't have to know one note from another in order to begin. For the U. S. School way explains everything as *you go along*—both in print and picture—so that, almost before you know it, you are playing *real tunes and melodies* right from the notes.

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No wonder over half a million men and women have learned to play this easy way! For this famous course is based on sound, fundamental musical principles highly simplified. It's not a "trick" or "stunt" method. You learn to play from notes, just as the best musicians do. You learn to pick up any piece of music, read it, and understand it.

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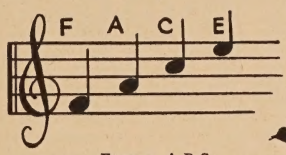
Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And remember—no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average just the same—only a few cents a day.

You'll never regret having learned to play. For those who can entertain with music at parties—who can snap up things with peppy numbers—are always sought after, always sure of a good time! Start *now* and surprise your friends!

Easy as A–B–C



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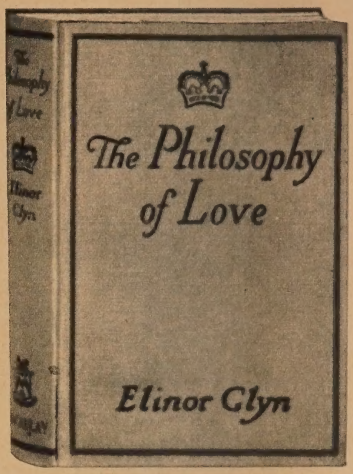

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love,"—Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —why most women don't know how to make love.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
- —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
- —how to make people do the things you want them to.

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Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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Shakespeare took parts of *The Merchant of Venice, Cymbeline, All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet* from these stories. Lessing took the plot of *Nathan der Weise*, Chaucer the idea of his *Canterbury Tales*, Dryden, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson wrote poems—all based on these great tales, which have outlived thousands of manuscripts written since their day.

Between the covers of these Tales from the Decameron you will find life itself—real, pulsating passionate life that refuses to be confined by paralyzing restrictions—life that refuses to follow the dictates of prudery. Far from being immoral, as many narrow minded people used to think, these Tales from the Decameron are in reality almost a text book for the earnest student of that greatest of all studies—human nature.

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Fast workers and loose women. . . playing fast and loose with an age-old code. . . SOMEONE HAD TO PAY!
But when a gunshot writes "paid in full" on Patricia Stratton's debt of honor, the astounding thrills of "FAST LIFE" are just beginning.
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You'll face the facts of "Fast Life" for the first time in this supreme epic of today's unrest. See what happens when Flaming Youth burns up. . . This dramatic dynamite shook Broadway to its night-club foundations. Watch out for it!
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THE EDITOR'S OPINION

¶On Personalities and Pictures

HERE is something that will bear thinking about. Two of the biggest box office hits of recent months are *The Pagan* and *The Single Standard;* both of them silent pictures. True, Novarro sings in *The Pagan.* But the titles are printed. What does it all mean?

It will doubtless cause many people to believe that the public really wants silent pictures, hence the rush to see these two films. Personally, I doubt it. Silent films will probably never quite die, but I believe people are being won over more and more to talkies.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor

A good silent film nowadays has the same advantage of novelty which brought people in to see *The Singing Fool* and others of the first big talkies. There is something restful and relaxing about a silent picture now and then, but the talkies have so many advantages that it seems hardly probable that their supremacy will ever be threatened.

Lucky Mr. Boles

IN HOLLYWOOD, like every place else, luck strikes like lightning, without warning. Take the strange case of John Boles. He has become one of the sensations of pictures for the principal reason that he has a fine tenor voice, and the actors in Hollywood who have tenor voices at all can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Not so many months ago, a tenor voice didn't mean much in the life of a picture actor. At that time John Boles was getting along. He was playing passably important roles capably, but so were lots of other people, so it really didn't mean a great deal. The name of Boles wasn't on everybody's tongue. Then came the talkies and the scramble for tenor voices. John Boles had one.

Now, as fast as he finishes a singing lead for one company, some other studio trundles a car up to the door for him and hustles him off to start rehearsals for them. No sooner had Warner Brothers finished with him in *The Desert Song* and *Song of the West* than RKO snatched him for *Rio Rito* and *Hit the Deck.* And now Uncle Carl Laemmle, who was smart enough to sign Mr. Boles on the dotted line at a time when the Boles signature wasn't so important, wants him to come back home again and make a picture or two on the Universal lot.

Von and Gloria

NOW that Hollywood has had abundant time to get all the rumors out of its system, I am going to tell the real low-down about the break-up of Von Stroheim and Gloria Swanson. It is an amazing story.

Everything was going serenely with the filming of *Queen Kelly.* Von and Gloria were standing on the set waiting for the lights to be changed. They were discussing a place to eat luncheon.

Came a messenger boy to the set. "Miss Swanson," he said, "is wanted on the telephone." Gloria walked off the set to answer the telephone. She did not come back. Von Stroheim has never seen her from that moment to this—four or five months.

The picture was stopped at once. Von Stroheim was "closed" by the business office. Something like $900,000 worth of half finished film lies on the shelf, acquiring dust and obscurity.

The Will to Win

IF THERE was ever any little girl who deserves a hand, it's Joan Crawford. Joan has fought her way inch by inch to the position that she holds today not only on the screen, but in the esteem of Hollywood.

Now that she has attained some measure of security, instead of resting on her laurels, she is doing everything she can to gain the advantage of culture and education which she missed in her long, hard struggle for success. With the help and guidance of Doug, Jr., she is reading all of the classics of the ages. They are seen often together at the symphony concerts in the Hollywood Bowl. And between times Joan manages to make her household one of

the most attractive in Hollywood. All of the draperies and decoration in the house were made by her own hands. She does the ordering and personally supervises everything herself. And on the screen she is doing better work in every picture.

She and Doug, Jr., promise to be one of the most interesting couples in Hollywood, both on the screen and off.

Dear Old Hokum Days

I THINK you are going to see a return of good old hokum in Hollywood. They have tried to be sophisticated, with very poor results.

Cecil de Mille's *Dynamite*—his first talkie—was just plain hokum with the dear little child run down by the auto truck, the mine disaster and all the rest of it—including the usual wild party. But it was hokum beautifully done. After all, what is hokum if it is not a situation so essential and fundamental in its dramatic force and strength that it has become a conventionalized design? If you come right down to it, there could be no situation imaginable with more force or appeal than the death of a child under the wheels of an automobile truck.

The boys and girls want to sit on the edges of their seats chewing their finger nails. They want suspense, and suspense has been almost lacking in the recent pictures. I have never seen suspense more skillfully handled than in *Dynamite*.

De Mille's picture seems to punctuate a fault that is pretty general in the new art of talking pictures. They have lost pace. In some cases, the action seems to consist of two people sitting around talking.

One of the best examples of good technique was seen in one of the first of the talkies—*In Old Arizona*. In this, the dialogue virtually consisted of a series of little dramatic islands. Each group of dialogue was complete in itself: had a beginning, a climax and an end. Then the action moved swiftly on to another little island.

Luck Breaks for Them

IN REAL life, it sometimes happens that the mountain comes to Mahomet. The life ambition of Ramon Novarro—as everyone knows—was to be an opera singer. The talkies have brought to him the fulfillment of this ambition on a silver platter. More people have heard his charming singing voice already—after the one picture, *The Pagan*, than would have heard him if he had been singing in opera for fifty years.

Another star who will think of the talkies as a kindly Santa Claus is Will Rogers. He never succeeded in getting a real start in the silent pictures. Will Rogers without his quaint philosophical words, is like an egg without salt.

Not Heroes or Villains

THERE have been three fine screen actors for whom it was difficult to the point of impossibility to find stories. They were Will Rogers, William S. Hart and Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese.

In each case the difficulty was the same. They couldn't be dashing young heroes—swaggering Romeos. The public shrank from thinking of them as villains. All left for them to do was to stand around and beam upon young love as it sprouted near them.

Old Favorites

THE courageous experiment of Marion Davies in shaking the dust off the famous old motion pictures and showing them again in Hollywood met with surprising returns. Although the purpose of the showing was charity, as a cold-blooded business experiment, it was amazing. *Blood and Sand*, *The Four Horsemen*, *The Birth of a Nation*, and many other old stand-bys, jammed the houses.

One of the tragedies of motion pictures has been their short life.

Youth Triumphant

ALL at once such a flood of promising youngsters has been let loose upon Hollywood that it is hard to keep track of them all.

This is the day of supremacy of youth, on the screen as elsewhere. While youngsters like Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers and Anita Page continue in places of high popularity, there are a dozen or so new names, brought in by the talkies, who are already jostling them to move over and make room in the hall of fame.

At Fox there are Dixie Lee, Jean Bary, David Rollins and Richard Keene, all of whom won their spurs in *Why Leave Home?* At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer there are Dorothy Jordan (who won a leading role over night), Sally Starr, Robert Montgomery, Elliott Nugent and Raymond Hackett. At Pathe, Russell Gleason; at First National, Loretta Young, James Ford, Sally Eilers and Carroll Nye; at Warner Brothers, Armida, Edna Murphy, Audrey Ferris and Grant Withers, and at Paramount, Stanley Smith, Helen Kane and Morgan Farley.

Practically all of them are still at the age where they look upon twenty-five as the brink of senility, when they will be sitting in carpet slippers by the fireside.

This is the age of speed and vitality and the unquenchable energy of youth is at a premium. It's a great day, boys and girls, in which to make good at an early age.

Roscoe Fawcett

—Elmer Fryer.

New Portraits

DOROTHY MACKAILL, *more vivacious and charming than ever, reaches new heights of stardom in her forthcoming talkie,* The Great Divide, *a First National production.*

—Ruth Harriet Louise.

GRETA GARBO in a striking pose that aptly depicts her melancholy beauty. Miss Garbo, truly one of the screen's greatest actresses, will soon be seen as Anna Christie.

THIS latest portrait of Dolores Costello vividly portrays her wistful loveliness. Dolores will soon be seen and heard in Second Choice, *a Warner Brothers talking picture.*

—Witzel Studios.

CLAIRE WINDSOR, peaches-and-cream blonde charmer, is certain to please her fan following when she twinkles again as one of the stars in the Tiffany-Stahl firmament.

—Gene Robert Richee.

MAURICE CHEVALIER, idol of France, brings his dazzling personality to the American screen for the second time, in The Love Parade, *his forthcoming talking picture.*

Why the *IT* Girl

Clara Bow wants marriage—and children—and she finds in Harry Richman all the attributes of an ideal husband. But matrimony and careers don't mix, thinks the IT girl—and she's in no hurry about marrying until she's certain that they're both in love. As told to Ruth Biery

By CLARA BOW

Foreword:

This is the story of Clara Bow's engagement to Harry Richman, exactly as she told it to me, this afternoon, in her dressing room at the Paramount studios. I wish everyone who loves her on the screen could have seen her, today, in person!

She looked eighteen! She talked so rapidly, so impulsively, with big words and little ones tumbling over one another, that my pencil could scarcely keep up with her.

Her skin is as soft as a baby's. It seems impossible that anyone who dashes around in an open car and spends hours on the sands before her Malibu cottage could maintain such a complexion. Perhaps it's because nature does it. She washes her own hair, washes her own face, does her own nails—in other words, she's just Clara as much today as when she lived in the "other end of town" in New Jersey. No one could have described her then; so why should I try it, today? She's—*just Clara.*

RUTH BIERY.

IT IS a great risk for a man to marry a screen woman and so there shall be no hurry about Harry Richman and I getting married. This time I am really in love; I am going out with no one else but Harry. But I do not want to marry a man if there is a chance I will make him unhappy, so we are going to know each other *thoroughly* before plunging into

"Harry Richman combines sweetness and adventuresomeness. He reminds me of an overgrown boy," says Clara. "Harry seems to me, today, to be the ideal husband; but I want to test our love, so that neither of us will have regrets if we marry." Cautiously approaching matrimony, the IT girl declares she does not believe in divorce if it can possibly be avoided, and thinks that the time to avoid divorce is before two people are married.

Even in a bridal costume, Clara is dashing, vibrant—still the IT girl. "It might be today or six months from now," retorts Miss Bow, when asked about her wedding; "I'm not rushing into marriage."

Wants to Marry

matrimony. No, I have set no date for the wedding. I have always said I would not have a long engagement, I know. I have said that I would just run away and get married. But I have grown up a little. I realize now that marriage is not really a running-away proposition. I guess I have always realized, for when matrimonial opportunities offered, even though I might have wanted to, I would shrink back. Something inside of me would cry, "Wait! Consider!"

Before, avoiding marriage has been instinctive. This time, I am taking time to consider, think out every angle, know for a certainty that I am right and that my marriage will not smash on the rocks, like so many marriages which have been made in haste and repented at leisure.

I WANT to know *thoroughly* the man who is to be my husband; know everything about him. I believe that you know a person better through an engagement. I want Harry to know me. I insist that he, too, be certain that he is not *infatuated,* rather than deeply in love with me.

I do not believe in divorce if it can be avoided and the time to really avoid divorce is before you are married.

I want children. I really wish to have little ones. I am like other women. But I cannot have them and my career at the same time; so I am not rushing into marriage.

I really believe I shall eventually marry Harry Richman. He combines sweetness and adventuresomeness. He reminds me of an over-grown boy.

I have not known Harry for a long time, as all of the papers have printed. I did not run around with him in New York City. I met him once at a big party. We were introduced. Not even his face lingered in my memory. He sent me some kidding telegrams in New York. Tele-

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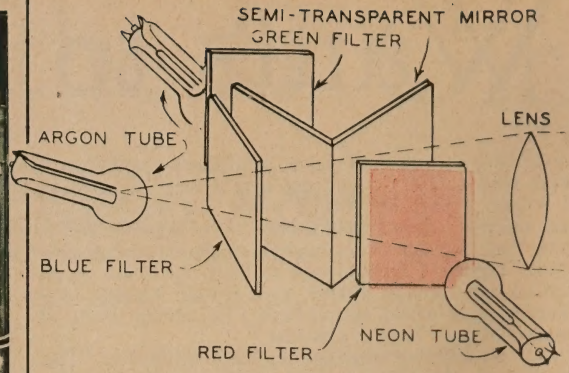
"Of course, I have been interested in other men—all women have love-infatuations," challenges Clara. "But before this, avoiding the bonds of matrimony has always been instinctive with me."

"I want to know thoroughly the man who is to be my husband; know everything about him. I want Harry to know me. I insist that he, too, be certain that he is not infatuated, rather than deeply in love with me," philosophizes Miss Bow. While she says it is really love this time, Clara believes that one can never be too sure in such an important matter.



TALKIES in

¶ Turn the dial of your television cabinet, sit back in your easy chair —and watch the stars of filmdom play for you in your living room! Just around the corner of 1929 such a revelation awaits you!

Here is shown the standard equipment used for broadcasting color television, the "studio" you'll tune in on. The young lady is seated before the color screen, composed of the three primary colors, red, green and blue, which sends out the picture in natural colors.

A GIGANTIC Jinni straddles the motion picture industry today. Its power staggers the imagination. The name of this spectre is Television, and as yet the film moguls do not know whether to fear or to welcome the shadow of its presence.

Television, once released from the puny powers that now hold it in abeyance, could work this miracle:

Project upon a screen in your living room a motion picture in colors, with the music and dialogue accompanying it, with players appearing before you by the magic of three-dimensional lenses exactly as if they were there in flesh and blood!

Television Now Practical

A FEW years ago our radios were haphazard affairs, cumbersome, depending on batteries. Now they are compact, plug in on your lighting system, and offer astonishing refinements over the old sets.

Television is going through the same process today. Already television programs are being broadcast by station W3XK every other night. Thousands of sets are receiving these broadcasts. Tests have proved that movies in colors can be transmitted through space by radio.

When the proper time comes, fifteen million television sets, rented by the month, might put the theater out of business, and transfer its entertainment to the private homes of the movie fans.

Television holds forth no idle threat, for it has the power to revolutionize the movies with so vast an upheaval that the talkie changes would seem like a mere ripple. But the movies need not suffer from such a change; indeed, the time may come when television will prove the saving of the films. Movies were declining in popularity when the talkies arrived to bolster them. Television may be another lifesaver.

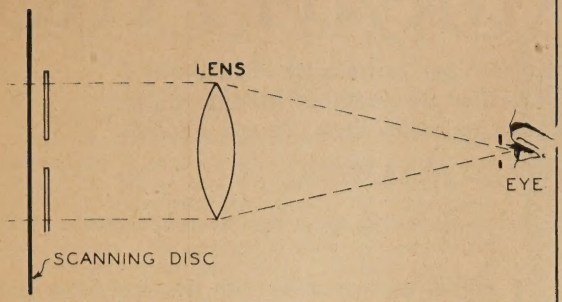
Dr. C. Francis Jenkins, television expert, predicts the broadcasting of national events, with sound accompaniment, to home screens. Football games and other sports would add to the home program.

And who would pay for this free entertainment? Advertisers who now spend billions annually in promoting their products through radio, newspapers, and magazines! Sets would be rented you by the manufacturer. The broadcasting company would present its programs from central stations, and such announcements as "Bo-Peep Baking Powder presents tonight a feature film entitled *Saintly Sinners,*" might be heard, while a picture of the baking powder can appears on the screen before you.

Sets Are Like Radio Cabinets

ADVANCEMENT in the apparatus for joining the audible with the visual and hurling them through the air has been rapid in the last few months. Television already is practical, and bulky receiving equipment has been replaced by sets no larger than the present compact radio receivers.

It was only last Christmas that Douglas Fairbanks decided to slip a costly television outfit into Mary Pickford's Yule stocking. He instructed his purchasing agent to look over the various models and select the most efficient.



This sketch shows how the three-color "stories" are fused into one perfect picture. The television disc catches the colors from the three-sided mirror and transmits the resultant color picture to the screen.

Your Own Home

By WALTER A. RASCHICK

But when Doug received the report of his employee, he decided on a piece of jewelry as Mary's Christmas gift.

The smallest television set on the market at the time would have filled an entire room at Pickfair, the Pickford-Fairbanks mansion, and would have required the services of a couple of radio engineers to supervise its operation.

But things have changed. If Doug's thoughts still run in the same direction, Mary can have her eye-equipped radio this Christmas, and it will be of a size and type that she herself can operate.

Simplicity Is Keynote

WHEN television is introduced into the home, says Dr. Jenkins, the televisor and the program that comes in upon it will be as far removed from the crude home sets and miniature movies of the early television sets (of a year ago) as the radio set of today is from the crystal and head-phone set of six years ago.

For some time to come, however, television pictures will lack the smoothness of a perfect photograph.

The whole televisor mechanism is simple in the extreme, the regulating control consisting of a single knob at the bottom of the cabinet. This knob brings the receiver in step with the transmitter and regulates the speed of the motor. It is not necessary that the room be made dark in order to see the moving picture.

Because of a certain line of distance being necessary to gain a correct perspective on the picture, not more than a dozen people can watch the television performance simultaneously.

Almost as simple as the mechanism itself is the method of operation. You snap on the switch and the motor starts in motion. This motor revolves the drum on which the image appears. This receiving motor must be kept revolving at exactly the same number of revolutions a second as the motor in the sending station. It is the principle of perfect synchronization in the talkies all over again.

Dr. Herbert E. Ives, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, sits before the "peep hole" of the receiving equipment. Looking through this hole, a person can see in perfect color any object transmitted by the broadcasting studio equipped with the color-synchronizing device.

How It's Done

IN ADAPTING the talking film to television broadcasting, visual effects are transmitted in the ordinary television manner by scanning the image at the transmitting end by means of a disc perforated with a spiral series of holes; and at the receiving station, by using a similar disc in conjunction with a Neon lamp, to reconstruct the images.

The sound effects are picked up from the marginal record on the film as is the practice with standard talking pictures, and these sounds are broadcast simultaneously with the film.

Recent developments at television laboratories have made it possible to reproduce scenes with their true color values, instead of reproduction in monochrome—the orange-red of the Neon lamp—as was formerly the only possible method. Thus, the talking moving picture will be enhanced by natural colors besides natural sights and sounds when it comes wafting into your living room, over your own little receiving set, a few months hence.

Third dimension, a process recently made possible through the perfection of a three-dimensional camera, is expected to revolutionize the motion picture business, from the exhibitors' viewpoint. Screens now approximately 24 feet wide and 13 feet high will make way for screen 50 feet wide and 30 feet high. This revolutionary departure from things as they are is scheduled to take its place in the motion picture theaters before the middle of 1930—and by autumn of the same year, it is confidently

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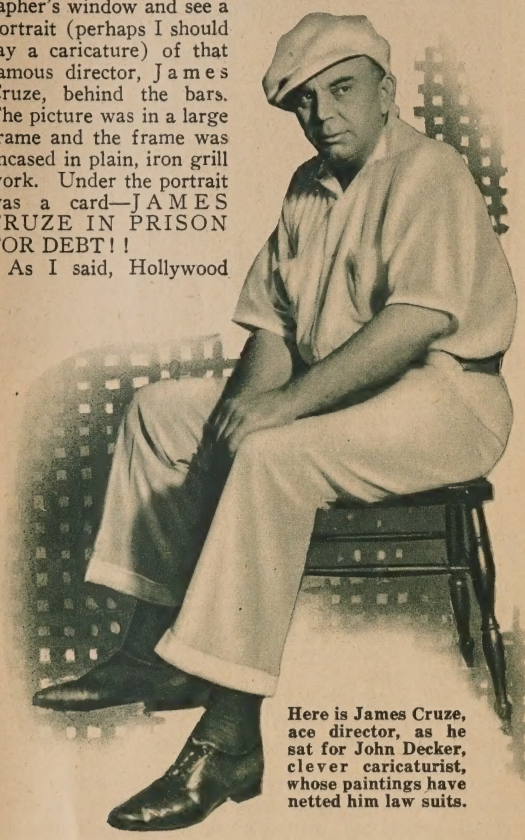
SEEING the STARS

John Decker, "The poison pen caricaturist of Hollywood," sees the screen stars as they are—without benefit of make-up—and instead of portraits he paints them "funny pitchers."

By WALTER RAMSEY

HOLLYWOOD was knocked for the well-known loop a few days ago. I mean that part of Hollywood that chanced to walk down Hollywood Boulevard and pause long enough to peer into a photographer's window and see a portrait (perhaps I should say a caricature) of that famous director, James Cruze, behind the bars. The picture was in a large frame and the frame was encased in plain, iron grill work. Under the portrait was a card—JAMES CRUZE IN PRISON FOR DEBT!!

As I said, Hollywood was knocked for a loop. But it sat back calmly and awaited the blow-off that it felt sure would be forthcoming. It came! The next day all the newspapers in the country carried front page stories of the complete facts. The papers also mentioned that Cruze was suing John Decker (the artist who had so brazenly placed him behind the bars) for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.



Here is James Cruze, ace director, as he sat for John Decker, clever caricaturist, whose paintings have netted him law suits.

Cruze claimed in no uncertain terms that, ". . . the defendant had made a portrait of the plaintiff and had caused the same to be placed on exhibition in a prominent location—which same exhibition had wrongfully held the plaintiff, or caused the plaintiff to be held, in utter ridicule before his friends and associates and the general public at large."

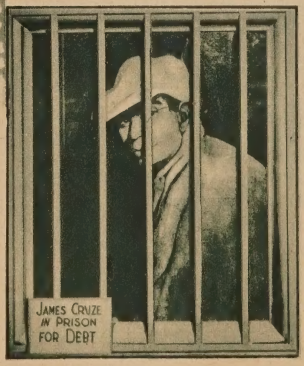
LATER, in an interview with the press, Cruze said, *"I intended to have the portrait made for my wife, Betty Compson. But good Lord! If I ever showed her the picture that Decker painted, it'd scare her to death. Mouth like a gargoyle. Face like a frog!"*

In answer to all this, Mr. Decker told the press boys, "If Cruze wanted some wishy-washy, sloppy, sentimental portrait of himself, he could have had a photograph taken—or hired a two-bit painter to do it. I gave him a work of creative art. Of course—when he refused to pay me for my work, and failed to accept the picture, it became my property to do with as I wished. I wished to display it as I did. That's all!"

But that *ain't all!* By reading other and various accounts of the escapades of the same Decker, I found that he was quite universally disliked in the ol' home town. It seems that he had painted *other* pictures and the subjects had been long and loud in their vocal displeasure. In fact, he had "done" almost every star, producer and luminary in the business and he had yet to receive a "Thank You." He was referred to in many harsh ways. But his accepted title was: "The Poison Pen Caricaturist of Hollywood."

And it wasn't but a few days after the first suit was filed, that a whole army of Hollywood's caricaturized citizens rose up in all their wrath and each commenced a separate action. They were headed by none other than the most caricaturized man in the motion picture industry—Von Stroheim.

There is no way of telling what the results of these suits will be. But there is one *very* disinterested person in town and that person is John Decker himself!



This is the picture which precipitated a $200,000 suit against Artist Decker, when he displayed it in a Hollywood shop window.

THE suit means nothing to me but a lot of grief," began the rather tall, practical-looking gentleman who was the cause of all the trouble. "I have very little to lose, the reason being that Hollywood is an almost impossible place for a caricaturist to expect to make a living. The motion picture industry as a whole is willing to buy beauty. Millions are spent to attain it. Gauze—lights—soft focus photography and countless other methods are used to bring out the producer's aim. That is

in CARICATURE

why *I*, who must look *behind* the face, am not at all welcome in Hollywood.

"The fan public has come to know the picture people as a group of gorgeous women and handsome men. And I do believe that the stars are beginning to believe it themselves! But, as an artist, I can truthfully say that there is very little real, off-screen beauty here. The face that appears on the screen is not in reality that way at all. Perfect beauty is almost impossible to photograph with the motion picture camera—and I might add that a face which is not at all beautiful in every day life may film marvelously. I mean that the camera uses the face with distinct outlines and a certain heaviness or prominence of features to the best advantage.

WHEN I am called in to do a painting I do not see the subjects through a fine gauze or with the aid of high-powered lights. I see them as they are, without benefit of make-up! Invariably they are far from beautiful and since it is the job of the caricaturist to get the innermost character of the person into the picture, you can realize that the finished product is far from gratifying to their ego.

"Even if the picture were exactly what the star wanted, it would never be entirely satisfactory. It is impossible for a portrait painter to please an actress completely. One single pose would never give her absolute contentment. Picture people have become so used to a varied number of poses that the only thing that will please them is a motion picture! I'll never forget the time when I finished the portrait of Rod La Rocque. I called him into the study to see it and he was more than free with his praise. But the happiness which I had received as the result of his commendation was short lived. He called for the butler and asked for his word. The servant, after a hasty and nonchalant survey, expressed the *profound* opinion that the picture didn't do the mawster justice because the mawster always had a smile on his countenance.

"Then the colored maid was summoned to criticize. She *did*. But you should have heard the *mother!* 'Why—I'm *surprised*. Why, my boy doesn't have those horrid old wrinkles on his manly brow. And those deep lines.' And when at last Vilma Banky came to pass her supreme judgment, the portrait was ready for the junk heap. Of course by this time, Rod thought that the picture was nothing short of deliberate libel.

AND so it goes. If the subject has enough humor about him to see himself as another sees him—his relatives or friends will hasten to change his mind.

"The real trouble is that America—and Hollywood in particular—does not realize what caricaturing means. The artist's task is to put the person's character on his face. To explain:—some person among your crowd is known as a snob. When you look at his face you can tell that he is a snob. Not from his features but from the unseen manifestation of the man's char-

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"Mouth like a gargoyle. Face like a frog!" exclaimed James Cruze when he saw John Decker's finished painting, which the director refused to accept as a likeness of himself.

Greta Garbo

Adolphe Menjou

To the left is Douglas Fairbanks as—like Adolphe Menjou and Greta Garbo—he is seen through the eyes of Caricaturist Decker.

MAKING PLAY While the Sun Shines

¶ Malibu Beach is Hollywood's new fountain of youth, a sun-bathed happy-land where the film stars chase away studio cares with games of glorious kid days.

By BURNS BRADLEY

Everyone does as he or she pleases at Malibu. Virginia Lee Corbin prefers cycling, and early mornings find her speeding along the smooth beach.

Ah, those mud pie days. Plenty of sand, a pail, a shovel—and Dorothy Mackaill is a kid again. That's the magic of Malibu.

WHILE fans in most parts of the world are preparing to don overcoats, earmuffs and overshoes, and are already experiencing the first chill of winter, their favorites of filmdom frolic like children in Southern California's new billion-dollar playground. It is Malibu Beach, located on the warming sands of the Pacific, north of Santa Monica and south of Santa Barbara; where the golden sons and daughters of the cinema cast aside all artificiality and enjoy life close to nature.

They borrow sugar from each other; they hang their washings out on anybody's line; they all use the same telephone; they all trade at one little general merchandise store; and they forget the formality of city life in their mad desire to be just themselves.

Names-in-the-lights are written in lower case at Malibu. Cooper-Hewitts become shining modern Simon Legrees to force them back to the land-of-make-believe and the hustle and bustle of city life.

Between pictures, many of the stars make their homes there—disregarding their Beverly Hills mansions for the simpler, more cozy "shacks", as they call them 'way out at Malibu Beach.

Stars, whose salaries run to five figures a week, forget their ermines and their sables, just to don their simple bathing suits and pajamas and forget the responsibilities of wealth and fame.

'Tis nothing unusual to see in one aggregation, playing tennis or volley ball on the sand, a group whose combined salary for the day would be equivalent to the United States' president's salary for six months! Clara Bow tossing a volley ball to Corinne Griffith, playing on the same team with Ruth Chatterton or Lois Wilson! Names that Uncle Sam's income tax collector respects for their earning capacities! Names that are idolized by screen fans the world over!

THEY cast off all cares—they are just kids again. The shore line itself, at the Malibu colony, is as intriguing as the people who dominate its sands. Malibu rancho, one of the biggest parcels of property in the west, belonged to Mrs. May K. Rindge, a glorious, dominant figure of the sturdy pioneer type that story-books are filled with.

Her holdings, worth millions of dollars, extended for miles, from far inland to the sea, and for years this woman staged a solitary struggle against the invasion of civilization.

The state wanted to run a road through her land, which she had fenced off, to make what promised to be the most picturesque highway of the Pacific Coast, extending from its southernmost point through to the Canadian line.

Majestic palisades backed Mrs. Rindge's stand, for they too, seemed to be sentinels of sentiment that fought the onrushing hordes of settlers who thronged the peaceful shores.

Finally a settlement was reached and the road was opened along the water's edge, but before that happened, there were a number of motion picture celebrities, in-

¶ Wealth and fame are forgotten in Movieland's new playground, Malibu Beach.

trigued by the natural beauty and sheer grandeur of the locale, who had secured leases on the waterfront near the Malibu rancho.

OF COURSE they little realized they would shortly be in the path of civilization's parade, for they paid large sums for their leases. Little patches of ground ran to three figures a year—on ten-year leases—ridiculous figures it was then thought, but worth exorbitant rent, in exchange for privacy.

It was planned at first to build strange, exotic and dirt-cheap shacks out there, but one by one, the builders weakened. Even the most pretentious owner had misgivings as to the respect due the old ocean and immediately invested large sums in dwellings. However, the money involved wasn't the important thing—beauty of the primitive, rebellious type was sought.

Pauline Frederick built a lighthouse. All her life she had wanted one—just a strange, long repressed desire. But when her eyes feasted on the view from her lot at Malibu, she unleashed this passion, and now it stands, an intriguing structure in a group of houses that domicile the world's most famous entertainers.

Early mornings see Miss Frederick's slim figure, in crinkling gingham, billowed against the wind, her gay-colored sweater pulled tight about her hips and her dusky locks straying from the confines of her matching béret, as she waits for Spero, the Greek fisherman, to row up to her door and invite her to go lobster-trapping . . . if it is seasonable.

Perhaps Lois Wilson joins her. Sometimes Lois' mother will go, too, for they are neighbors. Lois has a passion for swimming—her athletic young body encased in a vivid blue sun tan suit, her golden curls rippling down her back and her feet encased in Japanese clogs. Out at six o'clock in the morning! This is Miss Wilson's beauty secret!

FREEDOM of thought, independence of spirit, lack of pretense, formality and worry, but keeping in mind that the other fellow's privacy must be respected, has made this colony one of the most selective and delightfully managed places in the world.

Dorothy Mackaill was one of the first to discover the charm of Malibu. She built a large house there, and when the talkies came, found herself so busy that she couldn't live there, so she sold her property and "Mike" Levee, executive of Paramount, moved in.

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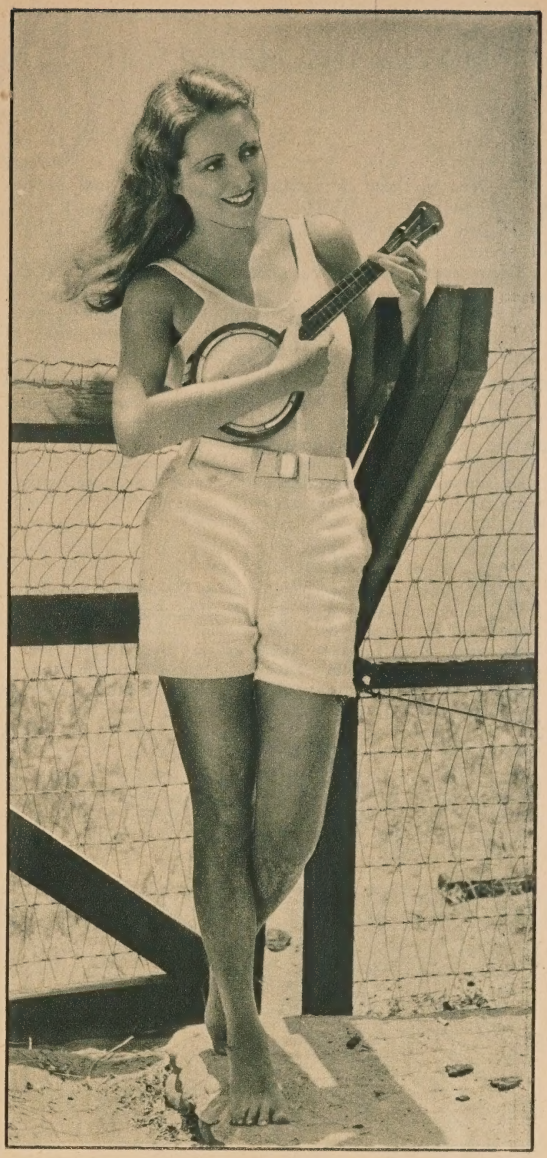
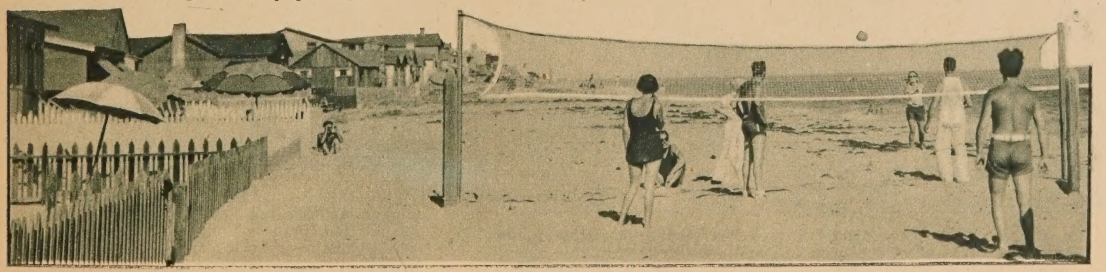


Billie Dove, clad in the regulation attire of the colony, joyously strums a uke.



A game at screendom's exclusive playground. At the left are some of the "shacks" where many famous stars reside.

So This is

ONE of these important young actors, just given small rôles, strutted from the set the other day and approached John Gilbert, who was waiting for his scene.

"How would you have played that scene, Gilbert?" asked the important one.

"Under an assumed name," replied Gilbert, quietly.

All Wet

THEY were making a sound picture. The orchestra played *Lover Come Back to Me* until Clara Bow was in tears. The director called for a red light, but the orchestra kept on playing and spoiled the picture.

The director didn't think much of the idea and told the musicians so in no uncertain language. Clara smiled, "Just a minute, Big Boy. What are you worrying about? They were my tears."

Mammy!

THE property boy was mopping up the stage. Mr. Al Jolson and his director were on that stage. The boy tried to mop around them. Mr. Jolson moved his feet to one side. Soon the mop found its way over to the feet again. Mr. Jolson moved again. A third time the mop was there. In desperation Mr. Jolson cried out: "Stop it, I tell you! You know I can't swim."

His Whisper Registered

RAYMOND GRIFFITH is staging a comeback in Christie Comedies. Although his voice, which was reduced to a whisper through a throat affliction, registers well on the mike, he usually plays the part of a man with a cold. Which brings to mind a story they used to tell about him:

He came late to a party and was introduced to a very beautiful lady, whom he had never met, but whose husband he knew well.

"How do you do," he said in his whispering voice, "where is your husband?"

"You don't need to worry," replied the lady, also in a whisper, "he's clear across the room."

A Fishy Story

BELIEVE it or not, folks, Arthur Lake is an inventor. He concocted the fishy hand shake, now used by Hollywood's younger set. It is done like this:

Arthur meets a friend. He puts out his hand in regulation fashion. The friend, instead of seizing it, thrusts his hand forth until the backs of the two hands touch. Then they shake, up and down. This ended, each places the elbow of his right arm in the left hand and cups his chin in the palm of the right hand. Arthur says:

"How's your uncle?"

"Whose uncle?" asks the friend.

A grand slam! Yes, Raquel Torres has plenty of tricks in her hand to score a slam on Gwen Lee and Joel McCrea in this bridge game. In fact, Raquel has enough tricks to score a grand slam in hearts in any game, whether it be in cards or in the game of love.

Ruth Elder, famous aviatrix and screen player, and Walter Camp, Jr., president of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., who were married recently in New York, enjoy a jaunt on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, New Jersey, where they spent their honeymoon.

Hollywood!

By ANNE HOWE

And Arthur replies, "That's good."

That is the fishy hand shake. Foolish, no end, but adolescent young people are that way.

Too Much Competition

WALTER CATLETT, stage cut-up, who has deserted Broadway for Fox Movietone, warns ambitious amateurs not to go to Hollywood hoping to break into the talkies.

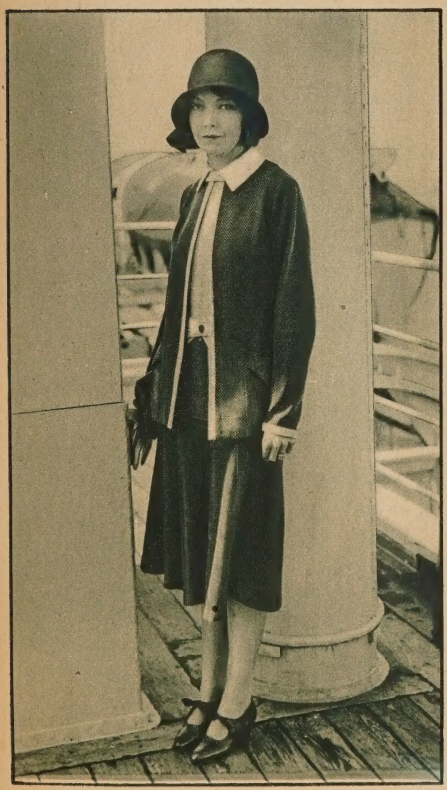
He points out that the town is filled with trained real estate agents, who are always rehearsing.

Fashions in Mottoes

ALLAN DWAN, Fox director, has a slogan card on his office wall that somebody wished on him long, long ago. It says: "It can be done."

George Middleton, famous playwright and supervisor of dialogue for Fox, suggested that the sign be revised.

"You'd better get a new motto in these days of talking pictures, Allan," he said. "Make it read 'Accents will happen.'"



Lillian Gish on the "Ile de France", returning from a vacation in Europe. Miss Gish last appeared in "The Wind", a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, after which she enjoyed a lengthy vacation in England and France, observing foreign progress in production.

Dog-gone Lucky

MARY DUNCAN'S fine Sealyham puppy, which answers to the name of Patsy, was the victim of a brutal attack, last week. Patsy was tied for safe-keeping but amused herself by barking at all the other dogs in the neighborhood as they wandered by. A huge police dog decided to take the diminutive Sealyham seriously, and began literally to chew the little thing to death. Its pitiful yelps brought Miss Duncan out of the house, and she succeeded in driving away the intruder.

Do as the Romans Do

WILLIAM POWELL will play the rôle of an Italian in *Behind the Make-up*, for Paramount.

For three weeks, Bill studied the Italian language with a Paramount stenographer of Italian descent as his teacher.

Putting on Airs

CULVER CITY put one over on Hollywood when it boasted of an aerial speed cop. When Hollywood investigated they found that the boast was true. Stunting over Culver City was considered dangerous so they appointed Major Bob Blair, famous army aviator, to look after the air traffic.

Shake-up at Paramount

GEORGE BANCROFT can use strong language when he is with men, but when ladies are present he is very mild in his speech and expects the same of other men.

During the making of his last picture, one of the assistants felt that only by swearing could he get any work out of his people. Bancroft walked over to him and said quietly, "I wouldn't do that, Buddy. There are ladies present."

"Oh, what the hell—" but he got no farther. He was too small for Bancroft to hit so he just closed his hands around

Helpful Mary Brian lends the camera crew a hand during the filming of "Kibitzer," in which she has the leading female role. The slate holds all the production information necessary to the director and cameraman for the proper recording of a scene.

So This is Hollywood

the assistant's throat and lifted him up and shook him. Then George placed him on his feet and walked quietly away.

Taking Her Role Seriously

DORIS HILL is working in a picture called *Darkened Rooms*. The scene was going along nicely when she forgot her lines and substituted something just as good.

The director said, "No, Doris, we'll have to retake it. You went up on your lines."

"Oh, that's all right," said the innocent Doris, "I'm supposed to be hysterical."

The Touchy Talkies

DID you ever hear of a felt lined anchor chain in navigation circles? The talkers coined the new phrase. During work on *The Ship From Shanghai* it was necessary to lower an anchor. The vibration of the chain was so severe as to blow out light valves. So the chain had to be encased in acoustic felt.

This had nothing to do with a fur lined bathtub or anything, as Cecil B. de Mille is not directing the picture.

Quick-change Clara

LEAVE it to Clara Bow to do the something on the spur of the moment. Not long ago Charles Mack of the team of Moran and Mack gave a Hollywood party. Clara, with Harry Richman, her current sweetheart, started to the party all dolled up. But when she was met at the door she observed Mrs. Mack dressed in a light, fluffy printed silk dress on account of the hot weather.

Clara only lived a half block away so she took Richman by the hand, turned on her heel and went home. When she returned she had on a printed silk dress, too. Nothing like being comfortable, she averred.

Richman also tells this one on Clara Bow. Jimmie Hall, who is playing her lead in her current picture, *The Saturday Night Kid,* finally persuaded Miss Bow to accept as a gift from him a huge Great Dane dog. Clara thought the dog was a good house dog. Richman thought differently and said it should be kept in the back yard.

The IT girl insisted it be brought in. The dog is a playful fellow and when he spied Clara he leaped at her with joy. Plop! And the actress hit the floor with a thud. Now the dog stays in the back yard—all his 165 pounds.

P. S. The Bow-Richman engagement at press time was still reported "on."

The Big Squeeze

JUST shook hands with Karl Dane," remarked Polly Moran when she showed up on the *Road Show* set at M-G-M, with her hand bandaged.

Love's Road is Rough

HAROLD LLOYD has his ups and downs just like everybody else. Not long ago the company was out on location with sound apparatus. They were trying to film a love

Not big enough, perhaps, but comely enough to hold down any chair. Joyce Murray and Phyllis Crane climb up on some of the Gargantuan furniture erected for one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's colortone revues.

Daddy's day off is beach day. One day each week, Charles King disports himself on the beach with his offspring. Daddy seems even happier than they.

sequence between Lloyd and his leading lady, Barbara Kent. Everything was in readiness. "Interlock," was shouted and the cameras started.

The meadowlarks commenced a chorus. The scene was spoiled. The birds were frightened away. "Interlock," again.

Six army reserve planes soared overhead. Spoiled again.

After a short delay, Lloyd and Miss Kent were ready for the love scene a third time.

The blast of a saxophone was heard. Then a clarinet. Then a piccolo.

The company discovered that it was located near a musical school!

Lloyd ordered everything moved to a more quiet spot and the scene was finally filmed successfully.

A Pagan *Remark*

RAMON NOVARRO wandered onto the set where William Haines is making *Navy Blue*. He lingered and lingered and lingered. Finally he was noticed by Clarence Brown, the director. Brown went over to talk to him.

"I want a big laugh," Ramon remarked. "I'm anxiously waiting for Haines to sing his theme song."

Jean Arthur, Lillian Roth and Virginia Bruce open the 1929 football season with a bang. And what a bang thinks Virginia, as she hits Mother Earth.

A Doggy Cast

OUT at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer they're making a two-reeler with an all-dog cast. Ernest Torrence chanced to walk on the set one day and learned for the first time about the dog cast.

"If this keeps up they won't need Equity in Hollywood," he was heard to remark.

Who am I?

PICTURES have put Frank Fay, noted New York stage actor, in a whirl. Over at Warner Brothers in *Song of the West*, he played the rôle of a caballero and had to have his hair dyed black and grow a mustache. Immediately on finishing in this picture, Fay dashed to a beauty parlor, to change his black hair back to red, shave off his mustache so he could appear as a master of ceremonies in the *Show of Shows*.

"This is SOME business," he said. "I never know from one minute to the other who I am."

Six-a-Day Diet

CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS, the youthful Paramount star, has decided the talking pictures have it all over the stage. Buddy was hurriedly dispatched to Chicago to make personal appearances to stimulate business. He made six appearances on the stage every day for two weeks. When poor Buddy got home he discovered he had lost twenty pounds.

Lest Auld Acquaintance . . .

THE first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, mother of Doug, Jr., who recently married a youth fifteen years her junior, has purchased a home in Beverly Hills right at the foot of Pickfair mountain.

Doug and Mary pass her door every time they arrive or depart from Pickfair.

The role he likes best—and the smile certainly proves it—is that of the well known proud father. John Mack Brown, M-G-M star, holds Jane Harriett Brown, his disinterested infant daughter, for her first camera test.

So This is Hollywood

Fresh "Peanuts"

WHEN they shout "peanuts" at the First National-Vitaphone Studios nobody turns around to look for a peanut vender. For Marion Byron, pretty young singer and dancer, carries that monicker as a nickname. She got it by sassing a dancing director. "You're so fresh you ought to be roasted," the dancing director shouted at her. Somebody hollered "peanuts" and now it's "Peanuts" Byron.

Whiteman Warms Up

PAUL WHITEMAN has moved in at Universal City, and is one of the main attractions to visitors while the story department is frantically busy manufacturing a script that will serve for his histrionic as well as his musical talents. A special sound-proof bungalow has been built for him, furnished in modernistic design. Not far away is the lodge for his melodious lads. They all drive new Ford roadsters bearing a caricature of the King of Jazz on the rear tire cover.

Every Tuesday at five, Paul and his boys broadcast from a sound-proof projection room over the Columbia network. It is a show worth seeing. Packed in the little room which the California sun has transformed to the temperature of a Turkish bath, the boys work away in their shirtsleeves and suspenders, shirts open at the collar, handkerchiefs tucked in their necks, snatching cigarettes between tunes, while over them all, bland, smiling, impassive under the heat, Paul wields the baton in unceasing rhythm.

Hot pajamas, aren't they pretty? Petite Janet Gaynor wears the very latest in bed-side attire. Some sleep-ins, say you; some Janet, say we. By the way, Janet's latest starring role is in the Fox feature, "Sunny Side Up."

Whiteman is immaculate in white trousers and purple shirt as he starts. As he goes on he pulls out a big handkerchief and mops his brow. Presently another handkerchief. He throws them aside. Waving the baton with one hand he reaches in a hip pocket for the biggest cigarette case in captivity. Big enough to hold a carton. An attendant lights it for him. He uses up another handkerchief. His collar has wilted now. The purple shirt sticks to him like fly paper. But he is going stronger than ever. Now the handkerchiefs are gone. A page comes running in with two bath towels. He uses first one, then the other, hanging them over his shoulder as he goes on. And so for an hour.

Sitting in rockers, fanning themselves, people are listening, from New York to Montana.

Four musical misses—not meaning, of course, that these beauties would let any notes stray. Victor Schertzinger, noted musical composer and screen director, lends an ear to the harmonies of Helene Friend, Josephine Hall, Virginia Bruce and Rosalind Charles, all in "The Love Parade", starring Maurice Chevalier.

Colored Scotch

ONE of the hardest actors on the Fox lot to kid is Stepin Fetchit. Another colored performer attempted it recently, confiding to Fetchit that he is part Scotch.

"If they's any Scotch in you, it came out of a bottle," was Stepin's drawling comment, "an' it sho' wasn't impo'ted."

Griffith's Sacred Duty

D. W. GRIFFITH, master director, startled Hollywood the other day by announcing his first all-talking picture is going to be *Abraham Lincoln*. He made the announcement through Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists.

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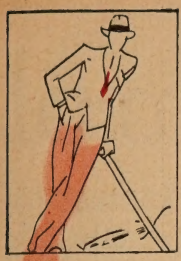

And *This* is Paris!

¶ A department devoted to news of the American film colony sojourning in Gay Paree.

By Comtesse de Chilly-Runford

PARIS, FRANCE.

ADOLPHE MENJOU (an American of Basque origin, though I used to think him French) arrived with Kathryn Carver and a large grouch at the Hotel Majestic.

His coming kicked up a puddle of dust among French stars already a little nervous over the talkie situation, for Adolphe speaks French so well he is a real rival. He has developed a genius for "putting his foot into it," and was in rather a spluttering mood when he reached Europe; even his usually perfect coiffure was ruffled!

"My last picture was *not* a wash-out," he declared, backing up his statement with laudatory press clippings. "Four large American companies," he admitted modestly, "are fighting each other to get the rights to my films."

After one blare of trumpets announced he was engaged by Pathé-Cinema, another blare blazoned the news that he, like Pola Negri, had assembled his own company in England and would produce two films, one to be ready in October, the other in January.

It was all a little excessive for Kathryn, his wife, who was taken ill; but a few days in a hospital fixed her up again.

Mr. Menjou does not hide the fact that his picture, *Fashions in Love,* is the greatest film ever made!

JOHN GILBERT has been decorating the Mediterranean, swimming with a smile that makes his teeth shine like the headlights of a destroyer. He *is* a destroyer, too—of hearts!

I was told (but don't vouch for it) by a French director who knows both John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, that that lady, having the world at her feet, would gladly exchange said world for John, but that John, oddly enough, isn't having any! Perhaps if she would polish up her accent—!

The Paris press indicates this sad division by picturing Greta in a front page left-hand corner, John in the right-hand corner, with the split caption: "Greta in the arms of the Pacific . . . . while John is in the arms of the Mediterranean."

Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, arrive in Paris. The noted sophisticate of the screen is expected to put French talkies on the map, since he speaks French and possesses valuable cinematic experience.

HOPE HAMPTON, versatile American star of screen, stage and opera, has been a "knockout" in Paris, covering herself with glory at the Opéra Comique (after her first "tremblements" from stage-fright) both as *Manon* and as *Mimi* in *La Boheme.*

Speaking of knockouts, she gave one to the professional boxer aboard ship on her way over! Such good exercise, you know, for the diaphragm and the singing voice! Hope, who likes to be called simply Mrs. Jules Brulatour, is just back from Deauville and the Riviera. She says: "I sang for the talkies in the first opera ever to be screened with full orchestra." She is beloved in France, her first film having been turned under Léonce Perret ten years ago.

THE Riviera, especially a certain Nice studio, is all a-tiptoe awaiting the promised visit of Adolph Zukor.

Verily, these big ballyhooers (no discourtesy meant!) are gifted at casting their coming shadow before.

Carl Laemmle was "coming" for fully nine weeks before he really appeared—his sailing date actually announced; so that cinema men here were on hot spits to get a word with him, while he was all the time calmly on the other side of the Atlantic. He did show up at last and received an ovation from French and Belgian movie critics at a lunch at the Hotel Meurice, arranged by his director for France, Mr. Stein. Spick-and-span little old Mr. Laemmle, well over sixty, has a great deal of authority of manner in spite of his small stature. Other Paris visitors have included Emile Shauer, director of the foreign department of Paramount, and Melville Shauer, special foreign representative of the same company. Our latest "expectee," due here after a visit to London, is William Fox.

GOSSIP has been doing its darnedest to get Gloria Swanson divorced from her Marquis. However, Cupid has the last word in such matters! He has spoken (with the voice of the Marquis) to announce that La Falaise, to remain near his wife, has surrendered to the screen, and will act in her next picture.

Singing a Carol

¶ A vivid word picture of
termined little girl who al-
Her sparkling personality
colorful story as vivacious

By CLIFFORD

Sue can be provocative, pouty, pleading, this minute; aloof, unattainable, even scornful, the next.

Whether it's Sue's love or Nick Stuart's love in the tennis game, this picture makes us sure they're both in love—in the game of life. Hurrah for Dan Cupid!

NO OTHER motion picture actress is more like her screen self, in real life, than Sue Carol.

The same uncontrollable smile that comes and goes, like rays of sunshine darting through floating clouds on a windy day, is one of her most charming qualities off the screen, as well as on.

Sue is a child-woman. She possesses all the naïveté of a ten year old girl; also, all the poise of a woman. She can be provocative, pouty, pleading, this minute; aloof, unattainable, even scornful the next.

She is a barrel of fun on a day's outing or a picnic; she is a most enjoyable companion—but more dignified—for a formal dinner dance at the Mayfair Club, Hollywood's most exclusive gathering place. Clad in a one-piece bathing suit, she can make herself and you at home on the beach; she can be equally interesting in evening gown and ermine wrap at a première.

Perhaps no better description of Sue's personality and beauty can be offered than this: She is just as interesting and attractive at the beach, without make-up or jewels or ermines, as she is at the most formal functions.

Sue is generous to a fault. I have visited scores of Hollywood homes and had my hostess inform me: "Isn't that perfume divine? Sue Carol gave it to me." or "Don't you just *love* that set of book ends? It is a birthday gift from Sue Carol."

SHE is particularly soft-hearted. She can not bear to see any living creature in pain. Stray dogs, wearing hungry looks, are her failings. Her yard has housed scores of them. She does not take them home merely to feed them and send them away. She takes them home and keeps them. She has had as many as six dogs in her back yard at one time.

Perhaps Sue likes these canine hoboes because she is herself a member of the restless sex. She can not re-

in Praise of Sue

charming Sue Carol, the de-
ways gets what she wants.
is aptly described in a
as dashing Sue herself.

RANDALL

Like a Black-eyed Susan—delicate, yet hardy; a flower noted for its friendliness, bringing memories of childhood fun—is Sue Carol, a captivating child-woman.

Sue is an atrocious golfer, and only a fair swimmer; yet, clad in a bathing suit, one of her favorite delights is to engage in battle with the incoming ocean tide.

main long in one place. She demands new places to visit, new things to do and new people for association. All her life she has satisfied this inner craving. She has visited Europe four times, and has made so many tours of her own country that even she can not recall them by number.

She is never fully satisfied. If Sue had the world and all on it, she would want the moon. This is no fault, mind you. It is burning ambition combined with her restlessness. She wants to do big things and achieve high honors.

Motion pictures have held her as nothing else before succeeded in doing. She has been two years before the camera. At times, she becomes fretful and mutters a desire to desert Hollywood. But the spell of the grease paint is powerful. Sue can not leave Hollywood because, for the first time in her young life, she has found something that she is having difficulty in conquering; something that is not monotonous to her. The movie thrill today owns Sue, heart and soul.

I have watched her start things, then lose interest before she completes them. At first, she enthuses and her enthusiasm is instantly contagious. It continues only until something causes her to switch to a new project. She does things with fullest enthusiasm or not at all. Pepped up, she can not be stopped. Cooled off, she is uninterested in the subject at hand.

HER wanderlust will never be discharged. There are times, when we are sitting and talking, that she becomes quiet and her eyes take on a far-away look. "I would like to take a long trip," she likely murmurs, "to New York. Or perhaps to Hawaii." That would be wonderful—a visit to Hawaii. But Sue's popularity has

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Cupid's Darts

Love's arrows pierce Hollywood hearts

Bonded in Mexico

JUST when Hollywood had shrugged its shoulders and pretended to be indifferent, Nils Asther rocked the film colony with the news of his engagement to Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan sisters theatrical team.

Nils and Vivian were engaged once before, but they quarreled. Now, 'tis said, they're going to be wed when they finish their current pictures. Tra la!

Now It Can Be Told

THE secret is out! Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer, her former leading man in a Broadway stage production, were married five months ago.

Blackmer, who is now working at First National studio, has confirmed the report. He said they were married at Miss Ulric's Westchester, New York, estate, by a justice of the peace, with Gilda Gray witnessing the ceremony.

RICHARD "SKEETS" GALLAGHER, famous as a stage and movie comedian, has gone and done it.

He returned to Hollywood recently from a visit to Agua Caliente, with a blushing bride. The lucky little lady is Pauline Mason, stage actress. They are both scheduled to appear in several talking pictures soon.

Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther

Sharon Lynn

Gullivers Sever Ties

DOROTHY GULLIVER, Wampas baby star, has announced that she and her husband, C. W. De Vito, have come to the parting of the ways. "But we have parted the best of friends," says Miss Gulliver, "it was just a case of incompatibility."

The couple were married in Los Angeles in 1926, and Dorothy says she is going to forget, and bury her matrimonial difficulties in hard work.

Aerial Proposal

SHARON LYNN admits that she has answered yes. And the lucky man is Clem Clarke, millionaire sportsman from Shreveport, Louisiana. Clarke flew to Hollywood to play a little polo, but it seems that once he met Sharon, all of his well-ordered plans were upset.

They made up their minds 5,000 feet in the air, too. But Sharon says it wasn't the height that made her dizzy, but love. The wedding will take place shortly, they both say. Whoops! But isn't Hollywood letting all of her pretty young stars fall to the wiles of Dan Cupid?

Sally's Engaged Again

ONE of the most attractive couples seen dancing together at the various Hollywood festivities, is Sally Eilers and Harry D'Arrast.

Sally has been reported engaged to most all of the eligible bachelors of the colony, while Harry is considered one of our "best catches" among us girls.

Wedded Twice In One Day

GLADYS WALTON, veteran screen actress, was recently married on terra firma and then went up into the clouds and had the ceremony performed all over again.

After a church ceremony, she and Clifford Parliman, World War aviator, ascended into the skies and there the flier placed on her finger the ring which made her Mrs. Parliman.

Lenore Ulric

Any Old Rags?

¶ Louise Fazenda, the laughmaker, finds giggles in old hats and guffaws in bygone dresses in her perennial quest for a comedy wardrobe.

By LOUISE FAZENDA

The real Louise Fazenda is as chic and charming as she is outlandishly attired and awkward on the motion picture screen.

IT'S NOT the dress, it's the carriage that determines a woman's chic!

And I'm not referring to the elegant old broughams which all our best families used to have, either.

Carriage is a most important element in my work as a comédienne. I can wear an exquisite imported frock and make people double up in laughter. The same people would undoubtedly turn to give an admiring glance if I wore a gingham dress and carried myself well.

Flapping arms. Legs that seem to dangle. An indecisive walk. A pathetic waggle to the head. It is these things that encourage laughter.

I have several methods I follow in acquiring the clothes I wear in my comedy rôles. Sometimes I go to the general store in some little country town where business is not flourishing. Likely as not I will see the store as my husband and I are driving through. I'll say, "Let's stop, Hal. Look at that gorgeous pair of 1915 shoes in the window. And that corset is a dream. And that jabot with the yards and yards of yellowed lace on it—"

In this way I get hats, underwear, stockings, dresses and coats that would cost thousands of dollars if I had them made to order.

MY OTHER clothes source is acquaintances and friends. Sometimes I meet someone who is wearing a dress or coat that I just know would be perfect for a comedy rôle. Before many days I usually have the article in my possession! Of course, one must use tact. I can't go up to a person I have just met and say:

"Oh, what a funny old-fashioned dress you have on. It's just the thing I've been searching for for my new comedy."

All Hollywood hides its heirlooms when Louise approaches. An attic raid at a friend's home netted this antique of fashion which Louise wears in this picture with the late Mack Swain.

I'd probably end up with a nose a little more retroussé than mine already is. And it would serve me right.

Instead, I explain that I think the pattern is ducky and wonder if it would be possible to get one like it. Sometimes, the person is so thrilled at the idea of an actress wearing her clothes, that the article straightway becomes a donation.

I'll never forget an incident concerning a borrowed coat —an heirloom—which I used in a comedy. The woman who owned the coat agreed to let me wear it, and one day came to visit *it* and *me* while the picture was being filmed. I guess she wonders to this day why I moved up gingerly to shake hands and then moved away as gingerly.

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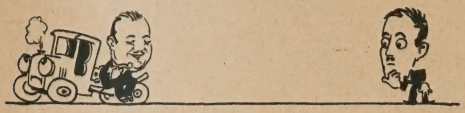
JAZZ ANTICS

Unromantic Paul

IT SEEMS that Paul Whiteman, about to make his début on the noisy screen, has had a lot of trouble finding a suitable vehicle. (Some unkind critic might suggest that the only vehicle suitable for the expansive Paul would be a Mack truck—but we'll pay no attention to such impertinence.)



Young Carl Laemmle persuaded Paul and his band to star in a picture called *The King of Jazz*, and so Paul and his followers packed up their instruments (clarinets, trombones, mashies and niblicks) and journeyed to Universal City. When they got there, they found that everything was set for the production of the picture, except for one minor item. No one had thought to provide a story.

So Carl, Jr., unleashed his scenario hounds and told them not to come back to the kennel until they had sniffed out a plot. In less time that it takes to tell it, three of them were back with manuscripts between their teeth.

The three stories were submitted to Paul Whiteman, and he found that in each of them he was called upon to play a romantic rôle and "carry the love interest." Paul objected. He is a husky fellow and able to carry considerable weight—but love interest is more than he can bear.

So Paul and his band remained in Hollywood for weeks, drawing full salary from Universal and playing golf instead of jazz, while the Laemmle hounds were out scouring the country for a loveless plot.

I don't know just how or if the problem has been solved, but it is my guess that when *The King of Jazz* appears, we shall see and hear Paul Whiteman in the rôle of a widower who has been left a tiny daughter upon whom to lavish his affection. And the tiny daughter will probably grow up and desert her doting father to elope with Rudy Vallee. And Paul will be so upset by this tragedy that he will lose 287 pounds over-night and will then be available for a beautiful romance.

Fixing The Guilt

WHILE the *Trader Horn* company was on location in Africa, the director, W. S. Van Dyke, discovered that a native race, the Matabeles, were responsible for the invention of the xylophone.

If Mr. Van Dyke will only penetrate farther into the dark continent and discover the race that invented the saxophone, then we'll know just who it is that we're going to fight against in the next war.

Team Work

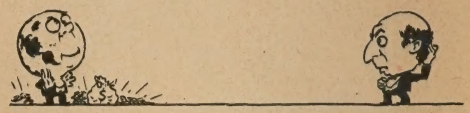
IN MENTIONING *Close Harmony* some months ago, I called attention to the marvelous collaboration achieved by its two directors, John Cromwell and Edward Sutherland.

The same pair share the credit for *The Dance of Life*, which is unquestionably the best of all the talking pictures of backstage life.

Cromwell and Sutherland form a partnership that may easily become the most potent directorial force in Hollywood. They seem to be headed for a masterpiece, if they will only stick together.

Goofy

ALL the wise-guys in the movie industry have been sitting up late trying to explain why it was that the Fox production, *The Cockeyed World*, turned out to be such an amazing money-maker.

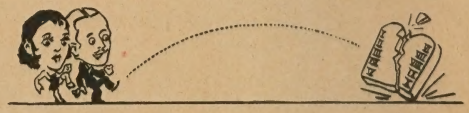


In its first week at the Roxy Theater in New York, *The Cockeyed World* established an all-time, all-world record by hanging up a gross of $173,391. Nothing like it had ever been heard of in show business. Nothing like it was heard of again—until the next week, when *The Cockeyed World* beat its own record by $300.

It is my belief that most of these huge sums can be attributed to the title of the picture. In the minds of most people, in this goofy age, the term "cockeyed world" is a perfect description.

The Only Sacred Law

A LOT of righteous folk are continually agitating for laws which will make it a crime for motion pictures to include scenes showing violations of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. In some states, laws to this effect have been passed and the censors are empowered to cut out all episodes which contain the suggestion that anyone in this nation ever deals with a bootlegger or concocts home brew.



It is still perfectly permissible, however, for characters on the screen to violate any or all of the Ten Commandments.

Primitive Emotion

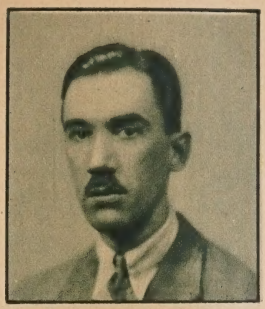
THERE may be many who will fail to find enough jovial entertainment in King Vidor's *Hallelujah*, but I don't believe that anyone who sees this extraordinary picture will be able to deny that it contains some of the most powerful acting that the screen has ever known.

At the head of the all-negro cast are Daniel Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney, and between them they generate more emotional force than the average spectator can stand. When these two come together, first in a dance

and other
Cinema Slants

by Robert E. Sherwood

¶ Keen observance of the workings of the motion picture industry from its birth to the present day, gives Robert E. Sherwood, America's foremost movie critic, his singular ability to present the cinema situation from a distinctly constructive angle. His crisp discussion, enlivened by a sparkling vein of humor, is a regular monthly feature in SCREEN SECRETS.



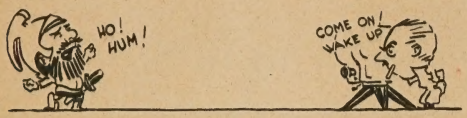
Robert E. Sherwood

hall and again during a revival meeting, the audience feels acutely the need of shock absorbers.

Whether it's popular or whether it isn't, *Hallelujah* is a memorable event in the brief history of the movietone.

Reviving The War

THE boys of Hollywood are back in the trenches, and the girls are once more wearing those becoming Red Cross uniforms—and all because an unknown Englishman wrote a play called *Journey's End* and an equally unknown German wrote a novel called *All Quiet on the Western Front.*



There will probably be a lot of war pictures this year, bigger and bitterer than ever. Both *Journey's End* and *All Quiet* are now being recorded through camera lenses and microphones, and so is *The Case of Sergeant Grischa.* And there is even a report from Hollywood (an unofficial report) that *Hell's Angels* is going to be finished before many more years have passed.

Perhaps *Hell's Angels* will prove to be the war picture to end war pictures.

Collegiate

AUTUMN is with us, bringing its usual quota of dead leaves, débutantes and collegiate movies. Ever since Harold Lloyd issued *The Freshman,* the fall season has been poisoned with pictures in which the substitute hero wins the big game and the fair co-ed in the last minute of play.

This year the situation is worse, what with the addition of sound. We can HEAR the youthful ukuleles, the aged wise-cracks and the phony Rahs.

There have already been several undergraduate talkies —including *College Life, College Love, College Coquette* and *The Sophomore*—and there will undoubtedly be many more before Thanksgiving puts an end to the football season.

If they keep on long enough making collegiate films, they may some day manage to discover a new plot. But perhaps that's too much to hope.

Detective Fiction

THERE used to be a time when all the heroes of movie plots were either rising young district attorneys or Royal Northwest Mounted Policemen. Now most of them are private detectives.

We have seen and heard Philo Vance, impersonated by William Powell, in two different murder mysteries. We are about to see him in a third, impersonated this time by Basil Rathbone.

The return of that ageless genius, Sherlock Holmes, has been effected, with Clive Brook making the master look younger and less hawklike than ever.

There have been dozens of less celebrated detectives on the screen in recent months, and all the literary criminologists are now busy inventing others.

Speaking as one who has not forgotten his youth, and the paper-bound thrillers that used to be smuggled into school under the wide covers of geography books, I should like to make a plea for the resurrection of those unforgotten heroes, *The Old Sleuth, Old King Brady* and *Young King Brady.*

When those glorious dime-novel detectives went after criminals, they wasted no time on discussions of scientific formulae or aesthetic tendencies. They knew practically nothing of psychology. Their sole object was to make an arrest—and, by heaven, they made it!

Keep Moving

JUST when the overworked Police Department in New York imagined that it had solved the traffic problem in the congested Times Square theatrical district, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had to go and install its famous living electric sign, with a group of near-nude chorus girls kicking and prancing all over the big letters that spell out *Hollywood Revue.*

So the Broadway hicks were given another excuse for stopping and gaping and exclaiming, "What won't they think up next?"

There are so many free shows along Broadway these days that it's no wonder people don't feel inclined to pay good money to go to the theater.

The Silent

An Engrossing Story of Fiercely Conflicting Desires, in an Amazing New Hollywood, Crazed by the Talkies.

By

HALE HORTON

Wanda, lounging languidly in a studio chair, was watching Merna with amused contempt; but Denton's face was shaded apprehensively. He suspected Merna of being at an emotional crisis that she would be unable to endure much longer. Her face was strained, drawn.

UNCLE" SOL GOTSLIEB, president of Premier Pictures, Inc., gave his desk a resounding thwack and stared hopelessly at the imperturbable monocle of Rogers Denton, who had been imported from New York along with Sol's talking picture installation as an expert in tonal vibrations. Denton was in his middle-thirties, suave, dark-haired and faintly bored with Hollywood. It was he that had charge of the monitor room, and hence was the last word as to the star's voices; an authority which raised him slightly above the status of director.

"Ghastly," he reiterated. "Simply ghastly."

"Do you mean to tell me," Sol cried, "that you can't record the voice of a tree-tousand-a-veek star, especially ven she has de glorious shell-like beauty of Vanda Viley?"

"Wanda Wiley," Denton murmured, "has only to open her shell-like mouth, and the mere thought of the ensuing shock causes the recording tubes to quiver and die."

Sol pierced him with a contemptuous glare.

"Do you mean to tell me dot a high priced feller like

you can't twiddle dem leedle knobs dot line your glass cage and make her voice sound all nice and pretty?"

I COULD bite the knobs," Denton assured him wearily, "and still get nothing from her foggy larynx but the raucous bark of a seal."

Sol's exasperation gave way to terror.

"But vat'll I do?"

"Fire the lady," said Denton.

"Fire de lady!" Sol moaned, beside himself with an impotent rage. "Fire de lady! Her contract's god fifdy more veeks to run an' she gets tree tousand a veek! I ask you, do I look like a man vat vould trow von hundert an' fifdy tousand dollars avay?"

"No, Sol," Denton admitted, after a polite examination, "I really don't believe that you do."

"Vell, den vat's to be done?"

"Fire the—"

"Stop id! I von't—" The telephone rang. "Hella . . . Vat? . . . Nod now . . . Dot's right, nod now . . . Busy . . . *Vat!*" For a moment Sol desperately jangled the hook, then with a resigned sigh, he replaced the receiver. "She's comink up," he whispered. "Vanda Viley."

"Ah," Denton murmured, "I'll just step out this side door while you tell her she's a washout as far as talking pictures go . . . and I'm sure, Sol, that her delicate sensibilities will cause her to give up her contract."

"She ain't delicate," sighed Sol. And as Wanda swept into the room, his chubby little hands twitched nervously.

HELLO, Unc! Say, answer me a couple of questions," commanded Miss Wanda Wiley, an eager blonde with large blue eyes and damp lips. "What's the big idea a tryin' to keep me out o' your statue-smeared den, an' what about this baby girl not starrin' in the great epic of golden nighties, naughty mens and passion in the fuselage called for no reason atall, *The Flyin' Blonde*?"

"Vell, I tell you," Sol explained, looking very much like a poor old man about to leap over a thousand-foot cliff to his death, "de talkink pitchures haff come in for goot an' *The Flyink Blonde* iss a talkie an' your voice . . . your voice iss a vashout! So . . ." he continued, raising his eyebrows and spreading his hands out on his desk, palms upward, "vy don't you giff oop your condract?"

Wanda advanced across the room and peered scornfully down into his frightened face.

"Listen, Uncle . . . My contract says I'm to star in three pictures this year at three thousand a week. . . Now don't start yelpin' about me not doin' *The Flyin'*

Blonde just because that ham voice mixer o' yours can't make nothin' out o' my golden chant! Talkies ain't just what the doctor ordered, so—"

"De *doctor?*"

"Yeah. I'm the doctor, an' right now I got a date with an aviator, so I simply must be awn maw way, don't chaw know—bring on your tonal expert!"

"Aviators," Sol almost sobbed, "must be important!"

"This one happens to be Barry Rowe—an' don' forget he's doin' *all* the stuntin' in this new opus!"

"I von't. But vat'll I do about you, Vanda?"

"Rent somebody else's vocal chords. Peekaboo!" she added, undulating through the door, "old pal."

AH, THERE, patient!" said Denton, with a bland smile, as he carefully reseated himself across from Sol.

"An' here I spent all dot money for all dot talkink machinery," Sol was mumbling, "an' den Vanda's voice ain't no goot!"

"Why not get a voice double, as she inadvertantly suggested? You can synchronize easily enough."

"Can I?"

"Well," Denton amended, "someone can." And he immediately waved aside the half-dozen photos of forty-dollar-a-week stock actresses that Sol spread over the desk. "Their voices are impossible. Tried them all."

Sol's wrathful "Mine Gott in Himmel!" was interrupted by the entrance of his favorite director, Leslie Brown.

"Say, what are you going to do about Merna Martin?" Brown exclaimed. "She's been under contract for three months, and hasn't even had a screen test."

"Vy hasn't she vorked?"

"Your friend, Abe Zarto, got you to sign her; but he's after the dame and don't want her pushed; she's a good little kid and *I'd* like to see something done for her."

"Why not give her a test?" Denton suggested, eyeing Sol in mild distaste.

"She's a little beauty!" said Brown. "I left her in the monitor room. Come on, Denton, we'll also test her voice."

DENTON was deeply impressed with Merna's quiet beauty, with her delicately rounded features and her dark luxurious hair. And he was so unusually patient in assisting Merna with her voice test, and he spoke so encouragingly of the probable result, that she left the studio that evening feeling secure in a new friendship and elated at her sudden opportunity for success.

While walking happily along the sidewalk in front of the studio, Merna was forced to stop abruptly, as a sleek, black Mercedes roadster purred out of the studio gate and hesitated at the street intersection. A flush of joy spread over her cheeks as she glanced past Wanda Wiley at the young man behind the wheel.

There was something hawk-like in his tanned, lean face, and yet his unmanageable brown hair softened his restless demeanor into agreeable boyishness. This was Barry Rowe, the man she loved and worshiped from afar, the man the newspapers hailed as, "That young Barry Rowe, who at the age of twenty-two is the first aviator to fly from Los Angeles to Honolulu and back to Los Angeles again—in two non-stop flights!"

Presently, Merna lowered her long lashes—for she wasn't quite sure whether she was going to laugh or cry—walked around the front of the car in blissful confusion, and continued down the sidewalk.

"Who is she?" Barry inquired.

"Just a babe in stock," Wanda answered, coldly. "Oh, yeh, I guess she spends her nights hoofing at Abe Zarto's 'Sow's Ear'—swell dive."

And as Barry murmured, almost inaudibly, "A beautiful child," Wanda reminded him with a forced laugh, that he'd better keep his eyes front as he had lots of blonde star to worry about!

MERNA disappeared around the corner, so Barry turned and looked deep into Wanda's eyes—and the eyes, be it known, were quite efficacious.

Hurrying along for several blocks, Merna eventually turned up Hollywood Boulevard, finally darting down a side street shaded with pepper trees. And after stopping for a moment to smell the wisteria that clung to the porch of her small, white bungalow, she crossed the threshold and found her mother reading in the living room.

"Mother dear!" she exclaimed, "I've finally had a voice and screen test! Isn't that simply *won-derful?*"

"About time," snapped her mother. "Have you got the money for the sanitarium?"

Merna exhibited a forty-dollar check, representing her week's salary at Premier Pictures, Inc. It was endorsed and ready to be mailed to the Fletcher Sanitarium, at which her younger brother was staying. The fifty dollars a week that she received from the Sow's Ear night club was used to keep her fourteen-year-old brother in school, to support her neurotic mother and pay the rent on the bungalow.

LATER on that evening, Merna was breathlessly telling Abe Zarto of her good fortune and at the same time attempting to change her costume and listen to the teasing music of the Sow's Ear orchestra as it oozed beneath her dressing room door, when she noticed that Zarto seemed not only astonished but downright displeased. Merna peeked at his reflection in her dressing table mirror as she inquired petulantly (for after all, she was barely eighteen), "Don't you think I deserve it?"

"Sure I do, babe. But I told that fool . . ."

"What fool?"

In spite of his bland smile, Zarto's eyes seemed loaded with a subtle danger as he shrugged his shoulders and remarked, "Nothing at all—Don't you suppose I'm glad when my sweetie gets a break?"

And suddenly leaning over, he impressed his synthetic joy with a kiss before Merna could push him away. "Don't, Abe!" she cried.

"You been holding me off for three months!" Roughly, he squeezed her soft arms. "How long do you think I can wait? Till I'm dead and buried? Heh, the grave's a swell private place but I never heard of much love-making going on in one!"

"I'm sorry, Abe," she murmured, with a queer, little twisted smile, "but I'm afraid that I don't love you."

Burying his fingers into the flesh of her arms, Zarto jerked Merna to her feet and fairly devoured her face with his insinuating eyes.

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¶ We couldn't tell you before this, but now we'll let you in on a secret. This new contest, we can guarantee, is going to be a genuine wow!

What's the Idea

Burbank—that's the suburb of Hollywood where First National Pictures are made—where the winner of our new contest will meet the stars and see how talking motion pictures are made!

CONFERENCES, flying trips to New York, telegrams shuttling back and forth between the editors of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine and the executives of First National Pictures—what's the big secret?

Now it can be told!

It's a new contest, more exciting than any we've ever set before our readers—a free trip to Hollywood to spend a week meeting the stars, with all expenses paid, as the guest of First National Pictures and SCREEN SECRETS Magazine!

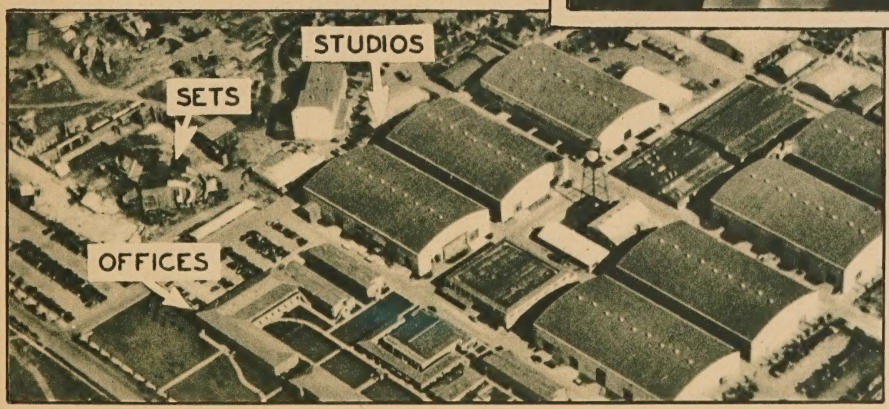
All the plans are now being worked out, and in the December issue, on sale November tenth, full announcement of the contest will be published. Until then we can only give you the idea of it all.

In addition to many attractive prizes in cash and special awards, three of the readers of SCREEN SECRETS are going to win a vacation in the most interesting spot in the world—Hollywood. There the fans will find dreams come true in meeting and lunching and fraternizing with the famous stars, in visiting the studios of First National and seeing how pictures are made; in short, becoming members of the film colony for one glorious week.

Imagine sitting down to an avocado salad opposite Alice White! Think of the thrill of chatting with Dick Barthelmess about his latest picture!

There's nothing a movie fan would like better than to visit Hollywood with a magic password to the intimate circle within the studios. That's what SCREEN SECRETS and First National Pictures are going to give you. Watch for the formal announcement of the new contest in the December issue!

Recognize Alice White? You may dine with her! You may dine with Alice White at First National. You may chat with Billie Dove, Jack Mulhall, Dorothy Mackaill, Marilyn Miller, Richard Barthelmess, Lila Lee and many other screen players at Burbank studio—watch them acting on talkie sets; visit their homes.



An airplane view of First National studios, where the winner will be initiated into the secrets of making movies, and hobnob with the stars!

One Sweet Song

John Boles' life lately has been one long sweet song, but he struck a few sour notes in the days before success came his way and made him a singing movie star.

By HARMONY HAYNES

I WAS of the impression—people in Hollywood do have impressions, you know—that John Boles was kinda ritzy, but I've changed my mind. We do that in Hollywood, too. Practically the first thing he said to me was, "Do you mind if I put my feet on the desk? I can't talk unless I'm comfortable."

I was there to hear him talk, so I said, "Oh, certainly, Mr. Boles, certainly!"

You see it wasn't my desk, and, if it had been, I'm afraid I wouldn't have been able to refuse this handsome young man that luxury. For putting one's feet on a desk is a luxury, and the ease and grace with which he accomplishes the feat makes it an art as well.

After he had slumped down to the proper degree of solid comfort, he lit a cigarette and lazily blew a few smoke rings for me. I watched with interest. I had plenty of fault to find with this Johnny. In the first place no one has a right to everything in the world. He is six feet one in height. Seems that should be enough for one man without having golden brown hair, perfectly arched brows, deep blue eyes, long curling lashes, a Barrymore nose, pearly teeth and a splendid baritone voice. All this and more was running through my mind when he up and said, "Do you mind if I begin at the beginning?"

THE beginning? Why at the beginning?" Heavens, I had no idea what he meant, so far had my mind drifted from my work, and I thought by asking questions aimlessly, bartering for time, I might get my bearings and thus save myself the embarrassment of having to explain that, for the moment, I had forgotten this work-a-day world and was Cinderella being carried off by Prince Charming.

"Oh, folks seem to think

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With good looks and a splendid baritone voice, this Texas songster captured a vast fan following in "The Desert Song"; now he uses these qualities to charm Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita," an RKO musical extravaganza.

The bridal party at the marriage of Ada Williams and William Thomas Ince: Florence Lake, Helen Bowen, Nancy Drexel, Mrs. John C. Williams, II, Mrs. William Thomas Ince, William Thomas Ince, Evelyn Mills, Arthur Lake, Thomas Ince, II, William Bakewell and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Society in Cinemaland

By RUTH M. TILDESLEY
Screen Secrets
Society Editor

THE Beverly Hills Hotel was the scene of an exquisite wedding when that young southern beauty, **Ada Williams,** became the bride of **William Thomas Ince,** son of the late **Tom Ince. Rev. Charles Chapman** of St. John's Episcopal Church read the marriage lines in the presence of one hundred friends and relatives.

Mrs. John Calvin Williams, II, was matron of honor, **Nancy Drexel,** maid of honor, and **Florence Lake** and **Helen Bowen,** bridesmaids. Tiny **Evelyn Mills,** wearing flesh-colored satin, made an adorable ring bearer. The young groom's attendants were his brother **Thomas Ince, II, William Bakewell** and **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Arthur Lake** served as best man.

THE lovely garden of the Roxbury Drive home of **Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess** was transformed into a veritable night club for a novel dinner dance; a floor was built over the tennis court and small tables placed around the edges with the center space reserved for dancing.

Guests at this gala event included **Ethel Barrymore, Marilyn Miller, Gloria Swanson, Katherine Cornell, Elsie Janis, Beatrice Lillie, Fannie Brice, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Thelma Todd, Ben Lyon, John Colton, John Considine, Jr., Ronald Colman, William Powell,** and **Messrs. and Mesdames Jascha Heifetz (Florence Vidor), Henry King, Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Jack Warner, Clive Brook, Jesse Lasky, Samuel Goldwyn, Jack Mulhall, John Robertson, George Fitzmaurice Diana Kane), Gregory La Cava, Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton),** and **John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray).**

A BIRTHDAY party for *Broadway* was the delightful excuse seized by the hospitable **Paul Porcasi** for a dinner and evening of bridge. Just three years ago that night *Broadway* opened on the Great White Way for what turned out to be one of the theater's most phenomenal runs. In the original company, among others, were **Paul Porcasi, Thomas Jackson, Lee Tracy** and **Charlie Hines.** Now they are all in Hollywood under the sun arcs of the sound stages.

It was a friendly, comfortable group: Our kind host, sweet **Rose Marie,** his adorable young bride, **Tom Jackson** and his charming wife, the **Warner Richmonds, Charlie Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Lloyd, Lee Tracy,** flaateringly enthusiastic about our sunny California.

THE King of Jazz is in our midst. Universal introduced us to jolly **Paul Whiteman** and his inimitable band in a very pleasant way. They have built a cedar hunting lodge for the king on the broad acres of Universal City, and here it was, after listening to an hour's broadcasting, that we met his majesty. A delicious buffet supper was temptingly waiting. Mr. Whiteman took one look and sniffed one sniff. "No more

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A Pictorial History of Carl Laemmle, Jr.

¶ Picturizing the career of "Uncle Carl" Laemmle's son, the lad whose nursery rhymes were movies and who, at twenty-one years, heads the multimillion-dollar Universal organization.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., at his desk in the administration building at Universal City, from which he directs the destinies of the huge film company his father founded twenty-three years ago.

From infancy, Carl Laemmle, Jr., was intensely interested in motion pictures, and, with his eager questions, was constantly learning the business from his father. Even as a youngster of six years—as the above picture suggests—Junior had the right idea of what a movie should be. Preparing for his present position, Carl has acquired experience in every phase of production.

Always pals, these two, with a fond smile for each other—Junior Laemmle, at eighteen years, already on his way to succeed his father, Carl, Sr., who was never too busy to answer his son's questions. It has been time well spent.

—Gene Robert Richee.

NANCY CARROLL wears a cat costume and tries to look like one of those blood-curdling felines that go flying about on witches' shoulders on dark Hallowe'en nights. Even the pumpkins are grinning!

The Tragic Life Story

¶ Mabel Normand was ruling gaily as life stalked Illness and Scandal and

By HARRY

Here is Mabel as she appeared in 1921, in "Molly-O." It was one of the most glittering successes of her long comedy career, made after she had signed with Samuel Goldwyn and gone back again with Sennett. Her Goldwyn pictures had not been very successful. They were just pictures. But with Mack Sennett, Mabel found again the inspiration that touched off the spark of genius.

William Desmond Taylor, the director whose death by murder made Mabel the victim of cruel publicity in an international love episode.

FROM a miserably poor childhood replete with tomboy fights, games of "one ol' cat" and swimming with the gang of Staten Island, Mabel Normand grew into beautiful girlhood. Soon she was sought by artists as a magazine cover subject; then the motion picture studios—in their very infancy, beckoned—and Mabel answered.

Michael Sinnott had worked his way from a pick-and-shovel job to singing in a chorus and to making comedies for the newly born Keystone Comedy Company. David Wark Griffith was just a lean actor begging the old Biograph Company for a chance to direct a picture. Maurice Costello was the big star. The Gish sisters, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and Anita Stewart were just breaking in.

The Keystone Company packed up, left New York and moved out west. From the first, Mabel Normand showed brilliant promise as an actress. By 1916, Keystone comedies were pouring riches into the box office of every theater that showed them. The studio payroll held names of girls and men who afterward became great stars, among them Harold Lloyd, Mal St. Clair, Ramon Novarro, Charlie Chaplin, Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson, Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, Polly Moran, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Chester Conklin, Raymond Griffith, Ben Turpin and Mack Swain.

Madcap Mabel was the undisputed queen of this kindergarten of genius and fame.

ONE of the most thundering hits in the history of motion pictures was *Tillie's Punctured Romance.* Sennett cast it with a great triumvirate —Mabel, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin. It was a record breaker!

The exhibitors yelled for more—and Mabel was launched in *Mickey.* In this picture, Mabel played opposite Lew Cody—the same Louis Coti who had played her tomboy games in their childhood days together on Staten Island.

I don't imagine that one thought of marriage ever entered their heads during the making of *Mickey.* All I can remember about them was the way they kidded on the sets. Mabel is the wittiest girl I have ever known and Lew is famous all over the country as a wise-cracker and story teller.

And as in the case of Mabel, so is the case of Lew. Behind their fooling is a wealth of sound "big" reading and genuine brain power. Any one thinking of their courtship, will imagine it as good vaudeville, but I

# of Mabel Normand

the Queen of Comedy when into her Tragedy—and her throne crumbled.

CARR

am willing to wager that they talk of books more than anything else.

You could write a book about the making of *Mickey*. The adventures and mishaps were plenty. It dragged along for a year or more until everybody was disgusted and discouraged with the darn thing.

One little scene comes to my mind that is so characteristically Mabel that I shall have to tell it.

She had a scene with a bull dog. He took his art too seriously and—without meaning to—bit her very badly. There was a terrible commotion. Doctors were arriving with first aid and Mabel was laid out for treatment. Everybody had forgotten the dog. The poor, abashed fellow was covered with mortification. With the most woebegone expression I ever saw in a dog's eyes, he had crawled off into a corner of a set and lay there waiting for heaven to strike him dead for his iniquities.

It was Mabel who saw him. She flung off all the doctors and the nurses and the bandages and ran over to take the dog in her arms. "Look," she cried indignantly, "you have broken his heart." And she proceeded to explain to him that artists frequently fall under the spell of their art and hurt people.

MICKEY was finally finished and, after a long period, released. It proved to be one of the greatest triumphs of the history of motion pictures. It is still known to the trade as "the mortgage lifter." I imagine it is still running somewhere. It brought Mabel an offer from Samuel Goldwyn of a starring job at a salary then unheard of—$3,500 a week. She took the job.

She was riding on the crest of the wave when she left the old Mack Sennett Studio to become a $3,500 a week star with Sam Goldwyn. She went out with the tide. She was never very successful or happy off that funny old Sennett lot.

While she was starring for Goldwyn, it happened that Geraldine Farrar was working in the same studio. Mabel made it her mission in life to see that the illustrious Geraldine did not lose her sense of democracy.

A male opera star was playing in Farrar's picture and they playfully carried their atmosphere with them. They used to sing little impromptu dialogue at each other. As for instance: "Good Morn-ING! how are you this

About three years ago, Mabel tried a timid comeback in pictures, but the old zip was missing—the amazing store of pep displayed in her vibrant girlhood wasn't there. This is how the changed Mabel appeared, in 1926.

Director Taylor's watch charm and other effects, found on his body after the murder, with Mabel's picture inside the locket. Then the gossips started talking!

10-o-o-orn-i-i-ing?" And the tenor would reply from the balcony in front of his dressing room, "V-e-e-ry well, I THANK YOU." Naturally this was too much for Mabel. One day the opera stars were horrified to hear another voice chiming into their duet with an outburst of song not calculated to add to the dignity of either, or the peace and harmony of the situation.

Farrar was naturally nervous about being watched when she acted. She complained to the management that Mabel

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Ronald Colman's

Don't believe all you hear about Ronald Colman as a woman hater. He is too sensible—too gallant for that. But try to find the girl who matches his idea of a wife!

HHere is a word picture of the lucky girl Ronald Colman could fall in love with, the fanciful maid who can be found only in the form and features of the beauties of Hollywood. But there is hope for yearning girls who have the attribute Ronald prizes above pulchritude —a sense of humor!

RONALD COLMAN is the most misunderstood, misquoted and maligned man in this whole wide world. For instance—

Miss America, frequently and with emphasis, has referred to him as a woman-hater.

The press of the land has accused him of being partial to blondes.

His friends have said he preferred solitude to the companionship of others.

Hollywood's wagging tongues have had him engaged to four girls in as many months.

Lies! Lies! All of them lies!

Unless the situation is changed, and changed at once, Ronald Colman is going before the bar of the court of public opinion, plant his back firmly against the wall, and open a battle for vindication. He declares he is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth when he says:

He is very, very fond of the ladies.

He prefers brunettes to blondes.

He thoroughly enjoys the association of his fellow beings—when he can pick the company.

He is not engaged to any girl—and will not be until he finds his ideal.

Yes, the secret is out! Ronald Colman is in love with a girl he never has seen. Somewhere, sometime, he will

Bessie Love's diminutive figure is Ronald's dream of bodily perfection. The future Mrs. Colman—whoever the lucky girl may be when Ronald decides—will be exactly Bessie's size.

Dream Girl

As revealed to
BOB MOAK

—Alexander.

Ronald Colman's dream girl must have Vilma Banky's nose, and also hair like her's!

—Richee.

"Louise Brooks' eyes are marvelous. They fascinate me!" says Ronald Colman.

—Hesser.

Mary Pickford has the ideal mouth—wistful, kind, wholesome, charitable, appealing.

—Bachrach.

Gloria Swanson's neck and shoulders are shapely—a veritable model of perfection.

locate her. And when he does you will hear the wedding bells and the Colman fortune and mansion will have a mistress.

THE screen star's dream girl, as he outlined her to me while we chatted over the cocktails in the Colman library, is a composite of several young women famous in the cinema. However, she is not necessarily an actress.

Here is Ronald's own description of his ideal mate:

The unbobbed hair of the texture of that which adorns the head of Vilma Banky, but it is dark rather than light.

The big, brown eyes of Louise Brooks.

Vilma's nose.

Mary Pickford's mouth and smile.

Gloria Swanson's neck and shoulders.

The diminutive body and the figure of Bessie Love.

And has—and this is most important, Mr. Colman says, Constance Talmadge's sense of humor.

There you have the future Mrs. Ronald Colman and the answer to the four slanderous charges that have been hurled at the silver sheet's silent lover.

THE greatest mystery that ever confronted me," Ronald declared, "is how and where this idea that I disliked women originated. Why love is the biggest thing in any man's life and some day I hope to have an opportunity to claim my portion.

"Marriage, of course, is a matter on which both parties must devote a great deal of thought, I know. I have made the trip to the altar once and it was a failure. But there is nothing more wonderful than the companionship of a loving wife. I have attained other things that I have sought. Love, too, will be mine. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next year, but sometime.

"Every man seeks out his ideal with a mental picture of her to guide him in his search. When one is alone a great deal, one finds his thoughts running to the dream girl. I have had plenty of time to study her. As time goes on she changes slightly, but only slightly.

"Perhaps I have been called a woman-hater because I do not rush into matrimony again," the star went on, "but there will be only one more marriage for me and that will be to the most wonderful girl who ever lived—my dream lady."

RONALD believes that Vilma Banky is, photographically speaking, the most beautiful girl in the movies. This despite the fact that he says he prefers brunettes.

"There is a texture to Vilma's hair that I never before have seen. Also, she has the perfect nose.

"Louise Brooks' eyes are marvelous. They are large and dark brown in color. They fascinate me.

"In the mouth and smile of Mary Pickford there is something wistful, something appealing. No one with her smile could be anything but wholesome and charitable and kind. And she has two rows of perfect white teeth.

"Gloria Swanson's neck and shoulders are the most shapely I have ever beheld.

"Only color film can do justice to the delicate shading in the real complexion of Doris Kenyon.

"While I am five feet, nine inches tall, I should want my wife to be about the size of Bessie Love. Bessie's figure is trim and shapely."

Ronald can even tell you the disposition and likes and dislikes of this dream girl of his.

"She has the same broad and quick sense of fun that has made Constance Talmadge the most beloved girl in Hollywood. A wife who knows humor when she meets up with it is sure to make the kind of a wife I want. In importance, I place it at the head of the list of qualifications for my ideal.

"Also, this wife of mine must have a sense of fair

[*Turn to page* 109]

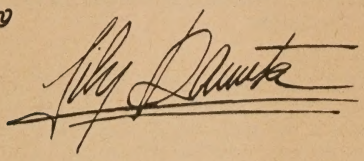
Lily Damita

Piquant Lily Damita needs no Spanish atmosphere to bring out her true vivacity and color. At the Theater Des Capucines, in Paris, Mademoiselle Damita, a graduate of the Opera de Paris ballet at fifteen, outshone the great Mistinguette and succeeded her as the darling of opera-goers and the toast of the boulevards. Today—Paris is no longer the same without her, but Lily merely smiles and says, "In two or three years more, when I am tired of the success, I can turn to love, maybe, and then get married."

from Gay Paree

¶ Lily comes to America, Prince George visits her in Hollywood against the King's orders, Prince Louis Ferdinand follows her from Europe—these and other intimate incidents are told in the final installment of a story concerning a career menaced by ardent wooers constantly bringing proposals of love.

By



Edmund Lowe basks in Lily's smile, but Victor McLaglen seems to have the situation well in hand—at least, Lily's headed his way. This picture is from a scene in "The Cockeyed World," the little Mademoiselle from Gay Paree's current talking picture.

The Editor reviews what has gone on before:

A CHILDHOOD of traveling and study—with her mother constantly reminding her that some day she was to be *the great artiste*—such was the childhood of Lily Damita. At fifteen, she makes her début as a dancer in the ballet of the Opera de Paris. After three years of adventure as a member of a band of strolling players, Lily accepts an offer to dance at the Theater Des Capucines, in Paris. Soon she succeeds in popular favor the great Mistinguette and then follows her friendships with the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince George. Vienna and Berlin beckon—and in the German capital she meets Prince Louis Ferdinand, a grandson of the Kaiser. Love at first sight for them both, but Lily thinks of her career—and leaves Berlin to forget. Samuel Goldwyn is in Paris and he offers the lure of playing opposite Ronald Colman in American films and Lily accepts.

Now complete her fascinating story.

I NEVER make up my mind about a place until I get to it. So I do not think about America while I am coming over on the boat with Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn. But I am very much excited all the time, because I am coming to a new place and going to see many new people and new things.

Everyone is lovely to me in New York. They give grand parties for me—Mrs. William Astor Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Gimbel, and many others. Then we are ready to start for Hollywood.

It is the longest train ride I ever take in my life. We pass country and country and country. I do not see what they do with so much space. Then at last we arrive at Hollywood.

I have a very good time at Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn they see that I meet all the people. Right away I meet the people who are to be my friends afterwards. And they are the only people I know in Hollywood. We go to dinners at Charlie Chaplin's house. We go to parties at Marion Davies'. I meet Doug and Mary and Joe Schenck. I have very good time.

Then pretty soon I start to work in *The Rescue,* and that is not such a good time. We spend weeks and weeks down at the beach working in the boats. The rocking of the boats make me very sick. I find my English is not very good and I have a hard time making people understand me. For the first time I am homesick. I would like to be back in France.

I hear then that Louis Ferdinand have been very sick in Italy. He almost die. It had make him feel worse, my coming to America. That made me feel very badly, too, because I had thought he would get over it soon and everything would be all right. So I have that to worry about, too.

I am feeling very badly when I get message from an old friend that makes things different. Oh, it is so good to hear from an old friend again.

It is a telegram from Prince George of England. He is at Del Monte in Northern California. And he want I should take my car and come right up to a party they are having for him there. I get my car and my chauffeur and I go there right away.

IT IS a beeg party and we have a very good time for several days. When it is time for me to go home I say to the Prince, "Why do you not come down to Hollywood and meet all the people in motion pictures? You would have a very good time."

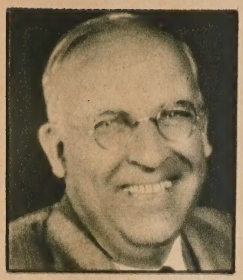
But Prince George he shake his head. He say, "Oh, no, I cannot. My father, it would make him very angry. He think if I come to Hollywood I would get into mischief and would get a lot of bad publicity which would not be a good thing to do. I am sorry, I would like to, but I cannot come."

So, sorry as I am, I must go back and leave my friend

[*Turn to page* 106]

Getting the

AND OTHER MOVIE GOSSIP OVER



Harry Carr, whose comments appear only in SCREEN SECRETS among fan magazines, has the best motion picture background of anyone writing about the movies today. Mr. Carr conducts a column in "The Los Angeles Times" and has received screen credit for the masterpieces, "Old Ironsides," "The Wedding March" and "The Divine Lady."

WHEN you get the breaks, Hollywood is a tender mother.

Our little friend Lupe came to the burg a year or so ago without an extra pair of shoes. One recent day she paid $47,000 cash for a Spanish-type house in the center of Beverly Hills. Being Lupe, she naturally began tearing the thing to pieces — which will probably cost her many more thousands before she's through.

All Dressed Up

TO THE immense edification of the neighbors, Lupe takes a daily stroll. She wears a dress made up of a yellow skirt, a red top piece and a magenta bando around her tresses. She looks like the Mexican flag moving out.

For companionship, Lupe has two dogs. One is the largest mastiff ever seen in the film colony. She could ride it with comfort at a horse show. The other is a Chihuahua, so tiny it could get lost in a cigarette case.

The Black Crow

ANOTHER Hollywood actor who is getting the breaks is Charley Mack of *Two Black Crows* fame—Moran and Mack.

As a business man, Mack has thrust John D. Rockfeller back into the amateur class. He has a murderous contract with Paramount which will net him more than $400,000 from his first *Black Crow* picture. He owns a trunk factory in the Middle West which earns him a young fortune year by year. He cleaned up on a Long Island real estate tract; and is now starting another one in California.

An Actor Colony

ONE day Mack visited Bill Hart at his ranch at Newhall—"La Loma de los Vientes"—the hill of the winds. He came back with a few hundred acres of his own.

On these sightly acres—overlooking the beautiful Santa Clara Valley near Los Angeles—Charley has begun the construction of twenty-one rural houses—English peasant type. He is going to sell them to his friends at cost—"always like a lot of folks around me."

However, there is no prospect that he will be impoverished by his kindness. Since the actors came out that way, the price of real estate has risen from $50 an acre to $1,000. Bread upon the waters! Gosh, I should say so!

Dolores' Future

THE lovely Dolores Del Rio has come back from a long trip to start on another phase of her screen career. I feel that it will be something far better and greater than she has ever done before. Dolores has something given to few other actresses on the screen—distinction. Something about her suggests a thoroughbred race horse, aristocracy and éclat in every line and every turn and gesture she makes.

Gary's Cows

UNLIKE most motion picture cowboys, Gary Cooper's interest in the lowing kine is not entirely academic. Gary owns a big cattle ranch in northern Utah. Quite recently something went hay wire in one of his round-ups and he had to rush off by airplane to show the vaquerros how the job should be done.

Who wouldn't act as pilot for Mary Nolan, Universal's blond vision of loveliness, even though the day were a scorcher and the vehicle only a wheelbarrow?

Breaks

By HARRY CARR

HARRY CARR'S PRIVATE LINE

Classics

MARION DAVIES, in the interests of war orphans, has revived a series of old screen masterpieces. I happened to miss all of them. But—take them all in all—the two that I would like to have seen would have been Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* and Rex Ingram's *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. They had more to merit remembering than any two pictures I have ever seen.

Why Clara!

HERE is something that just makes my senses reel. Clara Bow was interviewed the other day about her engagement to Harry Richman. "Yes," she said, "I am in love—if there is any such thing as love."

This from the high priestess of IT.

Don't Ask Her

SINCE a fresh young man from Kansas City interviewed Clara and told about her spitting at a fly on the sidewalk, newspaper men have been regarded with dark suspicion by the Paramount publicity department. When the reporters visit her on the set, they are put under bonds not to ask her about her love affairs—or her engagement—or the damage suit brought against her "intended" by a young lady who asserts that Mr. Richman punched her nose or something.

They are right at that. Underneath the jazz, Clara is a nervous, high strung girl whose health has to be guarded carefully. She is the most precious asset of the big producing company.

Doug and Joan

AS MOVIE fans, young Doug and Joan Crawford are certainly gluttons for punishment. I don't believe I have ever been to an opening when they weren't there; and I happen to meet them at about every other picture I see. Doug tells me unblushingly that they go every night.

Joan is a smart, clever girl, and she realizes that she has a rare soul in her keeping. Doug is a boy with the soul of a poet. And as such will always be a child.

Forgotten

THERE are so many people on the screen to whom the great chance came just once; and never came back again.

The lean cadaverous man named Billings who acted the part of Lincoln in the picture of that name never did anything afterward; and has been forgotten. One of the most notable parts in the history of the screen was the scarlet dance hall woman in Griffith's *Scarlet Days*. I'll wager that those who read this page cannot even remember her name. It was Eugenie Besserer. She is now doing small parts in Hollywood.

Oliver Hardy puts on his conception of the William Tell act, with Stan Laurel praying that Hardy's aim be good.

Dorothy Sebastian charts out the course she will follow on her first pleasure flight after days and nights of hard work in M-G-M's "The Unholy Night." Dot, after gruelling hours of work at the studio, finds joy and relaxation in her airplane.

Meet the Winners!

¶ SCREEN SECRETS calls the roll of those whose clever work brought home the bacon in the $1,500 Cut Puzzle Picture Contest recently concluded.

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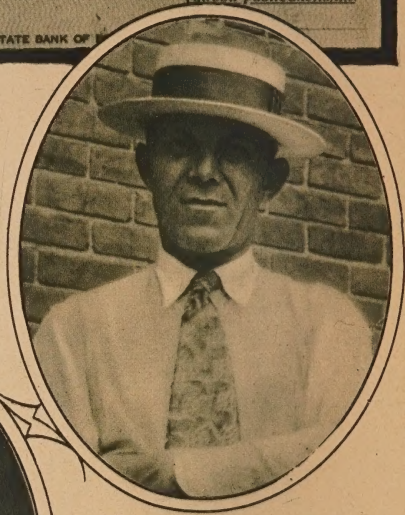
WELL, folks, step up and meet C. J. Jungbluth, of Washington, Iowa, first prize winner in SCREEN SECRETS' great Cut Puzzle Picture Contest, which ended July 15.

There were thousands of entries—little ones, big ones, plain ones and dressy ones. Elaborateness of preparation was given consideration only when the paramount requirements were carried out—accuracy, neatness and excellence of accompanying biographies—and when two or more entries were equal in all other respects.

Mr. Jungbluth's entry was a large and richly adorned fan, entitled "SCREEN SECRETS' Movie Fan." He had mounted his pictures with extraordinary care and neatness, his identifications were 100 per cent correct and his biographies were perfect in every detail. He wins the prize of $400.


C. J. Jungbluth

NOT far behind, in the opinion of the judges, was the entry submitted by Mrs. L. G. Moyles, of Los Angeles. Her work was mounted on the four aces: hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades, and the excellence of her biographies was the determining factor in awarding her the $200 prize.

Mrs. S. B. Wellington, of Seattle, Washington, was given third prize, $100. Her's was a unique entry of a cane, to which were strung white pennants, on which the puzzles and biographies were neatly mounted.

Mrs. L. G. Moyles

When informed that his name was under consideration by the judges, Mr. Jungbluth replied: "Were I to say that I am overjoyed at being considered a prize winner in this contest, I would not be fully expressing my feelings. I have entered several contests with no success, but I have found the SCREEN SECRETS competition a real joy in solving."

Mrs. Moyles, the second prize winner, gives some of the credit to her husband's occupation, if not to him directly. "I am twenty-four years old," she writes, "and my husband is a theater organist, so perhaps I take more than the usual interest in the screen world."

Mrs. S. B. Wellington

MRS. WELLINGTON, the third prize winner, writes: "A novice in the contest game, this will be the first time at winning—and what a big thrill it is going to be! Our little family is four: Terrylin, our baby girl; my husband (six feet, five inches tall), who captains the sea, patrolling Northern and Sound waters; Grandfather, who sits and rocks, weaving tales of wonder; and I, mistress of a house built high on a cliff overlooking western waters. And into this new little home, which we have just completed, will go my prize money."

[*Turn to page* 98]

"What do you mean, you didn't hear me?" roared the director. I felt awed and humbled under his fire.

Letters of a Movie Extra

HOLLYWOOD

Dear Dolly:

HOW would you like to hear from me? Speaking of hearing reminds me of the *Sally* set. The floor was pretty crowded so me and the dance man I was detailed to glided over to the other side of the stage. Johnny F. looked like a guillotine ready to descend. He called for a cut, then invited us over for a new deal. He said, "I told you not to cross the stage!"

Being somewhat awed and humbled under such fire, I ignored his caustic remark and kept still, but the detail spoke right up like a good soldier, "I'm sorry, Mr. Dillon, but I didn't hear you."

Now that explanation seemed to cover any mistake or apology needed, but you can't please some people.

Johnny F. bellowed, "What do you mean, you didn't hear me?" and followed up in rapid succession, "anyone who says he can't hear John Francis Dillon is either deaf or a liar!"

And was that set hot? Say, I thought that they had moved the whole of Death Valley on the First National lot and then built a stage around it. No one knows how hot it was, because every time they stuck a thermometer in there it blew the top off. It was rather dangerous, too, because there is some sort of fire ordinance that says you can't let it get up above 145 degrees on account of internal combustion. Now, wouldn't five hundred people, trees, lamps, cameras, stages and so on, look nice passing each other up in the clouds?

The girls didn't mind the heat so much. With these modern lower deck gowns, they could keep fairly cool—but the poor boys! Each one of them was asked to bring at least a dozen collars with him, and every time the director called for a take, the wardrobe man called, "Collars on!" Their laundry bills must have nibbled a little off the end of the ducat.

I almost forgot to mention that, after all these years, I got a closeup of Marilyn Miller. She's what one would call a rather striking blonde, but she is much taller than I thought she would be. She is real nice, though, and even when she sprained her toe, she put on bedroom slippers and went right on working. And there were no headlines in the evening paper telling the world she was near death in a local hospital.

ALEXANDER GRAY plays the male lead. That's rather a big name for such a little fellow. He has been out here only a short time and seems to be more interested about his publicity than his voice. He is so thrilled when anyone recognizes him. He'll get over that soon and be dodging the tourists with the rest of Hollywood's celebs.

From the *Sally* set, I went over on the Billie Dove set. Billie has changed her usual character and in the rôle of a Broadway hostess she is depicting a good little girl in a bad setting rather than a bad little girl in a good setting. A sort of Madonna in a Texas Guinan disguise and it is her duty, in the picture, to look after us little dance girls and see that we don't chisel any bad money out of the poor tired business men. Making Broadway safe for suckers! Isn't that worth a giggle? Now I ask you, would a night club like that actually go over big in little Ol' New York?

Eddie Lowe is working with her and if there is anything to that "laugh and grow fat" expression I'll be on the eighteen-day diet in no time. I think that man has a funny tongue, because he pulls them so fast he just doesn't have time to think of them before he says them.

Dear old J. Farrell MacDonald is there, too. I haven't seen him for over a year, but he hadn't forgotten me. Exceptional memory for Hollywood. He still eats doughnuts and coffee at the corner drugstore, too.

Well, after I finished that set there was a lull in the work and one of the girls invited me to an equity meeting, and I went.

Love,

Francois Fern

P. S. Don't tell Ma about me not working. She might want me to come home and I would like to, too, only I haven't the fare and I don't want her to know that.

THE SCREEN

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS,

WHY LEAVE HOME?

THERE'S something about this picture that you can't quite put your finger on, which makes you feel that you've had a swell evening's entertainment.

It's very funny, but that's not all. It has nifty, tuneful music—and that's not all. Perhaps it's the casting. While there are no outstanding stars, every part seems taken by just the right person. Perhaps it's the combination of these things that gives you that pleasant glow which is harder to get at a picture than hearty laughs.

This was *The Cradle Snatchers* on the stage and it was funny then, too. Now De Silva, Brown and Henderson have given it song; and Walter Catlett, who plays one of the important rôles, has given it even snappier lines in spots; and Ray Cannon, the director, has given it speed.

It is all about three neglected middle-aged mammas who hire three lads to entertain them while their butter-and-egg papas are out stepping with three young gals. Then they all end up at the same road-house. Imagine that!

Walter Catlett is the comedy hit among the men, while Ilka Chase, Laura Hamilton and Dot Farley are all riots as the three frantic wives The girls, Sue Carol, Dixie Lee and Jean Bary, are all too cute for words; likewise the boys, David Rollins, Richard Keene and Nick Stuart. —*Fox.*

THE GREAT DIVIDE

THERE are certain situations that people will go to see again and again and get a kick out of every time, no matter how threadbare they may be worn. One of these is to see the proud and pampered daughter of luxury and wealth humbled by a he-man of the wide-open spaces. And that's the charm of *The Great Divide,* which was one of the popular plays of its day some fifteen years ago.

Dorothy Mackaill is the daughter of wealth who goes west to visit her dead father's mine. Her father's partner falls in love with her, kidnaps her and carries her off to a cabin, where he decides to teach her a few lessons for her own good.

These old plays revived from the age of innocence have a slightly musty tinge that it is hard to remove, but Dorothy Mackaill and Ian Keith, as the hard-boiled lover, manage to bring it pretty well up to date. Myrna Loy, who seems to be fated to play exotic maidens, adds another triumph to her string as the little Mexican girl who complicates matters for Keith just when he thinks he has straightened out his tangled affair with Dorothy. —*First National.*

IN REVIEW

SCREEN SECRETS REVIEWER

THE VERY IDEA

AT LAST the talkies are beginning to get a sense of humor.

Time was, and has been ever since the screen began to gurgle, that if you wanted to spend a bright evening in the theater you could be sure of running afoul of dying kiddies, broken-hearted song pluggers, and faithless wives, to say nothing of assorted poisonings, arson and mayhem. That's one reason why you'll probably welcome *The Very Idea,* with resounding cheers. It's one of the funniest talkies produced yet.

The picture was taken from the entertaining stage farce by William Le Baron, and translated into an equally amusing talkie through the deft direction of Frank Craven, who wrote *The First Year* and other hits. Frank Craven plays the part of a nut on eugenics who convinces a childless couple of his acquaintance who are planning to adopt a child, that they ought to arrange for a perfect baby by picking its parents in advance.

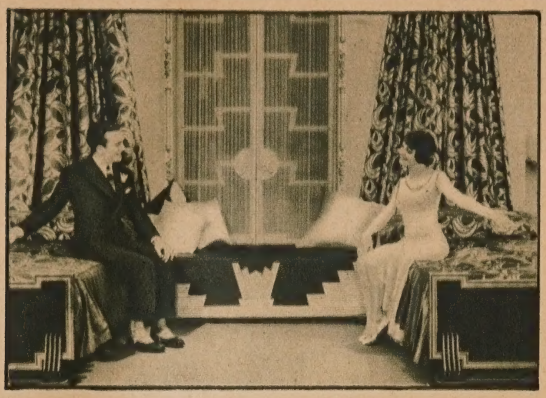
Allen Kearns and Doris Eaton are entertaining as the childless couple; Sally Blane and Hugh Trevor are attractive as the maid and chauffeur. But Frank Craven gets the laughs.—*RKO.*

THE DRAKE CASE

THE greatest interest for fans in this picture is the fact that it was the last appearance of Gladys Brockwell on the screen before her tragic death as the result of an auto accident, which cut short her triumphant return to the screen after an absence of some years. Her's was the outstanding rôle in the murder mystery as the mother of the heroine, and the principal suspect of the murder. When placed on the witness stand in her own defense, Miss Brockwell's highly creditable work in introducing surprising evidence that leads to the solution of the mystery, furnishes the kind of a gripping dramatic situation one likes to remember.

These murder plays are so much alike that it is hard to remember one from the other. *The Drake Case* has few points of distinction from the others as far as mechanics are concerned.

Mrs. Drake is murdered as she is about to leave for Europe with her stepdaughter, Barbara Leonard. Lulu Marks, a servant girl, (Gladys Brockwell) is suspected of the murder and placed on trial. She strengthens the case against herself by refusing to talk. The crisis in the development of the story comes when evidence is introduced to show that Lulu Marks is the real mother of Georgia. Evidence quickly takes a new turn until the real murderer is forced into the limelight and mother and daughter are reunited.—*Universal.*



TWIN BEDS

THIS grand old farce was considered wicked enough to titter at behind a handkerchief in the days when twin beds were a novelty, but since they have been made the subject of almost as many jokes as the two travelling salesmen in the meantime, the farce, revived as a talkie, seems a touch dull.

However, Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller manage to inject a sparkle of life into it, and there are some good laughs that provide bright spots.

It seems there was a wife who would have twin beds, and imagine her embarrassment when she woke up one night to find an inebriated actor who had gotten into the wrong apartment, asleep in the other one.—*First National.*

WOMAN TRAP

YOU'D never recognize Hal Skelly, famous as a clown and a dancing fool in this, his first serious rôle. He is an easy-going, happy-go-lucky detective who suddenly decides that he should be more serious about his work. The deaths of his own brother and the brother of his sweetheart, Evelyn Brent, are the result. From then on things go from bad to worse.

Not exactly one of those cheery pictures that leave you with the feeling that the world is a great place after all; yet it has a certain power.

Hal Skelly does well in his rôle. Chester Morris is touching as the younger brother. Evelyn Brent is sullenly beautiful.—*Paramount.*

PLEASURE CRAZED

ONE of those society plays that give the lowdown on the uppercrust—all about society people in Santa Barbara, the playground of the world, where people live just too swell. The plot is what you might expect, all about a gang of crooks who plan to loot the society folks, jewel robberies, auto chases, and love.

The cast are all strangers to you, with the exception of Dorothy Burgess and Marguerite Churchill, whom you may have seen once or twice, and Rex Bell, who plays a minor rôle. But that's what you've got to expect in this day of new fame and new faces. This picture has an air to it, though, that will make you like it, and the cast, while somewhat new to you, will please.—*Fox.*

MASQUERADE

THIS is one of those Louis Joseph Vance stories in which a crook with an eye to the main chance finds he can do himself some good by taking advantage of his resemblance to one of those wealthy clubmen and men-about-town that make such convenient heroes for adventure pictures. And that of course leads to all sorts of complications. There is the girl wrongfully suspected of being a lady burglar who straightens things out by exposing the impostor-burglar at the psychological moment.

This is the first talkie directed by Russell Birdwell, who won attention by making a picture for $500. The cast? There's Leila Hyams and J. Farrell MacDonald and a lot of strange names.—*Fox.*

SPEEDWAY (Silent)

REMEMBER the old racing classics that Wally Reid used to make in which he always won the prize and then kissed the girl with his face all dirty? Well, here is Bill Haines in one of those, except, of course, that he is Bill Haines, and therefore must be the irresponsible sort who makes good in the end.

It seems that Bill is forced to take the place of an aged friend in a crucial race and then when he has left the rest of the field comfortably behind, he gets out of the car and lets the friend finish the winning lap. It sounds a little difficult, but there it is. Anita Page is Bill's leading lady and a swell team they make for these light romance pictures.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT

REGINALD DENNY is in good form again. In this talkie he is as funny as he used to be in the good old days when his rollicking mixed-up farces had you rolling off the chairs. It's all very ridiculous in the good old Denny style.

It seems that he is to inherit a fortune, but his sly old meanie relatives lure him to a booby-hatch, garbed as Napoleon, under the impression that he is going to a fancy dress ball. They are hoping that once he gets in he will have the devil's own time getting out again, which he does. And of course he would fall in love with the nurse who is dressed up as the Empress Josephine. Nora Lane, a comely young lady, plays *Josephine.—Universal.*

PROTECTION

THIS is a rip-snorting story of copy and crime in any given big American city, with racketeers, politicians, and newspapermen giving each other the run around. Of course the hero is the fearless boy reporter who exposes the crooks and wins the girl.

To give even an idea of the plot would take the rest of this department, but it's the sort of a picture where you start drawing diagrams on your cuff to see who is on whose side. It has a ring of authenticity, however, having been written by an experienced newspaperman.

Robert Elliott, who did so well in *Broadway,* distinguishes himself as the managing editor, and Paul Page and Dorothy Burgess do well by their rôles.—*Fox.*

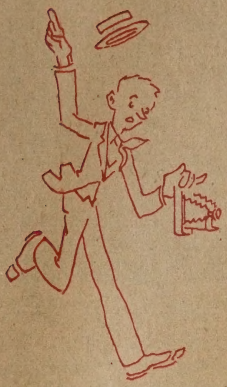
COLLEGE DAYS

AND now the college picture epidemic is breaking out again in the talkies. It seems that the temptation to have people sing the good old college songs and bang on banjos, pianos and ukuleles, was too much for the producers to resist. This picture is a little more like college than most of them.

The cast is composed principally of newcomers, notably Sally Starr and Robert Montgomery, which gives the picture a certain dash and go, but it is good old Cliff Edwards singing through the top of his hat to the strumming of his ukulele that pulls the picture through the pinches, although you feel he must have been in college quite a while.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Clicking the Stars with
SCREEN SECRETS Cameraman

OUR OWN



A "FAMILY ROW" - PATSY RUTH MILLER AND HER BROTHER, WINSTON, AT LAKE ARROWHEAD, CALIFORNIA.

BOY, WHAT A CURVE JOAN CRAWFORD CAN THROW! HAD TO CLICK THIS ONE FAST.

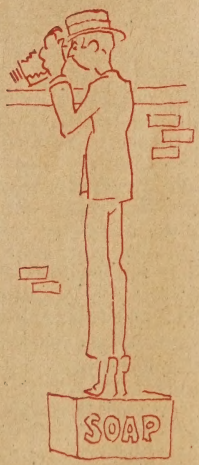
LOOK WHO'S HERE! OUR OLD FRIEND, SHIRLEY MASON. YOU'LL SEE HER IN "SHOW OF SHOWS".

SNAPSHOT ALBUM

SNAPPED ON THE BOSWORTH ESTATE ··· HOBART BOSWORTH AND HIS GREAT DANE, BILLY.

CAUGHT THIS ONE AT THE BEACH ··· BESSIE LOVE AND HER BEACH BALL.

JACK MULHALL BROUGHT THIS SNAP BACK FROM HONOLULU. WHAT? THAT'S HIS WIFE WITH HIM, OF COURSE.



Grace Kingsley

HOBNOBBING

¶ Intimate gossip of the film capital chronicled by Grace Kingsley, a famous columnist and feature writer whose long experience in Pacific Coast newspaperdom has won her unquestioned authority as a motion picture observer, and whose position as screen critic on *The Los Angeles Times* enables her to obtain authentic news while it's fresh.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

TAKING movies in South Africa involves a lot of excitement, to judge from the letters of W. S. Van Dyke, who is directing *Trader Horn* down there in the wilds.

Jungle fever laid its heavy hand on Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo, but all are now better, according to latest advices. Permission from the Uganda health authorities to penetrate the Murchison Falls country, usually barred to whites because of the prevalence of the tsetse fly, cause of the dread sleeping sickness, was granted only on condition that three official physicians accompany the party to enforce precautionary rules.

Harry Carey, Van Dyke reports, nearly lost his life through a practical joke, when he donned a gorilla suit to be used as a decoy for the big animals, and ran into a crowd of natives to scare them. Mutia, head boy of the Zulu hunters, promptly charged the fake gorilla with a pango, or three-foot knife, and it took the combined efforts of director and several technicians to save him.

"We had adventure with the hippopotamuses," relates Van Dyke. "Many of these animals were swimming near the boat in which we were filming the big brutes, when one of them charged. The huge creature dived under the boat, coming up beneath it and very nearly upsetting it. One also must be on constant guard against snakes, poisonous insects and, if near the water, crocodiles."

Speaking of Aviators

JOHNNY MACK BROWN has gone in for aviation enthusiastically. His wife doesn't greatly favor his flying, but he sneaks off every chance he gets and rents an airplane for a spin.

The other morning, early, he went out and hired a plane. The family missed him. Evidently, too, his conscience hurt him a bit. At any rate, his cook shortly caught sight of an airplane. Johnny was in it. He leaned away out, after swooping low, and called out, "I'll be late for breakfast!"

No Treat to Doug and Joan

A MARRIAGE ceremony, even their own, was apparently no treat to young Doug Fairbanks and Joan Crawford!

I was looking at a picture of Doug and Joan in which they were being married in a picture scene. It was one of those elaborate wedding ceremonies such as never was on land or sea.

Then somebody standing by told how it was with Doug and Joan at their own wedding, which took place in New York.

"Doug," the somebody explained, "was wearing an old smoking jacket and smoking a pipe, half an hour before

King Vidor, famous M-G-M director, is very much in the limelight since his latest directorial success, "Hallelujah." Vidor is pictured with his wife, Eleanor Boardman, who will soon be seen in "Redemption."

with the FILM FOLK

the ceremony, though I believe he did don a business coat afterward; and Joan came to it, wearing sport clothes, and those a little dishevelled. Both had seen so much of made-to-order weddings on the screen that they wanted a little variety at their own."

Norman Kerry Sad Over Separation

WE KNOW for a certainty that Norman Kerry is very sad over his separation from his wife. He dashed over to Europe when he heard that she was going to sue for divorce, and came home with her on the same boat.

Not only is the actor deeply regretful about his wife's proposed action, but he is said to worship his little step-daughter, who has been attending school in Europe. The two are pals whenever they can be together. He it is who taught her to swim and sail a boat and also to ride horseback.

Wheel-of-Fate Note

HOW the wheel of fate does turn 'round, to be sure! Johnny Hines was telling me, as we met on the set where *Little Johnny Jones* was being filmed, about one trick of the said wheel.

Johnny played the title rôle in *Little Johnny Jones* when the play was filmed several years ago, you remember.

"Alice Day," said Johnny, "was just an extra in that picture. Now she is playing the feminine lead. Mervyn Leroy was playing the rôle of the jockey. Now he is directing the picture."

Extra Girl Hooks Lunch

A RATHER pathetic instance of the dire distress in which extra players find themselves financially came to light the other day. A star told me about it.

"The extras were having their lunch out of the usual cardboard lunch boxes, furnished by the company," she said. "I watched several of the girls when they didn't know I was looking, and I saw some of them hook boxes of lunch from the big pile of them. They would hide the boxes in the voluminous skirts which they were wearing, and whichever girl wasn't working in a given scene would hide them and keep watch over them.

"I knew one of the girls well, and

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A good time was had by all. The smiles of Nick Stuart, Charles Farrell and Richard Keene testify to the fact that the house-warming which opened the new Farrell home was an outstanding success.

With such an inspiring teacher as Joan Crawford, it is only natural that her Boston bulldog should easily learn plenty of new tricks.

JOLTS ON THE

How John Gilbert, Richard Arlen, George O'Brien, Nick Stuart and other stars suffered the bumps along the rocky road to fame and fortune.

By JACK WOOLDRIDGE

AN OLD-TIME vaudeville actor was doing his stuff and it wasn't going so good, so a legend says. His voice had lost its resonance. His jokes were stale. His efforts to be funny went flop. A half inebriated man arose in the audience and with unaccountable aim hurled a ripe tomato which squashed the old artist squarely in the eye.

Sorrowfully and silently he wiped the dripping juice from his cheek and eyed the remnants of the vegetable lying at his feet. Then, slowly, he picked it up and began eating. In a grim jest of humor, he turned to the audience.

"Humiliating!" he said. "But wholesome."

Mervyn LeRoy, the ace of young directors at First National, told the story the other day when recalling his advent into Hollywood and the efforts that he and his buddy, George O'Brien, made to break into pictures. The humiliating but wholesome things they did and the humiliating but wholesome things others have done and are doing, constitute a page of comedy in the log of the good ship Cinema. Most players and directors, of course, must start at the bottom, but that bottom sometimes seems to be somewhere below the sub-basement or in a manhole in a neighboring street. Mervyn LeRoy came to the movies fresh from a vaudeville tour in which he earned $200 a week.

I ASKED for a job in pictures," he said as we lunched in the studio café, "and they put me to work in the wardrobe room. I folded pants and threw camphor balls at moths for the princely salary of $12.50 per-each-seven-days. George was my room-mate. He was an extra and we lived in a hall room on Vine street. All I saw of picture-making was through a high, dark window of the wardrobe room. Many a day I sat there with my face pressed against the window-pane, dreaming. Finally I rebelled.

" 'I want to learn the picture business,' " I protested. 'Please give me a chance!'

"So, I got a promotion. They made me assistant cameraman. All I had to do was carry a camera and about 50 pounds of equipment off and on for 10 to 12 hours a day. I was a sort of lady-in-waiting, companion, nurse and truck horse to that movie machine. For more than a year I toted it, before I realized what they were using me for. Then I quit. I went back to vaudeville."

But young LeRoy had been bitten by the movie bug and before long he was again at the studio gates.

"George and I here want to act in pictures," he said to Al Green, a First National director.

"Want to act, eh?" Green replied. "All right, I'll give you jobs. Come out tomorrow morning. I'll make ghosts of you two fellows."

Which is exactly what he did. For almost a week, Mervyn LeRoy, now a director, and George O'Brien, present Fox star, romped and danced over the Hollywood hills, clad in a nightgown and a sheet!

WE DID our best, too," LeRoy added. "My nightgown got bedraggled and George tore his sheet and stepped on it once or twice. But we positively were splendid ghosts.

"That was our start in pictures. 'Humiliating—but wholesome,' I'll tell the world."

Right after that, the stock of the two began to soar. O'Brien began smashing his way ahead. LeRoy became a director the day he married beautiful Edna Murphy, in December, 1927. He still is in his middle twenties, yet,

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol in their latest picture together, posed especially for SCREEN SECRETS. Nick's start in pictures was an unobtrusive one, but today he's a Fox star—and he's engaged to Sue, besides!

ROAD TO FAME

Richard Arlen hurtled into motion pictures via a bad spill on his motorcycle. Here he tells his troubles to the burro which appears with him in the Paramount production, "The Four Feathers", the cinema version of A. E. W. Mason's novel of adventure on the African desert, in which Dick has a featured role.

broadly speaking, he and George began their careers in the sub-basement.

INVESTIGATION shows that an amazing number of stars got their starts in just such humiliating ways. They tell with glee, now, how they suffered through it and how there were times when they wanted to slink away and hide, fearful they would be recognized in their lowly castes.

Take the case of John Gilbert, for instance. John left a theatrical stock company in Spokane, to seek a chance in the Bill Hart pictures made at Inceville. He was a nice looking chap and had little trouble getting on as an extra. They put him in a soldier's uniform, bade him mount a horse and then follow the crowd.

All day he rode in a movie battle with Indians—rode till his body ached and until the saddle left him raw. Then, at sundown, Richman Stanford, the director called: "Everybody back tonight."

Jack's dreams of movie acting rapidly were fading. He knew little about riding and didn't care to know any more. He wanted to act—not ride. That very first night he got his chance.

A SCENE was to be shot at the bottom of a mine-shaft. An explosion had taken place and dead miners were to be found lying in the débris. Kerosene was sprinkled over the wreckage and ignited. Gilbert was among the deceased.

"Nobody is to move!" shouted Director Stanford.

The camera started grinding. The flames hissed and crackled. Jack's shoes began getting hot. And hotter. His feet were blistering. The heat became unbearable. Suddenly he experienced another burning sensation and right in the middle of the act sprang to his feet and started a mad dance amid the blazing timbers. The director was furious.

"What's the matter with you?" he yelled. "Lie down there you blankety-blankety-blank!"

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Harold Lloyd lolls on the beach with his wife, Mildred Davis Lloyd, smiling as they think of the time when Harold had to tramp through the studio gate with a gang of extras in order to steal an entrance into the Universal lot

NEW YORK

Gilberts stop enroute to Paree—Foxy Mr. Fox—Thalbergs hurry in and out—Gloria answers a few—Tibbett to warble for Metro—and other bright rays from the white lights along Broadway.

WELL, little bairns and lassies o' fan land, John Gilbert, sometimes known as "the digitalis in the coffee of American womanhood," very much in the company of his loyal little life, Ina Claire Gilbert, swung into New York recently for a three-day stopover on their way to Europe. They had made the trip across the country in 48 hours—via plane and train and termed it swell, not the least bit fatiguing. They were on what might be technically called a honeymoon but which they prefer to call a "holiday," not wishing to attract unnecessary publicity.

But you can't come to New York and be Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert without kicking up considerable dust. Especially if someone called Greta Garbo is left somewhere in the gloaming, presumably eating away at a broken heart. That is, in a reasonable world you might. But not in New York, filled, as it is, with tabloid newspapers, printed on paper made from dirty old dishrags. Quicker than you could shout "scandal," the slop sisters from the aforesaid dishrags attacked Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, quietly ensconced at the Ritz, praying for peace from just such interference. The slop sisters snooped around the Ritz until Mr. Gilbert had to consent to see them. Then they descended on him like a ton of brick, hurling embarrassing questions.

To his eternal credit and as a typical example of his general swellness, John answered the soppy dishrag dolls with a nice disregard for their abysmal lack of taste, brains or good manners. He completely disarmed their obvious desire to stir up mud, with simple, straight and direct answers. Had I been Gilbert, I'd have snapped a few spines and thus deprived America of a few Leading Lady Scribblers. Sometimes when I think of the dishrag dolls I can understand Mr. A. B. See's views on the Phrail Sex.

Curiously, I don't know anyone who is so different off the screen than on as John Gilbert. I don't think the men like him, and there seems to be an idea he is Adonis, Paul Swan, Thespis, Edgar Saltus, Zeus and Lydia Pinkham all rolled up into one amongst the women. Anyway, no man should be judged as a movie markets him. Gilbert is essentially human, neither demon nor saint, as men and women generally hold him. He is probably the most intelligent man in pictures today. He is never quite satisfied with what he does. He feels he can do better. He knows the movies can do better. He is waiting for the day when intelligence makes its unwanted presence known in the movie camp.

Be such as it may, the Gilberts left straight for Paris. They intended motoring through the south of France, winding up their trip in London. Then back to Hollywood for what they call, laughingly, hard work. John likes the talkies, but feels he has a lot to learn about them. Ina thinks he knows an awful lot, to judge by his forthcoming talkie, *Cock O' the Walk*, made over from Molnar's *Olympia*. She thinks it a peach. In all likelihood she and John won't, as much as they'd like to, appear in the same talkie in the near future. Both are with different companies. But John wants to do a stage play with Ina. By the way, the Gilberts' combined salaries aggregate somewhere around $620,000 a year. Oh, well, look at the income tax they have to pay.

Accident

WILLIAM FOX, the great god brown of the movie industry, which he holds in his back pocket along with about two hundred and twenty-five millions, met with a serious motor accident recently along the Merrick Road in Long Island. He and a friend were on their way to a golf game and a Chrysler ran out of a cross roads and into Mr. Fox's Rolls-Royce. The Fox chauffeur was killed and Mr. Fox pretty badly hurt, needing a blood transfusion to pull him round. After several weeks in the hospital, he is coming round fine at the time of this writing. The blood was given by someone not Jewish, which prompted the irreverent Walter Winchell to remark: "William Fox will never be the same again. He has Christian blood in him now."

They also claim that during the merger meeting at which William Fox purchased the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, there were present Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg and Nicholas Schenck, representing the Loew interests. As the deal was completed, Louis B. Mayer is said to have remarked: "Well, that just about finishes us." To which Mr. Fox replied: "Well, what d'ye suppose I paid fifty-five millions for?"

Shearer Nonsense

THE Thalbergs, which means Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, the genius who is her husband and boychik Mussolini at the M-G-M factories in Hollywood, snuck into town last week on a three-day business trip, saw two shows and snuck right back to the coast, with no one being any the wiser for it.

Walter Winchell dug this one out about Norma. It theemth that the talkieth defecths of the lithping "eth" have not only proved a curth to theveral tharth of the thcreen but have embarrathed thelebriteth to the point of inthanity.

For instance, at a large cinema première in Hollywood, when several cops were necessary to check the crowd, Norma Shearer had trouble in passing the police. "But I'm Norma Shearer!" she exclaimed hotly.

"Yeah?" was the skeptic retort. "Well, get back. But

NEWSETTES

By TED SHANE
SCREEN SECRETS'
New York Correspondent

if you must go around posing as Norma Shearer, try and remember she lisps."

Hollywood Royalty

THE Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, or, if you prefer, Miss Gloria Swanson, floated into this jaded, sweltering old Dutch port recently, and promptly put a lot of spine into things. The heat-suffering city grew cooler, the birds sat in rows on the trees and sang in harmony, old men grew young, folk began to smile toward each other and life began to mean something again. Gloria has just that effect on things. Personally, I hold she has vats of dynamics, magnetism, personality or what you care to call it. She can give Clara Bow cards, spades and It, and make Clara Bow look like a Woolworth salesgirl that's been on her feet all day.

Miss Swanson did a lot of necessary lounging around in swanky, moral pajamas, trying to be pleasant to the parrots of the press, who cluttered up the place asking the same boob sort of questions the Gilberts were swamped with. Only the Swanson type of question was not so embarrassing. They were dumber and mostly about "Do you believe in Love?" or "Are the Boston Americans going to win the World Series?" or "Who will be the next Ambassador to the Court of Hymen?" Miss Swanson, being an intelligent gal—she is to the movies for her sex what Massa Gilbert is for his—kept her head and answered the morons as patiently as she could. Her thoughts must have read like a scene from *Strange Interlude.* I wish she'd have let fly and plastered a few retorts discourteous to the sloppy sob sisters—and sob brothers, too, in this case. But she didn't, alas.

Here's the up and up on her. She's just finished *The Trespasser,* a talkie which will have its première in London, where La Swanson will attend as guest of honor. With her will be her husband, the Marquis, whom she hasn't seen for some time, and who is abroad. (No, she and the Marquis haven't phffft).

Annette Harding, one of the cleverest dancing actresses on Broadway, steps gaily along to the tune of popular applause.

Miss Swanson was accompanied by a friend, Miss Virginia Bowker, and her singing coach, Mark Markoff. Singing is no new accomplishment with Gloria. It was her vocal ambition originally that took her to the coast. She sidetracked, however, into the movies. While in New York, Miss Swanson made records of two songs she sings in *The Trespasser.* One song is *Love* and the other

[*Turn to page* 109]

LACES AND GRACES one might well title this captivating pose of Leila Hyams, M-G-M player, for Leila has abundant graces and her fetching costume abounds in pretty laces.

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Crazy for Blondes

¶ Great Gedunk! The secret passions of Hollywood's *Harold Teen* are here exposed! Startling revelations in the life of movieland's blonde-crazed Romeo, Arthur Lake.

A heartrending picture of Mrs. Lake's boy in the throes of one of his customary attacks of blondiphobia.

Yes, sir, and ma'am, Arthur is that way about blondes. And here is the big he-man almost ready to fall under the attack of alluring Alice White's provocative eyes.

I AM going to tell a different kind of story about Arthur Lake. Writers and interviewers have been telling the public for years about what a great kid he is, and how ambitious and how good to his mother and kind to dumb animals he is, and all about his abstinence from the use of tobacco or alcohol. I am going to let you folk in on some choice gossip.

For instance, young Lake is daffy about blondes. A blonde will draw his eye quicker than a Broadway chorus girl will fall for a millionaire Santa Claus. No matter if she is long or short, slender or rounded, real or manufactured—just so long as she is a blonde, Arthur will fall for her, even age makes no difference.

There is Dorothy Mackaill, as an example. She is his secret passion. Arthur doesn't even know her; he merely stands and gasps when she happens into his line of vision. Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's lovely blonde leading lady, so entranced Arthur that his customary attack of blondiphobia threatened his usual good health.

Yes, sir, and ma'am, Arthur is *that way* about blondes, bobbed or unbobbed, frizzly-haired, or otherwise.

[*Turn to page* 92]

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Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

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BELLE'S NEW ROLE

This smiling group of youngsters—only part of the twenty-nine Belle Bennett has adopted—seems to prove her theory that true happiness is attained only through serving others.

Belle Bennett is affectionately referred to as "The Mother of Hollywood." To assuage her grief over the death of her only son, this remarkable woman has adopted twenty-nine children.

By GRACE SIMPSON

BELLE BENNETT, like our friend *Chico* in the play, *Seventh Heaven,* is a very remarkable fellow. Only, perhaps, we should say "lady", because Belle Bennett is every inch a lady—according to anyone's measuring tape.

One remarkable thing about her is that she was married when only twelve years old and had a baby when thirteen! And another remarkable thing is that she has legally adopted twenty-nine children!

"I am the daughter of circus folks," confided Belle. "My father was the owner of a large circus and my mother a noted player. She died when I was but a child and my father never got over it—he became both father and mother to me until his death. When I was a very small girl, just before she passed away, my mother called me to her and said: 'Belle, I know you are a nice little actress and some day you will be a great actress, but, dear, never forget to be a great lady first!' I have tried to live up to that," exclaimed Belle, simply.

I WAS born in Minneapolis," she went on, "and when twelve years old, I was married. A year later, at the age of thirteen, I became a mother. By the way, my marriage was the last performed in the state of Minnesota at that age, as the law was then changed.

The thought that I was a wife and a mother made me feel very dignified and grown-up and also happy—but not for long. My marriage turned out most unhappily—as I should have known it would, if I had only been older—and a divorce was the outcome. However, I had my baby to live for, and with him in my arms, I set out to conquer the world. I guess I was lucky, for I soon obtained a part on the stage—small, 'tis true, but it led to bigger rôles—and I stayed behind the footlights for several years. Then

"Angel Belle" her children call her, and they add, "Mother Belle is so beautiful that we all love her."

I went into pictures and managed to get a contract with M-G-M.

Long waits between pictures followed. Then came *Stella Dallas,* and with some thirty others, I took tests for the part. These didn't come out so good, but Henry King, the director, said he saw some promise in my work and asked me to make a second test.

"While I was putting on my make-up, the shocking news reached me that my son had just been killed in an auto acci-

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How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free book shows how.

IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the $25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system — send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my idea

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making $1,000—$5,000—$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made $5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Illinois. (*Former School Teacher.*) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was $800."—J. A. Ferguson, Florida. (*Former Dry Cleaner.*) "Sold over $100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, New Jersey. (*Former Grocery Clerk.*) "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the $300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Mississippi. (*Former Housekeeper.*) "My first days work in real estate netted me $435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, California. (*Former Traffic Manager.*) "Have sold one $5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, New York. (*Former housewife.*)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

Get Free Book Now

My big, new illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. L-61, 205 East 42 Street, New York City.

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PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc.
(Established 1917—Capital $500,000)
Dept. L-61, 205 East 42 Street, New York City

Mail me your free book telling how you made $100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

Name .....
Print or write plainly

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Who's Who in Filmdom

¶ SCREEN SECRETS publishes each month biographies of several noted players. Save this page for your scrapbook.

Bessie Love

Bessie Love

IT ISN'T often that a girl can mingle with the crowd, live through many ups and downs and remain as sweet, demure and unsophisticated as our own darling Bessie Love.

Bessie was born in Midland, Texas, in 1898, but was reared in Los Angeles. While attending public schools here, she often saw some star pass and for a short while she would dream of being that star. It was not until she was in her senior year at high school that the movie bug bit so hard she couldn't stand it any longer. She ran away and obtained an interview with Mr. Griffith and, much to her surprise, he offered her a contract.

Almost frightened by her own boldness, she begged Mr. Griffith to wait just one week until school was over. That was a full week for Bessie Love. There were examinations, graduation exercises and, far more important, that contract waiting for her. She signed the contract and appeared as a comedy maid in *The Flying Torpedo*. Although she was a good little comédienne, Griffith saw in her an emotional actress and gave her weepy parts to do.

Bessie is only five feet tall, has blond hair and brown eyes.

Janet Gaynor

Janet Gaynor

JANET GAYNOR was born in Philadelphia, on October 6, 1907. When she was eight years old, the family moved to Chicago, where they remained until Janet finished grade school. Then they again moved, this time to Florida where she attended high school.

She was given her choice between college and a business career and she decided to become a business woman. Her late step-father, whom she called "Jonesy," was not pleased with her decision. He wanted her to go on the stage.

Being a business woman wasn't as pleasant as she had anticipated and she soon grew tired of the confining office work. Then "Jonesy" had his way and the family moved to Hollywood, arriving two days before Christmas, in 1924.

After furnishing atmosphere for a short time, she was given bits. Then comedy leads and later western leads. She applied for the position as *O. Henry* girl at the Fox studios, but was disappointed. Her disappointment was soon offset by being selected from fifty other girls to play the rôle of *Ann Burgher* in *The Johnstown Flood*. This was followed by leads in *The Shamrock Handicap*, and *The Return of Peter Grimm*.

William Boyd

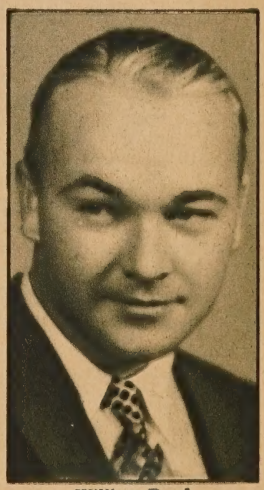
William Boyd

THERE is much controversy in Hollywood anent our two William Boyds. Their respective producers wisely keep out of it all, hoping that the two men will settle it between themselves. But it seems to be one of these eternal deadlocks.

Each one has an equal right to the name, by birth and by professional standing. It didn't matter when one was a picture star and the other a stage star, but now that Hollywood claims them both, it is a bit confusing. Nor can one be called *William* and the other *Bill*, for friends of each fondly call them both *Bill*.

William Boyd, the stage star, is the ninth generation to bear that name, his father being William Boyd, noted actor, and his mother, Florence Richman, an equally noted actress. William spoke his first lines on the stage at a very tender age. His mother was appearing in *Led Astray*. "Oh, God," she moaned, "save my little baby; don't let him die!" It was the one big dramatic moment of the entire play and young William chose that moment to raise up out of the death-bed and say, "Don't cry, Mamma, I'm not going to die."

William Boyd has been signed by United Artists.



William Boyd

William Boyd

THIS is the motion-picture William Boyd. Contrary to the stage William Boyd, whose life practically began on the stage, Pathé's star is a self-made film celebrity. Financial stringency forced him to leave his Tulsa, Oklahoma, high school before graduation. Someone had told him of San Diego, California, and he started in that direction. Upon his arrival at Orange, California, about 100 miles from San Diego, he found he had but 35 cents left.

People seeing this broad-shouldered handsome youth would remark, "You'd screen well." Boyd would grin and go right on working. He had his mind all made up—he *would* screen well, but a man must live in the meantime and it took several years of work as grocery clerk, automobile salesman and oil driller before he felt he was in a position, financially, to try pictures.

It was hard work breaking into the movies, but after many struggles, he confronted Cecil B. de Mille and announced, "Well, I'm here!" Mr. de Mille was so taken aback with his boldness that he gave him a job as an extra in *Why Change Your Wife?* That was back in 1919 and since that time Mr. Boyd has climbed steadily upward.

"I GAMBLED 2¢ *and* WON $35,840 *in* 2 YEARS"

A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

THIS is the story of a gamble — a 2c risk — which paid me a profit of $35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any $40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the $40-a-week rut. My earnings were $2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising costs of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of $20,000 a year. That's exactly $17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of $35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the *will* to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a $5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a $100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a $40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old $40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am $36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 700,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 700,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

what is their dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men *at will*. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can *truthfully* say "I don't understand what men see in her."
But you *want* to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that *you* desire to be the siren type. If you *could* fascinate men at will, you would use your power *within reason*. Well, then, *you may*; for at last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power"—give it to you *free*.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled
All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by *like methods* is *easily explained*. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for *limited charm*. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination."
You *know* that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the *main reliance*—with inevitable failure.
Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. *But she could not*. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her *natural* sirens blind to their *own methods*.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You
Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the *complete* secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is *indispensable*. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.
But more than beauty is *absolutely necessary*. Countless beautiful women are *not* fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows.
So Lucille Young gives you *also* the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly *twenty years of study*, by gleaning from countless patrons the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and *putting together*. The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—*things you would never discover yourself*.
Women are thrilled as never before—because they instantly recognize that all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the *siren type*. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young Methods will give the necessary beauty.
Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation. So marvelous are the promises of complete fascination, that Lucille Young is willing to convince you *at her own risk*. Simply mail the coupon for her booklet—the most amazing thing you have ever read—and it will be sent free and without the slightest obligation.

Lucille Young

FREE Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

LUCILLE YOUNG,
968B Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Illinois.
Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book. I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

Name_____
Street Address_____
City_____ State_____

Getting Personal

Intimate items about the stars not to be found elsewhere.

Victor McLaglen and one of his seven brothers, who could easily double for Vic if he were a few inches taller, are seen nightly at Henry's, the well-known Hollywood café.

Hoot Gibson was a hostler at the Harry Carey stables before he broke into the movies as a stunt man and trick rider.

Donald Keith, Ramon Novarro and J. Farrell MacDonald all studied for the priesthood before deciding on film careers.

Gus Edwards writes his music in symbols known only to himself and the man who transposes them.

Corinne Griffith has two carved doors in her home which were taken from a palace in Venice.

Ben Lyon

Ben Lyon is the new owner of "Payrus," famous racing whippet. The canine was presented to him by Arthur Rankin, the actor.

Young Doug Fairbanks has been wearing a slave bracelet on his wrist, given him by Joan Crawford. He declared he would never remove it. Then along came a football story in which he played—and he had to break his word!

Paul Whiteman has a porcelain hippopotamus for an ash tray.

Joseph Schildkraut has the largest bed in Hollywood.

Gary Cooper never uses property riding boots when he rides a horse in a picture. He has his own made to order.

Nick Stuart has sixty-three cups which he won in dancing contests; many of them he has won with Sue Carol.

Mal St. Clair has a passion for blue and green shirts of violent hues.

The Gleasons have a bubble boat in their swimming pool made of large rubber balls.

Marian Nixon is a very fine toe dancer, and is also skilled in acrobatic and eccentric steps; while Audrey Ferris has won twenty-seven cups for her ballroom exhibitions.

Marian Nixon

Louise Fazenda maintains a home for her parents adjoining her own Hollywood house. So that she is never out of call, she has installed a set of buzzers between the homes so Mother may summon her when needed.

A film fan has written Rin-Tin-Tin asking for a loan.

Julia Faye wears a beach necklace made out of tiny sponges.

Alice White, who was recently presented with a new Cadillac car by her bosses at First National, drives the car herself, and lets her colored chauffeur and maid ride in the rumble seat.

Neil Hamilton once sold cigars in a Toledo, Ohio, store.

Charles Farrell's new home at Toluca Lake is carried out in typical New England style, with ship's bunks instead of beds.

Pauline Frederick, not to be outdone by Frank Fay and Al Jolson, has purchased a shiny new Ford and she drives it herself.

Anita Page's father doesn't permit her to drive a car. He is afraid she might be injured. That's why Mrs. Pomares, her mother, drives her to and from the studio.

Richard Arlen

Hollywood now has its sockless men in the wake of the fad of bare legs for women. Richard Arlen is credited with having started this new blow at the hosiery manufacturers.

Talkies in Your Own Home

[*Continued from page 27*]

predicted that 1931 models of the home television receiving sets will embody the three-dimensional principle.

THIS is how the three-dimensional effect is produced. Hold up the index finger of each hand, the left hand about eight inches from the face and the right hand about sixteen inches away. Look at the nearest finger and the distant one appears double, and vice versa. Look midway between both fingers and they both appear double.

On this basis the new camera has been developed. An object is photographed from two different points, the lenses of the camera being separated by about four and one-half inches. Each of these lenses transmits a different view of the object, and the shadows, slightly different as a consequence, are perfectly aligned on the same frame of film, thus giving a "double" effect discussed in the index finger experiment, except that the camera result is free from blur and haze.

But that is only the start, according to those who are pouring their millions into the development of aerial optics. They are sincere in their prognostications for startling things in the very near future.

When television broadcasters, however, are ready to offer their patrons a form of entertainment that would compete with the movies, it will be necessary for them to develop their own talent.

New Actor Types In Demand

PERSONS with well defined features will be in demand. Television authorities have described the future radio player as having:

High cheek bones.
A sharp nose.
A clear cut mouth.
Pointed chin.

In all, it is the direct opposite of the face so eagerly sought by film producers. In Hollywood, the well rounded countenance is the one that gets the opportunity within the studios.

Grotesque faces, too, will come into popularity with the arrival of television plays.

Character actors will be at a premium in this new field.

The television players will be forced to use considerable more make-up than do those working for the screen. Up until the present, laboratory experiments have been conducted with black and white grease paints, but now that natural color is being injected into radio pictures, this will give way to paints and powders similar in hue to those used for natural color films, but they will be applied more freely.

The television star will command a salary equal to that of the film favorite, according to those who have made a study of the situation.

Because it's smart... fastidious...dainty

. . . Youth selects this new sanitary protection

SMARTNESS! Of course you seek it. Every woman does. And smartness, in sanitary protection, naturally means Kotex. What else gives you that freedom and grace, that daintiness you insist upon at all times? No wonder youth has made Kotex the accepted sanitary pad!

"I want to feel fastidious even in unrevealed details," says an eastern college girl. "That's why I use Kotex. That's why my friends all use it, too. Oh, they have special reasons, of course. One prefers its marvelous softness. Another likes its surgical purity—a third is keen about Kotex because it deodorizes so effectively. But the thing that it signifies to all of them is perfect daintiness, fastidiousness."

85% of hospitals use Kotex

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but for all surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

Kotex means new freedom, new activity, release from discomfort and self-consciousness. It means all the things listed here. Just read them over! Then, if you do not already use it, you'll want to buy a box of Kotex at once.

KOTEX IS SOFT...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *In hospitals*—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

5 *Fastidious* . . . the sign of true daintiness.

6 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store; or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

A new department supplying SCREEN SECRETS readers with addresses of motion picture players. When mailing requests for pictures of stars, address the letter to the player at the studio which heads the list in which his or her name appears.

* Star F Featured player

EDWIN CAREWE PRODUCTIONS
Tec Art Studios
Hollywood, California

Dolores Del Rio *
Roland Drew F
Rita Carewe F
LeRoy Mason F

COLUMBIA STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Belle Baker *
Ralph Graves F
Jack Holt *
Margaret Livingston F
Jacqueline Logan *
Arthur Lubin
Ben Lyon *
Shirley Mason *
Molly O'Day F
Dorothy Revier *

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS
Burbank, California

Richard Barthelmess *
Noah Beery F
Irene Bordoni *
Joe E. Brown F
Marion Byron
Jack Buchanan F
Eddie Buzzell F
Maria Corda
Charles Delaney
Billie Dove *
Sally Eilers F
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. F
James Ford
Eddie Gribbon F
Corrine Griffith *
Lloyd Hughes F
Herbert Holmes F
Alice Joyce F
Ian Keith F
Doris Kenyon F
Pert Kelton F
Lila Lee F
Lucian Littlefield F
Dorothy Mackaill *
Marilyn Miller *
Colleen Moore *
Antonio Moreno F
Jack Mulhall *
Carmel Myers F
Milton Sills *
Alice White *
Lois Wilson F
Loretta Young F
Roland Young F

FOX STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Maria Alba
Frank Albertson
Mary Astor F
Warner Baxter *
Majorie Beebe
Rex Bell *
Ilka Chase
George Bickel
Dorothy Burgess *
Warren Burke
Sue Carol *
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Robert Clark
Elizabeth Collins
June Collyer
Joyce Comptom
Gino Conti
Antonio Cumellas
Clifford Dempsey
Louise Dresser F
Mary Duncan *
Charles Eaton F
Gilbert Emery
Charles Farrell *
Stepin Fetchit *
Sylvia Field
Earle Foxe F
Helen Garden
Janet Gaynor *
Galvin Gordon
Frederick Graham
George Jessell *
Richard Keene
Florence Lake
Lola Lane F
William Langan F
Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow F
Arnold Lucy
Sharon Lynn F
J. Farrell MacDonald F
Paul McCullough
John McCormack *
Victor McLaglen *
Delia Magana
Lois Moran *
Charles Morton F
Paul Muni *
Barry Norton F
George O'Brien *
Paul Page
Dave Percy
Sally Phipps F
Daphne Pollard F
Frank Richardson
David Rollins F
Lola Salvi
Juan Sedillo
Sylvia Sidney F
Clark Silvernail
Nick Stuart *
Don Terry
Lia Tora
Guadalupe Tovar
Helen Twelvetrees *
Norma Terriss F
Lenore Ulric *
John Wagstaff
Ada Williams

SAMUEL GOLDWYN STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Vilma Banky *
Walter Byron
Ronald Colman *
Lily Damita F

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS
Culver City, California

Renee Adoree F
George K. Arthur F
Nils Asther F
George Barraud
Wallace Beery F
Lionel Belmore F
Jack Benny F
Charles Bickford F
Edwina Booth F
John Mack Brown F
Harry Carey F
Lon Chaney *
Joan Crawford *
Jane Daly
Karl Dane F
Marion Davies *
The Duncan Sisters *
Josephine Dunn F
Cliff Edwards *
Julia Faye F
Mary Forbes
Greta Garbo *
John Gilbert *
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett F
Holmes Herbert F
William Haines *
Phyllis Haver F
Hedda Hopper F
Leila Hyams F
Kay Johnson F
Buster Keaton *
Carlotta King F
Charles King F
Harry Langdon F
Gwen Lee F
Bessie Love F
Tim McCoy *
Joel McCrea F
George Marion
John Miljan F
Robert Montgomery F
Polly Moran F
James Murray F
Joyce Murray F
Conrad Nagel F
Ramon Novarro *
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Anita Page F
Basil Rathbone F
Duncan Renaldo
Oscar Shaw F
Dorothy Sebastian F
Norma Shearer *
Lewis Stone F
Lilyan Tashman F
Ernest Torrence F
Raquel Torres F
Fay Webb
Peggy Wood

PARAMOUNT-FAMOUS-LASKY STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Richard Arlen *
Jean Arthur F
William Austin F
Baclanova F
George Bancroft *
Sylvia Beecher
Clara Bow *
Evelyn Brent F
Mary Brian F
Clive Brook F
E. H. Calvert
Nancy Carroll *
Lane Chandler F
Ruth Chatterton *
Maurice Chevalier *
Gary Cooper *
Lawford Davidson
Jeanne Eagels *
Morgan Farley
Mary Eaton *
Kay Francis F
"Skeets" Gallagher F
James Hall F
Neil Hamilton F
O. P. Heggie F
Doris Hill F
Phillips Holmes F
Dennis King *
Leone Lane
Jack Luden F
Paul Lukas F
John Loder F
Jeanette MacDonald F
Fredric March F
Marx Brothers *
Moran & Mack *
Chester Morris F
David Newell
Jack Oakie F
Warner Oland F
Guy Oliver
Shirley O'Hara
William Powell *
Esther Ralston F
Frank Ross
Chas. "Buddy" Rogers *
Oscar Smith F
Hal Skelly *
Ruth Taylor
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray F

PATHE STUDIOS
Culver City, California

Jimmy Aldine
Robert Armstrong F
Alan Hale F
Ann Harding *
Lew Ayres
Constance Bennett *
George Bannister F
William Boyd *
Herbert Clark
Junior Coghlan F
Diane Ellis F
Morton Downey *
James Gleason F
Lucille Gleason F
Russell Gleason F
Eddie Kane F
Jeanette Loff F
Carol Lombard F
Edmund Lowe *
Marilyn Morgan
Sally O'Neil F
Marie Prevost *
Eddie Quillan *
Stanley Smith F
Dorothy Ward

RKO STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Buzz Barton *
Sally Blane F
Olive Borden *
Lita Chevret
Bebe Daniels *
Frankie Darro *
Richard Dix *
Doris Eaton F
Ann Greenway F
Mildred Harris F
Arthur Housman F
Leatrice Joy *
Dorothy Lee
Thomas Meighan *
Matt Moore F
Owen Moore F
Tom Moore F
Ken Murray F
Kathryn Perry
Bob Steele *
Hugh Trevor
Tom Tyler *
Rudy Vallee *
Bert Wheeler F

TIFFANY-STAHL STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Leo Carrillo *
Ricardo Cortez F
Mae Murray *
Conway Tearle *
Virginia Valli F
Claire Windsor *

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS
Universal City, California

Madge Bellamy *
John Boles *
Ted Carson F
Ethlyn Claire F
Kathryn Crawford F
Jack Dougherty *
Robert Ellis
Fritzi Fern
Hoot Gibson *
Harold "Red" Grange *
Dorothy Gulliver F
LoRayne DuVal
Otis Harlan
Merna Kennedy F
Crauford Kent
Barbara Kent F
Natalie Kingston F
Scott Kolk
Beth Laemmle F
Arthur Lake F
Laura La Plante *
Jane La Verne
Eddie Leonard *
George Lewis F
Gladys McConnell F
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard *
Frank Merrill
Mary Nolan F
Mary Philbin *
Eddie Phillips
Churchill Ross
Joseph Schildkraut *
George Sidney F
Glenn Tyron *
Paul Whiteman *
Barbara Worth

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Don Alvarado F
William Bakewell
Eleanor Boardman F
Fannie Brice *
Charles Chaplin *
Douglas Fairbanks *
Lillian Gish *
Camilla Horn F
Mary Pickford *
Harry Richman *
Gilbert Roland F
Gloria Swanson *
Norma Talmadge *
Constance Talmadge *
Lupe Velez *

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Armida F
John Barrymore *
Monte Blue *
Davey Lee *
Ted Lewis *
Myrna Loy F

[*Turn to page* 108]

Seeing the Stars in Caricature

[*Continued from page 29*]

acter in his bearing. So if a total stranger were to see a photograph of that person he would be unable to tell if the portrait was of a snob or a humble person. But the true caricaturist draws that face in such a manner that a stranger will be able to look at the picture once and know immediately that, Why! He's an awful stuck-up person, isn't he? Do you understand what I'm trying to show you?

YOU ask me what I would put in a portrait of Adolphe Menjou so as to make his appeal and worldliness apparent. First I must tell you what I believe to be the real reason for Menjou's great popularity as the about-town type. I think his whole career may be laid to ill health. I make this statement because I know that Menjou's physical misfortune has materially changed his facial features. He has that look of extreme boredom and sophistication which is the direct result of poor health.

"Do you think that the middle-aged women of the country who flock to the box office to see this perfect example of the cosmopolite would continue to swoon at his blasé face if they knew him as the true caricaturist knows him? I doubt it. But the caricaturist doesn't make use of these physical hardships—they picture Menjou as he looks on the screen. And this, by the way, is an easy task. Heavy circles under his eyes . . . two highstrung, nervous lips on a small, pointed mouth . . . a wisp of hair and you have the Menjou of the silver sheet: debonair, cultured—a lover and a gentleman.

BEE stung lips and a pair of wide-open eyes are all that are necessary in a drawing to show the sensuous, luxury loving, free-living character of the once famous Mae Murray.

"I could go on indefinitely and point out the characteristics of all the many personages of Hollywood whom I have had the honor to portrait, but I do not think it essential. I'd like to tell you why I believe that Hollywood has taken the wrong attitude toward the men in my field of endeavor—to explain that caricaturing is a method of criticizing that which nature has been wont to give us in the way of character. Not the physical defects of the body, but the easily changed elements of our *alter ego*. It is impossible, however, to go into such detail.

"It is enough to remember that caricaturing is much the same as spanking a small child. It should have the same effect in the lives of the older generation. It aims to show the people their faults in such an open and public way that they can't help but profit by the suggestions. I sincerely believe that Hollywood needs a good spanking. And I'm going to give it to them if the suits don't get too troublesome."

A New Kind of Make-Up

Developed by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

Now Ready for YOU!

Under a Strange Light in Hollywood, we Found Out How to Avoid "Off-Color" and "Spotty" Effects in Make-Up.

RENEE ADOREE

JOAN CRAWFORD

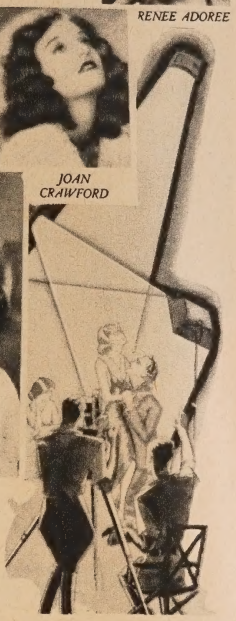
BEAUTY is a business in the motion picture colony, so we have studied make-up for years. And now you may benefit from our experience and gain added beauty through this new knowledge.

Under the blazing "Kleig" lights, more trying than sunlight, "stars" are photographed. Make-up must be perfect, or grotesque effects result. To meet this severe test, Max Factor developed a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color-harmony, which photographed perfectly. Today, Max Factor's Make-Up is used almost exclusively by the "stars".

Hollywood, California—Max Factor making up the beautiful eyes of Irene Rich.

Then from this discovery came powders, rouges and other essentials for day and evening use, based on the same principle of cosmetic color harmony. Their success in Hollywood was instantaneous. Now thousands use only Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

Perhaps you have worried about your make-up and have searched for ways to enhance your beauty—and still you're not satisfied. The reason is simply this—there is more to make-up than merely a bit of powder and a dab of rouge. What is this wonderful secret of make-up? Why have Hollywood's "stars" and society women given up the haphazard use of cosmetics and adopted Society Make-Up? Now you may know. You may have the very make-up, learn the very method, used by these beautiful women.



Imagine Make-Up so Faultless that even Under the Blazing Glare of the Motion Picture Lights it Photographs Perfectly. With Max Factor Society Make-Up You, Too, Will Learn the Secret of the "Stars".

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The one way to secure the exact make-up to best harmonize with your complexion, accentuate your beauty, and enhance the charm of your personality is to have your complexion analyzed and your personal requirements determined. This Max Factor will do for you, without charge or obligation. He will also send you a copy of "The New Art of Make-Up" which fully explains cosmetic color harmony and describes the correct method of make-up. Remember, you will never know how beautiful you can really be until you obtain the make-up secrets so highly valued by the "stars" of Hollywood. Carefully fill in the coupon and mail today to Max Factor in Hollywood.

Never Be Conscious of Your Make-Up

If your make-up is "off-color" or too glaring, it over-shadows your personality. It becomes a worry, destroying that self-assurance which is an attribute of every charming woman. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion, as he has done for hundreds of screen stars, and recommend a make-up which will be just a part of your own natural beauty. Just fill in and mail the coupon today.

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HOLLYWOOD

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

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Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, "*The New Art of Make-Up*" and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Complexion		Color of Eyes		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		Color of Lashes		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		Color of hair		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
Olive					

Backtrailing Movie History

The girl at the left is just another one of the great army of unknowns who have come and gone in the picture industry. Harold Lloyd was playing "Lonesome Luke" parts in those days, to the accompaniment of Bebe Daniels.

TEN years ago, the late Gladys Brockwell, then a very popular Fox star, suggested that a screen test be made of Reatha Watson, a beautiful young scenario writer under contract.

Her advice was taken; but the test was horrible, due to poor makeup, improper lighting, or one of a dozen factors that make or mar a face in films. The disappointed young scenarist wept her disappointment on Gladys' sympathetic shoulder.

A few months later another test was taken, this time justifying Miss Brockwell's faith in the girl who took the name of Barbara La Marr and became perhaps the most colorful star the screen has ever known.

▲▲▲

The Birth of a Nation was shown at a revival recently, and it was interesting to note many now-famous faces in extra and bit rôles: Bessie Love, Elmo Lincoln (who, by the way, played two extra rôles), Elmer Clifton (now a well-known director), and Enid Bennett could be recognized in mere flashes.

Raoul Walsh also figured prominently in the action, while of course the public is familiar with the fact that the cast included Wallace Reid, Bobby Harron and George Siegmann, all now deceased.

▲▲▲

In 1919, John Ford was directing J. Farrell MacDonald in two-reelers; today they are still going strong, making Fox features.

MacDonald studied for the priesthood, got a couple of degrees in civil engineering from Yale, hoboed around the world, was a newspaper reporter, a grand opera singer, musician on an ocean liner, and finally director-actor in the "infant industry".

When Vitagraph had its famous "housecleaning", J. Farrell was the only director not kicked out. He directed many Fox productions before he signed a long-term acting contract.

▲▲▲

Twenty years ago the methods employed for sound pictures made it tough going for the speakers, according to Guy Oliver, who tells of his early experiences working with his wife for Adolph Zukor, who was sending "talking pictures" over the Keith and Proctor circuit.

The method described was for Oliver and his wife to be seated behind a screen but where they could see the picture, and then speak the parts of the characters as they appeared. Although only one reel in length, they were shown four times a day with a vaudeville program, and the strain on the invisible speakers' voices was so great that they had to eat white vaseline by the tube.

▲▲▲

Thirteen years ago, Mary Pickford signed her million-dollar contract with Adolph Zukor.

▲▲▲

Ten years ago, John Boles was with the Army of Occupation, stationed on the Rhine.

▲▲▲

Norma Talmadge, whose mileage on close-ups runs high, wide, and handsome, played the title rôle in her first motion picture — and never showed her face.

The comedy-drama, made at the old Vitagraph studio, was called *The Household Pest*, and dealt with the adventures of an amateur camera fiend. Throughout the picture, Norma kept her head buried beneath a black camera cloth! So much for fame!

Singing a Carol in Praise of Sue

[*Continued from page* 39]

played havoc with her desire to meander. She must remain in Hollywood and make pictures—and more pictures.

LIKE most girls born to wealth, she is unconscious of money values. She buys what appeals to her, giving no thought to its cost. I do not insinuate that she would attempt to purchase Catalina Islands or a steamship; she realizes the limitations of her fortune. But she orders fifteen-dollar hosiery as thoughtlessly as the average girl asks for the one-dollar brand.

Sue is a trifle spoiled. That she is not entirely spoiled is a rare tribute to her common sense and sweetness. It is difficult for a young girl to live through childhood surrounded by gold and servants and remain untouched. She is accustomed to having things done for her. When things are not done to please her, she becomes fretful. However, she is the first to realize this shortcoming and make atonement and is so devilishly sweet about her atonements that one really appreciates the fault that causes her to repent.

Sue is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 107 pounds. Her hair is dark brown and naturally unruly. Her eyes are brown and bright and will not behave. Her lips are well shaped. Her teeth are tiny, pearly white and even. She washes them several times daily and pays monthly visits to the dentist. Her skin is fair-olive. She bathes twice daily and lounges in perfumed water after each bath.

Tan, bright red and light blue are her favorite colors and she wears them often. She rolls her stockings; she seldom wears garters. She wears her hats perched high on her head as I have never seen hats worn by any other girl.

SUE doesn't like to talk about her personal life and affairs for publication. She can drive an automobile but she prefers sitting in the back seat. She is an atrocious golf player and not much better at tennis. She is a fair swimmer. Her bridge is fine; she will play for any stakes. She adores Russian caviar with ground egg and onion. She does not smoke, but she is no prude; she is a good sport.

Her sense of humor is better than average. She even enjoys a joke of which she is victim, a rare thing in women. She loves to make long distance telephone calls, and conversations by wire with New York friends are no rarity in her life.

Sue knows there are years to come. She will marry again some day; not for several years, however. Then she will retire from professional life. She will have children. She wants a boy and a girl, the son to be the older.

In other words, beneath the grease paint and the ermines and the fair-olive skin lies the heart of a woman—the heart of a mother.

Traveling Man's Wife Wins $3620.00 Cash Prize

A Dream That Came True Because of a Devoted Wife's Vision.

ONE evening, before starting on another selling trip, Mr. Webb was gloomy and discouraged. "It's the same old grind that gets you nowhere," he murmured. "For years we've been wanting a home of our own but we're no nearer it now than ever."

"If I could only do something," his wife said earnestly.

"There's nothing you can do, honey," he replied sadly. "It's up to me to make enough money for a down payment. The money we pay for rent would take care of the balance."

"Nothing you can do" . . . the words rang in her ears during the days he was on the road. How they humiliated her, made her feel useless and futile!

One morning she read an advertisement in a magazine telling of a Cash Distribution Plan by which hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, were receiving up to $2,800.00 in cash. The plan seemed too good to be true. Those who took advantage of this plan did not have to spend a cent.

At first she was skeptical. It did not seem possible that she could share in the awards to be distributed, but the thought of the difference that $2,800.00 in cash could make dulled her disbelief. Had she not acted despite her doubts and sent for information, she would never have had the happy surprise that was hers when she received a telegram announcing she had been awarded $3,620.00. Her surprise was all the greater because her cash award was larger than she expected because of her promptness.

For a few days she went around in a daze until the certified check for $3,620.00 actually arrived. Almost on the heels of the postman came her husband, returning from a selling trip. It was all she could do to keep from shouting the wonderful news before he took off his hat and coat. Afraid of his gibes, she had not told him of her hopes.

"Let's not live in this old apartment any longer," she cried, seating herself on the arm of his chair. "Let's have a home of our own."

"But, darling," he protested sadly, "you know we haven't even the money for a down payment."

"We have—we have," she cried, showing him the certified check for $3,620.00. "We can have that home of which we have always dreamed.

* * *

There were others who read the advertisement Mrs. Webb read, others who wanted a home, but while they merely wished, she acted. Mrs. Webb has been but one of the many to benefit from the famous Cash Distribution Plans conducted in the past. Mr. I. A. Nystrom won $3,375.00, Miss Anna Linke won $3,135.00, Mrs. Fannie Kelley won $2,320.00, Mrs. Robt. Ellington won $1,750.00 and Mr. E. N. Garrett won $2,320.00.

Another of these plans is on now. By it, hundreds of cash awards ranging up to $3,500.00 in cash will be distributed. If you want to share in the cash to be distributed, fill out and mail in the coupon below.

Mr. L. E. Wilferd,
Dept. 3748, 315 S. Peoria St.,
Chicago, Ill.

I wish to share in your present Cash Distribution Plan without any cost or obligation to me now or later.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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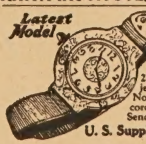

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Ladies' wrist watch of latest jewelled design and guaranteed movement. 25-year Platinoid fancy engraved case with jewel tip. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalogue sent with Salve. Send no money, just name and address today.

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My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR 14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

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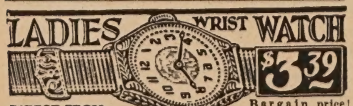

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Classified Picture Guide

[*Other reviews will be found on page 62*]

DRAMA

Behind That Curtain—A skillful combination of murder, mystery and a powerful love affair in an outstanding talkie based on the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Lovely Lois Moran marries a rotter, but sticks it out until the right man, Warner Baxter, comes along. They run off together, all in a perfectly nice way, and subsequent romance leads to a murder and a thrilling solution. Miss Moran and Baxter offer compelling performances and Gilbert Emory, recruited from legit, is very effective.—*Fox.*

The Single Standard—Greta Garbo has the rôle of an adventurous woman, who looked for love and took it where and how she found it. Nils Asther is a vagabond painter, who accompanies her on an unconventional cruise of the South Seas and leaves her to face scandal alone. Johnny Mack Brown is the faithful lover, who protects her with marriage until Asther returns to threaten the happy home. Greta is forced to choose between the two, and her choice furnishes an unusual and startling climax.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Her Private Life—A highly dramatic and forceful talkie in which Billie Dove seizes the opportunity to render really great acting. If you are not a Billie Dove fan, you will be, after witnessing her in the rôle of a lady of English nobility who goes to New York City and encounters ill fortune. Walter Pidgeon gives a notable performance, playing opposite Miss Dove, and the cast includes Thelma Todd, Roland Young, and Montagu Love.—*First National-Vitaphone.*

Say It With Songs—Al Jolson and Davey Lee are together again in a story similar to *The Singing Fool.* This time Al is a radio singer, who goes to jail and, while there, gives up his wife when he learns she loves a doctor. Out of jail, he is living with Davey when the lad is hit by a truck. To save him from being a cripple, Al gives up Davey to the doctor, leading to the big moment when the child hears daddy's voice over the radio. There is plenty of tear-jerking, but the sentiment is true and believable, and Al's golden voice gives no evidence of diminishing power.—*Warner Brothers.*

Evangeline—This is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem transferred to celluloid in a series of beautiful pictures. However, the beauty of Dolores Del Rio in picturesque costumes and settings makes the picture something very comforting to look at. An enchanting musical score also assisted Edwin Carewe's efforts to make this a movie.—*United Artists.*

The Argyle Case—Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee present evidence of splendid speaking voices in a talkie that ranks as one of the best mystery dramas of the year. Meighan is the detective, who releases Lila Lee from unjust suspicion and detects the real doer of the crime. H. B. Warner is—as usual—excellent as the family attorney.—*Warner Brothers.*

Wonder of Women—A picture, half silent and half talkie, that starts from scratch with a hatful of handicaps, but manages to grip you in spite of anything. A strong cast, a good story, and Clarence Brown's able direction bring it safely over the hurdles. Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams, and Peggy Wood, of stage fame, are outstanding in the cast.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Dark Streets—Jack Mulhall has the first dual rôle of the talkies. He is both Pat, the policeman and good brother, and Mike, the gangster and bad brother. Each is in love with Lila Lee, and she finds it hard to choose. One night there is a gang war. Ten square toes are turned to the daisies. Is it Pat? Or is it Mike in Pat's clothing? That's the big thrill.—*First National-Vitaphone.*

The Love Trap—Laura La Plante goes chorus girl in a talkie that reveals her in a peck of trouble despite the fact that her intentions are the best in the world. Her girl friends advise wild parties as the way to get along. Of course she believes them, and the mean man, Robert Ellis, tries to take advantage of her. For virtue's sake, she rushes out onto the street and into the arms of Neil Hamilton—and love. The cast is excellent, but don't try to figure out the plot.—*Universal.*

The Valiant—This gives Paul Muni, a new screen actor, a splendid opportunity to do his stuff. He has a great gift of registering emotion after emotion, while scarcely moving a muscle. Other actors, who think they must scream and howl, should take notice. The picture ranges all the way from being very nearly great to just plain mediocre. It is a yarn about how a murderer goes to the chair without revealing his identity—all for the sake of his family.—*Fox.*

Street Girl—An unusual Betty Compson—sweet, instead of the usual hard-boiled Betty—has the lead in this talkie. Betty, a wandering waif, is welcomed from the cold by four boys who have an orchestra. She goes to live with them—everything conventional, of course—and shows them how to put their act across. The orchestra gives plenty of opportunity for song hits. Jack Oakie furnishes plenty of comedy.—*RKO.*

The Last of Mrs. Cheney—The plot of this talkie isn't much, but the lines are everything—especially with Norma Shearer speaking in the leading rôle. Norma repeats the success she won in her first talkie, *The Trial of Mary Dugan.* The cast, with the exception of Hedda Hopper, is entirely British. Basil Rathbone shows much promise as the leading man, and George Barraud does great work as Charles, the butler.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

College Love—Football against a frolicsome college background. George Lewis is the breezy hero and Dorothy Gulliver is the gal.—*Universal.*

White Collars—As amusing as the famous stage play. Conrad Nagel is the millionaire and Leila Hyams is his wife. Bessie Love and Robert Ober supply the comedy. —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Why the IT Girl Wants to Marry

[*Continued from page* 25]

grams full of a lot of laughs. I like laughter. He wired me about the Zercon ring I was wearing. He could even remember the ring, while I could scarcely recall his features.

He came to Hollywood. One night the telephone rang. I answered.

"Hello, Clara; this is Harry Richman."

I tried to picture his face and couldn't. He was living with Mr. Schenck. He still is. He asked me to a dinner party. He sang; he told stories. I loved his voice, his personality.

The next week Mr. Schenck had a yachting party, my first yachting trip. I had always thought I would dislike them, but with such a marvelous crowd invited—

WE WENT to Agua Caliente. Harry was thoughtful and gracious and unselfish. Men in Hollywood get so accustomed to women being independent that they forget the little courtesies which just seem to come naturally to New York men. It isn't exactly the fault of the men in Hollywood, it's the fault of the women. They make money; often they make much more than the men who escort them. They do not expect attention.

It seemed so strange. I had been used to doing things for myself. It intrigued me to have a man who did them for me; to have my room a constant bower of flowers; to have him send clever, funny little trinkets.

The men gambled. I liked the way Harry gambled. He lost heavily, but he made no fuss about it. "It is part of gambling. I expect to lose—" I like a good loser.

The men seemed to like him. I admire men who are popular with men as well as with women.

A week later we went down there again with a party. I was ill. We work so hard in this business that even for a girl with my energy there must be reactions. One morning we were sitting out in the patio. My cousin, Billy, was with us. I was feeling low.

"I think you should have someone to look out for you. I think I'd be a good one to do it," ventured Harry.

He said it in such a vague, bashful, cute way.

My cousin Billy said, "I think that would be swell."

"I think it would be nice, myself," I answered.

WHEN I came home, I went to bed for a few weeks to get that rest and quiet. He brought me love birds, canaries. He never came to see me with empty arms. He always brought the things himself instead of having them sent. A platinum clock for my desk, bottles of perfumes—and always flowers.

I began to think that I had met the man who would make an ideal husband. I don't want a cheap romance made out of it. I respect Harry. He is amusing; he is entertaining. He pulls me out of the dumps. He's the kind who tousels your hair, yet protects you.

WHY should they try to force me to set the wedding date? Everyone asks *when*. Harry seems to me, today, to be the ideal husband; but I want to test our love. I want to test and test, to put our love through every process, like they do in laboratories! I plan to go to Europe in September. That will mean separation. Separation tells the secret, I have been told. If we both withstand this separation, then—

I really have more sense, I believe, than people give me credit for. I am not testing Harry's devotion in comparison to other men's. I am going out with no one else. I am merely getting really acquainted and giving him the same opportunity.

Of course, I have been interested in other men—all women have love-infatuations. Gilbert Roland, as I have said before, was my first love. We were to have been married, but as always, I stopped to consider. We had no money; he was afraid he wouldn't succeed. And we were always hurting each other, as is the way of very young lovers. Outsiders interfered, causing quarrels, and a final rupture. Besides, we were too young to marry. But the memory is very sweet and I will always consider him one of the most charming men I ever met.

Harry is a mature, well-balanced man; he's in a position to make one or two pictures a year and then spend the rest of his time as he pleases. We would have time for one another.

ANOTHER man, an older one, whom I once thought I might marry, wanted to change me. He liked the Clara Bow who would come into existence five or six years later. He wanted to tell me how to do my hair, put on my lipstick. He is one of the best friends I have today and I respect him as a man of wisdom, but I do not regret not marrying him.

With Gary Cooper, there were two careers. A big boy whom I wanted to mother and help succeed. Gary Cooper wasn't dominating enough for me.

But Harry has had experience; he's traveled all over the world. He can subtlely influence me while not even seeming to influence. He has all of the qualities which I have been searching for in one individual.

It is a great risk for a man to marry a screen woman. He doesn't realize this until he has had a chance to thoroughly study our working conditions. Harry is having that chance.

Once I know for sure, I'll do it quickly. It might be today or six months from now. How *can* I set the date for the wedding?

Quickly Learn to Play Hawaiian Guitar Play Like This Native

Bring the romantic, enchanting, entrancing and melodious strains of the great instrument of the Hawaiian Islands into your soul. Become popular and successful. This short cut method of home instruction enables you to quickly master Hawaiian Guitar so you will play like Native Hawaiians.

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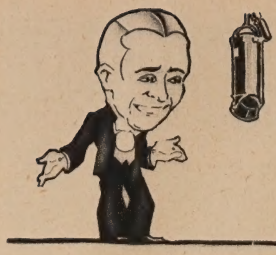

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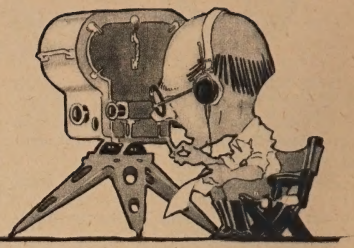

A monthly feature devoted to bringing our readers the latest, most authentic news of talkie personalities and developments.

Don't Shout

AN EXPERIMENT conducted at the tenth annual convention of the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, recently held at Cleveland, Ohio, proves that members of these organizations have not lost their screen entertainment through talking pictures.

A talkie was reproduced for the 200 delegates, to discover whether the hard of hearing can enjoy this new entertainment. The delegates reported hearing the picture in the following degrees: 125, perfectly; 60, fair or better; 9, poorly; and 7, not at all.

From Where You Sit

THE talkies are said to sound better from the back seats. A man who sat in row Z tells us it sounded like H.

Laugh on Salary

EVERY studio should have a *laugh chorus*, says Luther Reed, RKO director.

"It would prove invaluable in timing dialogue. No actor can judge how long to wait for any audience to laugh before going ahead with his patter. If he waits for a laugh and doesn't get it, the picture drags. If he goes right ahead, the laugh may ruin his next gag.

"If we had about one hundred average American theater-goers to laugh spontaneously and honestly it would be invaluable in the timing of dialogue."

Evidently Mr. Reed overlooks the fact that people paid to laugh would not laugh honestly.

All-Dog Barkie!

WE'VE had so many all-star talkies that now one of the big film companies has got busy and is going to give us an all-dog barkie! M-G-M is the studio that thought up this idea for a very interesting sound novelty.

Frank Ross, who makes his screen debut in "Sweetie", with Nancy Carroll, points out—with respect, but without fear—that the microphone will play an important part in his future. Frank is quite sure that mike will be his best friend.

They are producing *Hot Dogs,* with fifty trained canine actors and actresses comprising the entire cast. There will be the shy little sweetheart, the "John Gilbert" lover and the villain. There will be plenty of interesting scenes, too, including a cabaret and a courtroom scene, with the dogs all dressed up in semblance of human characters.

Jules White and Zion Myers (Carmel's brother) wrote the scenario and are directing the film.

Novelty Talking Films

JAMES A. FITZPATRICK, of the motion picture company bearing his name, has introduced a novelty for short talking subjects.

The unusual films are called "Movie Horoscopes" and a series of twelve will be made, one for each month of the year, individually titled—such as, "People Born in January," etc.

Birthstones and natal flowers will be reproduced with the aid of technicolor process. An interesting musical score will be played in the background of the scene.

Stolen Notes

CAMERAMEN used to sneak around to catch some unusual action. Now they sneak around to catch some unusual sound that might be used in a picture.

High up in a pepper tree a little mocking bird sang out his love song. He sang for an hour, but there was no return love call, so he took to his wings and soared away. However, his song was not in vain, for, all unbeknown to him, a microphone had been placed within a few feet of him and every note of his symphony recorded.

Chairs are Talkie Problem

THE lordly director in his canvas armchair is a tradition that has passed with the advent of the talking picture. The portable chair creaks—hence it can't be used on the sound-proof stages. So, like the megaphone, it is passing into oblivion. Also, because the director has to keep under the window of the sound-proof camera booth, he can't loll in an ordinary chair at all.

Lionel Barrymore, when directing, has a simple method—he sits cross-legged, like a Buddha, on the floor.

William de Mille keeps a low position beneath the camera booth window by sitting on a very low chair, raised just nine inches from the floor. His brother, Cecil, uses a specially constructed heavy wooden chair that can't creak.

And Rupert Julian uses a stool with rubber tips that cannot scrape the floor or make noise of any kind.

Whether or not the fans approve talking pictures, they do seem to enjoy hearing Billie Dove speak. Miss Dove, assisted by her secretary, is answering some of the thousands of letters fans have written, praising her charming voice which they discovered in "Careers" and "Her Private Life".

What the Public Thinks of the Talkies

DOES the public prefer talkies to silent pictures?

That is the question emphatically answered with a decisive "yes" by thousands of movie fans who have expressed their views to SCREEN SECRETS.

In an effort to determine whether or not the public likes talkies, some months ago SCREEN SECRETS offered $5 each month for the best letter by a reader giving a frank opinion of the talkies.

"Talkies are here to stay; 95 per cent of the public wants them; you can't satisfy us any more with 'dumbies,'" writes a fan of the fair sex in San Diego, California—expressing in few words the consensus of opinion found in 85 per cent of the 15,000 letters submitted to SCREEN SECRETS.

In the overwhelming proportion of seven to one, the writers favored talkies and paramount among their reasons were:

1. Fan and favorite are brought closer together, establishing a greater bond of friendship, and the players attain more personality, making them more real and lifelike.
2. The intended illusion of the motion picture is strengthened and makes one believe he is living the story depicted on the screen.
3. A wealth of new talent is being brought to the screen, including famous stage stars, singers, dancers and musicians whose entertaining has been denied to millions. Grand opera with its famous personalities and the leading figures of the concert stage are also now available to all.

Most of the objections to talkies are accountable to the fact that this new mode of motion pictures is still in its infancy. The familiar foreign noises of the early talkies, the faulty reproduction, due to inexperienced operators, and many of the other recording and reproducing defects which have discouraged fans, are being eliminated.

However, typical of many other objections is that of L. K. of Brookline, Massachusetts, who writes, "To me, the talkies seem to defeat the biggest enjoyments of silent pictures. That is the chance to relax and look without listening, to let your imagination play without of necessity being so keenly alive to the reality of it all. Leaving the silent picture, one can remember them clearer and longer, and thereby enjoy them long after. A talkie, like a stage play, leaves you confused with its din."

OTHER reasons these objectors advance for their preference for the silent drama are: that it offers more rest and relaxation than is possible with the din and dialogue of the talkies, that dialogue is unsuited to a movie theater where patrons are continually entering and leaving and one is likely to enter in the middle of a picture, and that the talkie demands mental exertion which the movie fan is attempting to escape by attending the theater.

"What will happen to the many foreign stars?" questions J. B. of Wilmington, Delaware. Scores of others were of the same mind and many who heartily favored the talkies, declared that if the talkies would bring about the film demise of these stars, they would vote for silent pictures.

While the poll denoted that many fans have had their dreams of certain stars shattered when they heard them talk, it also indicated that just as many have been won to the followings of stars when hearing them for the first time. About three in every five letters brought the information that the talkies strengthen a star's personality; consequently increasing his or her popularity.

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Hobnobbing with the Film Folk

[*Continued from page* 69]

asked her what the extras were doing, snitching lunch boxes that way. Finally she told me.

"Why, they're taking them for breakfast, of course!" she answered. "No girl does that if she has any money; but if she hasn't—well, hunger is a fierce thing, you know."

Jack Barrymore's Come-back

ALL the Barrymores are on a pedestal, of course.

The other night at a party an idealistic youth watched John Barrymore taking a drink and listened to some of his picturesque language.

The youth burst out with:

"Ah, you lead me to the heights with your acting; then, at a party, you drop me to the depths!"

Jack Barrymore paused a minute.

"Well, well," he drawled, "somebody panning a Barrymore! Wish I could do it myself!" And walked clamly away.

Kathryn and Her Mamma

IF YOU read it in a story, of course you'd never believe it—that tale of Kathryn Crawford finding her mother after she had been lost to her for years.

Kathryn's father, it seems, never supported his young wife and two little daughters. The mother had to do it. Then when she was taken desperately ill and went to a hospital, he took the children and fled with them. Ten weeks later Mrs. Crawford searched everywhere for her children, but couldn't find them.

When Kathryn was interviewed a while ago, she gave out that her dearest wish was to find her long-lost mother. A friend away back in Wellesley College, where she was employed, read the news, telephoned to Kathryn's mother, and they both frantically tried to reach Kathryn that night by long distance telephone. However, they found it couldn't be achieved. A picture star is well guarded. But telegrams and letters finally did their work, and Kathryn sent her sister back east to bring the mother to California.

"Mamma is just like I always imagined her," Kathryn says. "She is awfully pretty and sweet, you know. She has had a rather hard time in life, but we hope that's all over now. Know what I did the other night? Made her sing the old songs she used to sing my sister and me to sleep with when we were tiny girls. She says she used to sing them, after she got well, and cry and think of us."

Crazy For Blondes

[*Continued from page* 76]

ARTHUR is proud of the fact, during a period of three months, he escorted fourteen different girls to seventeen dances. He repeated himself only one time and went to two dances alone. Of course, when he ages a few years, the fickle Mr. Lake will discover that it is much more difficult to get and hold one lovely girl than it is to arrange a one-night-stand-with-no-return-dates with a score of girls. But Arthur is at present enjoying that *Harold Teen* stage of life when variety indicates that he is a man-about-town.

He blushes a scarlet red whenever automobiles and time payments are mentioned. He knows all about motors and instalment plan purchases. Twenty months ago, Arthur purchased his mother a Christmas present for Christmas, 1929. It was an automobile. He has just made the final payment, the car has been run fifteen thousand miles—and Christmas is still a month away.

A few months ago, Arthur's mechanical twist of mind turned seaward. He purchased an outboard motor boat which he named *The Gedunk*—in honor of his rôle in *Harold Teen. The Gedunk* was docked in a private sea garage at Redondo, and every afternoon Arthur and his girl-friend-of-the-day would drive to the beach for an excursion across Redondo Bay.

ALAS, *The Gedunk* was no sea going liner. It was a great little boat for the smooth waters of the bay—but Arthur became ambitious. From the mouth of the little inlet, he could see the inviting expanse of the broad Pacific, Now, while I am certain that Captain Lake had no thought of motoring to China, he did leave the confines of the bay and dared the high breakers of the ocean. And it is my sad duty to report that *The Gedunk* is no more. I mean, it is no more to be seen floating across the smooth waters of Redondo bay. It lies on the bed of the great Pacific ocean. Only the fact that both Arthur and his girl-friend-of-the-time are excellent swimmers prevented a more serious disaster for Captain Lake had hardly piloted his craft two hundred yards from the mouth of the bay before a huge wave swept over the boat and it plunged straight for the bottom of the ocean.

Before I sign off, let me add that because I have told you these things, is no reason for you to disbelieve the other interviewers who speak of Arthur's ambitions and fine qualities. He is really a great kid and one for whom I have a great admiration and respect. And even though he is one of the most popular youngsters in motion pictures today, I am quite certain that Arthur's past is as nothing compared to what his future holds. I think the kid is a natural born actor and that he possesses one of the finest, most charming personalities in Hollywood.

Making Play While the Sun Shines

[*Continued from page* 31]

BILLIE DOVE and her husband, Irving Willat, spend the week-ends at Malibu and plan to build there next spring. Miss Dove, who is an ardent believer in the healing qualities of the sun's rays, sleeps on the bleached sands for hours every day she can get away from the studio. Willat's hobby is cabinet-making, and if he can spare the time, he plans to erect their dwelling himself, with the aid of a plumber and a plasterer.

Louise Fazenda has a lovely home there, where she and her husband Hal Wallis, associate executive of First National studios, entertain quite lavishly—living very close to Al Rockett, former head of the First National studios. Rockett wasn't well for quite a while, but for more than a month lolled around the sand at his Malibu place, wrapped in a blazer and a bathing suit.

A familiar figure along the beach is Karl Dane, the M-G-M comic—his angly shaggy frame in a bathing suit provokes comment and humor.

Jascha Heifetz, the musician, and Miss Vidor, his wife, had a party at which all the furniture was moved out, sawdust was strewn on the floor and haystacks were provided in lieu of chairs; and all the men came in overalls and the girls in rompers.

ANNA Q. NILSSON, who injured her hip many months ago in an accident while working in a picture, attributes her complete recovery to the easy life she led for more than a year at Malibu. Sam Zimbalist, who edited *The Broadway Melody*, and his wife often visit Miss Nilsson at her beach home where the actress frequently gives parties. One of her favorite dishes is a fruit salad served with Danish pastry, which she makes herself.

There's only one telephone in the village. It is in the general merchandise store, and oddly enough, there are very few calls over it. The most active week the boy who chases errands at the store had, was when Clara Bow announced her engagement to Harry Richman and the newspaper reporters burned the wires trying to reach her. The difficulty of reaching anyone at Malibu is in the noncommunicative attitude of the man who runs the store. Residents do not want to talk to ANYONE.

The telegraph company does a land-office business at the colony—for telegrams are the only things they will receive there. It is an unwritten law that colonists must forget their city ties when they go beach-ing.

Solitaire and Russian bank are popular among the games played at Malibu, while volley ball lends itself to the great outdoor pastimes which meet with popular approval. The tennis bugs are Ralph Forbes, Warner Baxter, Conrad Nagel and Theodore von Eltz, who has a fine amateur standing as a tennis player.

MANY of the homes have tennis courts and swimming pools, and croquet is one of the most popular games of the colony. Picnic parties are frequently indulged in, with fried chicken, potato salad and coffee brewed out in the open in big pots. Big open fireplaces are featured, too, where marshmallow toasts and weiner roasts are made possible.

Louise Fazenda makes a "gypsy stew" that is delicious and every once in a while she invites a crowd over for a meal. This stew consists of lamb, beef, all kinds of vegetables including parsley and green peppers. She cooks it over an open fire in a huge iron kettle. With this stew she serves melba toast, or rather pours the stew right over the top of a big slice of the buttered toast. What a meal! No one wants dessert after this concoction!

The list of residents reads like the blue book of cinemaland. It includes Ruth Chatterton, Dolores del Rio, Clive Brook, Neil Hamilton, Clara Bow, Fay Bainter, Ronald Colman, Jascha Heifetz and Florence Vidor, Ralph Ince, Richard Barthelmess, William LeBaron, Evelyn Brent, Sydney Franklin, Warner Baxter. B. P. Schulberg and Jesse L. Lasky also own homes there.

With the increasing popularity of Malibu, it looks as if this colony will assume first place as the most unique residential and playtime district in the West.

—o—

Pat's Rolls Noisy

PAT O'MALLEY motored down Hollywood boulevard in a flivver of ancient vintage. The windows rattled much after the manner of the drum in a night club orchestra. The fenders waved in the breeze.

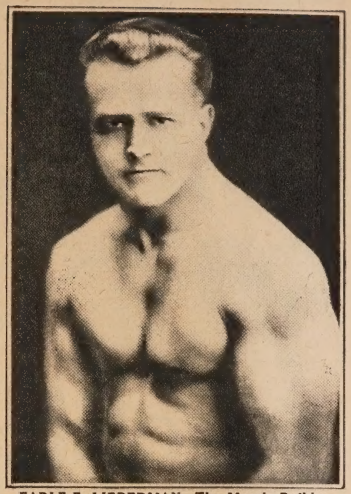
"How times do change," sighed one of the old-timers. "I remember when Pat rode to work in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce."

Three years ago when Pat was a popular leading man, his salary was $1,000 a week. Then came lean days—days when Pat's only employment was in Poverty Row, home of the "quickies." Finally, Pat left Hollywood, "one jump ahead of the sheriff," as he himself expresses it.

Came the talkies. United Artists cast Pat in *Alibi* and paid him $1,250 a week. The critics said he was great. Now Pat can't fill all of the calls for his services.

Did Pat buy another Rolls? He did not. Instead, he paid $125 for a rusty Ford.

"Being known as a heavy spender is great while it lasts," says Pat, "but the boys on whom you spend your coin seem to forget you when it's all gone. What used to go to the auto dealers and tailors, now goes to the bank. I've learned my lesson."



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If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her; provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor.

When you hear a woman exclaim, "Oh, what a handsome man" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong, muscular arms and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wife and every sweetheart wants her man to be like that. *Are you?*

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In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible steely muscle to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a hit you are going to make with that girl of yours. How proud and happy she will be!

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But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody. The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

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What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit. What a sight in a gymnasium. You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Well, that's the story in a nut-shell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny, and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-Builder.

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One Sweet Song

[*Continued from page* 48]

I just dropped out of nowhere onto a picture set and started singing and I'd like to have them know that my whole life wasn't one grand sweet song."

"Well, if you insist, Mr. Boles, we'll have the selling-newspapers-on-the-corner episode."

"But it wasn't anything like that, really. You see, I was born in the northwestern part of Texas," I knew that was true—the drawl proved it—"in a little town of about six thousand people." (Evidently that was where he got this idea about putting his feet on the desk.) "It was called Greenville and it was located in what is known as the *black waxy* country. All the soil around there was black loam and when it rained, that soil soaked up the water until it seemed there was no bottom to the roads. Wagons loaded with cotton would sink to the hubs and all the horses (only he says "hawses") in the country couldn't pull them out. They just had to wait until it dried up. The sidewalks were built up about three feet higher than the street and were just board walks. You could hear anyone coming a mile. Well, that part doesn't make much difference, but that's the kind of a country it was, any way.

WE LIVED at one end of town and father's bank was at the other end, and it was my duty, as well as my joy and pride, to hitch up the horse to the single buggy and drive down Lee street all by myself to take father's lunch to him. My daily trip was the envy of all the kids in town. Seems funny, now, doesn't it, a banker eating his lunch out of a tin pail? But it didn't seem out of place then.

"I was soloist in high school, and pitcher on the ball team. I never had much to do in the line of chores so when I wasn't out in the main street practicing ball, I was out in the back yard singing some love ditty. If I could persuade someone to listen, fine; if not, I would warble anyway. I would like to have played the piano but in Texas only girls played that instrument, and rather than be called a sissy, I gave up the idea. I'm sorry now that I did.

"I graduated with my class, sang a solo at the graduation exercises, and then trotted off to the University of Texas, at Austin, for four years. I studied languages and sciences with the expectation of some day becoming the family doctor. Of course there was a glee club to which I belonged. The director of this club chose eight of his best singers, of which little Johnny was one, and took us out on a chautauqua tour. We sang in tents, but we were paid for it and really enjoyed the tour.

"It was about that time the war broke out. I enlisted with a number of other college boys and was sent across. I was over there eighteen months and in the army two years.

WHEN I came back, my ambition to become a doctor had left me. I had lost two whole years and going back to school, picking up the old threads, beginning again, didn't appeal to me. Then, too, I felt that a man who was old enough to fight for his country was too old to permit his father to continue to pay for his education.

"I wanted to go into business. I was nervous. I felt I had to be outdoors. About the only business around Greenville was cotton growing. I started in rearing the downy stuff and expected to make a fortune in no time. However, fortunes aren't as easily made on plantations as they are in young minds, and I was sort of looking for a way to get out and yet not lose anything. All this time I was singing around at benefits and funerals just because I enjoyed singing, never with any thought of making it a career.

"One day Oscar Seagle, a singing instructor from New York City heard me sing. He came up to me and said, 'Boy, you are wasting your time trying to raise cotton. You should be studying voice.'

"I explained to him that I hadn't the money to go away to study, but he persuaded me to dispose of my cotton fields and accompany him to his home in Glens Falls, New York. He made me his business manager and secretary, thus enabling me to pay for my lessons. To cover living expenses, I taught French and voice to beginners.

"Mr. Seagle took fifty of his students to Europe, and I went along as student, secretary and business manager for the entire troupe. While there I met Mr. Seagle's old teacher, Jean de Reszke, one of the greatest of living tenors. He had enough interest in me to give me lessons in voice. I studied with him until I felt that my low finances demanded I return to New York.

I LANDED in New York with only fifty dollars, but lots of high hopes. And even though I tramped the streets for four months looking for work, I never lost hope. I was living with a chap who had a good radio and no matter how tired I was from the day's tramp, I could tune in on some good music and be happy. I pressed my own pants, polished my shoes and whistled all the time I was doing it. My pal used to say, 'How can you whistle when you haven't a job?'

"There seemed to be plenty of jobs if I wanted to go with a road show, but I had a stubborn idea that if I didn't begin on Broadway, I'd never get there. This attitude of mine used to annoy my pal and he would say, 'John, you'd better grab a road show. It's better than starving. No one begins on Broadway. That comes after years of experience.'

"'But I'll begin on Broadway. See if I don't,' I'd say.

"And I did begin on Broadway. I landed a lead in *Little Jessie James* and rushed home all excited to tell my pal about it. He looked at me as if I had suddenly gone mad and said, 'I don't believe it!' The song hits were *I Love You* and *Suppose I had Never Met You.* I sang these around the apartment for about a week, never again mentioning the show. Finally one day my pal said, 'You scoundrel, I believe you have got a show!'

THE opening night I invited him to come to the theater. He refused saying, 'What! Come over and watch you flop. Not on your life.' But about a week later he did come. After the performance he came back stage. All he said was, 'Why, John, you're not half bad. I was terribly nervous about you when you reached the heavy drama, and I almost left the theater but you got by great.' This, coming from my skeptical side-kick, was real praise.

"It was shortly after that when I experienced the greatest thrill and greatest disappointment of my life. Geraldine Farrar was looking for a leading man to play opposite her in her first attempt at light opera. Of the twenty young men she tried out, I was selected. I was so elated, I was half insane. We rehearsed five weeks. Then came the opening night. The biggest night of my life! It was a grand and glorious opening. It was also the closing night. Miss Farrar was taken ill and was unable to go on with the show.

"That put Johnny back on the pavement without a job and without much heart either. William A. Brady gave me the lead in one of his shows called *Kitty's Kisses.* Cute name for a show, wasn't it? Cute show, too. It was while I was in this show that Gloria Swanson sent for me to play the lead in *Sunya.*

"That one lead gave me the picture fever and I came to California. I worked in a few westerns, and was just wondering why I had been foolish enough to leave New York when along came the talkies and with them the male lead in *The Desert Song.* Then came *Song of the West,* the first all-talking, all-technicolor, all-singing, all-dancing picture to be made. *Rio Rita* followed immediately.

"I don't know what I'll do next. I suppose something will come along. It always has."

And I ask you, why wouldn't it? He just has everything! Life for him is just one grand sweet song.

It Might be Lon Chaney!

IT WAS at one of Estelle Taylor's famous luncheons. As the cream puffs were prodded with forks, delighted little feminine shrieks were heard. In each and every one was a colored hanky, large and chiffon, in the new mode.

"Whatever gave you the idea, Estelle?" one of her guests said.

"Oh, I don't know. I was eating one the other night, and I thought of all the things that could be hidden in them," pausing pensively. "Notes and jewelry and candy . . . and cockroaches."

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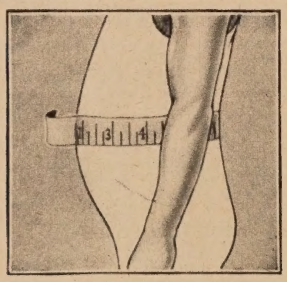

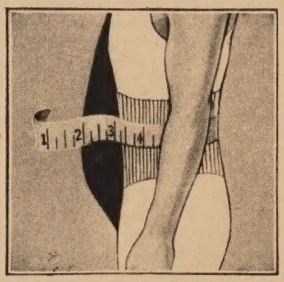

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So This is Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 36]

The colony has been anxiously awaiting the announcement as to what Griffith would do and it came as a complete surprise.

Schenck said the picture will be an epic and that Griffith has been given carte blanc financially and every other way. Griffith was born in Kentucky and has always been a student on works of Lincoln. For ten years, he said, he has wanted to film such an epic but felt it was too big a subject for the silent drama. He will make the picture of the man and will not attempt to weave story or plot into it.

"I consider it a sacred duty in filming this picture as Lincoln was the ideal American," Griffith stated.

How to Keep Cool

WHEW," said Ricardo Cortez, "it's hot! This is one of the days when one would like to take off his skin and just sit around in his bones and fan himself."

Temperamental Rainbow

SHADES of Hollywood!

Who would ever think it would come to that? But it has.

The Pathé studios have discovered that actresses do better work in one color than another. So, although the photographic results are still tones of black, grey and white, gowns are made in colors which best suit the temperament of the screen stars.

A Movie Miracle

ONE of Hollywood's latest amusements has been watching the spectacle of James Cruze directing Eric Von Stroheim in *The Great Gabbo.* As everyone knows, both are highly inflammable personalities, and it is certainly to the credit of both that the picture has been completed without mishap. The nearest approach to pyrotechnics occurred one day when discussion arose as to the method of Von's stuffing a large handkerchief into his mouth. It was a very hot day, and the nerves of the whole crew were on edge. The handkerchief was large, and Von, as the ventriloquist, was supposed to stuff the whole thing into his mouth. It was a difficult task, and the company was kept waiting many moments while Von labored with the cloth. Cruze suggested tearing off a piece and going through the entire scene with the smaller portion, but Von would hear of no such thing. The whole troupe watched with bated breath, but Cruze contained himself, waited on Von, and the crisis was passed.

Stepin Fetchit Explains

REPORTED chatter between John Barrymore and Stepin Fetchit, who, as we have said before, is our favorite cinema shadow. It seems the

Barrymore car broke down on the way to the studio and along came a distinguished limousine driven by a cheerful gent of darker hue. Barrymore hailed him.

"My car broke down," quoth Barrymore. "I wonder if you would be good enough to take me to the studio."

"Certainly, Mist' Barrymore," replied the dark gentleman.

At the studio Barrymore handed him $2.00. "Thank you," he remarked in passing.

"Ah—Ah doan' want that, Mist' Barrymore. It was a pleasure."

"Oh, come—come, now," answered Barrymore.

"No, sah. You see, I'se in the perfession, too."

"Yes? Well—that's very fine. Suppose you come to the studio some day and take a test for a part in one of my pictures?"

"Well, Ah couldn' do that, Mist' Barrymore."

"No?"

"No, sah. You see Ah gits $700 a week and has got three of these cahs."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sah. I'se Stepin Fetchit, Ah is."

Ta da!

Doughty Dot

THE last night of "shooting" on her picture, *The Great Divide*, Dorothy Mackaill slipped on a log in the Verdugo Woodlands and sprained her ankle.

Director William Seiter immediately turned powerful electric lights on the injured member and succeeded in keeping down the swelling until she could complete her work. Her leading man, Sidney Blackmer, had to hold her up in some of the final scenes.

Dorothy was forced to go about on crutches for two weeks after the accident.

Ten Best Directors

ACCORDING to *The Film Daily* annual poll, Ernst Lubitsch, George Fitzmaurice, Frank Borzage, Cecil B. de Mille, F. W. Murnau, William Wellman, Clarence Brown, Raoul Walsh, Lloyd Bacon and Frank Lloyd have been chosen as the ten best directors of 1928-1929. Participating in the poll were 304 critics, representing 350 fan, trade and daily newspapers in 45 states, the District of Columbia and Canada.

The results of the poll ranked Lubitsch first with 171 votes. The other votes were distributed as follows: Fitzmaurice, 161; Borzage, 128; de Mille, 126; Murnau, 109; Wellman, 108; Brown, 104; Walsh, 103; Bacon, 95; and Lloyd, 87.

Embarrassed

BERNICE CLAIRE and Alexander Gray, newcomers to the screen from the stage, sang and played intimate love scenes together for many months in the stage production of *The Desert Song*.

But when they made their first love sequence together for *No, No, Nanette*, in which they are working for First National, Miss Claire became so embarrassed at the peeping cameras, that she started to laugh, stopping the picture until she could regain her composure.

Wardrobe Antiques

IT SEEMS that some years ago, there was a rather quaint custom of wearing under a dress, a garment called a petticoat. This garment was of bright material and usually ruffled. It showed slightly when milady took a step.

With this meager information, the wardrobe department of Warner Brothers studio, made a thousand such garments to be used in *Under a Texas Moon*. They were issued to the extra girls with printed instructions as to their purpose and how to wear them.

This Ain't No Bull!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN seems to be interested in Spain in a cinema way since he has sent Harry D'Arrast there with $200,000, a camera and sound equipment to catch the roars of the bulls and the shouts of the spectators.

Charlie certainly MUST be VERY interested when he sends the two hundred grand.

Twenty and Out

WILLIAM LE BARON has signed up sixteen girls all sixteen years of age. He calls them The Sixteen Sweet Sixteens. Next year he will add one more and call them The Seventeen Sweet Seventeens.

"By the time they are twenty," says Mr. LeBaron, "I am in hopes they will all have developed into stars and I shall then organize another chorus of Sweet Sixteens.

Irish Lips are Laughing

BARRY NORTON, Fox leading man, recently received a warm invitation to become an associate of the Irrepressible Sons of Free Ireland. In his letter to Barry, the president of the organization said:

"We make this suggestion, because, while you may have been born in the United States, we feel certain from your name that the blood of old Erin flows in your veins."

All of which would have fired Barry with enthusiasm but for the fact that the blood of old Buenos Aires, Argentina, flows through his veins and his real name is Alfredo de Biraben.

Helpful Boys

AN ACTRESS was made up, passing Moran and Mack. Moran stared at her, then said: "Look at that girl. Don't you think her mascara is too heavy?"

"Well," said Mack, "maybe we ought to help her carry it."

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Send right now for a sample. Learn what it's like. You'll never again be without it. Get a box today at any drug or department store. See for yourself! Or fill in the attached coupon and get a sample packet.

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Meet the Winners!

[*Continued from page* 60]

Altogether, 110 prizes were awarded, totaling $1,500. And so, 107 other winners can join hands with the first three prize winners and shout a robust "Hooray!" Following are the names of the prize winners, from first to last. Look carefully—there may be a surprise for you!

C. J. Jungbluth, Washington, Iowa.$400
Mrs. L. G. Moyles, Los Angeles... 200
Mrs. S. B. Wellington, Seattle..... 100
Mrs. Helen Smith, Paterson, N. J.. 75
Margaret Finn, Brooklyn, N. Y.... 50
Mrs. E. Scott Ferguson, Richmond, Va. 50

Four $25 Prizes

Mrs. R. A. Haynes, Kearney, Neb.
Mary Snow Haney, Birmingham, Ala.
Barbara Mueller, Chicago, Ill.
Laura Cizek, Gonzales, Texas.

Five $20 Prizes

Irene Wise, Bessemer, Ala.
Henry Grace, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Gilbert P. Mursinna, Cincinnati, O.
Grace Sheller, Omaha, Neb.
Elenor Romback, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Five $15 Prizes

Mrs. Victor Fisher, Hoquiam, Wash.
Dorothy Suter, Youngstown, Ohio.
Thella De Weese, North Bend, Oregon.
Bernard Novak, Long Island, N. Y.

Twenty $10 Prizes

Alberta Gissler, Duluth, Minn.
Mary C. Taylor, Linnton, Oregon.
Winifred Harris, Boise, Idaho.
Bernice Bishop, San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. J. R. Martinez, Portland, Oregon.
Carmel Loreto, Montreal, Canada.
Meyon Brabant, Orlando, Florida.
Aimo Maki, Ontario, Canada.
Meda Russo, Cleveland, Ohio.
Emil Butts, Garfield, N. J.
Mrs. Gale Elliott, San Jose, Cal.
Ethel Leonard, McKeesport, Pa.
Catherine Newbold, Keosauqua, Iowa.
Evelyn M. Pringle, Winsted, Conn.
Sara Badali, Chicago, Ill.
Josephine Rivan, Linden, N. J.
Mrs. Loraine Craig, Walnut Creek, Cal.
Mrs. Gladys Germain, Long Island, N. Y.
Mrs. E. M. Woodall, Baltimore, Md.
Mary Jane Williams, East Hartford, Conn.

Twenty $5 Prizes

Nedra Tyre, Atlanta, Ga.
Alice Ownes, Philadelphia, Pa.
Neva Dorsey, Wymore, Neb.
Consuelo Espino, San Bernardino, Cal.
Elsa Lahl, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. Elton Snavely, Anaheim, Cal.
Ethel Magafan, Denver, Colo.
Elsie Smith, South Jacksonville, Fla.
Florence Lipaut, Omaha, Neb.
Rose Quint, Youngstown, Ohio.
Helen M. Mullen, New Bedford, Mass.
Ruth Sibley, Seattle, Wash.
Irene Clark, Lancaster, Pa.
Suiandrea Anderson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
Carrie King, Chicago, Ill.
Josephine E. Lockwood, Malden, Mass.
Marie K. Haungs, Lancaster, N. Y.
Mrs. Albert Thayer, Minneapolis, Minn.
Betty Daymon, Findlay, Ohio.
Antoinette Dufeck, Denmark, Wis.

Fifty $1 Prizes

Dolores Lichtle, East Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. A. Victor Cercell, Washington, D. C.
Marion Ross, Rochester, N. Y.
Harriet White, Atlantic, Mass.
Anna Kerestes, Lansford, Pa.
Mrs. J. E. O'Daniel, Electra, Texas.
Marguerite Aldrich, West Hollywood, Cal.
Florence Hansen, Petersburg, Alaska.
Adelaide Marquardt, St. Louis, Mo.
Roberta White, No. Bennington, Vt.
Mrs. A. B. Kelley, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Anna Francis, Dorchester, Mass.
Vilma Reinke, Highland Park, Mich.
Richard Sabo, Cleveland, Ohio.
Aspasia Sakell, New York City.
Armando La Paz, W. Tampa, Fla.
Mabel Siteman, Portland, Maine.
Bernice Bowne, San Francisco, Cal.
Margaret K. Schilling, Akron, Ohio.
Mrs. E. A. Perkins, Huston, Texas.
Susan A. Mizenko, Cleveland, Ohio.
Anita Riley, Clifton Forge, Va.
Mrs. Molly Collette, Greenville, Mich.
Jeannette Hebert, Huston, Texas.
William Shumate, Shreveport, La.
Winifred Haynes, Superior, Wis.
Ethel Cooper, Glendale, Cal.
Helen W. Drew, Los Angeles, Cal.
Catherine Grune, Virginia, Minn.
Mrs. Kenneth Morgan, Coalinga, Cal.
Billee Haynes, Hillsdale, Mich.
Victoria Krolinsky, Peabody, Mass.
Elizabeth Umphrey, Birmingham, Ala.
Lucille E. Hume, Vancouver, Canada.
Bertha Saloman, Chicago, Ill.
Milly Casmere, Toronto, Canada.
Ruth Humphrey, Greeley, Colo.
Rachel Morris, Brewster, Wash.
Pitts R. John, Chicago, Ill.
Myrtle Whitford, E. Cleveland, Ohio.
Veronica Dolan, Portland Ore.
Mrs. Sadie Nelsen, Minneapolis, Minn.
J. Ford Collison, Baltimore, Md.
Betty Kennard, Columbia, Mo.
Mrs. Louis A. Martin, Middletown, O.
Elsie Conley, Visalia, Ky.
Frances Poist, Hanover, Pa.
Mrs. Violet Musk, Chicago, Ill.
Mabel M. Johnson, Ballston Spa., N. Y.
Ruth Kallas, Milwaukee, Wis.

Jolts on the Road to Fame

[*Continued from page 71*]

"Yeow," yelled Gilbert, continuing his hopping.

The seat of his pants was on fire!

The embryo actor retired from the scene after he had ruined many feet of film but he'd had his start—a bit humiliating, but wholesome.

Heaven only knows how many actors have taken their humiliating starts and immediately quit because they were asked to do things which they considered beneath their dignity. No occupation in the world demands such strange things of its beginners. Yet when there is real determination back of the desire to act, some go to almost any extreme to make good.

THERE is Eddie Nugent, for example. Eddie couldn't even get in the studio to ask for a job. He had done stunts for some of the minor companies, but he wanted a start at acting in one of the major plants. He invented all manner of excuses to get inside the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, but none of them worked.

"I'm goin' to make it, somehow," he said to himself. "I've just *got* to get in."

So the young man decided to forget his dignity for once at least. He stealthily crept along the side of the tall back fence and, assuring himself that no one was watching, clambered over. He dropped to the ground behind one of the barn-like stages and ran. In a few moments he was mingling with a crowd of "extras" and getting his bearings. After a bit he detached himself and boldly entered the "prop" department.

"Can I get a job in here?" he asked.

"How'd *you* get in?" the superintendent asked.

"Never mind that! Can I get a job?"

An active, likeable chap with a ready smile, the chief took to him immediately. And he *did* need another hand in his department. Eddie got the job. His entry had been somewhat humiliating, but it was wholesome. It led the way to employment as a gag man and then to a good part in *Our Dancing Daughters* and eventually a contract. And he came in by way of the back fence!

WHILE Eddie Nugent made his entrance by stealth, Dick Arlen hurled himself in. Eddie was cautious, Arlen abrupt. Dick was delivering films for a laboratory, and riding a motorcycle. One day his machine skidded right at the door of the Paramount studio and Richard went hurtling in, head first.

"Here I am!" he shouted as he bumped along the paving.

They picked the bruised and bleeding young man up and carried him into the hospital to have the abrasions dressed. When he returned to the laboratory he was fired.

"All right," said Dick. "Thanks!" Back to Paramount he went.

"I'm the fellow who came in headfirst yesterday," he said. "I lost my job for it. I'd like to get another."

As much through a feeling of sympathy as anything else, they took him on and presently he was all dressed up as an extra. That was his start toward stellar rôles. He made good with a bang.

IN MY opinion, Nick Stuart, the rising young actor with Fox, had the most humiliating experience of all when he got his initial chance in pictures. Nick was working in Los Angeles as a shipping clerk when he made up his mind to crash the gates. The arms and ammunition store which employed him, agreed, in response to his very earnest entreaties, to let him deliver a brace of revolvers which Tom Mix recently had ordered. Once inside the gates and his errand completed, Nick headed for the casting office and stood before Lew Seiler.

"I'd like to get a job in pictures, sir," he said.

"What can you do?" asked Seiler.

"Anything."

"Can you fight?"

"Oh, yes sir! I can fight very well."

"All right, come here tomorrow morning. I've got a bit you can do. I want you to fight—a girl."

"Huh?" queried the startled young actor, "fight *a girl*?"

"Yes."

"B-b-but I wouldn't like to fight a girl. Isn't there—couldn't you, somehow or other, make it a boy?"

"Nope!"

YOUNG Stuart decided quickly. If fighting a girl was his only chance to get a start, he'd do it, humiliating though it would be. But he didn't know the half of it. When he got into greasepaint next day and was taken in a bus to a park in Pasadena, he learned the rest.

"You are to walk down a path with two other boys," the director told him, "and you will pass Shirley Mason, who will be dressed as a boy. You make some crack about her dog and Shirley lights into all three of you. You start to run and the dog chases you and tears out the seat of your pants. While you're trying to get rid of the dog, Shirley catches up with you, knocks you down, sits on your neck and whales the tar out of you. You're to hit *at* her, but be careful that you don't hit her. All right now, get ready."

Nick looked at the bulldog and felt of his pants. He was in for it. The dog was shown where it was to grab—and how.

"Camera!" called the director.

During the next three minutes, young Stuart had one of the liveliest times of

GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffelfinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

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885B Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.
If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.
State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D._____
Name_____
St. Address_____
City_____ State_____

Spy Against Spy!

—and each using all the deadly weapons of war—

Brood of the Black Eagle

By ROBERT PEERY

in the NOVEMBER issue of

NOW ON SALE

Battle Stories

Magazine

Price 25c

Winning Movie Title Story

Below is printed this month's winning story composed of movie titles. For the best story—not over 500 words—each month, SCREEN SECRETS pays $10. No entries will be returned. This contest ends with the December issue. This month's winner is Thomas Graham, 80 South Fifteenth St., Paris, Texas.

Blind Youth

MIKE, who was *Twenty-one* years old, lived on *The Flying U Ranch In Old Arizona,* with his *Mother* and *Old Dad,* who was *The Country Doctor.* He was *Stage Struck* and got the *Broadway Fever* and decided to go to *The Big City, New York.* So he caught *The Overland Limited,* after telling his girl *Geraldine,* just *Sweet Sixteen,* good-bye. *The Last Warning* of his *Mother Machree* was, *"Don't Marry A Woman of the World!"*

On *Broadway* he became *The Jazz Singer* at a *Cabaret* and soon had *Money to Burn.* Going *The Way of All Flesh,* he started *Running Wild* and began *The Pace That Thrills.* On *New Year's Eve,* he met *Stella Dallas, Queen of the Night Clubs,* one of the *Women They Talk About,* who wore *Fine Clothes, Rolled Stockings, Kid Boots,* had *Bobbed Hair,* lots of *It,* and whose *Smiling Irish Eyes* had *The World at Her Feet.*

She took him to a *Speakeasy, Just Off Broadway,* run by *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu* and patronized by *Girls Who Dare* to be *Not Quite Decent, After Midnight, While the City Sleeps.*

The *Red Wine* and *Bright Lights* went to his head and *The Singing Fool* played *The Dummy* and stayed *All Night Up In Mabel's Room* with *The Siren,* using the latest *Fashions in Love* in telling her of his *Love, Adoration* and *Infatuation* for her.

The Awakening came at *Sunrise* and *The Sap* realized he was *Headin' For Danger.* So when *The Temptress* said, *"Let's Get Married,* leaving as soon as *A Ship Comes In,* for a *Honeymoon Abroad,"* knowing she was a *Lady of the Pavements,* her *Object, Alimony,* he replied, *"For the Love of Mike, Must We Marry?"*

FOR *Three Hours, The Outcast* let loose an *Avalanche* of words *Not For Publication.* She said, *"Women Love Diamonds* and *Oh Baby!* if you *Don't Come Across* with money, my friends, *The Gentlemen of the Press,* will be *Telling the World* of my *Betrayal,* in *The First Edition.* I may not be *The Angel of Broadway,* but you can't *High Hat* me. I'm *The Lone Wolf's Daughter* and when *The Lone Wolf Returns,* his *Fury* will have all the *Chicago Underworld* on you."

He was *All at Sea.* He was *Lonesome* and *Homesick* and began to think *The Only Way* out was to go down to the *Waterfront* and jump into *The River.* Then he got *The Letter* from one of his *Brothers,* telling him *Mother O'Mine* wanted him to be *Rolling Home* to *The Old Homestead* soon or *My Best Girl* would be *The Girl Who Wouldn't Wait.*

Back in *The Heart of the Hills,* he said, *"Dearie, It Must Be Love."* So he borrowed *Skinner's Dress Suit,* took *Two Weeks Off* and they were married.

He was a *Lucky Boy* for *The Escape* he made from *The Lost World* of *Man, Woman and Sin.*

That *Mother Knows Best* is *Nothing But the Truth.*

Jolts on the Road to Fame

[*Continued from page* 99]

his life. When Shirley went into action, she did her best. She lit into the trio of young men, the bulldog swung onto the seat of Nick's pants as he fled, then Miss Mason arrived and swung on his jaw. After which she sat upon him and completed her job.

"Lord," Nick said to me the other day, "Shirley packs a wallop in that right fist!"

Many persons likely will recall seeing that fight in *The Little Wanderer.* Humiliating it was to Nick, but wholesome, because the Fox Company now is starring him with Sue Carol.

"ANYTHING to get a start" seems to be the slogan. It will be remembered that Harold Lloyd couldn't get into the Universal studio until he joined a gang of extras one day at the lunch hour and tramped through the gate with them. Lon Chaney, unable to get employment, made up as a Chinaman when he heard that Tod Browning was vainly seeking a certain type of Oriental.

"You're hired!" Browning said promptly when he looked at the man who now is accredited with having "a thousand faces."

Eddie Phillips adopted a similar course when he learned that Mary Pickford was searching for an Italian type to play a rôle in one of her pictures. Reginald Denny fought his way through a half dozen of *The Leather Pushers* series to get his start.

To this list might be added a monkey which got a part in *Noah's Ark.* The little simian refused to stay on the perch provided for him in Noah's sea-going liner. Off he would hop, only to be recaptured and put back again. Finally, he hopped onto a red-hot flood lamp and sat down—for just one brief moment. He let out a screech which echoed throughout all the Ark and then was off and away.

He got his start in pictures.

Humiliating, yes! But not very wholesome.

Society in Cinemaland

[*Continued from page 49*]

eighteen-day diet for me!" cried he, selecting a huge turkey leg, embellished with a mound of potato salad, and all that goes with a meal of this kind.

BRILLIANT was the garden party sponsored by **Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson** at their attractive home in Beverly Hills. A dining room was erected outdoors for the occasion, decorated in a striking color scheme of orange and black, with modernistic designs. An orchestra furnished the music for dancing and bridge tables were arranged in cool corners.

Among those bidden were **Messrs. and Mesdames Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert (Ina Claire), Rod La Rocque (Vilma Banky), Henry King, Louis B. Mayer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (Joan Crawford), Robert Fairbanks, Antonio Moreno, Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Harry Rapf, Irving Thalberg) Norma Shearer), Benjamin Glazer and Harry Beaumont; the Misses Dorothy Mackaill, Bessie Love, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, Hedda Hopper, Aileen Pringle and Dorothy Sebastian; Count Andres de Segurola, William Powell, Ronald Colman, Charlie Chaplin, Clarence Brown, Harry Crocker and Jack Cummings.**

MORE than one hundred guests were entertained by **Mr. and Mrs Jesse Lasky** at an elaborately appointed dinner dance. Two orchestras furnished the music for dancing, and during the evening, impromptu numbers were given by **Ann Pennington, Dennis King** and **Helen Kane.** Numbered among the celebrated guests were the **Louis B. Mayers** and their charming daughteres **Irene** and **Edith, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), the Joseph Von Sternbergs, Kay Francis, the George Bancrofts, Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray)** and the **Neil Hamiltons.**

THE Toluca Lake Home of **Joby** and **Dick (Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen)** was the setting for an informal bridge supper one Sunday evening recently. Honoring the self-styled mayor of Toluca Lake were **Virginia Valli, Kay Francis, Charles Farrell, Gary Cooper, Lupe Velez, William Powell, William Boyd (stage actor), Walter Huston** and **Mr. and Mrs. William Wellman.**

A COMBINATION swimming, luncheon and tennis party was sponsored by **Bebe Daniels** at her beach home for **Bessie Love, Beatrice Lillie, Marie Mosquini, Alma Tell, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Willat (Billie Dove), George O'Brien, Charles Farrell, Roland Drew, Howard Hughes, William Hawkes, Hoot Gibson** and **Albert Hall.** Oh, yes, and **Ben Lyon,** of course!

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

EVERYONE wants to dance with the person who knows the smart new steps!

Through my new method you can learn the latest, most popular steps *in one evening*—without music, partner, teacher. Simple as taking one step after another.

Thorough—takes you from the very beginning to this season's newest dances and all their variations. Would cost you $24.00 if taken at Studio. Practice in your spare time—surprise your friends—with your new-found popularity.

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FIVE DAYS FREE

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To prove that I can learn to dance at home, you may send me your famous $5.00 course for only $1.98 C. O. D. I understand that if not delighted I may return the course within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

Name .....

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Note: If apt to be out when postman calls, send $2.00 with coupon and save C. O. D. postage.

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Featuring American Beauties, Barfly Recipes, Smokehouse Poetry, Postcards from Paris, Bad-Time Stories, Film Follies, and the Cream of the Year's Humor.

If your dealer is sold out, send a dollar (bill or stamps) to Captain Billy's WHIZ BANG, *Robbinsdale, Minn., and the 1930 Winter Annual will be mailed immediately.*

$85 a Week for McCarty

Kenneth McCarty, South Haven, Mich. —former $18 week clerk now orchestra Tenor Banjoist coining $85 weekly.

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J. P. McGriff, Hawkinsville, Ga., playing for dances and movies, has already earned $278 in spare time.

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TENOR BANJO Pays Big!

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Have Friends, Fun and EXTRA MONEY

The popular, peppy Tenor Banjoist has all the friends, invitations, good times he wants. And makes **BIG MONEY**—spare-time **or** full-time—at parties, dances, entertainments. **YOU** can cash-in; make yourself popular; put good round dollars into your pocket, too! Learn at home in 1 to 3 months—actually be **playing** within **first half hour**—by my proved method.

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This book **proves** how **YOU** too can have friends, fun and **EXTRA CASH quick.** Get your copy **at once.** Mail coupon **NOW!**

This $20 TENOR BANJO and Phonograph Records Come with 1st Lesson

I will send you this handsome $20 Tenor Banjo; Complete Outfit; **Demonstration Phonograph Records;** Gain Time Chart; Lessons—**everything** you need **WITHOUT ONE CENT EXTRA COST.** No long, tedious "scales." Learn quick; learn **right.** Get the **FACTS** in the Free Book the coupon brings!

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8% INCREASE

We will give you 8% more per year, than you paid in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

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14 Kt. Solid Gold. Ladies' small sized, engraved, dainty wrist watch. Latest style with two blue sapphires in wing ends. Jeweled, adjusted, regulated, guaranteed movement. Reduced from $37. **$1 Deposit—$1 Weekly.**

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1000 People Killed Weekly

Stop Weak Lung and Bronchial Trouble—Catarrh of Nose and Throat—Asthma at earliest possible moment, with Aeriform Medicated Vapor Treatment.

Doctors said I could only live a few days from lung trouble—The Aeriform saved my life. Mrs. M. Hickey, Burr, Kentucky. I can now preach the Word of God, the Aeriform saved my life. Aeriform is a "God-Sent" blessing to those suffering from lung trouble. Rev. J. Holcomb, Urbana, Tex.

SEND NO MONEY—Just write and explain to us your trouble and we will send you The Aeriform Inspirator and Medication without one cent of expense to you—Try it for 10 days, and if benefited—send us $2.00. You are to be the sole judge, and only in the event of benefit to you, do we wish any pay. Address

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READ YOUR OWN FORTUNE. Entertain your friends. Use deck playing cards. Fascinating, amusing, intriguing, mystifying. Write now. Enclose 50 cents. Easy course sent at once. **L. A. VESTER, 6431 Roble Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.**

Captain George K. Home and Captain Herman Cline of the Los Angeles police department, at the preliminary investigation in the shooting of the Denver millionaire, Courtland Dines, by Mabel Normand's chauffeur, Horace A. Greer, on New Year's Eve, 1923, another sad episode in Mabel's career.

The Tragic Life Story of Mabel Normand

[*Continued from page* 53]

stood around the scenery and rubbered at her. The management tactfully suggested that Mabel find some other kind of entertainment. Mabel insisted that she had to look at something and she didn't know where else to look. Whereupon all the Farrar sets were boxed in like a national bank vault. The world went very well, then—until it was discovered that Mabel was peeking through a knot hole. The knot hole was plugged up. One day Miss Farrar heard a noise that seemed to come from above. She glanced up to see that that terrible infant had shinned up a balcony and was looking down at her from the roof.

IF MABEL had thrown her money around before, she poured it out in floods now. Every rag tag in Hollywood who could think of a sob story touched Mabel.

In the middle of her engagement she made a little trip to Paris which is still historic. One of the Paris dress makers sold her a gold gown for $10,000; she bought enough jewelry to stock a store. Mabel still has one of the most marvelous collections of gems in the world.

When she came from Paris—having paid all the expenses of her girl playmates, she told what a grand time she had had. This made some of her other girl friends feel so sad and neglected that Mabel took the next boat back to show them a good time, too. Returning from this trip, she encountered another sad and neglected coterie on the dock and took the next boat for the third time. Altogether, those trips set Mabel back $250,000.

Her Goldwyn pictures were not very successful. They were just pictures. Mabel was always essentially a comédienne and the art of comedy making is a very special talent. The Goldwyn studio just wasn't equipped for the job.

In the end, she drifted back to Sennett's—I believe on an arrangement with Goldwyn. In rapid succession she made three of the greatest comedies of her career—*Molly-O, Suzanna* and *The Extra Girl.*

Suzanna was such a knock-out that Mary Pickford offered Sennett $50,000 for the story and tried to persuade him to take a vacation from his own studio and direct her in a picture. Mary told me she would rather have had Mabel Normand's work in that picture to her credit than anything else she had ever seen on the screen.

PROVIDENCE at this time evidently decided that Mabel had been licking the buttered side of the bread about long enough. Down on her head came a series of the most singular misfortunes that ever befell a star.

She had a personal quarrel with Mack Sennett that, I think, broke her heart. I think that Mabel had always loved this big handsome Irishman.

For two years, then, she lived almost the life of a recluse. She had a woman companion who was half maid and half pal. Mabel read and wrote. I have seen some of her poetry. It has a re-

markable quality. None of it has ever been printed. She keeps it in a locked book.

THE day that William Desmond Taylor was murdered, Mabel woke up to find herself the heroine of an international love episode.

I have among my papers a memorandum of Mabel's own account of her affair with Taylor. It gives a breezy idea of the way Mabel talks: "Well," she said, "it seems like Mr. Taylor was the odd man when we went to parties and I was the odd girl going around with a married crowd—Ruth Roland, Henry King and a lot of married couples.

"A lot of people thought Taylor was very fond of me and that I didn't return it. Then they decided that we were engaged; then they made up their minds that I wasn't very nice to him and that we had quarreled.

"I never had any quarrel with him—except for instance when we were at a party or something and I would run away and pay attention to a lot of other people. Bill would say, when we were going home, that I didn't treat him nicely. And I would say: 'For God's sake, why do you stand around with that trick dignity of yours? You make me sick.'

"Bill would say: 'Good God, don't you know I love you?'

"And I would say: 'Well, then, for God's sake, don't be melodramatic about it.'"

MABEL was the last person to see Taylor alive. She had come to his apartment to get a book. He gave her the book: they talked for a few moments; then he took her to her limousine. He was next seen dead on his dining room floor.

Mabel was examined and cross-examined by the detectives. She insisted that she knew nothing about the murder. She was such a delicious morsel for gossip that the papers couldn't let her alone. In spite of some letters that Mabel was very anxious to get back and which were afterward found in the murdered man's riding boots, I think that it was never a serious love affair.

Every other person connected with the affair was allowed to forget it; but some one was continually dragging the ghost of Taylor out and parading it before her.

Years afterward, a district attorney, anxious for publicity, whooped it up again and dragged Mabel back in—when she had finally struggled back to another start in motion pictures.

"Say," she said, "if I have to repeat this again, I am going to set it to music to relieve the monotony. I've already committed it to memory."

Mabel passed off the situation with gay courage, but it hurt. I have never seen a girl so crushed and humiliated.

Mabel was ill for a long time after the Taylor murder case. Her health had been failing for a long time. All this worry—these sleepless nights—didn't help. Her picture career seemed

"When I Was Fat

—and heavy, I felt ashamed to dance,
My friends then called me 'fatty,'
With love I had no chance!
But Collipaste reduced my waist,
My legs and double chin—so,
Now they call me 'sweetheart'
Just because I'm slim!"

AND HERE'S HOW SHE REDUCED
Without Drugs — Without Dieting — Without Sweat Baths—Without Exercising, Etc.!

Millions of overstout, fat hips, double chins, bulky arms and protruding busts, thick-looking legs and ankles will soon disappear, thanks to the discovery of "COLLIPASTE," which you rub into any fat parts, as you would a cream, yet it is not a cream and does not contain a drop of water.

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Miss Caryl Bergman, beautiful dancing star in Ziegfield's latest Broadway success, "Rosalie," writes: "I find Collipaste very beneficial to both the skin and muscles of my limbs. It seems to give strength to the muscles and is splendid for reducing any fatty parts."

Mrs. E. H. Young, Zanesville, O., writes: "I have used one jar and have lost six pounds in two weeks."

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Therefore, every overstout person should get a jar now and take away those ugly fatty, burdensome parts.

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, one jar of COLLIPASTE, with book of instructions. On arrival, I agree to pay postman $1.95, plus few cents postal charge, which will be refunded if I am not satisfied. (Print address plainly.)

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Chuichi Ohashi, Japanese Consul, in writing of the recent stay of Prince and Princess Asaka, said:

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Famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing nightly.

BEN L. FRANK
Manager

Write for Chef's Cook Book of California Recipes.

to have faded away. Her finances were in a terrible condition. It looked like seventeen kinds of ruin were staring her in the face.

ONE thing about Mabel though; some one always seems to arrive with a net when she is falling. In this case it was an attorney—Claude I. Parker and his brother, Ivan Parker. Some of Mabel's most devoted friends are professional men of highest standing.

I imagine that no attorney ever tackled a more terrible mess than Mabel's finances. In her safety deposit box he found pay checks that had lain for years without being cashed. Her check book looked like the daily record of a charity institution. Checks for $1,000—checks for $3,500—$2,000—$2,500 . . . to people she scarcely knew.

By main strength and violence, her attorney would drag Mabel into his office and she would sit like a guilty, naughty little girl while he went over her check stubs.

"Now," he would say, "why in the name of the seven hinges of hell did you give that woman $4,000?"

"Oh, Mrs. Thingamobob—whatever her name is . . ." Mabel would say. "Sure I gave her the money."

"But why?" thundered the exasperated lawyer.

"Why, she needed it," answered Mabel—as though that were final and satisfactory.

Mr. Parker told me that—in spite of her scatter-brain method of making ducks and drakes out of good money—Mabel's memory is so extraordinary that she could remember every check she had written. Her mind is like a dictograph record.

SHE was finally straightened out financially. She now keeps her returned checks pinned to the stubs. A trust fund of $50,000 has been set apart for the care and protection of her mother and Mabel herself is safely enjoying a good, sound income that is safe from all the sob sisters with itching palms. When they found they had to tell their driveling stories to a lawyer with thin tight lips, they faded away. Most of their undying friendship for Mabel also faded. One of her tragedies has been the ingratitude of the people for whom she has sacrificed herself.

About two years after the Taylor murder, another tragedy came slamming down out of a clear sky and all but destroyed Mabel. She was as much to blame for it as she was for the whale that swallowed Jonah.

It was a curious story. A love sick boy who had adored her from afar had finally gotten into her life as a chauffeur, to be near her. In the innocence of her heart, Mabel never dreamed that this quiet, subdued, polite young boy in chauffeur's uniform was wildly, passionately in love with her.

His name was Horace A. Greer. Probably that was not his real name. It is known that he was also called Joe Kelly. A rather mysterious young fellow. It was said after the tragedy that he was the son of a rich family in the east. He had, however, worked as a chauffeur for Charles Ray and one of the Spauldings.

It was the last day of 1923. Mabel was very ill. She was going to the hospital the next day to be operated on for appendicitis. But after all, New Year's night was New Year's night with Mabel.

EDNA PURVIANCE telephoned her to come over to her house on Vermont avenue. "Court" was there. "Court" was Courtland Dines, a young millionaire from Denver who was a Hollywood beau at the moment.

Greer drove her over and left her at the door.

"Come on, you dirty dogs," said Mabel, bursting into Edna's house. "Step into your dance and let's go somewhere."

Mr. Dines, however, didn't want to go somewhere.

Greer, the chauffeur, went back to Mabel's house. He worked around the house taking down Mabel's Christmas tree. Mabel's secretary and companion telephoned her at Edna's house. She told Mr. Dines, who came to the phone, that Mabel ought to come home; that she was ill and had to go to the hospital the next day. "Oh, it's early yet," said Dines airily; "send over my Christmas package." Mabel had forgotten to bring his present.

The secretary put her hand over the telephone and said to Greer, "He won't let her come home. He won't let her leave the house." Quietly, grimly, Greer said that he would take over Mr. Dines' Christmas present; and went out to the car.

Let Mabel tell the rest of the story:

JOE," she said, (she always called him Joe, although his name was Horace) "came in and he had the Christmas package. I noticed nothing unusual about him. I left the room. I went into Edna's room. She had her evening gown on, but it wasn't hooked up yet. I didn't want the chauffeur to see Edna with her gown unhooked so I went in and said to Edna: 'Say, you dirty dog, where's your powder puff?'

"Then all of a sudden I heard those terrible things. I thought they were fire crackers. I used to throw fire crackers at Ben Turpin—poor old Ben—all the time at the Sennett Company, until he threatened to quit his job. That's what I thought they were—fire crackers. They were popping all over the house."

But they weren't fire crackers. The young chauffeur had asked Mabel to come home and Dines had sneered at his anxious devotion. Greer had drawn a revolver and fired bullets into Dines until the revolver jammed. Then he drove to the police station and gave himself up.

Dines did not die—but Mabel did. She died a thousand deaths. No one will ever know what she went through. Edna Purviance is a slow, quiet, self-

contained girl. She had nothing to say to the reporters, so she escaped. Mabel could not help being good copy. Every reporter who worked on the case adored Mabel and would have strangled himself with his own hands to have helped her; but they wrecked her.

It just happened to be one of those times when Hollywood was looking for a chance to be shocked. The women's clubs felt like passing resolutions against somebody; so they passed them about Mabel. Why they picked on Mabel is a mystery. It was a furious scandal. Mabel was the only one who was not to blame in any remote way, so naturally she was made the goat. It just about finished her screen career.

ABOUT three years ago, Mabel tried another timid venture in pictures. Hal Roach of the Roach Comedies collided with an inspiration. He would bring back some of the old-time stars in his comedies. He signed Theda Bara and Mabel Normand and several others. It was an unfortunate adventure. None of them got to first base. When they got them in the pictures, nobody knew what to do with them. So Mabel surrendered her screen career with a sigh.

Not long after that, Hollywood spilled over the coffee cups in the morning in their astonishment at what they read in the morning paper. Mabel had gone up the coast with a gay automobile party and had come back a married lady. Her husband was her old school mate, Lew Cody—who in *Mickey* had been the villain who pursued her.

Sudden? Yes, it was sudden. But that does not mean it was not a decision well thought out. When Mabel and Lew started on a trip to Ventura with a gay party they apparently had about as much intention of trying to swim to China as they had of being married. But Mabel's decisions are lightning flashes.

Her honeymoon was as characteristically "Mabel" as her bag of peanuts and her *Atlantic Monthly*. She didn't like Lew's mansion in Beverly Hills; anyhow, it was too much trouble to move her clothes; so she lived in her house and he lived in his house and occasionally they went to call on each other. Lately, however, they moved in Lew's house.

MUCH of the time since their marriage, they have been separated by circumstances. Lew went into vaudeville and has been on the road almost continuously. Both he and Mabel have been ill a great deal. One time last winter when she was ill in a hospital in Altadena with her life despaired of, Lew was almost as ill in Chicago. All they could do was send each other telegrams.

They go out very little socially, on account of Mabel's health; but they are most in demand of any married couple in Hollywood. Lew, in fact, is almost a professional dinner guest. I dare say that he is invited to two-thirds of the public banquets given in Hollywood. He is the most brilliant after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. And that goes even for Will Rogers.

MABEL would be a riot socially if if she had the slightest interest in it—with her beauty, her charm and her scintillant brains. I would give a good deal to hear Lew and Mabel both going at once as I used to hear them in the old days.

Since her marriage, little has been heard of Mabel. She lives in Beverly Hills, the motion picture suburb of Los Angeles. Sometimes she goes out to parties. She reads a lot, writes a lot, and hides her writings in a locked book.

Twice during the last few years her life has been despaired of. She says it is "just a cold." Her beautiful body is sadly wasted, but her spirit is aflame as ever. She is just as inquisitive, as eager and as keen as ever. But sometimes the Mabel that nobody knows has her hours of sorrow and despair.

I have a letter from Mabel that I treasure dearly because it is a side of Mabel that very few know—the sincere, sorrowful, sweet child underneath the reckless little tomboy who throws firecrackers at the actors. It reads:

"Dear Harry:

"Somehow or other tonight I am in a very lonely mood, so I am going to write you of something that I have always intended telling you when we should meet, but I have decided that it is very selfish of me to keep it any longer.

"A very dear friend of mine who knows you personally and who has always been one of my most loyal and staunchest friends—something, Harry, that one cannot buy—to whom I have gone with my many troubles, because you know unhappiness makes sensitive people cowardly—and whom I have never left without some encouragement and solace . . ." (She goes on to tell me of a hidden kindness done me by a very eminent lawyer—a kindly deed of which I had never been conscious. She wanted me to know it—that I should ever more deeply appreciate his friendship.)

YOU know, Harry," she continues, "there is a mystic power in the ties which friendship throws around the human heart and I am sure he is one of your truest and most loyal friends.

"Shall we call him the judge?—and I will leave you to guess the rest.

"Give my regards to Mrs. Carr and the family and this will be a secret just between you and me and I am happier now than when I began to write this letter.

"Ever your friend,
"Mabel Normand."

I know Mabel—all her faults and her failings and her golden virtues . . . and her great heart and her great soul—and I am proud of her friendship as I have been proud of the friendship of few men or women.

She is a great actress and a great woman.

THE END

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31x4	2.95	1.15	29x4.40	2.30	1.10
32x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.95	2.90	1.35
33x4	2.95	1.15	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
34x4	3.50	1.15	31x5.25	3.20	1.35
32x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
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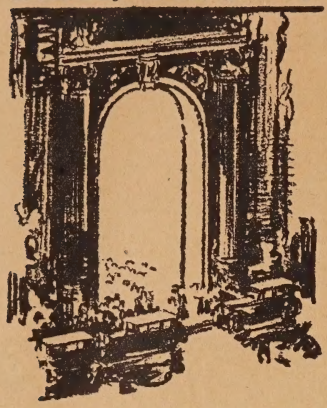

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Lily Damita from Gay Paree

[*Continued from page* 57]

behind me. It is very sad. It makes me feel very lonesome when I have seen him for only such a short time.

THEN, when I am only home for a very few days I get a cablegram. It is from Prince George on board his ship at Del Monte. It say: "Send your car and chauffeur to Del Monte to wait for me. I am coming to Hollywood to see you."

I am so excited. I send for my chauffeur right away and tell him how he must go to the shore by the ship and wait for Prince George. The Admiral he have strict orders from the King that Prince George is not to leave the ship. They have guard posted all around.

In the middle of the night Prince George come up out of his cabin, a coat drawn around his head so no one can see who he is, and climbs down the side to where he has a small boat waiting. He comes quietly to shore where my chauffeur is expecting him and they drive off for Hollywood.

In the meantime I have got a suite for him at the Roosevelt Hotel. We keep his coming a very big secret. Nobody knows the Prince is in town or there would be much excitement. That is what makes it great fun.

For three days we have the grand adventure. We are like two children out of school. We can—what you call—be ourselves. We go down to the amusement park at Venice like we used to do in Germany. We eat beeg hot dogs. We go for ride on the funny wagons on the roller coaster. We win the kewpie dolls. We dance in the public dance halls with all the clerks and working people. And the Prince is getting beeg keeck out of it, because nobody know that he is a Prince at all, and nobody bother him.

All the while we are having such a good time the police are out looking for us. The Admiral he have found out the Prince is gone. So he get in touch with the Los Angeles police and the secret service and they are looking for us everywhere while we are having good time at the amusement parks.

BY THIS time they have find out he is in Hollywood and they say he must come back to the ship. But first he say he want to go to the Hollywood party. The next day he go back to the ship.

The Admiral he is very angry. He have strict orders from the King he is to keep watch over the Prince. So soon after the Prince is gone, he write me a very sad letter. The fleet have sailed away. The Prince they have put in what they call the brig, which is like a jail on the ship and he must be there thirty days, all for his little holiday with Lily.

Just before I start work on my next picture, I hear again from Louis Ferdinand. He is well and strong again. He is Dr. Ferdinand now. He has just taken his degree as a doctor of philosophy at the University of Berlin. And what do you think? He is coming to this country to see Lily! I am very much excited to have him coming here. It will be very grand. But it is very hard to believe. I have to pinch myself to know it's true.

When he first come, we have a very gay time like the days when we were in Berlin together. All the people in Hollywood give parties for him. We go everywhere together. Then I must start rehearsing for *The Cockeyed World,* and I cannot see him so much.

FINALLY, he decide he too must go to work. His family have arranged with Mr. Henry Ford that he should work in the Ford factory from the bottom and learn the business. So he go to work in the Ford factory and work very hard, eight hours a day. Even if he is out late at night he must be up at six in the morning to go way downtown to work.

Nobody in the factory but Mr. Ford know who he is. He is simply Mr. Ferdinand to them, a laborer like everyone else.

One night he say to me, "Lily, I love you so much. Let us take an airplane right now and fly down to Agua Caliente, and get married!"

It is almost within my hands now. I cannot let it go. I ask my friends. I ask my lawyer. They tell me I can get married if I like to, but it will not do my career any good. So I make up my mind, the next day I tell Louis Ferdinand I am very sorry I cannot marry him. Oh, but it was very hard for me to do. If there had not always been that idea in my life of making the success, if it had not been for what my mother taught me when I was a very little girl, I could not ever have done it. But I had put love out of my life so often it was not so hard to do it again.

Then one day a very sad thing happen. It seems with love it is always like that. I am working at the studio out at Fox Hills on *The Cockeyed World.* There is a phone call in my dressing room. It is Louis Ferdinand. He is so excited I can hardly understand him.

LILY," he say, "I am leaving town in two hours. My family they have communicated with the ambassador. They do not want me in Hollywood any longer. So they have got Henry Ford to transfer me to his factory in the Argentine. You must come to the station right away. I must talk to you before I go."

I begin to cry. I feel so badly that he is to go and leave me. I go to Mr. Walsh the director and tell him Louis Ferdinand is leaving, that it may be months before I see him again, that I must see him right away.

Mr. Walsh shakes his head. He is very sorry. But he has very expensive

"Some day," says Lily Damita, "I hope I shall marry. Every woman should have the great love in her life, but if you have made up your mind to be the success, you cannot have love in your life until you have money and fame."

picture. He must turn it out in so many days. He cannot hold up a whole cast just for Lily.

I call Louis Ferdinand on the phone, but he is gone. I cannot reach him. He has gone to the station. I have never feel worse in my whole life. I sit in my dressing room, crying and crying. Then Mr. Walsh send for me. I must go back on the set now. I put my makeup on again. I cannot cry any more. It will spoil my makeup.

Meanwhile, down there at the station, Louis is walking up and down the platform. He is wild. The reporters try to talk to him and he roars at them. He wants to know, "Where is Lily? Why does she not come?" He does not know I must keep on with my work. Finally, the train pulls out and he gets on, still standing on the back platform, hoping still I will come, until the train is gone.

He tell me about it in a letter he writes on the train on the first day he is out. It makes me feel very sad. I get letters from him almost every day. He is very homesick and sad to leave Hollywood where he have made so many friends. It is hard for me, too, to have him gone like that. But now I can think only of my career.

SOME day I hope maybe I shall marry. Every woman should have the great love in her life. It is the greatest in living for a woman. But if you have made up your mind to be the success, you cannot have love in your life until you are ready for it, until you have the money and the fame and can take the time without its hurting your fight for success.

It is the success itself that I care for, not the things that it brings. The money? What is that? Good for to make yourself comfortable and beyond that it is a nuisance.

Always I have wanted to go back again to Paris. Just for a visit. Not to stay long. Always I get letters from my friends there. They say, "Lily, Paris is no longer the same without you. The portrait artists, they have no one to paint. There is no longer the picture of the beautiful actress to hang at the grand salons. At the Longchamps Races there is no longer the beauty to attract all eyes. Deauville, Biarritz, Monte Carlo, they are dead without you. Come back to us, please!"

So I have gone back to Paris for a visit. It is grand to see all the old friends, all the old places once more. But I do not want to stay. I want to work in America. I feel like American now. Whoopee! Hot dog! Do I not talk like American, too?

I want to make more pictures, the biggest pictures yet. And then I want to travel. I have never been to the Orient. I should like to go. I want to see what it is like in China.

Then, in two or three years more, when I am tired of the success, and would like something else, I can turn to love, maybe, and then get married. Who knows?

THE END

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Now She Drives a Packard

JUNE COLLYER is the "poor little rich girl" of cinemaland. Her father is a wealthy New York attorney.

Ever since June drew her first film rôle she has insisted upon paying her own way. Three times her father has come West and found June driving a rattling, rusty motor car of ancient vintage.

On each visit he insisted that June either permit him to buy her a new car, or that she invest some of her own money in one. She refused to do either.

Unknown to June, he hired a garage mechanic to wind the old coupe around a sturdy telephone pole. Then he bought her a new Packard.

When June reads this she will cease worrying about her father's driving ability. He told her he had crashed the old car when he became confused in traffic. Neither does June know that the wrecking job cost Dad $35.

A corner of the elaborate motion picture exhibit recently conducted at Atlantic City, N. J., to inform the public of the outstanding progress and major points of interest in the film industry. At the right of the above picture is displayed a copy of SCREEN SECRETS attached to the original pastel portrait of Betty Compson, posed and executed for use on the cover page of the July, 1929, issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

Any Old Rags?

[*Continued from page* 41]

The reason was I had torn her heirloom! I had taken one of my famous comedy falls—one of those that wasn't in the script. Oh, I always do something like that. That's the way I got started in comedy. I walked by a cameraman's tripod, tripped and toppled the whole thing over. The director thought I was so funny he gave me a "bit."

ON ANOTHER occasion, we took a woman with us on a drive. She was a sweet soul and so appreciative of the scenery. In fact, she seemed to be quite overcome at the sight of the fields of flowers with butterflies flitting around. We stopped the car and this dear woman in her hopelessly old fashioned coat with its huge dolman sleeves got out and did a butterfly imitation over the flower field.

Yes, I wore the dolman coat in a First National comedy, flapping over a studio field of imitation flowers. The critics said it was funny, too.

Even my mother's wardrobe is not sacred when it comes to my perpetual search for new old clothes. Mother is past seventy and is the adorable type who still puts on her earrings before she takes off her night gown. Her alpaca skirts and delicate lace waists could not be duplicated by anyone in Hollywood. Mother is generous about turning over her wardrobe to me, too.

PEOPLE hear of my strange way of getting clothes for comedies and hardly a week goes by that something does not come through the mails. Then, when I go traveling, or even make a trip into town, I am always getting acquainted with people. The result of these contacts always seems to be more and funnier comedy clothes. Hal says if I were stranded on the Mojave desert, I would have found some one to talk to by the time the rescue party reached me!

I get a huge amount of enjoyment out of "shopping" for my wardrobe for a new picture. Other actresses go to the most exclusive shops and pick out their costumes, while, likely as not, I am peering into secondhand clothing stores or talking a near-stranger or a friend out of something.

One of my best friends said the other day: "When any of us sees Louise drive up to the house, we wonder whether she's come to pay a social call or to negotiate some of our clothing that she just knows will be a scream in her new comedy.

Movie Directory

[*Continued from page* 84]

Betty Bronson F
Dolores Costello *
Helene Costello F
Viola Dana F
Louise Fazenda F
Audrey Ferriss F
Alice Gentle F
Al Jolson *
May McAvoy F
Edna Murphy F
Ann Pennington *
Jason Robards F
Vivienne Segal F
Georgie Stone F
Grant Withers F

FREE LANCE PLAYERS

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.
William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd, Hollywood.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles.

Ronald Colman's Dream Girl

[*Continued from page* 55]

play. She must be gentle and kindly toward all—and especially toward me."

RONALD does not approve of the out and out athletic type of girl.

"I should want the future Mrs. Colman to have a tendency toward outdoor sports without being given entirely over to them," he said. "A fondness for tennis or golf would be preferable to a craving for bridge. But please do not misunderstand. I do not want an old fashioned girl, but rather one who will give a little time and thought to our home and not spend all of her time gadding about hotels, cafés and homes of her friends in search of amusement."

Mr. Colman does not believe marriage should prevent a wife from continuing with her career, if she has one.

"If my wife worked before her marriage, she must not go on afterward, unless she does it for glory and not for monetary considerations.

SHOULD this girl I shall some day wed, have made a great name for herself in her chosen profession, regardless of what it is, and should she want to continue to maintain that name, all well and good. But I have wealth enough to provide for my wife's needs and to have her continue to work solely for the purpose of having an independent income would be cheating me of the thing I most need—her companionship."

Our interview was ended. I arose to depart. Then—

"Do you think I'm too exacting in the specifications I have laid down for a wife?" asked Ronald.

I assured him he was not.

"Well, then help me find her," he said, "for I'm really sincere."

New York Newsettes

[*Continued from page* 73]

Serenade. Elsie Janis wrote the lyrics. Well, all ye who think Miss Swanson may be through, it'll be quite some time before we hear her swansong, believe you me.

The Grand Uproaries

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, baritone warbler of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has done a brodie into the movies and will do a chirpie for Metro. It's to be called *The Rogue's Song* and will not be by Verdi. So you needn't be bored right away by the announcement, thinking that "here comes Opera—here go I." Tibbett is a swell actor and not at all like the conventional, over-spaghettied Italian operatic type. He is a California lad, having been born at Bakersfield. His father, a county sheriff, was killed when Tibbett was but six, being bumped off in a fight with a gang of bandits. Brought up by his mother, the boy went through the Los Angeles schools, appeared in several amateur theatricals and made his stage début in a Shakespearean reportoire company.

Determined to become a concert singer, he first attracted some attention with the California Opera Company, then came to New York. He had a lot of trouble bringing on his wife and twin boys, but managed by the skin of his teeth. And, believe it or not, after five months, he got the job—with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He scored his first great triumph in Verdi's *Falstaff*. From then on he has gone higher and higher, till he stands next to Chaliapin as leading dramatic operatic star of the world. Well, it's not only a banker who can get somewhere with a note, is it, my dear little music and poor pun lovers?

Which reminds me—why, I don't know—of a Ring Lardner story. Mr. Lardner was sent to write a review of the current opera at the Metropolitan. As a joke, the management sat him in the top nigger-heaven, miles from the stage, way up with the gods, where Ring's head scraped the Opera House ceiling. Ring sat through the opera patiently, then went home and wrote: "I went to the Opera and was seated. By and by the curtain went up and two dwarfs appeared and began to scream."

Chitchat

LIONEL BARRYMORE came to town, performed business, went to Philadelphia, performed business, was seen by no one, and went back to Hollywood again. He's become the most important talkie director there is, they do say. . .Victor McLaglen came to New York, swamped the place and was forced out of town by old army pals borrowing money. More about his trip next month . . . If we hear the crack again about "Do you know Lehigh Valley—Rudy Vallee's brother?" or "Do you know Lily of the Valley—Rudy Vallee's sister?" we're going to commit mayhem, arson and garroting on the guilty party . . . I saw George Arliss, monocle, refined accent and all, walking down Fifth Avenue t'other day. He has just finished the *Green Goddess*, as a talkie. He made it as a silent picture a few years ago. He's one swell actor . . . Now that *Journey's End* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* have been bought by two movie companies, we're to have the war fought over again. Gawd help us! What the suffering world needs is a war to end all war movies . . . Ad seen outside a local house: Belle Bennett in *The Power of Silence*, with sound . . . And that will be that 'til next month.

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What They Are Doing

Sally O'Neil is being starred in *The Broadway Hoofer*, by Columbia.

Corinne Griffith is making *Lilies of the Field*, for First National.

Alice White's next picture will be *Playing Around*, for First National.

Richard Barthelmess is hard at work on *Son of the Gods*, for First National.

Warner Baxter and **Mary Duncan** are being co-starred in *Romance of the Rio Grande*, by Fox.

George O'Brien is offering us a Western now, *Lone Star Ranger*, for Fox.

William Haines and **Anita Page** are again to play opposite each other, in *Navy Blues*, for M-G-M.

The **Duncan Sisters** are playing in *Cotton and Silk*, for M-G-M.

Evelyn Brent's first starring vehicle is *Darkened Rooms*, for Paramount.

Dennis King of New York musical stage fame, is now making *If I Were King*, for Paramount.

Jeanette MacDonald, also of the stage, is cast opposite.

Gary Cooper will next thrill his public in *Medals*, for Paramount.

Lupe Velez is playing opposite **Jean Hersholt** in *Out of the Night*, for Mascot Productions.

Betty Compson is now appearing in *Woman to Woman*, for Tiffany-Stahl.

Mae Murray is strutting through *Peacock Alley*, for Tiffany-Stahl.

Harry Richman, husband-to-be of Clara Bow, is now appearing in *Song of Broadway*, for United Artists.

The **Jimmie Gleasons** are making *The Shannons of Broadway*, for Universal.

Glenn Tryon and **Merna Kennedy** are being co-starred in *Skinner's Dress Suit*, for Universal.

Joseph Schildkraut is appearing in *Mississippi Gamblers*, for Universal.

Three Godfathers, at Universal, will be **Charles Bickford**, **Fred Kohler** and **Raymond Hatton**.

Monte Blue and **Lupe Velez** have just finished *Tiger Rose*, for Warners.

Grant Withers is featured with them.

Walter Woolf, New York stage star, is now appearing in *Golden Dawn*, for Warner Brothers.

Vivienne Segal is cast opposite him.

Dolores Costello has just completed *Second Choice*, at Warners, in which she is supported by Chester Morris and Jack Mulhall.

Modern Episode

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey.
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And softly Miss Muffet did say:

GET off my tuffet,
There's just room for Muffet,
I care not for petting today.
I don't have to be brainy
To know you're Lon Chaney."
And she frightened poor Lon
right away.

The Silent Voice

[*Continued from page* 46]

"You love someone else!" he accused. "You been steppin' out on me!"

"Stop! Oh, Abe," she moaned, "you hurt . . . *please* . . . I haven't even met him . . ."

"Him?"

"Yes . . . you're breaking my arm, Abe! . . . the man I think I love . . ."

She looked so utterly terror stricken that even Zarto felt a wave of pity. So with a shrug, he loosened his grip and allowed Merna to sink back in her chair.

IN TEN minutes, she was electrifying the night club habitués into thunderous applause. It was during the third encore that Merna discovered she was dancing immediately in front of the table occupied by Barry Rowe and Wanda. With a newly acquired daring, Merna flashed Barry an impudent smile; but when he grinned back, her dance suddenly became so involved that a mortified flush spread over her face and she was forced to dance hurriedly off the floor.

From his position in the doorway, Zarto eyed Barry narrowly, having come to his own conclusions as to the reason for Merna's confusion. But as she darted through the door, he was smart enough to dissimulate his cold fury.

"A cute little dancer," Barry observed. "Very talented."

Jerking her highball glass at the door through which Zarto and Merna had disappeared, Wanda remarked carelessly, "She keeps her job by bein' free an' easy with friend Abe. That's common or studio variety talk."

"It's hard to believe," said Barry; and although he was conscious of a queer, disturbing ache, his voice was quite calm.

LAUGHING lightly, Barry dropped a hand over her jeweled fingers. "Thanks for getting me that stunting contract, Wanda dear . . ."

"What did you want it for? You've got gold."

"Thrill, I guess—and also, of course, to be near you . . ."

"That," she whispered, attempting to look demure, "makes me forget tonal experts, fan writers and arsenic—but it took you nearly three months to get it out!"

Although unquestionably flattered, Barry appeared somewhat startled; wondering, perhaps, if he had inadvertently proposed.

"You're a good kid, Barry." Then, with a nervous smile, she peered at a small, emaciated waiter who was approaching them. "Well, what d'you want, Bull?" Wanda knew Zarto's personal factotum.

"The Rand airport," Bull whined from the corner of his thin mouth, "is callin' Mister Rowe—he can get the phone in Mister Zarto's private office . . ." Bull bowed ingratiatingly and scuttled away.

"Do you think you better go?" Wanda inquired, casting a nervous glance after Bull.

"Don't be dull," Barry laughed. "There's nothing dangerous about a phone call."

"I gotta vivid imagination," Wanda explained with a wry grin, "Guess I should have been a reformer. Hurry back."

BARRY entered Zarto's office only to discover the owner of the Sow's Ear resting in a comfortable arm chair, and the telephone receiver reposing on its hook. Barry looked at the receiver in polite astonishment.

"I'm the call," said Zarto, amiably. "Sit down, won't you?"

Barry declined: and with a shrug, Zarto informed him that he had a little suggestion to make. "Just that you lay off Merna Martin. She's a favorite of mine."

"I don't consider your advice quite necessary," Barry pointed out. "And furthermore, I'm not interested in any of your sweethearts—"

"As far as sweethearts go," Zarto put in, smoothly, "you been playing one of my cast-offs for some months. You of course knew that Wiley used to dance here before I foolishly got her a break and it went to her head . . . but that's neither here nor there—*watch out, Rowe!"*

Barry hesitated for a split second with his fist raised, ready to crash into Zarto's chin; and hearing a slight scraping sound behind him, followed by an apologetic cough, he whirled around only to stare down into the timid, cow-like eyes of Zarto's "man," Bull . . . Bull's right hand had been thrust into his tuxedo pocket, and the pocket bulged toward Barry, suggestively. With a harsh laugh, Barry lowered his fist and turned back to the imperturbable night club owner. "You don't forget anything . . . except your manners."

"I trust you remember yours, in the future," Zarto murmured suavely, "and keep your eyes off Merna Martin. I've got her pretty well sewed up . . . if you know what I mean."

"I think you're a damned liar," Barry snapped. "And if I want her, none of your contemptible little gunmen is going to stop me!"

"Oh, quite not," Zarto agreed. "I work more indirectly. Good evening, Mr. Rowe. . ."

MERNA, who was walking along the hall from her dressing room, was forced to jump back against the wall in order to save herself from being knocked to the floor by her idol, as he strode savagely toward the café.

Shortly after ten the next morning, Denton broke unceremoniously into "Uncle" Sol's office. "I just heard the play-back records of Merna Martin's voice and they're absolutely priceless!"

"You like id?" Sol asked, cautiously.

"Golden," Denton enthused. "Simply golden!" And such was his agitation that his monocle plumped from his eye. "I'll make the greatest talking picture star out of that little girl that ever graced a—"

"Vaid a minud!" Sol shouted. "Ve god a star. Vat ve vant iss a voice. Ve gotta keep Merna Marden submerged. Ve gotta be careful dot nobody knows dot Vanda ain't got her own voice!"

With a disgusted grunt, Denton replaced his monocle.

"You can double her voice hokay, Dendon?"

"It's called dubbing," Denton explained rather irritably. "Yes; we can if you think necessary . . ."

DENTON left the room, and a few minutes later, Sol was startled out of a troubled reverie by the jangle of his phone. "Yah? Oh, hella Abe. Vat? Don't worry aboudt dot. She's joost goin' to double—dubbing hit's called—for Vanda. Nah, she von't get nowhere. Yah, I know you're my best friend . . . Goo-bye."

As Sol replaced the receiver, Merna stepped into the room, radiantly happy.

"How dee doo, Miss Marden. Von't you sid down?"

"Thank you, Mr. Gotslieb."

"I suppose," he began cunningly, "dot you'd like to know aboudt your tests . ."

"Why, yes," Merna nodded. "Were they all right?"

"I'm sorry," said Sol. "But dey vas terrible."

As the import of her employer's words slowly seeped into her numbed mind, Merna's nails dug into the arms of her chair until her knuckles blazed out white against the tan of her small, finely-moulded hands. The room danced before her eyes in a lethargic phantasmagoria as she vaguely heard Sol's coarse voice scrape through her heartache and dismal dizziness: "Especially de screen test, Miss Marden. You ain't god photographic features, Miss Marden. Ve are sorry about dot."

SILENTLY, Merna stared at him; her eyes, wide and incredulous, began to fill with tears.

Sol leaned over his desk and patted her shoulder with one of his fat paws, while he drew a printed form from his desk drawer with the other.

"Now don' cry, leetle girl. Don' cry. Ve'll use you sometime, don' vorry." So saying, he thrust the paper in front of her blurred eyes. "Here's a new condract for two years ad fifty a veek instead of fordy—ven vorking—an' tirdy-fife ven hidle . . . Now, ain't dot nize?"

Merna brokenly, listlessly, thanked him; and she begged him to put her to work as soon as possible.

"Uncle" Sol Gotslieb allowed himself a satisfied beam.

"Don' vorry aboudt dot, Miss Marden. Joost trust in me!"

As the days wore on, Sol lived in mortal terror for fear the public would discover that *The Flying Blonde* was being made by resorting to a voice double for its star, and he spared no pains in attempting to infuse into Wanda's blonde pate how utterly impossible it would be for her to get another contract should the fact leak out that she possessed no recording voice. But Wanda wasn't much impressed. Casting herself down on the couch, she crossed her legs, exposing a perfect, silk-clad knee and stared flippantly across the office at her employer.

I CAN'T get another contract? Me, Wanda Wiley, the blonde menace? You're funnier than my first husband! An' that, my parsnip, is the quintessence—sure clickin' on the big ones today—of Benchlyanism. How you gettin' along with your 'isms, uncle?"

"Stop id!" cried Sol, springing to his feet and pacing desperately in front of this blonde, not to say aggravating, menace. "Oi, Oi, if I could only make you—"

"My Gawd, uncle, be your glands!"

"Oh, I don' mean dot!" he retorted, hotly, staring, in spite of his better judgment, admiringly, at the sheen of her knee. "I mean joost diss—"

"Speakin'," said Wanda, giving her ankle a suggestive flip, "of dot an' diss—Ah, you like it, eh?—I don' min' bringin' to your attention that this bouncin' baby girl's got more box-office appeal than any one else in the industry. Yeh. An' in spite of your barkin' Dentons and growlin' pictures, she can always get a contract!—Tut, tut, mine noncle, now don' interrupt!"

"Don' say noddings aboudt your voice being dubbed by a dooble an' don' rile oop Miss Marden!"

Wanda rose wearily to her feet.

"Oke, Unc, I'll keep the secret in my bonnet. But I still think that if your bright boy, Rogers Denton, knew his stuff, my voice would record as sexy as that swell little quicky bait, Merna Martin! Oh, forget it!"

"Tank Gott," whispered Sol, as the door closed behind his difficult star.

ON PASSING through the reception room, Wanda met Merna, who was just entering the front door.

"Hello, there," Wanda cooed, patronizingly.

"Why, hello, Miss Wiley," said Merna with a polite smile. "How are you? And how is Mr. Rowe?"

"Oh, Mr. Rowe's all right," Wanda assured her, starting down the steps. "How you gettin' along with your dubbin'?"

Merna stared uncertainly after Wanda as she swept down the front steps; then, as a mortified blush burned into her cheeks, she turned and continued toward the monitor room.

In a very few minutes, Denton was peering over the dials in his weirdly-lighted "glass cage" at Merna, who was singing into the microphone the titillating tune, *I'm a Golden Girl*, the theme song of *The Flying Blonde*.

And although Merna was singing with

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a vivacious abandon, she was carefully watching the screen upon which Wanda was leading a cabaret revue; for she must perfectly synchronize her song with the movements of Wanda's lips. It was an absorbing and difficult task; so one could hardly blame Merna for feeling discouraged when Sol called her into his office and administered one of his oft-repeated lectures that she let no one know about her doubling.

"I won't tell anybody," Merna kept reiterating, wearily. "I won't tell a soul."

Finally, Gotslieb patted her on the shoulder, something in the manner of a pudgy bull fingering a Ming vase, and told her that for the time being they wanted her to get training—lots and lots of it.

MERNA smiled a sad little smile and stepped into the reception room. Denton was standing in the far corner, conversing in a low, emphatic voice with a quietly dressed young woman whose pale cheeks and abundant red hair engendered a rather terrifying effect until one was soothed by the calm intellectuality of her eyes.

Merna managed to smile brightly at Denton's greeting.

"Come on over here," he invited. "I want you to meet Betsy Manners who supports herself and a lavish wardrobe by writing for a few of our luckier fan magazines. Miss Merna Martin," Denton continued, giving Betsy a meaning look, "is the little stock actress I was telling you about."

"Indeed!" Betsy exclaimed. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Martin—why, Rogers, she's simply divine!"

"Of course she is," said Denton, who was smugly twiddling his monocle by its ribbon.

Although Merna's heart warmed to Betsy Manners, her lips framed no answer.

"You're coming out with us, of course," Denton put in.

Yes; Merna would drive out to the Rand Airport with them and watch Barry stunt the *Waco*, a jet black biplane that Barry was piloting in *The Flying Blonde*. Merna had watched his stunting before; and when Wanda had been in the plane, she had been more than a trifle jealous.

AFTER a half hour drive, Denton parked his car and escorted his companions over the sun-baked earth and dried grass of the flying field to a group of excited spectators, scattered around the *Waco*. Various ships were taking off. Motors were droning. Noise and confusion punctuated the intense heat of this California afternoon. Presently, Sol, dusty, excited and covered with perspiration, burst out of the crowd and shouted over at Barry who was tinkering with his personal plane, the *Yellow Bird*.

Waving genially, Barry strode toward Sol, preceded by a long drawn out murmur of approbation. The light of joy that glinted in his eye at the sight of Merna, flickered uncertainly for a moment and then gave way to an angry flush; for Zarto, sleek in white flannels and sport coat, had suddenly approached and placed a possessive arm about Merna's shoulders. By the time she had wriggled out of Zarto's grasp, Barry was climbing into the cockpit of the *Waco*.

"Bud you haven't god Vanda!" Sol cried.

I'M NOT taking anybody this trip," Barry called back coldly. "That is, if you don't mind," he added, giving the throttle a sudden jerk. A great cloud of dust swept over the spectators as the *Waco's* motor emitted an ear-splitting roar and Barry taxied across the field. Presently the photographers' plane started in pursuit of its elusive object.

As Barry's ship dove, came up for a loop and on the highest point flopped over right-side-up and went into a falling leaf, Merna's hand fluttered to her throat and she found it impossible to suppress a cry of alarm.

"You don't have to worry, lady. That baby could fly a telephone pole and never give a wrong number." This word of consolation came from a rather gawky aviator who, after squirting a blob of tobacco juice into the dust and pushing his oil-soaked helmet back from his forehead, continued to calmly study Barry's maneuvers.

"Oh . . . do you know him?"

"Flown with Barry hundreds of times.

"And he can't have an accident?"

"Hell, no!"

Once more, Merna's eyes eagerly sought the miniature black cross which now seemed to be suspended perpendicularly in mid-air. The screaming of the *Waco's* motor and struts floated down to the over-awed spectators in a faint, rhythmic whine.

"He sure is feverish today," Merna's new aviator friend finally admitted. "But that's all right . . ."

"God!" somebody shouted. "Just *look* at that boy fly!"

"And de camera plane," Sol wailed, "ain't caught oop wid 'im yet!"

MERNA was slowly clicking her teeth together as though turning some important new thought over in her mind. Finally she plucked her friend's arm.

"Say," she whispered huskily, "do you think I could fly like that?"

"You mean as good as *Barry Rowe?*" He gaped incredulously at this preposterous young lady whose serious brown eyes were staring back so intently.

"Oh! Not as cleverly by any means —but as safely, perhaps?"

"Have you nerve?"

"Lots of it."

"Then I don't see why not . . . Hy! There's Wally Beery. He's got his own plane, you know. My name's Pete Brailley, instructor for Rand. What's yours?"

Merna told him. Then Brailley explained that it would take her barely ten weeks to get a private license. "The ground school will cost you about forty dollars, paid any way you like, then of course we'll give you eight hours dual and ten hours solo . . ." His attention was suddenly riveted on Barry's reckless flying.

BRAILLEY'S drawling words sang in Merna's ears with all the mellow beauty of a Stradivarius. With cheeks flushed and eyes shining brightly, she lingered over the exquisite joy derived from this glorious dream; a dream realized for a mere forty dollars paid any old way! Just let her once get a pilot's license, then she'd "l'arn" that Barry Rowe! Barry Rowe whom she worshiped more than life itself . . . But her bubble of happiness floated away toward the blue when Pete Brailley added, "Your flyin' time will set you back twenty-five dollars an hour . . . Come on over to the office and we'll go into detail . . ."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Brailley," Merna faltered, "I guess I'll just think it over a while."

"Oke," said Pete, and he disappeared into the crowd.

Denton and Betsy, who had overheard Merna's conversation, joined her, each taking one of her hands.

The crowd gasped in horror as Barry commenced stunting like a maniac. Finally he roared toward them and executed a barrel roll so close to the ground that his wing kicked dust. Then he banked around, brought the *Waco* to a perfect three-point landing and taxied to a stop.

Jumping out of his ship, he kidded with a few of the people close at hand; but in spite of his jocularity, his eyes glittered crazily as he called out, "How did you like *that*, Miss Martin?"

EVERYONE'S eyes turned to Merna —Merna was chalky white from her recent terror, and now weak from relief, she was unable to do anything but slowly shake her head in the negative. Her lips trembled as he called back, "I'm really sorry that you didn't, but I guess night club owners must be more interesting. Come on, Wanda, let's get out of here."

In less than an hour Merna was back at her dubbing in the monitor room. Wanda, lounging languidly in a studio chair, was watching Merna with amused contempt; but Denton's face was shaded apprehensively. He suspected Merna of being at an emotional crisis that she would be unable to endure much longer. An episode from *The Flying Blonde* had been flashed on the screen, and in the glare of the projection light which cut across her shoulders, her face looked strained and drawn.

On the screen, Wanda was standing in negligée at a pair of huge French doors leading from her boudoir to a wide expanse of lawn culminating in a willow-shaded creek. She was waving farewell to her lover, who was about to fly away for good. Presently the *Waco* flashed into sight, offered her an aerial salute, and soared away toward

the gently breaking dawn. In order to bolster up her courage, Wanda was supposed to be singing *I'm A Golden Girl*... then carefully following Wanda's lips, Merna began to sing . . .

"I'm a golden girl . . . just a golden girl . . ."

She knew that Barry, doubling for the hero, was piloting the *Waco*, flying away toward the sun . . .

"But I love you . . . love you . . ."

Her soft voice filled the monitor room with an irresistible pathos. And as she wavered, Denton, whose monocle was glittering like a jewel, motioned encouragingly. Wanda sniffed contemptuously.

"But if you go away, I'll continue to play . . . Because I'm just a . . . golden . . . girl . . ."

LIGHTS!" cried Denton, as he sprang across the floor and caught Merna's swaying body in his arms.

"Vat's de matter?" ejaculated Sol, who had been sitting unobtrusively in the back of the room.

"Bring some water!" Denton commanded.

"I'm all right now," Merna finally protested. "And . . . and I'm very much ashamed . . . I . . . I think I had better go," she added, smiling through her tears.

"You'll find Miss Manners in the reception room," Denton told her kindly. "You wait for me there. We'll take you to dinner."

"You did rather well, Miss Martin," Wanda remarked, with a patronizing smile.

"I would say that she did," Denton nodded, icily.

Wanda uttered a short laugh as Merna walked out of the door. "I don't know what the world would do without our little vocal chord renovator." With that, she turned on her heel and left the monitor room.

"You gotta stop bein' so intimate vid diss Betsy Manners." Sol told Denton, with a shake of his pudgy finger.

Denton laughed outright. "Really?"

"Yah. She's liable to write sometings aboudt Merna Mardin an' den vere vill *I* be?"

"That's not a bad idea!"

"Vat's dot?"

"See you later," said Denton. "Have a dinner engagement."

WHILE dining that evening at the Montmartre, Denton and Betsy surprised Merna by suggesting that she take up flying. Merna laughed lightly and tried to pretend that she didn't care for aviation, but a few days later, Pete phoned and said they gave discounts to movie people—because of the publicity—and offered her a flying course at such an absurdly small sum, Merna simply couldn't resist; and both Denton and Betsy were delighted when Merna borrowed from them a small amount of money.

The day picked by Pete for Merna's first flight was rather inauspicious, as Premier Pictures were shooting one of their largest flying sequences during the same time. Sol's eyes bulged unbelievingly when he saw Merna climbing into the cockpit of a student plane.

"Hy, there, Miss Marden!" he shouted, running toward her. "Vat are you doink?"

"I am going to take a flying lesson," Merna explained.

Sol was probably visualizing the death to all his hopes of making a million on *The Flying Blonde* as he ordered her away from the ship. "If you vonce leave de grount," he threatened. "I'll fire you!"

For a moment, Merna hesitated. She had grown to hate this little German-Jew who wielded such power over her destiny. Hate mingled with terror gradually gave way to a feeling of righteous anger. She might as well assert herself now, as she would be forced to later.

"Fire away," she told him quite coolly, "But who, may I ask, will you find to dub for Miss Wanda Wiley?"

"Ssssh!" Sol cautioned nervously. "Don't mention dot oudt here . . ."

MERNA turned toward the ship as Sol began pleading with her to give up her flying lessons. "It's dangerous, Miss Marden. I don' vant you to leave the grount . . ."

"So you said." Merna was now sure of her position. "But nevertheless, I intend to."

"It's really quite dangerous," Barry commented, walking over with one of the camera men. "You might have a serious accident . . ."

"Would . . . would you care very much?" Merna inquired, with an impulsive gesture. Innumerable stars seemed drowned in her eyes as they pleaded with Barry.

"Why, I wouldn't want anyone to have an accident if it could be avoided."

And as Merna murmured, "I see," Barry laughed confusedly.

Merna's lips were pressed into a thin firm line and her cheeks seemed like two gardenias as she climbed into the cockpit. "It is getting late, Mr. Brailley," she cried. "We had better start!"

[To be continued]

To what desperate measures will Merna's fierce desire to win the dashing Barry Rowe lead her? To what lengths will shrewd, unscrupulous Abe Zarto's grim determination to possess Merna lead him? Don't miss the next installment of this intensely thrilling narrative of the new Hollywood, in the December issue of

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Belle's New Role

[*Continued from page* 78]

dent. I had to go on with the test . . . I don't know how I did it, nor how I played the rôle which was given to me. There are whole sequences which I do not even remember taking. I looked at the picture after it was completed and said to myself: 'When did I do these scenes—or those?' It is a peculiar sensation to have a photographic proof of work which one does not remember doing at all."

SO POWERFUL was Miss Bennett's work in *Stella Dallas* that she was immediately acknowledged as one of the screen's greatest character actresses. Nothing could console her, of course, for the loss of her son, but she had another son—an adopted one—to live and work for.

"You know, I adopted a boy years ago to be a companion for my Billy," she said. "This dear boy married one of my other adopted children and now they have a darling little eight-months-old baby. He is the youngest of all my 'children.'

"You ask about these children? Yes, I have legally adopted them—and all together I now have twenty-nine to look after. I recently adopted fourteen from the Middle West and had them come out here to live in several little bungalows that I have on my land. Many of these fourteen were orphans, living or rather existing in a small town in the Middle West. I heard of their destitution and wrote them, sending money to buy food and clothing and later, train fare to come to California. You should have seen them when they arrived! One poor child was covered with burns and bruises—another had been through many operations and was a cripple, but now, thanks to science and good care, they are all well and happy.

A FEW years ago, Miss Bennett became the wife of Fred Windermere, a film director, and she confessed that her marriage is an uncommonly happy one. It was only a few months after her marriage that her only son was killed and Belle's heart crushed.

"I couldn't understand why that sorrow must come to me," she said, "and for a long while, I was very ill. Finally, we went to New York and there I had a nervous breakdown and the doctors said pneumonia. One day, I heard them say, 'It will be many weeks before she can move from here.' And all at once, my grief seemed somehow lifted. The knowledge came to me—'God did not intend we should suffer so. It is my right to be well and strong and I am going to be!'

"The next day, I was to talk over the radio—a network of sixteen stations had been hooked up. I thought of all those people waiting to hear just 'me' and I decided I couldn't disappoint them and stay in bed. So I kept my appointment and talked over the radio, and after I had done so, I felt much better. The doctors thought I was crazy, but I wasn't—and incidentally, I didn't go back to bed!"

MISS BENNETT is now hard at work on Richard Thomas' epic of the American school teacher, *The Woman Who Was Forgotten.* She was selected as the one woman perfectly fitted to play the leading part in this picture, which will be dedicated to the school teachers of America and endorsed by the National Board of Education. The cast includes Gladys McConnell, who will be seen as a young school teacher, and Le Roy Mason, who will play the part of her lover. Others who have promised to appear in several scenes are Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

After the film is completed, Belle Bennett will be received at Washington, where the premiére will take place, and she will be the guest of several notables and welcomed at the White House, where she will be given a medal of honor.

Miss Bennett lives in a pretty Spanish home on the border of a lake, with her husband, her seventy-two-year-old grandmother, her adopted son and his wife and baby, and her housekeeper who has been with her ever since she was born—in fact, was her mother's maid.

BELLE took me all over the house and into her own private room where pictures of her dearly beloved son, Billy, were everywhere. I met many of her children and talked with them. "What do you call Miss Bennett?" I asked.

Three little girls answered in unison, "Angel Belle!" And tiny boy twins piped up, "Mother Belle is so beautiful we all love her!"

At the foot of the front stairway, on the wall, hung a magnificent tapestry. The figure of Joan of Arc on her white horse was woven into it—and the face of Joan was the face of Belle Bennett.

"There is a story connected with that," exclaimed Belle. "A girl friend of mine made it for me and it took her one entire year. When finished, I learned that she had been offered $1,000 for it, but wouldn't take it. She insisted she made it for me and although she really could use the money, she wouldn't take it. I had a gathering of friends at the unveiling of this tapestry and all of them upon seeing it exclaimed: 'Why Belle, you are pictured as Joan!'

"'Yes,' my young artist friend replied, 'Belle is a real Joan of Arc. I know she sees things we do not and I believe she hears what we do not. She is what her mother always wanted her to be—a great lady!'"

Knowing Belle Bennett, I think that is a very fine description of her.

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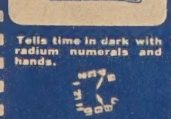

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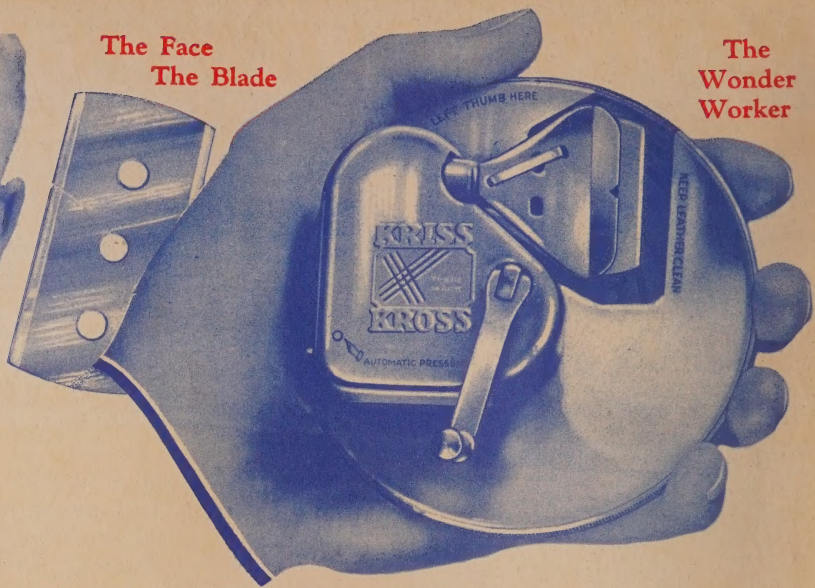

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Screen secrets

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Who Sent These Famous Stars Into Matrimony?

Read the amazing answer in a sensational story of screen celebrities who act as gods of love to direct the hearts of screendom into marriage!

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A breathless tale of self-appointed cupids who play an amazing game with human hearts and how they have engineered many of the marriages of famous motion picture stars.

SCREEN SECRETS
Out December 10

Also
A surprising story of Gloria Swanson, Maurice Chevalier's glorious life story, concluding chapter of a gripping serial, *The Silent Voice*, startling disclosure of the real names of the stars, and many other interesting stories of the screen and its people.

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William Fox presents

"They had to See Paris"

—and did they touch the high spots? WOW!

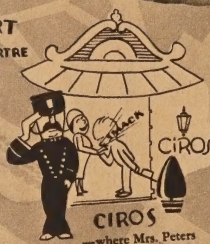
NEUILLY

—where Mrs. Peters rented the chateau to ensnare the Marquis for her daughter.

TOUR EIFFEL

LE RAT MORT
MONTMARTRE

—where "Pike" Peters met Claudine, the gold-digging grisette.

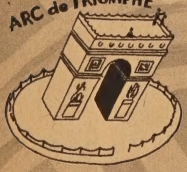


CIROS

—where Mrs. Peters met the Marquis de Brissac Coudray and a possible title for her unmarried daughter.

BOULEVARD de CLICHY

—Claudine's apartment where Mrs. Peters went to find Pike.



ARC de TRIOMPHE

—where Pike met his son Ross and discovered his affaire de coeur with Fleurie.

HOTEL des TROIS COULEUR

—where Pike staged a scene with Claudine to horrify Ross, whom he expected any moment.

WILL ROGERS

as "Pike" Peters, saw everything that Paris had to show—and that's an eyeful. At the Folies-Bergère he shouted "Pike's peek or bust." He paixed and paixed at the Cafe de la Paix. Ooo-la-la-la!

At Notre Dame, he spent all day looking for the hunchback and thought a chapeau was a place to live. He was gold-digged from Montmartre to the Latin Quarter, which he thought was two bits in Roman money.

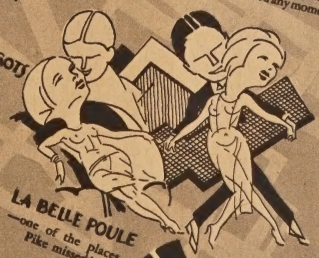
America's favorite comedian and most natural talking picture actor is a riot in this hilarious comedy of a newly rich American family who tried to crash Parisian society.

Go to Paris via this all-talking Fox Movietone of Homer Croy's novel, dramatized by Owen Davis.

directed by FRANK BORZAGE

CAFE des DEUX MAGOTS
LATIN QUARTER

—where Pike's son, Ross, met and fell in love with Fleurie, the midinette.



LA BELLE POULE

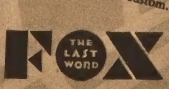
—one of the places Pike missed!

BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN

—where Ross and Fleurie set up housekeeping—an old French custom.

BOULEVARD des ITALIENS

—where the family, reunited, bought their tickets back to America—sadder and wiser.



. . . The Book That Zealous Reformers Once Burned in Public!

At Last!
Censorship No Longer Denies You This Thrill of Thrills—

Tales from THE GREAT DECAMERON...

YOU'LL never know life until you've read this greatest of all forbidden books! You'll never know how utterly stark and vivid a picture of human passions can be painted in words until you've feasted on the most fascinating tales from the greatest of all true-to-life books—the immortal Decameron of Boccaccio!

Between its pages, the thrill of a lifetime of reading awaits you. Before your very eyes is unfolded the glittering pageantry of a golden age now vanished—an age when passion, intrigue and high-riding romance held full sway. Past you, in a breath-taking parade, sweep some of the most beautiful, yet unprincipled, women of all time—women whose intense fascination fired men's blood and even altered the fates of empires . . . Here you will find tales of scarlet days, when a robust world drank of life and love to its very dregs!

Few writers have ever dared to write so intimately of the frailties to which the flesh is heir. But the flaming pen of Giovanni Boccaccio knew no restraint. Sophisticated and fearless to the ultimate degree, his stories are not only brilliant fiction of the most gripping variety—but also the most illuminating record of life in fourteenth-century Italy ever penned. Hardly a detail of these stirring times escaped his ever watchful eye—and what he saw, he wrote, without hesitation or fear!

These Great Writers Have Taken Plots From the Decameron

Shakespeare took parts of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Cymbeline*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Romeo and Juliet* from these stories. Lessing took the plot of *Nathan der Weise*, Chaucer the idea of his *Canterbury Tales*, Dryden, Keats, Longfellow and Tennyson wrote poems—all based on these great tales, which have outlived thousands of manuscripts written since their day.

Mystery No Longer Shrouds This Brilliant Masterpiece!

Perhaps no other book ever written has had such an amazing history. Written in so vigorous a style as to be actually *startling*, it has long been a storm center of fierce controversy and even persecution. Critics and the *haute-monde* have acclaimed it with unstinted praise for its sparkling vividness and subject matter—while prudish zealots and tyrannical reformers, aghast at the utter frankness with which Boccaccio exposed human life and love in the raw, resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation. At one time they actually went so far as to gather all the available copies and have them publicly burned!

But all that was yesterday! Today the thrill that awaits the reader within the glowing pages of Decameron Tales is no longer denied you. This is the age of *reason*—and the peerless word-artistry of genial old Boccaccio has come into its own at last! . . . Now, for a short time only, you can inspect these great examples of realistic writing in your own home for five days, without obligation.

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Rich in fascinating plot, tense with action and vibrant with human passion—the Decameron has furnished plots for the world's great masters of literature. Longfellow, Keats, Dryden, Chaucer, and even the great Shakespeare himself sought these immortal pages for inspiration. In no other volume are the morals and customs of Italy of the fourteenth century so graphically laid before you—the way people lived, the hovels and palaces they dwelt in, the fantastic pleasures they indulged in—all are told with both wit and pathos that are indescribable. Thus the stories not only amuse and entertain, but constitute a landmark of literature which must not be passed over if you would broaden your vision—make yourself truly cultured.

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And now we are enabled to offer you these great classics—thirty-five of the best stories from the famous Decameron—for the amazingly low sum of only $1.98! Send no money—just fill out and mail the coupon below. When the package arrives pay the postman $1.98, plus few cents postage. Inspect this great book for five days, then if you are not delighted return it and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon this instant before this low price offer is withdrawn! Franklin Publishing Company, 800 No. Clark St., Dept. W-600, Chicago.

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Please send me a copy of The Tales from the Immortal Decameron by Boccaccio. When package arrives I will pay postman only $1.98, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I am at liberty to return the volume within five days and my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you may be out when the postman calls, enclose $2 with coupon and we will pay all delivery charges. Customers outside U. S. must send cash with order.

They All Talk In Universal Pictures!

John Boles

Laura La Plante

Mary Nolan

Joseph Schildkraut

THE best and most able players available for the finest pictures it is possible to make! That's the Universal slogan for the year 1929-1930. And the fact that the stars and featured players whose pictures appear on this page (and many others who are being signed from time to time), will all be in Universal pictures this year is your guarantee that every time your favorite theatre announces a Universal picture you are sure of the best entertainment the market affords.

The ONE and ONLY

BROADWAY

Carl Laemmle's 100% Singing, Dancing, Talking picture made from the original Jed Harris stage play by Philip Dunning and George Abbot, Glenn Tryon, Evelyn Brent, Merna Kennedy, Thos. G. Jackson, Paul Porcasi, Robert Ellis — Paul Fejos, Director.

Barbara Kent

Glenn Tryon

Thos. Jackson

SHOW BOAT

The picture that will live as long as romance endures. From Edna Ferber's glorious novel with music from Florenz Ziegfeld's stage production—Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jane La Verne, Otis Harlan—Harry Pollard, Director.

George Sidney

Charles Murray

Merna Kennedy

Paul Whiteman

Mary Philbin

George Lewis

James Gleason

Evelyn Brent

Robert Ellis

Kathryn Crawford

Eddie Phillips

Dorothy Gulliver

Watch For These!

- BROADWAY (Super Production)
- SHOWBOAT (Super Production)
- COLLEGE LOVE (First 100% College Talkie)
- THE WAGONMASTER (Ken Maynard)
- MELODY LANE (Eddie Leonard)
- THE DRAKE CASE
- EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Reginald Denny)
- BARNUM WAS RIGHT (Tryon-Kennedy)
- TONIGHT AT TWELVE (Bellamy-Livingston)
- THE LONG, LONG TRAIL (Hoot Gibson)
- HOLD YOUR MAN (Laura La Plante)
- THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER (Joseph Schildkraut)
- THE SHANGHAI LADY (Mary Nolan)
- THE STORM
- THE DEVIL'S PIT (South Seas Epic with Native Cast)
- MOONLIGHT MADNESS (John Boles)
- ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (Most sensational War Novel ever written)

Watch for our Weekly Chat in the Saturday Evening Post

COLLEGE LOVE

George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver, Eddie Phillips, Hayden Stevenson, Churchill Ross and others in Carl Laemmle, Jr's all-talking, singing, dancing show of youth, pep, zip and love on the campus with the most thrilling football game ever screened—Nat Ross, Director.

Eddie Leonard

Josephine Dunn

Hoot Gibson

Reginald Denny

Conrad Veidt

Ken Maynard

FORWARD MARCH *with* UNIVERSAL!

Universal Pictures Corporation . . . . . 730 Fifth Ave., New York

CLASSY SERVICE DESIRED

WHO	X
WHAT	X
WHERE	X

NEWS TELEGRAM

FLASHES FROM HOLLYWOOD

CABLEGRAMS FROM EVERYWHERE

TIME RECEIVED *Last Minute*
RECEIVED AT *Screen Secrets*
FOR DELIVERY TO *Our Readers*

THE voice of Ronald Colman proved fatal to his mother when she heard it in his first talking picture, *Bulldog Drummond*. Mrs. Colman, who resided in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, attended a local theater during the first showing of the picture. She had not heard her famous son's voice for eight years, and the joy of hearing it was so great it affected her heart. She collapsed in the theater, dying several days later.

Lewis Stone has entered suit for divorce from his wife, who is known on the stage as Florence Oakley. The charges are cruelty and incompatibility.

Suffering from a nervous disorder, Jean Eagels, star of *The Letter* and other screen plays, took an overdose of drugs and died in the office of her physician. She was thirty-five years old.

Alice White will marry Sidney Bartlett, according to an announcement made by the First National star.

Roland Young, New York stage star, has been signed on long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Kathryn Crawford has been borrowed from Universal by Pathé to be Alan Hale's leading woman in *Red Hot Rhythm*.

Sono-Art has just signed Reginald Denny for a series of pictures.

Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick have left for a two-month's vacation. They plan to sail from New York through the Panama Canal to San Francisco, spending some little time in the Central American countries.

Loretta Young is appearing opposite John Barrymore in his latest picture, *The Man*.

Constance Bennett has been signed by First National for the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in his next picture, as yet untitled.

Dorothy Mackaill's contract with First National expires January 31, after which time she is planning to take a well-earned rest.

Josephine Dunn has refused a renewel of her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and is leaving that organization to free lance.

The famous Paramount star, George Bancroft and his wife, photographed on the deck of the "Ile de France," as they left for Europe. Having obtained a long-sought vacation from the studio, Bancroft expects to be absent from America for some time as his vacation will include visits to many European countries.

Leatrice Joy has been signed by the Brunswick Phonograph Company to make a record of the theme song from her latest picture, *A Most Immoral Lady*.

Joan Bennett is to appear in one of the new United Artists short subjects, *Irish Rhapsody* before starting her part opposite Harry Richman in his first starring picture, *Play Boy*.

Joan Crawford's next starring production will be *Montana*, a wild and woolly western. This will be her first picture under the new starring contract she has just signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Sam Wood has been assigned to replace Jack Conway as director of the first talking picture starring Van & Schenck, vaudeville team. Wood was named when Conway was rushed to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis. Although the operation was successful, it will be some time before Conway will be able to return to the studio.

J. C. Nugent, father of Elliott Nugent, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, has signed a long-term contract with the same company, and the father and son will appear together in *Father's Day*, an original screen comedy.

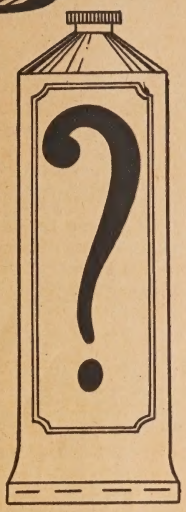
Tom Moore and Blanche Sweet will be co-starred in an original story of New York night life, prepared for M-G-M by Philip Dunning, author of *Broadway*. Albert Kelly and Robert Ober will direct this picture, as yet untitled.

A committee, representing practically all the important women's organizations of the country, has selected Mrs. T. G. Winter, past president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as their representative "to interpret to the makers of motion pictures the feeling and wishes of womanhood in regard to the medium's development to its highest usefulness".

WIN $1000.00 CASH

NAME THIS

This Offer Open to Every Reader of this Announcement



Have you sent a name? If not, do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win the one thousand dollars—nothing else to do. **Just write or print the name on any kind of paper—neatness doesn't count.**

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think would fit the high quality of this shampoo. Or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the Shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating the waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the most suitable suggestion for a name will receive $1,000.00 cash prize, or if prompt $1,100.00 in all.

ANY NAME MAY WIN

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this $1000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1000 and the extra $100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of a hundred other prizes, the highest of which is $8,000.00 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the $1,100.00 cash prize may win an additional $8,000.00, making a total of $9,100.00. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the $8,000.00 or one of the other one hundred cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

$100 Extra For Promptness

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100.00 for promptness, or $1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employes and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.,
903 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read .....

Date my suggestion is mailed .....

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

THE GAB BAG

A meeting place for readers to discuss their views on motion pictures.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Screen Secrets:

Wasn't Barry Norton great in *Sins of the Fathers?* That picture convinced me beyond a doubt that he can act, and this handsome young lad should be a star in no time.

Why can't Clara Bow keep her clothes on, and really act, instead of doing wildly silly things like jumping into pools, socking everybody in sight and flinging off chemises, stepins, etc. And, may I ask, is that acting? Oh, yes, they call it art! Oh, well, it's worth a good laugh, anyway.

Where is Lane Chandler and Carroll Nye? C'mon, get busy and make some new pictures, me hearties.

A large armful of bouquets for Sue Carol, Neil Hamilton, Buddy Rogers and SCREEN SECRETS.

Sincerely,

IRENE HOFFMAN.

Well, well, what will Clara Bow fans think of this? Lane Chandler and Carroll Nye ARE busy, and you will be able to enjoy them in several pictures in the immediate future. Thanks for the bouquet!

Leadville, Colo.

Dear Editor:

I read the life stories of Lupe Velez, Betty Compson and George Bancroft, and I thought they were great. During all the coming life stories, I hope Sue Carol's life story will be among them, as I know many would appreciate it greatly. I would like to see Sue's picture in SCREEN SECRETS more often—so would many others.

Sincerely yours,

A SUE CAROL FAN.

Good news for you! In this issue, you will find a pictorial history of Sue Carol, and the first episode of the life story of Maurice Chevalier.

San Bufall, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Two letters in the last issue I think were very unfair. One slammed Lupe Velez while the other writer said he was tired of Buddy Rogers, and both said that your magazine would be better without their pictures. Neither Lupe Velez nor Buddy Rogers is my favorite star, but undoubtedly both have very many admirers. How can anyone expect to deprive others of their favorites?

My favorite actor is David Rollins who, I think, gets too little notice from the public and most of the magazines. Look at his work in *Imagine My Embarrassment.* How about a nice article on him in your magazine?

Some stars whom I have liked in recent pictures are Richard Arlen in *Four Feathers* and *Thunderbolt,* George Bancroft in *Thunderbolt,* and Charles Farrell in *Lucky Star.*

In closing I'd like to say that, of all the movie magazines, I think SCREEN SECRETS is the best.

G. M. S.

Your argument in regard to Lupe Velez is certainly a fair one. We are glad you like SCREEN SECRETS, and the tip on David Rollins is great. Look for a story on this young man in an early forthcoming issue.

Charles Buddy Rogers is the center of interest in "The Gab Bag" this month as his defenders come to the rescue to refute the sharp criticism Buddy drew from C. B. Q. in the October issue.

Readers are invited to express freely their opinions relative to any phase of the motion picture industry in "The Gab Bag." Letters should be limited to 300 words. While fans everywhere are welcome to use these columns for frank discussion of pictures, players and other matter relating to the screen, views expressed by readers are not necessarily in accordance with the editorial views of SCREEN SECRETS.

—Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I see that, in your October issue, C. B. Q. asks you to "cut out" printing Buddy Rogers' picture in your magazine. If you did that, although you would be doing C. B. Q. a favor you would NOT be doing millions of other fans a favor! I sincerely hope you will not cut Buddy out of your magazine. Of course, those who don't like Buddy's pictures don't have to look at them, do they? I believe there are many other fans who would side with me against C. B. Q.

Sincerely,

H. B. P.

Buddy's picture in the columns of this department should allay your fear of his being "cut out" of SCREEN SECRETS.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I think the magazine (SCREEN SECRETS) is getting along wonderfully well and I'm sure you have reason to be satisfied with the progress it has made. It has genuine zest and sparkle.

Sincerely,

R. E. SHERWOOD.

This comment, coming from Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost screen observers, is most gratifying, and we hope that all of our other readers are of Mr. Sherwood's opinion.

Paris, Texas.

Dear Editor:

Some fans wonder where Theodore Kosloff, who was once such a popular leading man for Paramount, is. He is in Dallas, Texas, and has a very large studio for the studying of the dance, stage, and screen. He hasn't appeared on the screen for some time, but has been connected with Cecil B. de Mille's

[*Turn to page* 90]

START TONIGHT AND REDUCE WEIGHT!

Start Reducing Tonight at Home and Feel Better Tomorrow Morning Than You Have For Months
(Every Statement Certified From Actual Experience)
SEND THE COUPON FOR YOUR FIRST THREE FAYRO BATHS

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off excess weight once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro contains many of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely bodies more shapely, and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought To You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now enjoy these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately excess weight will have been removed in an easy, refreshing and asolutely harmless manner.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost weight. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself wholesome meals. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro At Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.

More Than a Million Fayro Treatments Have Been Sold

Fayro, Inc. PFU-12-29
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me three full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

¶ A department supplying SCREEN SECRETS readers with the addresses of motion picture players. When mailing requests for pictures of stars, address the letter to the player at the studio that heads the list in which his or her name appears.

* Star F Featured Player

COLUMBIA STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Belle Baker *
Ralph Graves F
Jack Holt *
Margaret Livingston F
Jacqueline Logan *
Arthur Lubin F
Ben Lyon *
Shirley Mason *
Mickey McBann F
Molly O'Day F
Marie Prevost *
Dorothy Revier *
Jason Robards *

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS
Burbank, California

Richard Barthelmess *
Noah Beery F
Irene Bordoni *
Marion Byron F
Jack Buchanan F
Eddie Buzzell F
Bernice Claire
Alice Day
Charles Delaney
Billie Dove *
Sally Eilers F
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. F
Alexander Gray F
Eddie Gribbon F
Corinne Griffith *
Lloyd Hughes F
Alice Joyce F
Doris Kenyon F
Pert Kelton F
Lila Lee F
Dorothy Mackaill *
Marilyn Miller *
Colleen Moore *
Antonio Moreno F
Jack Mulhall *
Milton Sills *
Alice White *
Lois Wilson F
Loretta Young F

FOX STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Frank Albertson
Warner Baxter *
Rex Bell *
Jean Bary
Dorothy Burgess *
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Ilka Chase
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mae Clark
Walter Cadman
June Collyer F
Joyce Compton
Owen Davies, Jr.
Louise Dresser F
Mary Duncan *
Charles Eaton
Gilbert Emery
Charles Farrell *
Stepin Fetchit *
Helen Garden
Janet Gaynor *
Galvin Gordon
Frederick Graham
George Jessell *
Richard Keene
Lola Lane F
Dixie Lee
Edmund Lowe *
Sharon Lynn
J. Farrell Macdonald F
John McCormack *
Victor McLaglen *
Delia Magana
Lois Moran *
Charles Morton
Paul Muni *
John Mojica
J. H. Murray
Barry Norton F
George O'Brien *
Paul Page *
Dave Percy
Sally Phipps F
Frank Richardson
David Rollins F
Juan Sedillo
Whispering John Smith F
Nick Stuart *
Lia Tora
Norma Terriss
Guadalupe Tovar
Lenore Ulric *
John Wagstaff

SAMUEL GOLDWYN STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Vilma Banky *
Joan Bennett F
Walter Byron F
Ronald Colman *
Lily Damita F

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS
Culver City, California

Renee Adoree F
Nils Asther F
Wallace BeeryF
Jack Benny F
Buster Keaton *
Carlotta King F
Charles King F
Gwen Lee F
Eugenie Besserer
Charles Bickford F
Edwina Booth F
John Mack Brown F
Rosemary Cameron
Harry Carey *
Lon Chaney *
Joan Crawford *
Karl Dane F
Marion Davies *
Buster Dees
Mary Doran
Rosetta Duncan *
Vivian Duncan *
Cliff Edwards *
Gus Edwards
Mary Forbes
Greta Garbo *
John Gilbert *
Lawrence Gray F
Raymond Hackett F
William Haines *
Marion Harris F
Holmes Herbert
Hedda Hopper F
Leila Hyams F
Kay Johnson F
Zita Johann
Dorothy Jordan
Bessie Love F
George Marion
Nina Mae
John Miljan F
Helen Millard
Robert Montgomery F
Polly Moran F
Joyce Murray
Conrad Nagel F
Ramon Novarro *
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen F
Anita Page F
Basil Rathbone F
Duncan Renaldo
Benny Rubin F
Dorothy Sebastian F
Norma Shearer *
Marion Shilling
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone F
Lawrence Tibbett *
Raquel Torres F
Ernest Torrence F
Van and Schenck *
Fay Webb
Peggy Wood

PARAMOUNT-FAMOUS-LASKY STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Richard Arlen *
Jean Arthur F
William Austin F
Baclanova F
George Bancroft *
Clara Bow *
Evelyn Brent *
Mary Brian F
Clive Brook F
Virginia Bruce
Nancy Carroll *
Lane Chandler F
Ruth Chatterton *
Maurice Chevalier *
Gary Cooper *
Lawford Davidson
Jeanne Eagles *
Mary Eaton *
Morgan Farley
Kay Francis F
"Skeets" Gallagher F
Paul Guertzman
James Hall F
Neil Hamilton F
Doris Hill F
O. P. Heggie F
Phillips R. Holmes
Walter Huston F
Helen Kane F
Dennis King *
Fred Kohler F
Leone Lane
Harold Lloyd *
Jack Luden F
Paul Lukas F
Jeanette Macdonald
Fredric March F
Moran and Mack *
Chester Morris F
David Newell
Jack Oakie F
Warner Oland F
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
William Powell *
Esther Ralston F
Charles Buddy Rogers *
Frank Ross
Lillian Roth
Miriam Seegar
Charles Sellon
Hal Skelly *
Oscar Smith F
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray F

PATHE STUDIOS
Culver City, California

Jimmy Aldine
Robert Armstrong *
Lew Ayres
Constance Bennett *
Harry Bannister F
William Boyd *
Ina Claire *
Junior Coghlan F
Diane Ellis F
Morton Downey *
Russell Gleason F
Alan Hale F
Ann Harding *
Jeanette Loff F
Carol Lombard F
Marilyn Morgan F
Eddie Quillan *
Stanley Smith F
Gloria Swanson *

RKO STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Sally Blane F
Olive Borden F
Betty Compson *
Bebe Daniels *
Richard Dix *
Ann Greenway F
Helen Kaiser F
Rod La Rocque *
Rita La Roy F
Ivan Lebedeff F
Dorothy Lee F
Hugh Trevor *
Rudy Vallee *
Bert Wheeler *

SONO-ART STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Reginald Denny *
Eddie Dowling *
Ruth Roland *

TIFFANY-STAHL STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Leo Carillo *
Ricardo Cortez F
Mae Murray *
Eve Southern
Conway Tearle *
Virginia Valli F
Claire Windsor *

UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS
Universal City, California

John Boles *
Kathryn Crawford F
Robert Ellis F
Hoot Gibson *
James Gleason F
Lucille Webster Gleason F
Harold "Red" Grange F
Dorothy Gulliver F
Otis Harlan F
Merna Kennedy F
Barbara Kent F
Beth Laemmle F
Arthur Lake F
Laura La Plante *
Eddie Leonard *
George Lewis F
"Sunny Jim" (Lawrence McKeen) F
Joan Marsh
Ken Maynard *
James Murray F
Mary Nolan *
Mary Philbin *
Joseph Schildkraut *
Glenn Tryon *
Paul Whiteman *

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

Don Alvarado F
Henry Berghman
Fannie Brice *
Rita Carewe F
Charles Chaplin *
Virginia Cherrill
Dolores Del Rio *
Douglas Fairbanks *
Lillian Gish *
LeRoy Mason F
Mary Pickford *
Harry Richman *
Gilbert Roland F
Stanley J. Sandford
Norma Talmadge *
Constance Talmadge *
Lupe Velez *

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS
Hollywood, California

George Arliss *
Armida
John Barrymore *
William Bakewell F
Monte Blue *
Joe E. Brown F
Georges Carpentier *
Dolores Costello *
Frank Fay *
Louise Fazenda F
Al Jolson *
Davey Lee *
Myrna Loy F
Tully Marshall F
Patsy Ruth Miller F
Edna Murphy F
Marian Nixon F
Vivienne Segal *
Rin Tin Tin *
Lilyan Tashman F
Grant Withers F
Walter Woolf

FREE LANCE PLAYERS
Hollywood, California

Mary Astor, 309 Bank of Hollywood Bldg.
Ben Bard, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Barbara Bedford, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Madge Bellamy, 6912 Hollywood Blvd.

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It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an onlooker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed . . .

She played *Anitra's Dance*—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I *can* play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."

"She played Anitra's dance—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful," she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game."

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful, newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or *any other* instrument, you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast*—as those who study old-time, plodding methods.

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson Sent FREE

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home. This wonderful method has already shown half a million people how to play their favorite instrument by *note*. To prove that you can do the same, let us send you our booklet and valuable Demonstration Lesson—both FREE. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the cost of only a few pennies a day to you!

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George C. Lauer, Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started."
Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School."
Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
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Worn by Practical Men Everywhere—Guaranteed shock-proof and weather-proof. Perfect timekeeper. Radium Dial—tells time in dark—Fine imported full jeweled movement—Silver finish, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Genuine leather strap. Absolutely a $10.00 value. Fully guaranteed to give you complete and entire satisfaction. This is not a cheaply constructed domestic watch, but a real timepiece. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.99 plus postage. Fill in coupon.

$3.98

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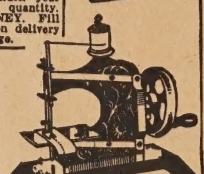
Box of Ammunition Free.

Guaranteed to hit a fly at ten feet. The ideal pistol for target practice. Get one today and become a good marksman in short time and at very little expense. Shoots buckshot with accurate precision and great force. Holds fifty shots in magazine. Easy to reload. Excellent for hunting birds, etc. Looks like a real pistol. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $3.98, plus small express charge. Fill in coupon below.

Latest Type Harmonica $1.98

A new development in the art of making musical instruments created this double harmonica. Nothing like it ever offered at our special price compares with it for tone and real beauty. Plays on both sides from the lowest to the highest notes. Each harmonica in a special box. Rush your order. Limited quantity. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon. Pay on delivery $1.98 plus postage.

New Improved Sewing Machine $2.96



For young and old—this sewing machine is a great labor and time saver. Will do all your plain sewing in half time. Small and convenient to carry, can be clamped anywhere. This is a genuine imported machine, of strong and durable construction, guaranteed to give service. Furnished complete with instructions. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $2.96 plus postage. Fill in coupon below.

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Something entirely new in wrist watches. Runs eight days on one winding. Guaranteed 6 jewel movement, accurate timekeeper. 8 adjustments. Radium dial. A real watch for those who can afford the best. Made by one of the best known watch factories in the world. Nickel-silver case. Our two years' written guarantee protects you. Send no money. Pay on delivery $7.49 and postage.

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Imported French Binoculars $4.69

Buying direct from France, we are able to offer you this binocular at low wholesale price. Full $15.00 retail value. Magnifies everything 5½ times. Has six well constructed lenses. The ideal glass for camping, touring, hiking, sports, outdoor or indoor. Elegantly finished, adjustable sides. Complete with carrying case. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery $4.69 and postage. Fill in coupon below.

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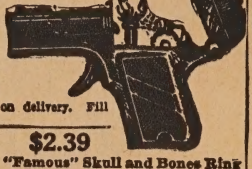
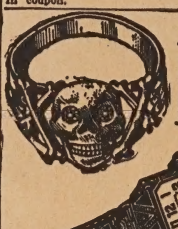
GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER FREE WITH EACH PISTOL

Jenkins Cigarette Lighter Pistol $1.78



The newest thing in cigarette lighters. Shaped to look like a small vest-pocket gun. Pull the trigger—the pistol opens and lights with a rich flame. Built to retail at $5.00 Our introductory offer $1.78. In nickel or gun-metal finish. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon.



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"Famous" Skull and Bones Ring

Surprise your friends with this most original ring. Made of solid sterling silver, handsomely decorated. Worn for good luck by both men and women. SEND NO MONEY. Just specify size. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

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The "Princess Mary" Ladies' 6 Jewel Wrist Watch

Complete with Extension Link Bracelet.

A new creation in the jeweler's art, representing the latest style in watches. Combines exquisite beauty with the highest quality. Case elegantly engraved, white gold finish in platinum effect. Fitted with a wonderfully perfected 6 jewel movement, tested and adjusted accurate, and having a two years' written guarantee. Supplied complete with ultra-modern extension link bracelet to match. Regular $20.00 value. Our price $5.98. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.

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This is a real Eastman Kodak folding camera. Takes pictures 1⅝x2½. Eastman Kodak cameras need no recommendation as to quality, dependability. We are offering them so cheap as just now we have a large stock of them on hand. SEND NO MONEY. Fill in coupon below.

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One of the greatest Bargains in America today. Storekeepers and installment Mail Order Houses charge a great deal more for the watch—*We import watches direct from Switzerland and give you the benefit of our savings.* Absolutely the newest, dainty, fashionable, ladies' watch. White gold finish, engraved, assorted shape case, protected against tarnishing by new Chromium process. Exquisite dial, with raised gold letter figures, *fully jeweled movement,* guaranteed for two years. Silk grosgrain ribbon for day wear and Rolled gold effect link bracelet for evening or party wear. An accurate timekeeper and a Bargain at $3.99. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. Fill in coupon below.

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I GET THE BLUES WHEN IT RAINS
I'M A STERN OLD BACHELOR — TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE
JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME — PAGAN LOVE SONG
SLEEPY VALLEY — HUGGABLE KISSABLE YOU
GET AWAY OLD MAN GET AWAY
CAROLINA MOON — LOUISE

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I Hope You're Satisfied
4262 I'm a Stern Old Bachelor
Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep
4264 When the Work's All Done This Fall
Allie Darling
2446 Carolina Moon
Life Without You is Just a Bubble
4263 Two Little Girls in Blue
Convict and the Bird
4261 Frankie and Johnnie
Man on Flying Trapeze
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
4172 Wreck of the Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4268 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
Picture No. 84
2323 Get Away Old Man
Well I Swan
4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall in Love Again
4258 I Won't Let You Insult Her
Don't Say I Did It Jack
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again Willie
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
2480 Dream Mother
Every Once in a While
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel)
Roll on Silvery Moon (Yodel)
4093 Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
4267 Just Tell Them That You Saw Me
My Mother Was a Lady
4259 Somebody's Grandpa
Little Lost Child
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4151 After the Ball Was Over
Do They Ever Think of Me
4198 My Old New Hampshire Home
Ida Sweet as Apple Cider
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4205 The Vacant Chair
Mother's Old Red Shawl
4224 Six Feet of Earth
There Never Was a Pal Like My Dad's Gal
4153 The Girl I Left Behind Me
The Last Rose of Summer
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Log Cabin in the Lane
4148 Dream of Miner's Child
She Was Bred in Old Kentucky
4236 Strollin' Yodler
Mountain Stream Yodel
4228 Hallelujah I'm a Bum
Dying Hobo
4225 Rock Candy Mountain
Bill You Done Me Wrong
4177 Steamboat Bill
Everybody Works But Father
4239 Barbara Allen
Bury Me Not in the Lone Prairie
4171 Red Wing
By Waters of the Minnetonka

Sacred

4215 When They Ring the Golden Bells
Is My Name Written There
4241 Where We'll Never Grow Old
Shall We Gather at the River
4240 De Gospel Train Am Comin'
Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel
4146 Silent Night
Christmas Chimes
4245 Picture From Life's Other Side
Sweet Hour
4069 When the Roll is Called up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes

Popular Dances

1726 Louise
As Long as I Know You Love Me
1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1735 Huggable Kissable You
I Wonder Why
1737 Pagan Love Song
In My Heart
1741 Sleepy Valley
Good Girl
1727 Dream Mother
I Love You Dearly
1488 Among My Souvenirs
Some Day You'll Remember

Blues

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7029 Mississippi Mud Blues
I'm a One Man Gal
7037 Jimtown Blues
Battle Ship Kate
7025 Yellow Dog Blues
Hard Time Blues
7028 Varsity Drag
Sure Enough Blues

Hawaiian

4009 Palkiho Blues
One Two Three Four
4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Bay
4164 Glow Worm
Let Us Love Over Again
4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon

Instrumental

4068 Arkansas Traveler
Turkey in the Straw
4158 Old Time Jigs and Reels
Favorite Barn Dances
4061 Listen to the Mocking Bird
The Song Bird
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4216 Melody in F
Traumerei
4194 Schubert's Serenade
Peer Gynt
4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo)
Medley Southern Airs
4138 By the Waters of the Minnetonka
Over the Waves
4190 Sidewalks of New York
O'Leahy's Lullaby
4221 Poet and Peasant Overture
Raymond Overture

Race Records

7021 I Need a Good Man Bad
I Can't Be Worried Long
7033 Hit Me in the Nose Blues
It's All Coming Home to You
7032 Who Is Ya, Part 1, (Preaching)
Who Is Ya, Part 2, (Preaching)

Comedy

4167 Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee
4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hi and Si at the Line Fence
4232 Button Buster
Common Bill
4004 Flanagan in Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4231 Flanagan at Doctor's
Casey and Reilly Meet on the Street
4255 Rufus Green Takes a Trip
Greetings in Bingsville
4197 Flanagan on Trolley Car
Ticklish Tillie

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MUTUAL MUSIC CLUB,
PU-52 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on 10 days' approval 10 records listed below by catalog numbers. When the 10 records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only $1.98 (plus postage from factory) in full payment. I will then try the records 10 days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory, I will return them, and you agree to refund at once, all that I have paid, including my postage expense for returning the records.

1 ..... 6 .....
2 ..... 7 .....
3 ..... 8 .....
4 ..... 9 .....
5 ..... 10 .....
(Write Clearly)

Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
(Write Clearly)
1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

IMPORTANT ☐ Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.

Name .....
Address .....
(Write Clearly)
City ..... State .....

YOU'LL SEE "PARIS" IN COLOR

—Breath-taking Broadway revue spectacles—glorified beauty ensembles—superbly extravagant gowns and settings—in all the glory of their full natural color, reproduced by the amazing new Technicolor process . . . setting the 1930 style for motion pictures!

YOU'LL SEE A FAMOUS STAGE STAR IN "PARIS"

—Irene Bordoni—Paris' present to America. For years her name has helped light Broadway. . . Now for the first time you'll see it on your home-town theatre! Dazzling, sparkling, inimitable—to see and hear her is to understand all the lure of playful Paree.

"PARIS" BRINGS YOU A GREAT BROADWAY HIT

—Last season's reigning New York stage hit transplanted to the screen, with all the color, songs and comedy that captivated critical Manhattan. See for yourself why thousands paid $4.40 per seat to see this hilarious story of the frantic loves of a great French actress and her "misleading" man!

3 REASONS why you'll call this the greatest singing-dancing picture ever!

Irene BORDONI in "PARIS" with JACK BUCHANAN

With Jason Robards, Zasu Pitts, and Louise Closser Hale. A Clarence Badger production. Based on the play by Martin Brown.

VITAPHONE PICTURE

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A FIRST NATIONAL and VITAPHONE PICTURE

First National Pictures

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

¶ Events and problems of the screen.

MRS. THOMAS WINTER—distinguished as a former president of the Federation of Women's Clubs—is going to Hollywood as a sort of feminine version of Will Hays.

She has been employed by the Producers' Association to advise them from the standpoint of club women of the world.

To reporters, she has announced that her concern is not so much with the morals of films—with which she seems to find little fault—but it is the banality of the movie stories that offends her.

Captain Roscoe Fawcett, Editor.

If picture stories are often commonplace and hackneyed, it is not because the producers, or the directors or even the actors have any gnawing passion for banality—the difficulty is in finding the direction to take away from trite themes in pictures.

Every motion picture has an enormous audience. The average picture is seen by more people in one night than the aggregate of all the audiences who ever witness a stage play—even a successful one. As a consequence of this wholesale appeal, every motion picture story has to take in an immense amount of territory.

After all, the stereotyped picture is mainly a matter of compromise. Ideas, so well worn and so familiar that they will find acceptance by all strata of audiences must be employed. If Mrs. Winter can point out to the producers a route whereby they can emerge from what she calls banality and yet not lose the common touch, her recommendations will be received with enthusiasm.

Miss Garbo's Next

ONE of the most interesting projects of which we have heard for a long time is the choice of *Anna Christie* as the medium whereby Greta Garbo is to present herself to her first talkie audience.

Eugene O'Neill has written nothing during his long and distinguished career as a dramatist with more power and simplicity than this terrific play. It would seem to be an ideal vehicle for Miss Garbo who has nothing that savors of the wishy-washy in her make-up.

Rough Stuff

A CERTAIN Rabelaisian touch in pictures give a great relief from the Pollyanna bedtime sweetness of a few years ago. The rough vigor of *The Big Parade* and certain other pictures instantly caught the imagination of the public. They were real, and sincere and vigorous—if, in spots, a trifle offensive to some persons.

There is, however, a great danger in this direction. Aggressive language in the talkies carries a peril that is new. On the stage, the offense is toned down in two ways: by the personality of the player, and by his ability to shade his effects according to his audience. When speech is once imprisoned on a piece of celluloid film, it is there to stay.

Some audiences may like it; some may be offended, but you can't soft pedal the films in Chautauqua and let them go full fling on Broadway.

Bad Babies Arrested

GEORGE SCARBOROUGH, the talkie author and playwright, seems not to be optimistic about the moral status of Hollywood and its immediate surroundings. His play, *Bad Babies*, which was running at a theater in Los Angeles was so far from chemical purity that police arrested all the players, among them several movie celebrities, including Jobyna Ralston and Arthur Rankin.

Mr. Scarborough, who used to be a detective, says that he gathered the material for the opus in some of the high schools located in the heart of the film capital.

Changed Her Luck

JOBYNA has had nothing but tough luck since she quit Harold Lloyd's company to become a dramatic star. The same thing happened to Marie Mosquini. It must be admitted, however, that being a leading lady of a Harold Lloyd comedy is a task about as heavy as standing guard over the corner of Forty-second and Broadway to prevent stray cows from hooking the taxicabs.

Roscoe Fawcett

NEW PORTRAITS OF TALKIE STARS

LYDELL PECK, millionaire lawyer of San Francisco, and Janet Gaynor, Fox star, picturize their happiness in a portrait study made shortly after their marriage.

—Ruth Harriet Louise

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, in whose dark flashing eyes there is an alluring promise of breathless romance and whose petulant beauty has no parallel in all the realms of filmdom. Her latest role is in M-G-M's The Unholy Night.

—Edwin Bower Hesser.

ANN PENNINGTON, *bewitching musical comedy beauty, is one of the stars in Warner Brothers'* Gold Diggers of Broadway. *Miss Pennington also has a featured part in Ted Lewis' forthcoming picture,* Is Everybody Happy?

—Gene Robert Richee

NANCY CARROLL, the winsome lass whose charming personality and exceptional ability to act, sing and dance, have endeared her to millions of fans, is now being starred in Sweetie, *a sparkling musical comedy of campus life.*

—Irving Chidnoff.

A PORTRAIT study of Gilbert Roland and Norma Talmadge, who are in New York Nights, *their first all-talking production. This marks the fourth consecutive time they have appeared together.*

—Ruth Harriet Louise

A MOMENT of love as pictured by Robert Montgomery and adorable Joan Crawford. The former, for whom is predicted a brilliant screen future, is her leading man in M-G-M's Untamed.

Singing Through

No Paris revue was complete without the gallant, smiling Maurice Chevalier, in the days before he came to America. On a recent visit to his native land, Paris producers made a place for him in their biggest show. Did he fill the bill? Look at the picture and you will realize why this magnetic personality is the idol of thousands of Parisians.

Life with Maurice

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

¶ From a childhood of poverty, Maurice Chevalier's bubbling, buoyant gayety carried him through a glorious career of song into the very lap of the Goddess Success.

THE secret of Maurice Chevalier's charm, which has made him the idol of France and is fast making him a favorite of American movie-goers, is perhaps more than anything else, a certain bubbling buoyant gayety, as though his life had been all his years what we might wish ours to be, a thing of beauty, without care, without sorrow, without hardship.

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

There is, in Paris, a suburb called Menilmontant. A drab sort of place where dingy buildings, jostling each other for a foothold, shoulder out the sun, lacking even the picturesque squalor of the poorer districts. In Menilmontant, Parisian laboring men, honest, stolid folk, who set great store by the dignity of toil, make their homes.

Life to them is a serious thing, to be taken with a long face. In their households, laughter and song is looked upon as an invention of the devil. Life is a matter of long hours of toil, piling up francs for the sad days of old age.

In such a home, with a long heritage of honest working folk who had never failed in their simple duties, Maurice Chevalier was born.

There was never any question as to his future. He was to be a laboring man. It was the tradition of the family. Already in his school he was forming habits of industry. If he failed in his school work, he was soundly scolded. Idling was not in the working man's tradition. There was no time for dreaming.

WHEN school was out he must hurry home to help around the house. But once a week he was allowed a holiday. He lived for those few hours of happiness.

There was a vaudeville theater in the neighborhood where working men used to take their families. There, of a Saturday afternoon, you could always find the youthful Maurice, sitting high up in the shadows of the gallery, watching with worshipful eyes the cavortings of the actors on the stage. How he longed to be one of them!

On the way home he would dance their dances, sing their songs; he would imitate them around the house—until someone caught him at it. How he, too, would like to be an actor some day—but there was little hope. It would bring disgrace upon the family were he anything but a working man.

MAURICE might have prolonged the years of his school, however, had not a catastrophe come to the family suddenly, when he was only eleven years of age.

His father, the breadwinner for many mouths, suddenly died. There was one older brother. But he was married, and concerned with domestic problems of his own. Upon Maurice, then devolved the responsibility of supporting his mother and his younger brothers and sisters.

At eleven, this happy-go-lucky youth was saddled with the responsibility of a family.

A solemn family council was held.

"Well, Maurice," said the elder brother, "it is time for you to choose a career. You must put the silliness of childhood behind you. You are a man now and must concern yourself with a man's problems. What is it that you want to become?"

Animal life in the Chevalier home consists of one live, but sleepy, puppy; one live, but lazy, turtle; and one animated, but stuffed, poodle dog. Here Maurice is telling his sleepy puppy to "Play dead!" Apparently the pup is not bothered with insomnia.

The little elf of a boy put his hands in his pockets and straightened up.

"I should like to be," he said, "an actor."

Consternation reigned. His brother flew into a rage. Relatives who were present at the council raised their hands in horror. It was shameful, unthinkable, that the son of an honest working man should want to be an actor.

ONLY Maurice's mother dared venture an opinion in support of his ambition. If he wanted to be an actor, why not let him be an actor? But she was overruled. The whole idea was too absurd. They would find honest work for him to do.

And so Maurice was apprenticed to a carpenter.

But Maurice, as a carpenter, was a dismal failure. He sang at his work. Or sat staring over the newly planed boards through the dusty windows.

One day at last the carpenter was aroused to righteous rage.

"Bonehead! Idiot!" he cried, when he discovered Maurice's tenth blunder of the day. "You are good-for-nothing and lazy. Go somewhere else to waste your time!"

And so the youthful breadwinner turned dejectedly home that night with empty pockets.

Another solemn family conclave was held and Maurice was apprenticed to an electrician. But it was the same old story.

Then followed a long succession of jobs—one after another. He became a nailer, he became a painter of dolls, he tried selling paints. But his history repeated itself.

Then one afternoon, he got his chance. There was a contest for amateurs at the theater, with a cash prize. He would try for it. Why not? They needed the money badly at home. He would not need to tell anybody about it.

He borrowed a pair of huge trousers from a neighbor who was a big fellow. He bought some red grease paint and doused his nose with it. He bought a peasant cap and set it at a jaunty angle over one eye, that trick way of wearing his headgear which he has made his very own, which he adopted almost by instinct from the very first. Then he went on and gave an imitation of his favorite who was then the idol of the little neighborhood theater. He was greeted with thunderous applause which was surprising to him.

When the act was over the manager came back-stage and offered him a steady job.

WOULD he come and sing four evenings a week? At the princely sum of three francs an evening? Would he? Of course he would. It was much more money than he had been getting. He ran all the way home to tell the glad news.

But he met severe censure from the family circle. No! They had not had an actor in the family. They would not have one now, certainly. It was a disgraceful trade. Besides, whoever saw an actor well-to-do? They were a penniless, down-at-the-heel crowd, they were! Bah! He must put *that* out of his mind.

This time, however, his mother took a firm stand against the rest of the family. It was what Maurice had always wanted to do. Now he had a chance to make a living. It was honest work. He should be allowed to try it if he wanted to.

IT WAS the dawn of a new day for Maurice. From that time on, he was never idle for long, never long off the stage which he loved so well. Within a few years he was to have set a vogue in Paris, he was to have his imitators like other artists. But there were heartbreaks and sorrows still in store for him.

For a time all went well. Night after night, the little boy in the big funny pants, and the grotesque red nose and the peasant's cap over one eye would come out and do his song and dance.

And the crowd would go into gales of laughter. Maurice thought they were laughing with him. He fancied himself a great comedian. He strutted and posed among the other actors. He was one of them.

He had never stopped to anaylze the words to the songs he was singing. He had simply memorized them parrot-like, without a thought as to what they meant. They were rough, rowdy, peasant songs, which the big comedian, his idol, had sung.

Then one day one of the other actors told him.

"Maurice," he said, "They are not laughing at you. You need not think yourself so clever. They are laughing because it sounds so funny for a little fellow like you to be boasting of his conquests with women."

Maurice went home that night, broken-hearted, and cried himself to sleep.

Sometimes he would fail to please his audience, those

Madame Chevalier smiles at her charming husband across the breakfast table. Maurice is telling her what a hit he'll make with his host of admirers in his next picture, "The Love Parade."

workingmen who knew what they wanted in the way of entertainment. Then he would study to see what was wrong and how he could improve himself.

LITTLE by little he branched out. He added new songs. He went from one neighborhood theater to another. Sometimes he would get fired. Then he would go to another theater and the manager would say, "Well, let us see how you are."

One memorable night after such a tryout, the manager said to him, "Maurice, you are very good." And placed a note in his hands. It was a five-franc piece, worth about a dollar in those days before the war.

He ran all the way home with it.

"Look, mama," he shouted, "I have earned five francs."

His mother was equally excited.

She ran down stairs, three at a time, to show off her son to the caretaker of the little flat where they lived.

"Look," she said, waving the note under the astonished gentleman's nose. "My Maurice has earned a dollar all in one night. Is it not wonderful?"

It meant almost the end of their years of bitter poverty, the years of living on coffee and rolls, of darning old clothes to look like new.

But not quite. There was one more bad stretch ahead.

DURING his career Chevalier has sung and danced in every café, cabaret and place of entertainment in Paris, from the cheapest and the dingiest, to the most celebrated. But only once did he ever do what we call "nickel-snatching" in this country.

"It happened not long after I had earned my dollar for one night's work," he said, "and I thought everything was going to be lovely. Then suddenly, the theater closed and I had no work. This time I could not get another job. I went everywhere. But times were bad. I could get nothing to do. There were many singers and dancers in Paris who would sing and dance on street corners or go

During the dark days of his early struggles in Paris, many a night was spent in some dingy cafe, singing songs as a means of supporting his family, but Maurice's gay humor never fully deserted him, even in those trying times.

into cafés, and then they would pass around the hat and whatever they collected in it would pay them for their entertainment.

"So I went down into a little café in the Montmartre wearing the peasant costume that I wore on the stage. I asked the man if I could sing and dance and pass the hat. He, of course, was glad to get the free entertainment.

"So I did my act the best I could. Then I took off my peasant hat and went around among the tables saying, 'Do you want to give something?' They began to fill it up with coins. But suddenly I felt very much ashamed. I felt a red flush creeping up my neck. Tears came to my eyes. I could hardly keep them back. I felt like I was begging. I ran out of the café, and that night I cried and cried with shame. I decided then and there that even if I starved to death, I could never, never do that again.

"Luckily, I did not have to. Before the money I had earned that night was gone, I had another job. I have always had one since. There has hardly been a day that I have not worked from that time on. But I did not realize that the great success for me was just around the corner."

When another slack period in his engagements came along a few months later, Chevalier received an offer to

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Lupe—Mistress

Who is who and which is which? Above, is a very assuming young beauty, Lupe Velez, assuming the form and likeness of Gloria Swanson, while below, is Gloria, herself.

Lupe confesses she is a changeable miss by changing her guise from that of Gloria into that of Dolores Del Rio with startling success that even Dolores, below, must admit.

# of Mimicry

Now the versatile Lupe borrows the appearance of Irene Bordoni. So that you will make no mistake, it must be pointed out that the real Miss Bordoni is pictured below.

If Fannie Brice, at the right, could look at the picture above, she would recognize herself, and the imitating Lupe would thrill in her achievement.

If You Look Like Marian

¶ How to act and dress—if you look like Marian Nixon—and would acquire her personality.

Marian Nixon autographs her picture for one of the many girls who are lucky enough to look like this charming little player.

By CLIFFORD RANDALL

THIS year, not yet passed, has brought to Marian Nixon, letters from more than one hundred whose friends have told them:

"Why, you look like Marian Nixon, the screen star."

Thirty-seven of the letters enclosed photographs. Miss Nixon showed them to me and in many cases the resemblances were startling.

"It is said that every man and woman has his or her double in the world," Marian said, as we examined the stack of pictures, some of them large portraits and others snapshots hardly larger than a quarter.

Therefore, as there are so many "Marian Nixons" in this world, it is only just that they be presented with the opportunity to know Marian better; to know her dress, her habits, her likes and dislikes. With this information, girls who look like Marian, may acquire the charming personality that has ever been a most formidable factor in advancing her brilliant career.

ONE of the extremely nice things about Marian is that she is able to blush after so many years in the show business. Many girls become hardened easily, but not Marian. I have known her since she was an extra, and she has never ceased being sweet, refined and lovely during her seven years before the camera.

I might preface this article by saying that Miss Nixon is one of the rare actresses with no double in Hollywood.

Marian Nixon—the girl with light brown hair parted on the left side, rich olive complexion, eyes of soft brown, rather small nose, slightly tilted at the end, and soft and delicately curved lips always ready to part in a most fascinating smile.

There are several girls who resemble Mary Pickford; Marion Davies has her prototypes; many look like Gloria Swanson, and I know of no other actress who has not at least one double living in Hollywood.

Marian could hardly be called beautiful. She is *sweet*—not saccharine; not too sweet. She is lovely but not old-fashioned. She drinks an occasional highball and wears her skirts short enough to display all of a shapely pair of legs and most of two dimpled knees. Yet, your mother would love Marian.

She is the very slightest fraction of an inch taller than five feet and causes the scales to waver at one hundr and three pounds. Marian's figure is slightly boyish, yet well curved and shapely. Her closest boy friends have described her (and their tones were most respectful) as a "cuddly armful."

Edward Hillman, Jr., is Marian Nixon's choice in husbands—a choice that Marian holds as her's exclusively.

HER hair is light brown and she wears it with a long-bob effect. It is very fine and becomes entirely unmanagable in the wind. Contrary to the usual feminine habits, Marian does not mind its disarray. It is strange that women should be so particular that every strand of hair should be rigidly in place when most men delight in the stray wisps that sneak away to flutter fascinatingly about foreheads or pink ears.

"Bobbed hair is quite becoming to small girls," Marian suggests. "Particularly if the girls are pert and pretty. There is a distinctive freshness about bobbed hair that adapts itself readily to women of small stature."

Miss Nixon parts her hair on the left side, near the center. When she dresses it for evening, the long ends are gathered into two loose rolls at the side. She never wears ornaments or other head dress.

Marian Nixon particularly likes this coat suit of dark blue serge. Lace collar and cuffs plus petite Marian add just the correct touch to make this an altogether charming outfit.

Her complexion is rich olive and her eyes are soft brown. Her lips are soft and delicately curved. They are rich red in color. Her nose is rather small and slightly tilted at the end. She has extremely lovely shoulders, arms, hands and back. In evening gowns, this loveliness is accentuated. She looks at her best when so dressed.

I might explain that Marian owes the beauty of her arms and shoulders to poverty. When she first arrived in Los Angeles as a member of a vaudeville act that stranded in that city, her arms were undeveloped; almost scrawny. Lack of funds necessitated her doing her own laundry. Almost every night, in the tiny room that she rented for four dollars weekly, she washed her clothes. She had to launder often because her garments were so few that skipping a few nights might have left her without clean ones. It was this constant scrubbing and rubbing that developed Marian's arms and shoulders until now they are among her chief attractions.

Evening gowns with tight bodice and full skirts look well on small girls, says Marian, pictured in her favorite gown, a peach-colored affair with bodice of satin, georgette skirt and baby pink ribbons featuring a cascade of flounces. This is a tip well worth following.

SHE makes use of a natural tan, semi-olive complexion powder. To her eyebrows and lashes she applies light brown pencil stick and mascaro sparingly. Her eyebrows are kept closely plucked and end at the temple just even with the outer corners of her eyes. She employs a natural red shade of rouge on her lips.

Warner Brothers studio wardrobe officials and modistes made a statement recently that small girls are more difficult to gown properly than

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¶ What's Going On Out Hollywood Way.

So This is

DO YOU know," said one Hollywood writer (woman, of course) to another, "that women faint when Rudy Vallee plays the saxophone?"

Charles "Buddy" Rogers was standing near, taking it all in. "That's nothing," he said, "When I appeared in Chicago twelve women fainted."

The two writers were eager to know all about it. Buddy spun them a nice yarn which they eagerly scribbled into note books.

"But," he added, "It would be only fair to tell you that these women who fainted were standing outside on the street in the boiling hot sun waiting for the theater to open."

Giving Wheeler the Bird

FOR years Bert Wheeler's pet hankering was to carry a cane down Broadway—without getting the bird. He ventured spats, he braved the mob in a top hat, but somehow he never could dare a cane.

Then, when he joined the Lambs, that Union League of the stage, the president gave him a swanky stick. He carried it one night. He walked ten blocks. No one even turned around. Then, just as he was passing his own theater, a little newsboy who used to sell him papers, gave him the bird . . . a big bird . . . a loud bird. Wheeler turned and glared. The urchin glared back. And gave him the bird again . . . and said: "And I mean you!"

The stick the president of the Lambs Club gave Bert Wheeler has been resting in the bottom of his trunk ever since.

She Reached for a Sweet

BRIGHT repartee from a blonde. Jeanette Loff of the Pathé playground, was asked to endorse a certain "coughless" cigarette after a blindfold test.

"I don't," said Miss Loff, looking demurely downward, "smoke. And neither will I go into anything blindfolded."

Dangerous Necking

WILLIAM HAINES is never to grow up it seems. He appeared on the M-G-M lot with a bandage around his neck one day.

"What's the matter?" inquired an inquisitive friend.

"Got sunburned tonsils looking at airplanes," he answered.

Pets: Keep Out

LUPE VELEZ is faced with a perplexing problem. She is about to move from her home in Laurel Canyon to take a larger house in Beverly Hills. But it seems that the lawmakers of Beverly Hills were not in sympathy with pets and made a lot of rules forbidding them the hospitality of the city.

Lupe isn't worried about Erik, the largest Great Dane at large, nor Meel-a-tone, the tiniest Chihuahua in captivity, nor the angora kitten, but she doesn't quite know what to do about the rabbits or the eagles. The two eagles which Gary Cooper gave her have a large cage in the front yard, and although they gobble raw meat with relish, when Lupe comes into the cage they are as docile as doves. She has become very much attached to them and does not want to leave them, especially as there are about to be some little eaglets in the family.

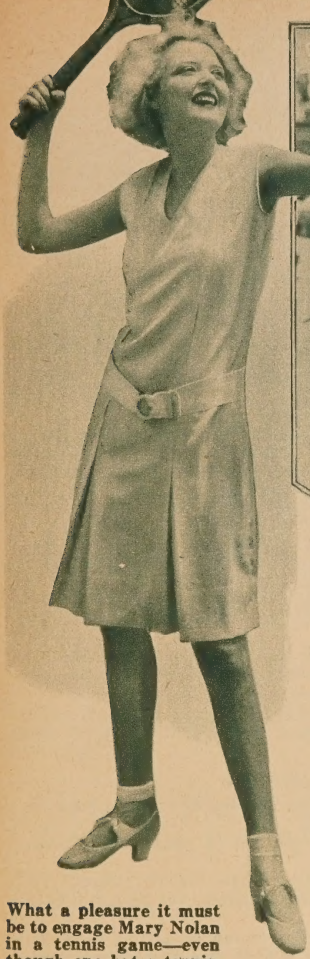
"My rabbits do not have any baby

Marilyn Miller, brilliant Broadway musical comedy star, confers with John Dillon, who directs her in First National's scintillating musical extravaganza, "Sally."

Another good reason why five and dime prosperity will be greater in 1930. Alice White is the pert miss in "The Girl From Woolworth's."

Hollywood!

By ANNE HOWE



What a pleasure it must be to engage Mary Nolan in a tennis game—even though one hates tennis.

When day is done—Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and James Hall meet at the fountain in Paramount park on leaving the studio for their homes after a day of work in the talkies. It's easy to smile at the camera when there's no chance for retakes.

rabbits," says Lupe, "I suspect they are all mens.

"But I will not live in a place where I cannot have my pets. A house without pets is not a home. It is just a hotel."

Looks like a change in the laws for Beverly Hills.

Ingrate

KEEP your fingers out a that jaguar's cage, miss," the keeper of the Selig Zoo said to Jacqueline Logan.

"That's all right. He likes me. I'm not afraid of him. This is Echy, isn't it?"

"Yeh, he's a bad one, too."

"Oh, no, Echy isn't bad. Why, I kissed him on the nose in *King of Kings*.

"Yeh," sourly. "And after that he went bad."

Stole a March On Himself

JACK BENNY, who is gaining a wide reputation as a master of ceremonies for the talkies, remarked the other day that he knew of an absent-minded song writer who stole one of his own songs and sold it to a rival publisher.

Locating for Shooting

W. S. VAN DYKE, director, and Harry Carey, actor, aren't confining all their time to shooting the screen version of *Trader Horn*, in the wilds of Africa. According to messages received at M-G-M both have shot several water buffalo and a number of crocodiles, while Van Dyke bagged a hippopotamus.

For Youngsters Only

MR. AND MRS. JAMES GLEASON, who are writing and acting in pictures alone and together, and whose son, Russell, has recently entered the field to add to the glory of the family name, are known as the champion story tellers of Hollywood. One of theirs is a cat story.

It seems that when they were living in the East, neighbors of theirs had a cat named Charlie Young. The neighbor cat paid court to the Gleason's cat, who in due time became the mother of four kittens. So the Gleasons sent out frantic requests for names for the four progeny of Mrs. Young. Out of the returns they gathered together the following names for the kittens: Clara Kimball, Rida Johnson, Brigham, and Only the Good Die.

When Politicians Battle

THERE was one vacancy over on the Warner Brothers lot. Two rather important officials each had a friend he wished to place. Each was busy pulling all strings. Only one could win. One did win. The other said, "There's two damn much politics going on around here. That's the trouble."

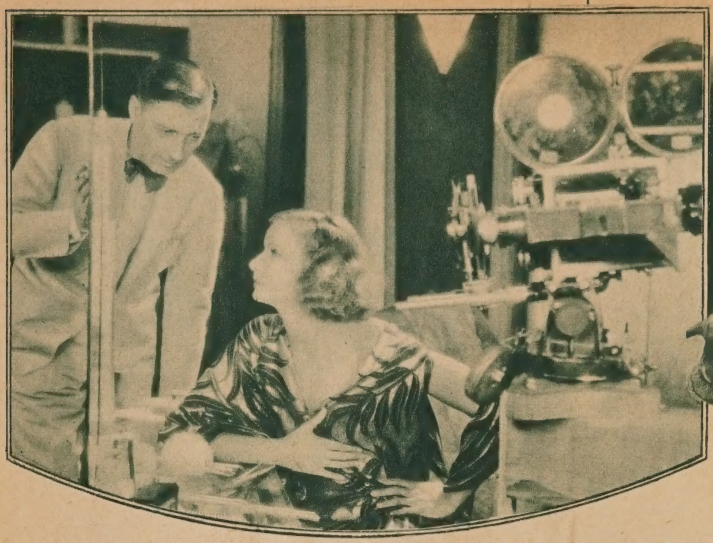
Lucky Dog!

PHILLIPS HOLMES has a pet dog of which he is very fond. One night he took the dog to a party with him. A charming young lady seized the young canine in her arms.

"What an adorable dog. Do you always take him to parties with you?"

"Yes," said Holmes. "It's no trouble. Some girl always takes a fancy to him and takes care of him all evening."

So This is Hollywood



Jacques Feyder, noted French director, shows Greta Garbo the unusual angle he is setting for a scene in her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring production, which is as yet untitled. Rather a-cute angle, whichever way you want to look at it.

"Sic him, Pat!" encourages Mrs. George Lewis, urging her wire-haired terrier into battle to uphold his reputation.

A Broad Discussion

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry were standing in front of the studio when a pretty little girl passed by.

Kerry: Cute little broad, eh? Pardon me for interrupting you.

Cody: Oh, that's all right. I'm *broad* minded, too.

A Volley from Cannon

DIRECTOR RAY CANNON struggled for the better part of one morning with an extra who had been mistakenly entrusted with a "bit."

Lunching at the Munchers that noon, he remarked to a fellow director: "That girl is so dumb she'd have to study to be a moron!"

Now Boyds!

WHICH Boyd will win? William Boyd, a star of the stage, has come out to United Artists. William Boyd, screen actor, is already at Pathé.

"Change my name? I should say not! William Boyd was the name of my father and my grandfather; they were both actors. Besides, I'm a little older," ejaculated the stage actor.

"Change my name! How *can* I? It's the only one by which my fans know me," says the movie actor.

There's threats of lawsuits and injunctions. All they lack are legal grounds for action.

Increasing the Kiss Rate

KISSES have to be lengthened on the screen.

The reason is this: Silent pictures used to be photographed at the rate of 60 feet of film per minute and projected at 90 feet a minute; talking pictures have to be photographed and projected at the same rate—thus requiring one-third more film than heretofore used.

A Telephone Mixup

FOR the benefit of fans who might come to Hollywood in the future and wish to telephone their favorite movie star, I want to say that movie stars are not listed in the general telephone directory. So if you run your finger down the alphabetically arranged names and find such a name don't dial that number.

This is what happened in the case of Betty Compson. A fan, wishing to call her, consulted the directory and found listed a certain Betty Compson. He dialed the number and was surprised to hear a man answer. He asked for Miss Compson, explaining he was an admirer of hers.

"So, you're the man who has been calling my Betty?" the bass voice on the other end of the wire was anything but pleasant. "If I ever get my hands on you I'll scalp you."

And it was some time before his friends could persuade the fan that James Cruze was not out looking for him with a knife.

Quite So

SMOKE belched from the windows of a cutting room on the First National lot.

Bill Beaudine, the director, and his assistant were passing along the street.

"Must be cutting another Alice White picture," remarked Bill. "There's nothing else on the lot hot enough to cause a fire."

And Bill was right. The flames broke out while the cutters were at work on Alice's *The Girl from Woolworths.*

Sutherland's Subtle Escape

EDWARD SUTHERLAND, young picture director over on the Paramount lot, is receiving an abundance of telephone calls lately. He couldn't understand why people wanting to work in his picture should call him instead of the casting office. Finally he asked one of the aspirants why she called him.

"Oh, Mr. Sutherland," she said, "I read in the paper where you said that if a person's voice registered well over the telephone it would also register in talking pictures."

Sutherland was stopped. He really had made such a statement. After a minute's hesitation, he said, "I make it a practice never to believe anything *I hear.*"

Talkies Will Open Rudy's Eyes

RUDY VALLEE, upon his arrival in Hollywood, was surrounded with reporters, all asking nonsensical questions at once. One reporter asked, "Tell me, Mr.

So This is Hollywood

"Huh! My dog is better than yours," loyally retorts George Lewis, athletic young Universal star, as he releases his ferocious looking English bulldog for the canine battle.

Vallee, why you always sing with your eyes shut?"
"That," said Mr. Vallee, "is because I am sensitive, and when someone in the audience rewards my efforts by placing his thumb up to his nose, I have no way of knowing it."

Educating the Movies

CHUCK REISNER, director, is responsible for this one: The producers have heard "the movies are in their infancy" for so long that they finally believed it and taught them to talk!

Estelle Tells This One

TOLD by Estelle Taylor who heard it some place or other. It seems a beauty contest winner had been given her first part. It was in a western drama. She was to be a rodeo queen, and for the purpose of the story had to whoop it up in the tanbark ring. Everything was fine, save that the girl knew less about horseflesh than an honest butcher.

She went to an academy to learn how to sit on a mount.

"Will you have an English or a western saddle, miss?" the groom asked.

"Wha-what's the difference?"

"Well, miss, the English is a flat saddle, and the western has a horn."

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Well, I don't need the horn, because I'm not going to ride in traffic."

A Weaker Man Would Flop

TROUBLE is," said Cliff (Ukelele Ike) Edwards on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound stage, "that every time an electrician throws a spotlight in my face I automatically take a bow!"

Sharing His Acquaintance

HERBERT CLARK, one of the Broadway newcomers, was sitting in his broker's office, watching the board. He chanced to mention that he was in the movies.

"What company are you with?" a strange woman next to him inquired.

"Pathé."

Fair flowers of cinemaland—Colleen Moore and one of the dahlias which an amateur horticulturist named after her, and which won two prizes in the Los Angeles Dahlia show.

She rose, walked over to the desk and ordered a hundred shares of Pathé. And the next day she lunched at the Montmartre with him. A new way of meeting an actor.

Extra Words Barred

EXTRA people, when required to carry on a conversation, cannot tell their fellow workers what they'd like to do to the director any more. A smile will cover up any such drastic remarks as far as the camera is concerned—but, there's all those detestable little mikes around telling tales out of school. Josef Von Sternberg, smilingly warns his extras, "Anything you say may be heard against you."

Rin Tin Tin Preferred

AL JOLSON is proud of Davey Lee and likes to "show him off" to visitors. One day he said, in such an exhibition, "Who do you like to sing with, Davey?"

"You, uncle Al," lisped Davey.

"And who do you like to play in pictures with, Davey?" uncle Al continued.

"Rin Tin Tin," said Davey.

Digging Up the Past

FIVE men were surrounding one table in the Paramount Studio Café. They were talking in low voices, heads together, very nervous and very excited. A visitor at a nearby

table asked his host, a production manager, who the men were.

"Oh, they *think* they are writers. Last night they brought in a *great* story. It *was* a great story but we had made the picture as least five years ago. Now they have to think up another."

An Airy Chap, Indeed

LEW AYRES a newcomer to the screen who will appear in Greta Garbo's forthcoming picture to be directed by Clarence Brown, started life as Lewis Ayres. He was asked why he changed his name.

"Try it yourself," he said. "If you don't get loose air out of it I'll eat my shirt."

A Voice for the Singies

TITO RUFFO is the latest operatic star to succumb to the lure of the talkies. He has broken his Metropolitan Opera Company contract, and is on his way to Hollywood to appear in *Carmen* for Warner Brothers.

Bread-and-Butter Man

HOWARD HUGHES, who has spent $3,000,000 and two years in the filming of *Hell's Angels*, finally has won a place in the cinema sun.

Wilson Mizner, Hollywood wit, pointed out the young producer as he Rolls-Royced down the boulevard. Said Mizner:

"There goes God's gift to the extras."

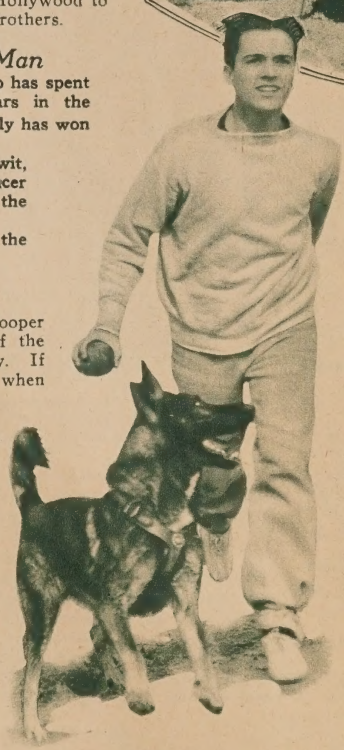
When Lovers Part

LUPE VELEZ and Gary Cooper have come to a parting of the ways. But it's only temporary. If you had been able to see them when she left for the South to make a picture in a natural location, you'd have thought they were parting forever instead of for several weeks. Miss Velez and Cooper are Hollywood's most interesting romancers and everything they do is watched with interest.

Preparedness Pockets

PATSY RUTH MILLER GARNETT was displaying a nightgown presented her by Lila Lee at the shower given her after her wedding. "What are the pockets for, Patsy," someone asked, pointing to the tiny lace pockets adorning each side. "Why, for mad money," was Pat's quick rejoinder.

A doggy affair—Bobby, talented terrier of vaudeville, acts as waiter when Buster and Brownie, leading "men" in M-G-M's all-canine drama, "Hot-Dogs," entertain Sally Starr and Mary Doran at luncheon.



A dog-trot a day keeps the doctor away, thinks Buddy Rogers, who takes his daily run, with his dog setting the pace. It's a doggy way to keep healthy.

Burned Beyond Recognition

LON CHANEY returned to M-G-M following a vacation in the mountains.

"The only trouble is that I got so sunburned that nobody knew me," he said.

"In fact, he singed all thousand of his faces," commented a friend who was standing nearby.

Beauty for Sale

MANY Hollywood girls are going into business in a big way. The latest is Kathleen Clifford, who has formed a cosmetic company to operate a chain of beauty shops.

Betty Compson's Hotel

BETTY COMPSON has just announced plans for the construction of a $6,000,000 tourist hotel. Miss Compson has dreamed all her life of just such an undertaking, so is entering enthusiastically into all sorts of architectural problems.

Ben Lyon's Ambition

BEN LYON got a hankering to be a flyer during the making of *Hell's Angels*, started more than two years ago by Howard Hughes. Now Ben is a full-fledged flyer. But he isn't satisfied with that. He wants a transport license.

As a result of which, the secret why Ben can never be found at home on Sundays has been discovered. He can be found any Sunday at an airport near Hollywood taking up flapper passengers. He does it without cost to the company so that he can get sufficient hours in the air to get a license. And the company is doing a land office business.

A Strong Voice

POLLY MORAN threatened to sing *Sonny Boy* in the Blossom Room of the Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel. As she blew out several tubes singing it for *The Hollywood Revue of 1929* the management suggested she refrain from singing it.

Now It's Parlor Golf

MARION DAVIES has a new hobby. It is parlor golf, a novel innovation brought out from New York by Donald Ogden Stewart, noted humorist. The game is

[*Turn to page* 104]

And This is Paris!

¶ A department telling just what goes on among famous members of the American film colony while they are sojourning in Gay Paree.

Comtesse de Chilly-Rumford

PARIS, FRANCE

MAURICE CHEVALIER and his wife, Yvonne Vallée, were fairly mobbed when they reached the Gare St. Lazare.

Maurice is enthusiastic about the charms of American girls—his wife less so! But trust a Frenchwoman for taking care of herself! Madame Chevalier arrived, bearing in her arms, "Adolphe," a dog given her by Adolphe Menjou.

A reporter friend of mine who went all the way to Havre to meet them, hoping for a word alone with Maurice, discovered that about a hundred other newspaper men had the same bright idea. Solitude with the idol! They could hardly see him at first, among the two thousand arrivals streaming down the gangway from the *Ile de France*. But Maurice finally became visible; decidedly sunburned, smiling with that grown-up-kid charm of his, but with actual tears in his eyes at sight of his beloved native land.

Maurice reports Hollywood alive and talking, but says that Charlie Chaplin has gone off into a dream. After eight days in his little grey home in Provence, Chevalier's "rest" must be found on the stage of the Empire, where it is said he is to receive twenty thousand francs per night. Then—back to Hollywood where the dollars grow, where money talks turkey! Where you can really hear the silver eagle *screen*.

LILY DAMITA, that Hollywood Parisienne, made as big a hit in her home town as if she were all-American. *Cela n'est pas peu dire!* Newspapers pictured her asking her way of Paris policemen like a bona fide tourist.

In her pretty apartment near the Etoile, she laughed prettily over her reception at home. "One can breathe here," said Lily. "Hollywood is marvelous, and I'll be delighted to go back when my vacation is over. But what terrific work they expect of you in America! From eight in the morning till late in the night! You hardly have time to snatch a few sandwiches for lunch."

She was naïvely proud of the fact that she spoke English in *The Cock-eyed World*. "I've become quite polyglot," she said. "I can *talkie* five languages fairly well, now!"

Tamar Lane, one of the very first critics to foresee the possibilities of Gloria Swanson when she was a seventeen-year-old beginner, predicts great things for Lily Damita. May this prediction come true! Lily has gone back to Hollywood now, to work.

WHILE I write, Paris is a tip-toe for the long heralded arrival of Doug and Mary. We hear on this side, that Doug is bidding a final farewell to pictures!

In Paris, however, we've learned not to believe American rumors too soon. Take Bessie Love, for instance! Ever since her accident we've been "hearin' things at night." First, that she was hideously scarred and could never screen again. Next, that she was hardly scratched at all, and is already at work on a picture, her undamaged looks more fascinating than ever. Before we finished rejoicing over that, a Belgian scribe announces her death. But his letter reached Paris at the same time as a letter from Bessie herself, declaring that she is still going strong.

Maurice Chevalier and his wife, Yvonne Vallee, were given one of the greatest ovations on record in the French capital when the idol of the boulevards recently returned to France for a visit to his beloved Paree.

LILLIAN GISH accomplished a miracle! Of course she did it while the weather was hot, with many news-hounds out of town on vacation. But it was a miracle, nevertheless. She passed a fortnight in Paris *unperceived*, and thumbed her nose at the press (charmingly) when she departed. When Lillian wants a rest, she wants a REST. This time, she put one over on the public, and got it!

LET Hollywood and Parisian stars rejoice in the towns they inhabit! From Poland word comes that Joseph Rosen has been filming exteriors at Ttchew and Hel.

WHILE Jacques Feyder is turning a film in Hollywood for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, his wife is enjoying a visit home to Paris. In her pretty apartment near the Pont de l'Alma, she talks about America. We were hoping her gifted husband-director would pay Paris a visit soon, but she says he can't leave Hollywood at present.

The BOY She

In all the history of the screen there has been no more beautiful romance than the love of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Now she has married another, and Charles, heart-broken, looks into the future and tries to forget the girl he lost.

Left Behind

By BOB MOAK

¶ Janet Gaynor turned a cold shoulder on the enraptured Charles Farrell and walked right out of his life on the arm of Lydell Peck, a millionaire attorney, who won his suit.

IN ALL the history of the silversheet there have never been two lovers more ideally suited, more rapturous in their worship of one another, than Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

In their celluloid romances, their love has thrilled millions by finally surmounting the obstacles and misunderstandings that intervened, enabling them to "live happily ever after."

And that is as it should be in the perfect realm of the imagination, but in real life, things often work out differently.

Wedding bells have just rung—for Janet. Kissing her husband with the joy of a great love, she has walked down the gangplank to embark on her honeymoon of happiness. However, that happiness does not include Charlie Farrell.

Janet was married to Lydell Peck, San Francisco and Oakland millionaire, to whom she has been rumored engaged at various times for more than two years.

While the ceremony was taking place at the Peck mansion in Oakland, Charlie was speeding Eastward, looking into the night from the platform of the observation car as a trans-continental limited put the miles between Janet and himself. Charlie was trying, alas! unsuccessfully, to forget.

They may meet again, Janet and Charlie, but it will be simply on the basis of the good friendship they have always held for one another.

To this tragic ending has come one of the most touching off-stage heart affairs that ever involved a pair of cinema players.

JANET and Charlie were in love, long before their names were known to the world. They probably didn't admit it, or maybe they didn't realize it back four years ago when both were extras and Charlie used to treat Janet to an ice cream soda at the corner drug store in the evening after work.

There are lots of us in Hollywood who knew them when—when they were more worried over the problem of earning $7.50 the next day than they were about marriage.

Had the producers cast two unacquainted people for the leading rôles of *Seventh Heaven,* instead of these two sweethearts, that picture would never have been the box-office success it turned out to be. Camera love was re-enforced by real love in those scenes in the attics of Paris.

Perhaps the rest of the universe wondered as the story unfolded. But Hollywood didn't have to guess. It knew about Janet and Charlie.

After *Seventh Heaven,* Hollywood understood that they were engaged and that they would wed as soon as their careers were assured.

Happy newlyweds! Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck, as they appeared before tripping gaily up the gangplank of their honeymoon steamer, bound for romance land, Honolulu.

Then it was that Lydell Peck, son of a wealthy lawyer, himself a member of the bar and manager of his parent's vast legal and business interests, came into the life of Janet.

JANET and Charlie had had a "spat." Janet had gone to Berkeley to attend a football game. That night she was the guest of honor at a victory party given by a University of California fraternity. Peck was there.

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Gary Cooper's

¶ The strong, silent youth from ideal girl—if he could find her! the girl of his dreams.

"I would not lead any girl to the altar until I was sure she was the one with whom I could be happy for the balance of my life," declares Gary Cooper. "There will be but one Mrs. Gary Cooper."

—Ball.

Gloria Swanson's mouth, teeth and chin are much admired by Gary. She possesses, too, the dazzling smile of his dream lady.

Evelyn Brent's fiery spirit attracts Gary to the extent that he lists her temperament as part of his ideal.

FEMININE admirers of Gary Cooper — and their number is legion—can breathe easily once again. The lanky, sad-eyed lad from the Western plains is very fond of Lupe Velez, but he does not intend to marry her—at least so he says.

Instead, the gates to Gary's heart some day will swing open to admit the love of a beautiful and typically American girl. She is the lady of Gary's dreams.

Gary carries about with him a very clear mental picture of the future Mrs. Cooper.

She is a brunette with hair like that of Lupe.
She has the eyes of Greta Garbo.
She has the nose of Nancy Carroll.
She has the mouth and teeth and chin of Gloria Swanson.
She is neither tall not short, fleshy nor thin.
And she is of fiery temperament.

GARY described this dream girl to me as we sat beneath the natural oaks that shade the big Lasky ranch, forty miles from Hollywood, where Paramount was shooting exteriors for *The Virginian*. It was the day that Gary's superiors informed him that he was to be elevated from featured rôles into full-fledged stardom!

Only a few months before, an overly-enthusiastic press agent took it upon himself to announce the engagement of Gary and Lupe. Then the storm broke.

Thousands of letters poured in to Gary from all corners of the globe. They were protests from his fans who just couldn't convince themselves that this big, silent he-boy from the wide-open spaces, and the cinema's Mexican madcap were mated.

Questioned by newspaper reporters at the time, Lupe had admitted that it was true that she and Gary were betrothed. Gary, on the other hand, neither confirmed nor denied. But, then, it is well to remember that Gary is a gentleman—first, last and always.

It was during our chat that day on the ranch that I discovered that Gary and Lupe were playmates in playtown, and nothing more. And that wasn't all I found out.

THERE has been but one love in Gary's life, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. He "fell" for her twenty years ago, when he was a ten-year-old youngster dreaming day-dreams on his father's ranch in Montana.

Time has brought some changes in Gary's phantom lady, but they are not great changes, Gary assured me.

She still is basically the dream girl of two decades ago!

Gary can't give you any reason for being partial to Lupe's hair other than that it is black. He does, however, approve of the way she dresses it.

But in the eyes of Greta Garbo, he finds something meaningful. They are the eyes of the dreamer, the artiste,

Dream Girl

Montana would instantly marry his
In this article Gary Cooper describes

By BOB MOAK

—Louise.

Greta Garbo's eyes are meaningful. They are the eyes of the dreamer, the artiste; they reflect an alluring promise of deep mentality.

—Richee.

Nancy Carroll's nose is just right, says Gary. In his dream girl he hopes to find just such delicate expression and charm.

Will Lupe Velez some day be Mrs. Gary Cooper? He says, "No!"— while in the next breath he declares, "She is interesting, never monotonous"—truly a recipe for an endless happy marriage!

he believes. They reflect a mentality that is deep.

Nancy Carroll's nose is just right, in his estimation. It is neither flat nor sharp. It would, he holds, add to the beauty of any face.

"Doll-faced" girls with tiny mouths have no appeal for this new luminary in the celluloid heavens. Gloria Swanson's mouth reveals character, he said. Incidentally, he considers her's the perfect teeth.

Gloria's chin expresses character.

WITHOUT having met Gloria Swanson, one can tell by her chin that she has a will of her own," Gary declared, "and I don't believe you will find anyone who knows her real well who will not tell you she is anything but a 'yes girl.' "

While Gary stands six feet, two inches in height, he does not like tall girls.

"My ideal, as I see her, is about five feet, two or three inches," he said, "and while it is pretty hard to put a dream girl on the scales, I think she weighs about 115 to 120 pounds."

Gary's ideal, as near as I can figure her after listening to his description, is an angel morally, but a devil mentally.

I HAVE no use for the clinging-vine type of girl who constantly 'yesses' her boy-friend or husband," he confided. "My ideal is very much like my favorite horse—temperamental, and when she decides to have her own way, she has it. She is spirited and has a strong will of her own.

"The girl I shall marry enjoys auto trips, horse-back riding, hunting and fishing—in fact, anything that will keep her out in the open. Not that it would be necessary for financial reasons, but I would prefer that she be able to cook. She loves her home to such an extent that she will, at least, see to it that the servants keep it in order.

"My dream girl is well educated, although not necessarily a college graduate. She has been reared by intelligent and right-thinking parents. She is interested in good books. Possibly she plays the piano or sings."

Gary does not believe that a career ruins a girl for matrimony. He says he may even find his dream girl within the ranks of his own profession. "However," he added, "I would want my wife to give up her work if it were going to force us to live apart. Separation after marriage does not tend toward happiness. Both husband and wife develop interests that they cannot hold in common when they are parted for any length of time."

Gary looks upon marriage in a serious light.

"I would not lead any girl to the altar until I was sure she was the one with whom I could be happy for the balance of my life," he declared. "I do not believe in easy marriage and easy divorce. There will be but one Mrs. Gary Cooper."

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Win a Free Trip

NESTLED neatly in the California foothills, is Hollywood — gorgeous city of glitter and grandeur.

Open wide the gates of magic Hollywood! There are three free trips to this California wonderland waiting for you and you and you!

Merely write a letter—in 500 words or less—entitled "What a trip to First National Pictures Studio would mean to me."

A knowledge of the motion picture business or of anything connected with the profession of acting is not necessary. It is not necessary that you have ever been to California or have ever seen Hollywood. Give in your own words, an intimate word-picture of what this glorious trip would mean to you—write your own intimate opinions—thoughts best expressed, not fancy English, will count most. Write your letter on one side of the paper only, preferably on a typewriter. Letters must be postmarked not later than January 10, 1930.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT, editor of SCREEN SECRETS, will head the board of judges, working with Hal Wallis and G. Baker, First National executives, and Alice White, the popular motion picture star, in deciding which letters best express what a trip to Movies' fairyland, under the auspices of First National Pictures and SCREEN SECRETS, would mean to the reader.

Once in Hollywood, the winners will be received by a committee headed by Mr. Wallis and Mr. Baker and composed of these famous stars: Richard Barthelmess, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, and Alice White.

Miss Dove's Rolls-Royce will be at the disposal of the winners during their entire time in Hollywood.

Imagine the exhilarating pleasure of hobnobbing with your favorites! Lunching with Corinne Griffith! Romping on the beach with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.! Riding with Jack Mulhall along Hollywood's bridle paths! Yachting with Dick Barthelmess! Dancing with Dorothy Mackaill! Motoring with Alexander Gray! Playing tennis with Lila Lee! Enjoy all the pleasures of Hollywood, experience the thrills of seeing motion pictures made, watch the action behind the scenes—revel to the full for one glorious week in America's wonderland!

CORINNE GRIFFITH, "the orchid of the screen", will greet you in Hollywood! And you will meet such old-time favorites as Milton Sills, Alice Joyce, Lois Wilson, Constance Bennett and Noah Beery, as well as these youngsters, who best typify the era of new faces: Loretta Young, Sally Eilers, James Ford, Carroll Nye and Roland Young. There will be Irene Bordoni, Marilyn Miller and Joe E. Brown, fresh in the talkies from stage triumphs on Broadway.

But meeting the stars in person will not be *all* the fun in these trips to Hollywood! In your trip through the studios, you will see mammoth productions in the making, you will watch the gorgeous choruses in musical extravaganzas caper and kick their twinkling toes for a picture that several months later will be rocking the nation. You will watch the stars as they pose before the cameras, gesturing and speaking for the benefit of camera lens and microphone—and you will understand why they call it "work".

And there will be a veritable fairyland of oddities throughout the studio lots—artists' quarters, carpenter shops, song writers' bungalow colonies, property rooms, libraries, school rooms for juvenile actors.

You will see the things and the people which go to make up the movie industry, the "behind the scenes" part you have never heard about.

The Prize List

FIRST
Free Trip to Hollywood.

SECOND
Free Trip to Hollywood.

THIRD
Free Trip to Hollywood.

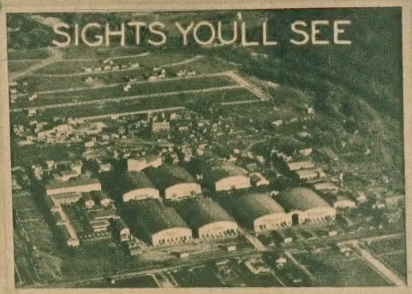
FOURTH
Billie Dove's wrist watch.

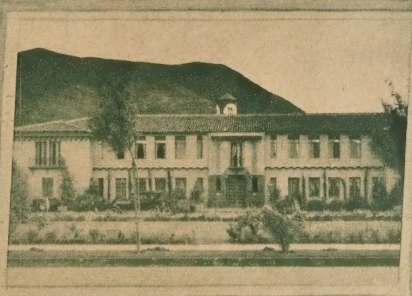
FIFTH
Jack Mulhall's strap watch.

Sixth to fifteenth winners receive a set of eight stars' autographed portraits.

to Hollywood!

Billie Dove, Edmund Lowe and Norman Selby chuckle at Cissie Fitzgerald's comedy antics, while Director Millard Webb visualizes how she will fit into the script, on the set in a First National production. This is one of the sights you'll see when you go behind the scenes during your visit in Hollywood.





ADDITIONAL prizes there are for those who do not win a trip to Hollywood.

Billie Dove will give her own wrist watch to the young lady who achieves fourth place. Jack Mulhall will give his strap watch to the young man equally fortunate. And to the next ten prize winners will be given a set of eight stars' autographed portraits, pictured on pages 44 and 45.

How to Win

All of you will want to win one of the three vacations in moviedom. You'll have a week in Hollywood, with your hotel bill, meals, transportation and entertainment all paid for by SCREEN SECRETS. Your railroad fare, a round trip ticket, will be supplied, no matter where in the United States you live. A chaperon will accompany the party to Hollywood. And now, how to win!

First National Pictures joined this contest to make you more familiar with its stars and its pictures. Your letter should give your reasons for wishing to visit the First National studios, and not your reasons for wanting to see *Hollywood*. If you have some favorite star among the First National players, you might start your letter by telling why you'd like to see her, and you'll be surprised to find your letter, once begun, will be easy to write. That's just a suggestion, of course. Imagine you are actually going to visit the First National lot, and are writing your dearest friend about what you expect to see there, and why it will be such a wonderful experience.

"I'd be delighted!" responded Billie Dove, when asked if she would give her wrist watch as fourth prize in the mammoth First National Pictures—SCREEN SECRETS contest.

An exterior view of one wing of the great First National

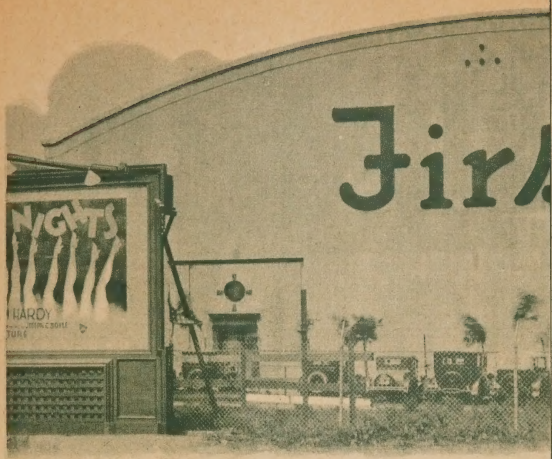
Don't make your letter very long. Don't submit it in fancy boxes, or painted on a fan, or decorated in any way. *It's the letter itself that counts.* Write your name and address plainly on the letter, not just on the envelope. Then it won't be lost. No letters will be returned.

What Happens If You Win

As soon as the winners are decided upon, they will be notified to make plans for the trip. Fare and traveling

TEN SETS OF STAR'S PHOTOS

Ten sets of eight stars' portraits, such as these, personally



Pictures Studios—a tiny part of what the winners will see.

expenses will be supplied. All winners will journey to Hollywood at the same time, as lavish entertainment plans are being made by First National studios.

Watch for radio announcements and newspaper advertisements regarding the contest. Next month more details will be published in SCREEN SECRETS Magazine. The contest closes at midnight, January 10, 1930. Address your letters to First National Pictures—SCREEN SECRETS Contest Editor, Fawcett Publications, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"The right time to enter First National Pictures—SCREEN SECRETS' big contest is right now," says Jack Mulhall. "And you can have my own strap watch if you finish fourth."

AUTOGRAPHED FOR YOU!

autographed, will go to winners of sixth to fifteenth places, inclusive.

A Pictorial History of SUE CAROL

¶ Pictures that reveal the story of vivacious Sue Carol from her early childhood days until her glorious triumph as one of the most charming young celebrities.

Charlie Chaplin little realized that he was enjoying the company of a future screen star on the occasion of Sue Carol's first visit to Hollywood when she was eleven years old. It was during this visit that Sue determined to choose a motion picture career, and several years later, she returned to Hollywood and obtained her first screen role in "Is Zat So?"

Sue, at the age of six years. It was at this time that Sue and Janet Gaynor were neighbors in Chicago. They were separated later when Sue attended Kemper Hall Convent at Kenosha, Wisconsin, but their friendship continued even after Janet entered pictures.

The daughter of wealthy Chicago parents who opposed her desire to enter movies, Sue, when she was eighteen years old, had to attend National Park Seminary, a finishing school at Washington, D. C., before she obtained their consent. While there, she frequently appeared in amateur theatricals, preparing for the screen.

Why should Edward Everett Horton marry, when he is so adept at fire-escape get-a-ways? Rita Carewe is the obliging wife who holds her silence while her screen husband, George De Main, reads the paper. And, out the window Horton must go.

Don't Get Married!

¶ Why the wise man never enters into the bounds of matrimony, as related to Gordon R. Silver.

By EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

LAY-DEES and gentlemen! The subject of my little lecture to you today is: Don't Get Married!

Now that the boos, groans and hisses have somewhat subsided, I will repeat—DON'T GET MARRIED!

Ah, do I hear little Gwendolyn in the third row back, asking, "why not?" A reasonable query, my child, quite reasonable. The answer is—because you'll probably live to regret it. That is, if you are of the great majority. And you very likely are.

Mind you, I'm not against marriage itself. I think it's a grand institution, only that's the trouble—it's too much like living in an institution! Say, who threw that tomato?

Continuing and coming down to personal cases, why I am not married seems to be the one great hue and cry of all my fans. Yes, all two of them.

In the first place, I'm not at all sure I've ever asked anyone to marry me. And in the second place, I feel quite sure no one has ever asked me to marry her!

Not that I don't like the feminine half of the world—far from it. But there is a big gap between liking and reaching the marrying stage! But let's not argue about it now. I'm even willing to put it this way—all women are so lovable that, personally, I wouldn't want to make any particular one of them otherwise than lovable by marrying her!

Are my ears deceiving me or do I actually hear applause? Ah, yes, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

BUT, going on, why should I marry, anyhow?

I have three houses, including a pretty good ranch out in the San Fernando Valley, and three jolly old dogs and two cats to welcome me home. I adore children, but I have four little nephews and two nieces, any or all of which I am at perfect liberty to borrow any time I feel like it. I have a mother, two brothers and a sister.

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Marilyn's *Sally*

Marilyn Miller, whose twinkling toes and golden notes made her the brightest light of the Gay White Way, watches the transformation of her *Sally* into a gorgeous screen spectacle.

By BURNS BRADLEY

Above is the Marilyn Miller of today while, at the right, is pictured the Marilyn Miller who, at the age of sixteen, sped across the stage in bewildering steps to thundering applause in her Broadway debut.

Jack Pickford and his wife, Marilyn, Miller, spent many happy days at Jack's Hollywood home. This picture was taken just before Marilyn left for New York to star in "Peter Pan"—and just before they decided upon a separation which was followed by a Paris Divorce.

A GENTLE melancholy possessed Marilyn Miller as she sat at the edge of the vast indoor garden at the First National-Vitaphone studio, where one of the scenes for *Sally* was being made.

For the Hollywood transformation was in process—the movies were changing a great stage success into a motion picture with the usual lavish touch, and what would be a pretty scene behind Broadway footlights was becoming a spectacle, gorgeous beyond the dreams of a John Murray Anderson.

And sadly, Marilyn Miller, whose twinkling toes and lyric voice had won her fame in *Sally,* looked on.

"It isn't my baby," she said to me. "Sally has grown up—I hardly know her!"

She was right. Marilyn must have felt the pang a mother experiences when she first realizes her baby had blossomed into maturity.

Sally, as one of the most sucessful stage offerings of recent times, was her child. She had played the title rôle behind Broadway footlights night after night for years. She *lived* that part so long that it seemed to have become a very part of her—it was a cherished offspring of her art.

But, now, it had grown up. *Sally* was being transferred to the silver sheet—to be seen and heard in all the glory and splendor that any motion picture mind could devise.

When the celluloid *Sally* finds its way into the theaters of the land, new plaudits will pour into the ears of its star—this beautiful and talented Marilyn. First National has spent more than a million dollars to film this colorful and tuneful production. The result is hailed by those who have viewed it in the studio projection rooms, as the most magnificent of the new talking-singing productions.

BUT, in this, Marilyn finds no solace. With all the immenseness and grandeur of the picturization of *Sally,* she still isn't happy. Perhaps her feelings are akin to those of the downcast mother who realizes when her

Grows Up

child matures that she belongs less to herself and more to the world.

"I guess maybe it is the vast change from the footlights to the kliegs," Marilyn said that day she dropped the tear. "The stage, not the studio, is more my place. I've been there so long and the two lives offer such contrasts."

"Perhaps it's the applause?" I suggested.

"That has something to do with the way I feel," she replied, "but that isn't all. There is something about looking out over the audience, with their changing expressions of approval or disapproval, that drives the artist on to greater things."

But you must know more of her to understand the real Marilyn; to appreciate why she so dearly loves the stage—feels herself to be a part of it.

Virtually all the days of Marilyn's life have been in the atmosphere of the stage. Her parents were in vaudeville, and the backstage region of many a theater was a scene in the earliest days of Marilyn. A coincidence of those days is the fact that Marilyn had a habit of going to dressing-room doors, knocking, and then announcing herself as "Sally", for it was years later that that name was again to play a part in her life, making her the highest salaried musical comedy star on Broadway.

Marilyn's role in "Peter Pan" proved that she was a dramatic actress as well as a dancer and singer. On the left is Alexander Gray, also of Broadway musical comedy fame, who is Marilyn's leading man in the screen version of "Sally."

AT THE age of four, Marilyn made her stage début, doing a toe dance in an act that included her mother, Carol Reynolds of vaudeville fame, her two sisters and her step-father, Caro Miller. Strangely enough, it was the movies that taught her that dance. Her instinct towards dancing was awakened when she saw a child doing a toe dance in a motion picture. Returning home she began imitating the girl in the picture and soon she had perfected the routine.

The later famous star of *Sally* was a child in her early teens when she reached Broadway. Steadily she had improved her dance and had become more in demand in the larger cities, but the New York child labor law blocked her entrance to Broadway. It was not until she was sixteen that her dream was realized and the Gay White Way obtained its first glimpse of her as a toe dancer—and capitulated to her irresistible charm.

Marilyn was an instantaneous success. Starred by Zeigfeld in *Sally* with Leon Errol and Walter Catlett, she became the most famous musical comedy star in the world. There was and is a remarkable appeal about her that compels enthusiastic approval. It was clearly demonstrated by the

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T. Roy Barnes and Pert Kelton look on while Marilyn Miller received Joe E. Brown's enthusiastic words of praise after her successful debut as a dancer in one of the scenes in First National's lavish screen production of the famous musical comedy hit, "Sally."

A celebrated family was recently united at the marriage of Mary Eaton to Millard Webb. In the top row above are: Joe Eaton, Mrs. Mary Eaton, Mr. Charles Henry Eaton, Evelyn Eaton Mills, and Charles Eaton. Bottom row: Pearl Eaton, Mary Eaton (Mrs. Millard Webb), and Doris Eaton.

Society in Cinemaland

By LAURA BENHAM

HURRY, they're closing the doors! We are just getting in on time! Betty was already half-way up the steps of St. James Church. We were just going to see **Patsy Ruth Miller** become **Mrs. Tay Garnett.**

As we entered the church, two handsome ushers stepped forward, **John Farrow** offered Betty his arm, while **Patsy Ruth's** brother, **Winston,** proffered his to me.

"The bride's side, or the groom's?" he asked.

I chose the bride's, so we soon found ourselves seated in the same row with **May McAvoy** and **Maurice Cleary,** her new husband.

"Doesn't May look well?" whispered Betty. "That soft green outfit, with the blonde fur on it, is certainly becoming." Betty was in her glory. "Oh," she exclaimed, "There's **Laura La Plante** and **William Seiter.**

It was a very impressive wedding procession that we witnessed. First, the ushers came down in twos, followed by **Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (Virginia Fox), Lois Wilson, Lila Lee,** the bridesmaids, and **Helen Ferguson,** maid of honor.

ALL eyes turned on Patsy Ruth, who was leaning on the arm of her father. Her dress was of ivory satin, made princesse fashion, while her train fell from a close-fitting cap of Point d'Angleterre lace. She carried gardenias and valley-lilies.

After the impressive ceremony, the couple hurriedly slipped out of the church, and sped to the bride's home, where the reception was to be held.

"Look, there's **Lilyan Tashman,**" Betty murmured, as we entered the house. "Isn't that brown outfit the smartest one here, though? Don't you just love that cream-printed border on the deep brown, and her little scalloped hat?"

By the time we entered, the receiving line had formed, and we went along with the others to speak to Patsy and Tay. **Mrs. Garnett,** Tay's mother, wore a soft-flowered printed chiffon, with rose hat, and looked very happy over the acquisition of a new daughter.

"**Ruth Roland** gets more beautiful every day," Betty said to me. "There she is, with **Peggy Hamilton.**

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Oracle of the Mike

¶ A revealing tale of how Dolores Del Rio disclosed the fact that stars of silent drama could cope with the heartless and exacting demands of the microphone.

¶ And how Betty Compson, Conrad Nagel, Bessie Love, Norma Shearer and a surprising number of others heeded the Oracle's daring example.

By GENE O'HARA

Dolores Del Rio gambled with her career by talking and singing for her public—but she won when her phonograph record proved to be like a message from an Oracle.

DOLORES DEL RIO, Oracle of the Mike! Verily, one might bestow this title on the bewitching Mexican actress who revealed to the world—and motion picture moguls, in particular—that the microphone of the talkies would not treat unkindly the stars of the silent drama. And this same dark-eyed beauty from below the Rio Grande uncovered the fact just as efficiently as any first class and extravagantly salaried Oracle or competing fortune teller of ancient Athens ever discovered history-making information for a regular cash customer.

"How did she do it?" you ask.

First, picture the Year One of Talkie! The powers-that-be in filmland were frantically searching for golden voices—searching, not in Hollywood, but across the continent. They never stopped to think that the folks of filmtown might be able to do things other than apply make-up, don fashionable clothes and strut before cameras.

Ah, but could these same producers have seen into the future, they would have beaten a path to the door of Temple Del Rio, laying offerings before the altar of Oracle Dolores, for she could have told them that right in their own front yard, was that which they sought.

DOLORES was a generous Oracle, not like so many of her predecessors. Even though she was unrecognized and her talent unsought, she pointed out to Mr. Producer the right road. She revealed that screen stars could talk and sing, and—most important—that, when they did talk and sing—the public would listen. Yes, Dolores did all this, and she did it with her little phonograph record.

I'll always look back upon Dolores Del Rio as our first talkie star. Remember how, before we had seen the silent picture, *Ramona,* we were able to put the *Ramona* record on our Victrolas and hear in song the voice of Mexico's most important contribution to our American-made films.

Yes, the screen was talking then. Of course, there were noisy newsreels, and several operatic notables were heard exercising their tonsils, but a screen star's voice hadn't been heard until Dolores sang *Ramona* for records. It was considered a daring thing on the part of Dolores, but her attractive voice blazoned to the world that Hollywood, perhaps, had rich resources of its own—in a vocal way.

JUST like the ancients of Greece followed up the advice of their Oracles, so did the producers of talkies act quick on the hot tip delivered by Dolores' record.

"Thar's gold in 'em thar voices," shouted producers as they surveyed their respective rosters after Dolores proved that at least one movie star had a voice the public liked, and they proceeded to dig up the fact that most of Hollywood's leading citizens had been hiding talent that was worth millions of dollars to themselves and their companies.

A rich discovery was Leatrice Joy, who can sing and dance and speak five languages. A year and a half ago, Cecil B. De Mille told Leatrice she was through as a box office bet. She had suffered through weak stories, stories further weakened by poor direction. But while her name still was known to movie theater patrons, she decided to make the best of it, and made a personal appearance tour. Then it was found that Leatrice had a beautiful singing voice. She could dance anything from a ballroom exhibition number to the Black Bottom, and converse in five tongues. She was jerked back to Hollywood at a salary

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Turkey Time

¶ Some very fair hints direct from filmland on how to get, prepare and consume that annual Thanksgiving Day dinner.

These fetching Christie comedy girls know their executions. Hearing that condemned men are fed well before hangings, they want to get the turkeys all corned up before making their necking acquaintance with the ax.

A rare bird—but well done! Thanksgiving Day may be football time for some folks, but to the captivating Barbara Kent, Universal star, it's the day to make a dash for the home plate and pitch into the turkey.

Even a vegetarian couldn't refuse to partake of this bird — if vivacious Clara Bow offered the invitation.

in Hollywood

Now Josephine has gone and Dunn it! Yep, she's all mixed up in one of those ax slayings, and appears to be fleeing from the ghost of her victim. Josephine should be freed by the jury is she lets them have a well-done leg of the corpse.

Gwen Lee and Raquel Torres make sure that their Thanksgiving turkey will fit the roasting pan, and the latter makes sure he will not escape, by putting salt on his tail. It's rather like being measured for a coffin before you die, but what bird shouldn't feel proud to die for these beauties? In fact, the gobbler looks as though he fears they might let him escape.

When captor is captured! Marion Shilling just can't decide if she likes her turkey on foot or in the roasting pan.

The SILENT

¶ Love and intrigue in talkie-crazed Hollywood, with sinister adventure riding the clouds for the love of a girl.

Begin Here.

WANDA WILEY, ravishing blonde actress, is under contract with Premier Pictures, Inc., for fifty weeks, at $3,000 a week. Her voice registers poorly over the microphone, and "Uncle" Sol Gotslieb, president of the producing company, calls in his expert in tonal vibrations, Rogers Denton, to remedy the situation.

Denton discovers attractive little Merna Martin; and, after testing her voice, decides to use her as Miss Wiley's voice double. Merna sings and dances evenings at Abe Zarto's Sow's Ear café, to earn enough to keep a brother in school, support her mother and pay the expenses of another brother in a sanitarium.

Abe Zarto is unscrupulous and is scheming to possess Merna, but she loves Barry Rowe, a romantic young aviator to whom she has not even been introduced. Wanda Wiley recognizes in Barry a prospective husband and she sets out to win him. Merna, from a desire to emulate Barry, takes up flying.

ZARTO has cunningly spread rumors that Merna is his girl, and this word reaches Barry's ears, who, by this time has begun to take notice of Merna. Rogers Denton and his fiancée, Miss Betsy Manners, a magazine story writer, befriend Merna and afford her solace against the ugly spectres of scandal and intrigue.

These unjust suspicions weigh heavily on Merna's heart and she throws herself wholly into flying, under the able tutelage of Pilot Pete Brailley.

Although Merna's conscientious "dubbing" for Miss Wiley presages great success for their picture, *The Flying Blonde,* Wanda slights her and treats her with contempt upon every possible pretext. Wanda, in her effort to switch Barry from any attentions to Merna, feeds him the ugly rumors about Zarto, until he, too, believes them.

One day Barry advises Merna against flying and she tries to elicit an expression of personal concern for her from him, but he assumes an indifferent attitude. Merna pluckily appears nonchalant and climbs into the cockpit of her plane, with Pete Brailley at the controls.

Now go on with the story:

THE thrill which Merna received from her first flight in an airplane was intermittently stabbed with little darts of anger and wounded pride whenever Barry's recent words occurred to her. But gradually this anger melted away to a feeling that maybe she had been rather foolish to assume that Barry Rowe should care what happened to *her,* of all people! And, besides, she had never been introduced to him!

At any rate, her thoughts were agreeably interrupted by Pete Brailley who, as he banked the Waco back over Rand Airport, drew her attention to a captive balloon, the basket of which contained two cameras, some cameramen and Bill Brown, the director. As Pete and Merna roared past, Brown was violently wig-wagging at them with a red

VOICE

¶ Part Two of an enthralling serial of the new Hollywood.

By HALE HORTON

Merna gave a frightened little cry as Zarto's hand flew to his hip pocket and whipped out an automatic. Barry leaped and caught Zarto's wrist as the gun exploded, crashing a solid fist into his chin with the fury of a madman.

and white signal flag. Pete cut off his motor and grinned back at Merna. "I guess Barry and Wanda need the Waco for a stunt sequence," he shouted. "Bill says we gotta do down!" Merna nodded docilely. In five minutes she was climbing from the cockpit and jumped lightly to the ground.

THAT the following weeks passed pleasantly enough for Merna was partially due to the friendly little attentions of Betsy and Denton, but more, perhaps, to her ability to shake off and forget the disagreeable situations caused by her mother's raw nerves and Zarto's persistency. She kept up her payments at the Fletcher Sanitarium—in which her younger brother was being treated—frightened her older brother into passing all his studies and finished "dubbing" in *The Flying Blonde*.

Then, of course, there were the flying lessons, which added their bit of agreeable excitement, and the grim humor of her instructor, Pete Brailley, who had conducted himself toward Merna with all the breezy insouciance of one who enjoys being a gentleman; a trifle rough, indeed, but this flying business was certainly no baby's game! So Merna was quite proud of herself on the afternoon of October first, when she suddenly realized that this was her last dual flight—that tomorrow she would solo.

As she gazed several thousand feet below her at the Lilliputian structure that was the Carthay Circle Theater, she was unusually philosophical: "An airplane," she was reflecting, "is just like a thought—with incredible elasticity it flies exactly where one wants it to!" And, on peeking through her pyrolyne windshield, she noticed that from the front of the large, double cockpit of the Waco, Pete Brailley was grinning approvingly and that he was motioning for her to go on up higher if she liked.

MERNA, no doubt, agreeably surprised at her little philosophical cerebration, beamed clownishly and pulled back the joy stick. Then it occurred to her that it might not be a bad idea to try a loop—Pete had certainly looped her often enough!

After giving the subject a moment of thought, she twiddled her fingers in a If-You-Don't-Mind-Kind-Sir-I-Think-I'll-Do-A-Bit-Of-A-Loop sort of a way; and Pete's jaws parted in amazement. He peered down at the ten-dollar gold piece that was the Carthay Circle. Then, with superb bravado, he flicked his hands out, palms upward, drew in the corners of his mouth and raised his eyebrows into moon-shaped arches. He seemed to be remarking: "Well, lady, if you gotta do it, get to it!"

The Carthay Circle was growing larger with annoying speed. The earth rushed up at her as the Waco's struts screamed a death cry and the motor belched its thunderous roar. Merna's heart drove the breath from her throat until she finally gathered her wits, jerked the ship out of its dive and floated away on a comfortable bank.

AFTER some additional twenty minutes of flying, Pete genially motioned her to return to the Rand Airport. Merna executed a perfect, three-point landing and taxied up to the hangar.

"You're great!" Pete exclaimed, helping her step from the plane. "You're the best pupil I ever had! And I ain't kidding, either!"

Pete's praise only enhanced Merna's wind-flushed face. "It is very good of you to say that, I do believe!" Her smile took on a self-conscious shade as she caught a glimpse

of Barry Rowe striding over from his plane, *The Yellow Bird*. "I—I think I had better go—première of *The Flying Blonde* tonight—must get ready—good-bye, Mr. Brailley!" And Merna hastily darted toward her Ford coupé.

"Hey!" Pete shouted, "are you coming out for your first solo tomorrow?"

"If I possibly can," Merna promised over a shoulder. "I'll try hard!"

"What's she running for?" Barry inquired, coming up to the Waco, "finally gone cold on the flying?"

"Not a bit of it," said Pete; "she's a damn good little pilot . . . ."

Barry sounded an uncomfortable laugh.

JUST from a casual observation of that crazy loop of yours, I thought maybe you were trying to scare the kid to death—or were you just trying to demolish the theory that the ground offers resistance? You must have been all of 500 feet when you came out of it."

"Merna was piloting," Pete retorted sharply. "She was just tryin' to scare me and I'm damned if she didn't! That gal's got more nerve than a—"

"Any girl that carries on an affair with Zarto," Barry cut in, "simply *must* have nerve." And cooling off a bit, he added, "It sure is a shame she had to make such an ass out of herself . . . "

Pete placed a restraining hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Listen, Barry . . . You got that little gal all wrong! She works at The Sow's Ear because she needs the money to pay hospital bills for an invalid brother and to put another kid through school, not to mention supporting a neurasthenic old prune of a mother and keeping up the rent on the bungalow—She's no more havin' an affair with Zarto than I am! I hinted around, one day, and blame near got knocked down for my pains. It took a week for me to get Merna to accept my apologies and continue with her flying lessons. And on top o' that, there's somethin' phoney goin' on at the studio, cause every time I mention it, her eyes get all sad like, and I gotta change the subject . . . You must be plumb nuts to let that bum Wiley wench feed you up on all that tripe!"

Shaking himself free, Barry uttered a derisive laugh.

"Yeah! And I suppose her grandfather has rickets. Why, you poor, sentimental goof, she's just played you for a monkey, that's all!"

FOR a moment they glared at each other, then Pete smiled affectionately and lowered his fist.

"You given up flying, Barry?"

"What makes you ask?"

"You've been drunk for a week . . . You're shaking like a leaf right now . . ."

"I'm of age," was Barry's sullen answer. "What of it?"

Pete made no attempt to hide the disgust in his eyes as he remarked, "You're ruining yourself, Barry, that's all. Snap out of it and also think over what I just said about Merna . . . "

Barry stole a glance after Merna's disappearing Ford. Then he shuddered as if to cast off some disagreeable thought and turned abruptly to Pete.

"Okay, boy!" he cried—and there was a friendly light in his eye. "I'll think it over—They said at the hangar that you wanted to see me . . . ?"

"Oh, yeah . . . I didn't have much to do this morning so I ran over your Aero Sport; two tie-down flange bolts were loose . . . first thing you know one of the cylinders will fly through a strut . . . "

"I'll watch it," Barry promised lightly. "Been too busy with my stunting . . . "

"Why not let one of the mechanics give it a regular daily inspection?"

"Nobody touches *The Yellow Bird* but myself—"

"We don't want any accidents," Pete cautioned.

"Accidents? Accidents? What are accidents?"

MERNA hurried back to the Premier Picture Studio and without too much ceremony entered Denton's office.

He was delighted to see her, and he told her as much.

Merna was no sooner seated than she exploded with, "I did a loop!" and for the second time since his arrival in Hollywood, Denton was unable to prevent his monocle from popping out of his eye.

"You did a *what?*"

"A loop."

"All alone?"

"Well . . . not exactly. Pete was in the cockpit, but I was piloting the ship."

"Good for you!" Denton exclaimed, and then inquired if she were going to the opening of *The Flying Blonde*.

Merna nodded rather apathetically. "With Abe."

A faint scowl flickered across Denton's forehead as he remarked: "I doubt if you'll have to dance at the Sow's Ear much longer. Our new picture starts next week and it is likely that you will have a nice part."

"Really!" cried Merna; and her radiant face was that of a young lady experiencing the ultimate in joy.

"Well . . " Denton ventured, allowing his smile of pleasure to contradict his cautious tone, "it's faintly possible—I've been talking with Sol about you, but of course he started in on Wanda. A woman," he added sadly, "with a voice like that, is nothing but a walking futility! However, I have a hunch that something will break."

Merna tried valiantly to keep her spirits as bright and joyous as this news surely warranted, but the task was difficult, for during the past two months she had undergone so many disappointments and disagreeable experiences that her soul would bound lightly at the slightest hint of success and almost immediately settle back to a dull sense of hopelessness.

THAT is really quite wonderful," she finally admitted, "but somehow I feel afraid . . . I'm not exactly sure of what . . ."

"That's no way to feel," Denton cut in, sternly. "Being afraid will never get you anywhere! Where will you be tomorrow morning?"

"At The Sow's Ear, rehearsing for the new show, you know . . . and after that, I'll be home."

"I may call you."

"I am sorry, but I must go now and see about my gown for the opening. Good-bye."

"By Jove!" Denton exclaimed, about five minutes later, as Betsy stepped into the room. "You look simply stunning today!"

Betsy did her best to summon a stony glare; it was, however, far from perfect. "Just today?"

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Ukelele Ike Goes Hollywood

The master ukulele strummer proves that he is a wise-cracker of the first class in this amusing treatise on why he prefers Hollywood to Broadway.

By
CLIFF (UKELELE IKE) EDWARDS

HOLLYWOOD is the only place I know where they give away new cars with every five gallons of gasoline you buy. Just as I said to Jack Gilbert one afternoon—of course he didn't answer me back—this moving picture town is a great place for us guys from the big city. It is the only spot I ever saw where people eat breakfast earlier than 5 p. m.

Believe me, you can have all your Broadway. I'll take my Hollywood boulevard straight with a good night's sleep on the side anytime to working until you have to join the milkman's union or have the band walk out on you. I never knew that sunrise had anything to do with getting up before. Out here I see actors actually sunburned. They'd be run off Broadway as hopeless rounders for that. Staying up all day and not fit to do a night's work.

I LIKE to work in pictures. It's much better than doing five shows a day. Here you only have to sing one song fifteen times a day for fifteen days to finish a scene that is cut out later on. I began in this big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revue. They were so long making it the director forgot what the title was when it was finished. I suggested they christen it *Let's Do It Again.*

Ukelele Ike, one of the chief funmakers in M-G-M's "Hollywood Revue of 1929," croons a novelty number.

Here's a real surprise. I'm going to be leading man to Greta Garbo!

I think it will be about next January or February from what Greta told me. She sure was swell about it, too. I just walked up to her, slapped her on the back and said, "Baby, how would you like to have a sheik like me for a screen lover, eh?"

SHE looked me over and made up her mind in a flash. "It'll be a long, cold day when you get in a picture with me!" she said; so, as I told you, it looks like something that's coming up next winter.

Oh, but this Garbo is a warm mamma!

I saw her the other night at the skating rink. The ice arena turned into a Turkish bath after she skated across once. They tell that she walked through the big Stockholm blizzard when she was back home last winter and the snow melted and spring flowers plopped right up after her.

It sure is funny to walk along the streets out here now that everybody is going talkie mad. You don't know whether to call the cops when you meet some egg

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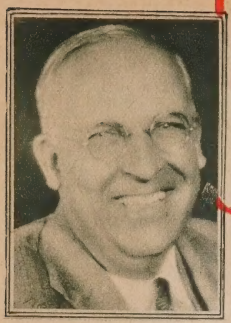
Sally Starr and Ukelele Ike polish up their song numbers between scenes of "College Days," an M-G-M production.

Rushing into



Harry Carr

Harry Carr, a veteran motion picture critic and well-known *Los Angeles Times* columnist, whose comments anent the motion picture industry appear exclusively in SCREEN SECRETS among fan magazines, is without peer as a screen observer. Among his other accomplishments, he has received official credit for the motion picture masterpieces, *Old Ironsides* and *The Wedding March.*

HOLLYWOOD seems to have been making a concerted rush for the altar this month.

Patsy Ruth Miller, Ruth Elder, Mary Eaton . . . With Clara Bow in the offing . . .

And the beautiful Dolores Costello holding out as a threat or promise to the brides what Mr. Kipling calls "the almost inevitable consequences" . . . her expectation of an heir to the house of John Barrymore.

Defied the Jinx

IT BEING Hollywood, none of the brides kept the date with the preacher, exactly.

Patsy Ruth shrugged her shoulders at the old superstition; and had her wedding two or three weeks ahead of the date of the invitations; her kid brother had to go back to college.

Late? Sure!

MARY EATON breezed in half an hour late to her's, reducing the church organist to the edge of nervous prostration. He played *The Wedding March* until he wore out the pipes; then, in desperation, he wheezed off into Wagner's *Evening Star; The Broadway Melody,* and *You Were Meant For Me.* A young lady assistant was scrambling around on the floor trying in a frenzy to find more music and the organist was getting ready to play *It Makes Me Laugh to Think I Cried for You,* when the bride finally appeared. She was well worth waiting for.

Both Patsy and Miss Eaton married directors—Tay Garnett and Millard Webb. Tay is the most promising young fellow to take up the megaphone for many years.

Millard Webb and his new bride, Mary Eaton, showed Georges Carpentier around the lot when he visited the Paramount studios at Astoria, Long Island, recently.

Hot Art

WHICH brings us to Tay's talkie with James Gleason and Robert Armstrong—*Oh, Yeah;* it is a good deal like *Is Zat So?*—only with freight brakemen instead of prize fighters.

I mention it to show how the really big leaguers go to infinite pains to get things right. Any ordinary scenario writer would have made up the freight brakemen out of his imagination. Gleason got a permit from the Southern Pacific railroad and lived with the freight crews at Indio in the heat of the summer.

It is so hot in this desert town that it is of record that an Indio man once died and had to send back from hell for his overcoat. Any author who is willing to sizzle in a heat of 120 to collect local color must love his art something terrible.

When Clara Loves

WHEN the little god of love hit Clara Bow, it must have been with a two-ton T. N. T. explosive shell instead of the accustomed arrow.

Clara is a lady of high experience. She has had more beaus than all the rest of the girls in Hollywood put together. But she went clear under when Harry Richman,

Matrimony

And other movie gossip over Hollywood's Private Line.

By HARRY CARR

the singer and night club magnate, slipped an engagement ring, the size of a locomotive headlight, upon her third finger.

Which Wins?

I HAVE often wondered which one talks the other off the map when Joan Crawford and Clara meet up. Clara talks about her intended without pause and no one, to date, has ever heard Joan mention any subject other than her new husband—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. However, I am very proud of Doug myself; so it's all right with me.

Tin Pan Alley

A COUPLE of the starving song writers you read about will probably manage to stagger through the winter without getting into the bread lines.

Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed have tinkled out a few theme songs, at the M-G-M studio, which have earned them in royalties—not to mention fat salaries—over $500,000.

Broadway Melody, You Were Meant For Me, The Wedding of the Painted Dolls, Singin' in the Rain, and Ramon Novarro's *Pagan Love Song,* are a bouquet of knock-outs to their credit.

Freed writes the lyrics and Brown the music. The latter used to be a chubby choir boy in Los Angeles and still runs a merchant tailoring business on the side.

Fred Niblo, veteran M-G-M director, enjoys an afternoon in the garden with his three children, Loris, Peter, and Judith Beryl.

Small wonder that "Gold Diggers of Broadway" ranks as one of Warner Brothers' best 1929 attractions. Here are Ann Pennington and Gertrude Short, whose dazzling charms make work a joy for the cameraman.

High Brow Stuff

A NEW bond of interest has arisen between Ramon Novarro and me. His younger brother—Jose Samiengos, whom he is sending through college—is a university buddy of the Crown Prince of our family. To hear their childish prattle about differential calculus and the chemical properties of something whose name I can't remember, is just too sweet. They always speak in Spanish; but it might as well be Greek.

I Am Panned

I HAVE received many fan letters, panning me to a crisp for my remarks in the September issue about Ramon Novarro in *The Pagan.*

Neither these indignant letters, the fact that *The Pagan* has been the most successful play of his career, or the other fact that I am personally very fond of Ramon, changes my opinion. He may have been interesting; but he was not sincere in his portrayal of the character of a Polynesian boy.

Just so, Richard Dix, in one of the most successful plays he ever made, was about as much like a Navajo Indian as he was like John D. Rockefeller. I have known many California Indians, but never one who ever remotely resembled *Allesandro,* as portrayed by Warner Baxter in

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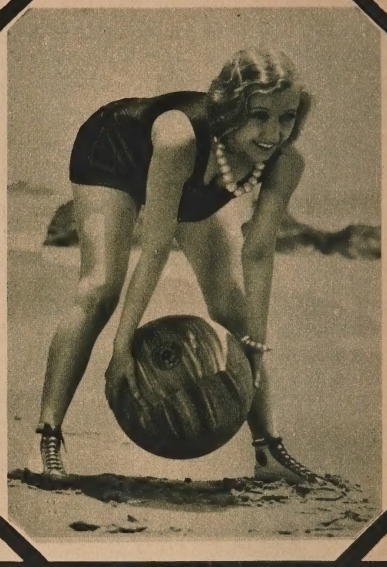
CLICKING THE STARS WITH SCREEN SECRETS' CAMERAMAN

OUR OWN

CAUGHT JACK GILBERT REACHING FOR A HIGH ONE.



A *Love* SHOT-- BESSIE PLAYING BEACH BALL.

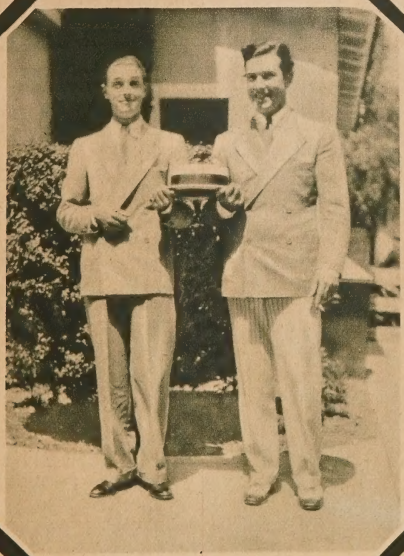
A COLD DAY, BUT THIS IS A HOT SHOT OF DICK BARTHELMESS

FOUND WILLIAM BAKEWELL and HIS DIRECTOR, AL. ROGELL, CLOWNING.

SNAP SHOT ALBUM

PAGED ANITA TWO WEEKS BEFORE WE COULD SNAP HER.

PING PONG AT THE BEACH, WITH BARBARA KENT, MERNA KENNEDY and EVELYN BRENT.



EDDIE NUGENT and JOHN MACK BROWN GIVE THE CAMERA A LAUGH.

THE DAY WE MET CLARA BEACHING HER CANOE-- IT'S A PLEASURE TO CLICK "IT".

"I Want a Lover"

¶ Mary Nolan, ravishing blonde beauty, relates a surprising story of why her leading man must be a lover, if she is to win success.

By LAURA BENHAM

"I WANT a lover!" announced Mary Nolan.

Could I believe my ears? Could this startling statement be coming from the girl who is reputed to have left a trail of broken hearts across Europe, the Atlantic ocean and America, clear to California?

For a moment she said nothing more. Then, noticing my incredulous expression, she hastened to reassure me, "Oh, I don't mean in my private life—such lovers are easy for any woman to acquire. But I mean in my career. That is how I need, and *must* have a lover."

"My leading man must be a lover. He must know all the subtle shadings and feelings of a lover, in order to inspire in me the proper reactions. But that is not an original statement. Many actresses will tell you that. No matter how little a man may mean to you away from the studio, when you are playing a tense, emotional scene together, it is vitally necessary that he be able to call forth from you an almost subconscious response.

"But I want more than that. I want a lover for my director, too. He, too, must be able to reach me. He must be able to grasp and feel every nuance of emotion, of both man and woman, in order to evoke from me the interpretation I am attempting."

MARY was very intense. She spoke as if the subject were one to which she had devoted much thought, and had arrived at her decision advisedly. We were sitting in a little restaurant between scenes of *The Shanghai Lady*.

"This has been a hard picture," she continued. "Jimmy Murray plays opposite me. He is a nice kid, but he hasn't been married very long. His wife has stayed on the set almost constantly, and how can he make love to me convincingly, when his mind is across the stage on his bride? In some of our most intense love scenes, I have realized that Jimmy was reciting his lines well, perfectly in fact—but without feeling them. I don't think wives of either actors or directors should ever be allowed on the set when their husbands are working—it just doesn't work out."

ARE you happy?" I asked Mary, as we sat awaiting the arrival of our luncheon.

She had a faraway look in her eyes as she countered, "Why, what a funny question—is anybody happy? No, I'm not happy, in the accepted sense of the word. And I never expect to be. I don't believe there is such a thing as happiness, if by happiness, you mean a rapturous, glamourous joy that transcends one's very being. But contentment, yes. That is achieved many times. I am content—to a certain extent, anyway—and I should approximate happiness if I could ever do a marvelous picture that would really satisfy me.

"But I am always dissatisfied with my work when I finish a part. No matter how kind the critics may be to me, I can always find glaring faults in my portrayals, and am never satisfied.

"When I first started out to make my way in the world, I used to dream of some day accomplishing something really worth while—of giving a bit, no matter how small, toward something constructive in my art. I hoped that some day I should work with people wise in the ways of the world, who had lived and who had loved, so that they could help me to express myself on the screen.

"For that is what counts. Pictures mean everything in life to me. I love being an actress but I hate the talkies. They limit one. You know the deepest emotions are the ones which we can never talk about, the ones that are best expressed by a touch of the hands, by a glance of the eye. So, to me, talking pictures can never be other than a perfected form of talking machine record, in which everyone has had ample time to rehearse and learn given lines

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Poor Mary Nolan, who says John Gilbert was wonderful to work with, now languishes for a leading man who knows all the subtle feelings of a lover, so that she may be inspired to greater histrionic reactions. Who wouldn't want the job?

Weeping Wheeler Laughs

¶ Bert Wheeler's boyhood dreams never did manage to come true, yet his career has been full of fun.

¶ The ga-ga comedy man who eats, cries and sings at the same time.

REMEMBER Bert Wheeler in Ziegfeld's *Follies?* Bert is the comedian who came out and sat down in the footlight trough and cried, ate a ham sandwich and sang a love ditty all at the same time. He's the big ta-da and ga-ga comedy merchant who some time ago arrived in Hollywood to let loose his choice chatter into the mike at the RKO studio.

He's an earnest little fellow, this revue clown who has brought more cheer to Broadway than the skyrocketing of any stock—a sort of a dreamer. He says that for years before his name went in electric lights along the Alley of Applesauce, he went to his dressing room every night with the same eager sort of fearful hope, that a letter from Ziegfeld, offering him a job, would be awaiting him. That intense eagerness, that never failing hope, that watchful eye for the long-awaited letter became a part of his life.

"And when I finally signed with Ziegfeld and went to work every night, knowing that there wasn't that letter to look forward to, something seemed missing in life. I think I grew up when I finally stopped hoping for that letter."

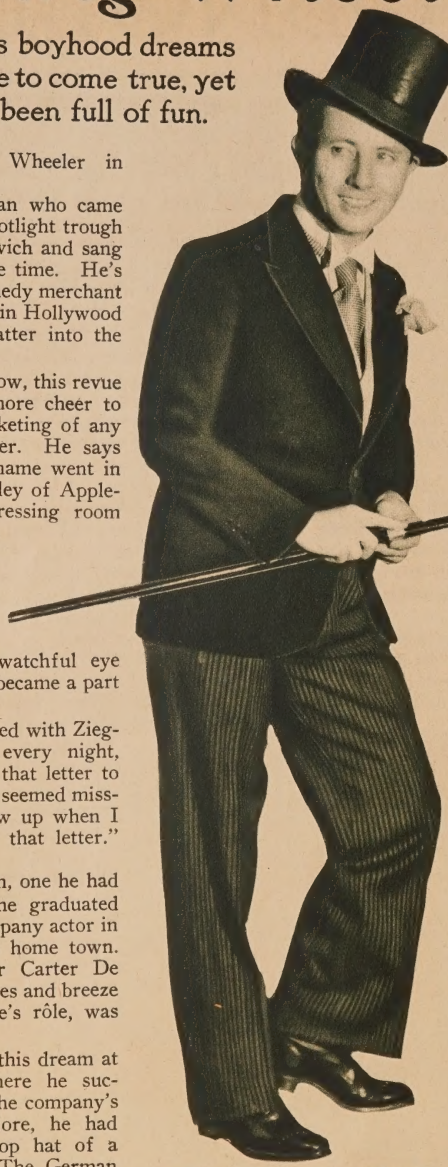
BERT had another dream, one he had had for years after he graduated from prop boy to stock company actor in Paterson, New Jersey, his home town. He wanted to be another Carter De Haven. To wear fine clothes and breeze through a dashing juvenile's rôle, was the fond hope of his life.

He was awakened from this dream at Syracuse, New York, where he succeeded Harry Gribbon as the company's comedian. The night before, he had sat, by mistake, on the top hat of a German character actor. The German was furious and wanted to make Bert unhappy.

The next night, just before Bert went on the stage, he was admiring the fit of his coat in a full-length mirror, turning this way and that, admiring himself.

"So you think you're a dashing juvenile, eh?" snickered the German. "Look at those legs, those shoulders, that chest, and that face. A juvenile, it is to laugh!"

And, like Merton, Bert awoke to the tragic realization that he had a "low comedy face". But that pan and his funmaking have since brought him fame and fortune.



Bert Wheeler always wanted to be a dashing juvenile, but Fate decreed he should be one of the most popular funsters of the day.

The German character actor's brunt appraisal of Bert's stage presence as the handsome lover of the footlights, completely shattered his tower of dreams. So he set grimly to work to build a new structure out of the ruins of his pet ambition, and put all his efforts into comedy work in an endeavor to blot out the greatest disappointment of his life.

He persistently studied the art of corralling laughs, although it was exceedingly disheartening at times to continue clowning when he secretly believed he could inspire heart throbs as the dashing matinee idol. But it is characteristic of Bert Wheeler, that if he can't get what he wants, he proceeds to hitch his wagon to another star. And that is why he managed to choke back a tear or two, to bury his past hopes deep in a secret corner of his heart, and then to climb step by step to the heights of success as a funster.

Bert has had his taste of vaudeville, too. Vaudeville fans everywhere knew and loved Bert and Betty Wheeler. Vaudeville fans also later knew the story of how Bert gave Betty all their life's savings to make her happy when she ran away with another man. It is one of those Pagliacci stories of the stage. They tell it at the National Vaudeville Association club with a tear or two.

BUT is has no place here, for Bert is married again and more proud of his six-months'-old baby than his twenty-four sheet billings.

He's the sort of a man who likes vivid colors. He never wears jewelry. He's mad about six-day bicycle races and used to arrange his vaudeville bookings so that he could take a vacation when the Madison Square races were on. He'll reach for a smoke instead of a sweet, and he likes to drive a car, in fact, he has driven across the continent three times.

Bert hates to look at pictures of himself, but he likes to tie his tie in the mirror . . . and take ten minutes to do it. He plays the rôle he created for Ziegfeld in the all-talking, all-musical extravaganza RKO has made of *Rio Rita.*

You'll like Bert Wheeler when you see him and you'll laugh at him, too—the little boy who wanted to be a Carter De Haven.

Grace Kingsley

HOBNOBBING

¶ A famous columnist and feature writer chronicles intimate gossip of the film capital for SCREEN SECRETS readers. Miss Kingsley's long experience in Pacific Coast newspaperdom has won her unquestioned authority as a critic and observer of motion picture happenings.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IS NILS ASTHER, after all his years of being a free spirit, a film idol, really to wed at last?

He and Vivian Duncan say so.

Vivian is half of the famous Duncan duo, stars of *Topsy and Eva,* the musical comedy. Rosetta Duncan is the other half.

Nils and Vivian were engaged once before, when the sisters were starring in the picture version of *Topsy and Eva.* That was when Nils really was discovered. The Duncans were looking at screen tests, with a view to selecting somebody to play the lead in the picture. When the test of Nils was thrown on the screen, they instantly decided he was their man.

Soon everybody noticed that Vivian seemed to be taking more than a professional interest in the handsome young actor, and soon little Eva was known to have fallen in love. Then the engagement was announced.

But Vivian and Rosetta went north to play a vaudeville engagement, leaving Nils to roam Hollywood alone. He roamed in Vivian's car, and what's more—not alone. Vivian heard about it when she came back to Hollywood, and sent Nils back his ring. He sent roses to her apartment and rang her up day and night, but she wouldn't even speak to him. Then the sisters went to Europe for a year.

Now they are back in Hollywood, making pictures at the same studio where Nils Asther is working; and just as we prophesied a month or two ago, the two lovers have patched up their row.

The other day when I was at the studio, Vivian was declaring that she wanted to take a peek at Greta Garbo,

Clara Bow kicks a pair of twinkling tootsies as she lounges in her hammock for a bit of relaxation between scenes on the Paramount lot while the cameraman willingly works overtime.

"Bye-bye, Ben", says Bebe Daniels, as she prepares to climb into the cockpit of her plane, for a solo flight. Ben Lyon is an accomplished pilot and it is he who is responsible for Bebe's proficiency in managing her spirited air steed.

with the FILM FOLK

Mrs. Leanna C. Donner App, ninety-five years old, broke a rule of long standing, when she posed for her picture. Mary Brian's natural charm has disarmed her new acquaintance.

who was working in the next set. But as Nils was Greta's leading man, we decided it was Nils at whom Vivian wanted to peek. She tiptoed over and peeped through a hole in the canvas walls. No Nils was visible, and she speedily lost interest.

But we heard that Nils had been peeping at Vivian while Vivian worked.

How Cupid Works

THE way the couple happened to make up is as romantic as possible.

Belle Bennett is rather an incorrigible match-maker, but so sweet and wise about it that everybody loves her for it. Belle saw how things were with Nils and Vivian—neither one willing to give in and make first advances—so she invited both to sail with her and her husband, Fred Windermere, on her yacht, *The Dove*—which sure was working hard at its gentle job of peace-making during the next few days.

Vivian and Nils met, tried to say hello nonchalantly, spoke a few words. And then something quite characteristic of Vivian happened. She started to go in swimming, slipped and fell into the water and Nils gallantly rescued her. That is, he went in after her, although it isn't likely she would have drowned anyway.

When *The Dove* came back from her voyage to Catalina, the engagement was announced.

This will not be Nils' first marriage. He was wed when very young to a Swedish girl, from whom, however, he has been divorced for some time.

Bebe and Ben Fly

BEBE DANIELS always was noted for her courage. When nobody else would ride a certain horse or dive from a certain angle into deep water, Bebe would always do it.

And now she has become a flyer. She has several hours in the air to her credit.

Ben Lyon, her fiancé, was her teacher, of course. They fly together a great deal. Living across the street from each other in Hollywood, many a morning, early, when neither is working, Ben dashes over to Bebe's apartment, and away the two go in his car to the flying field, whence they take off for an early morning spin.

Little George Billings, winner of the Our Gang contest in Canada, shakes hands with Wheezer, the justly famous star of Hal Roach comedies.

Mary Brian With Pioneer

MARY BRIAN made a fascinating acquaintance lately. She was playing in a picture which was photographing scenes up in Sonora and Columbia, California, where still dwell many pioneers.

"I met Mrs. App," Mary told me. "Mrs. App, you know, was the sole survivor of the ill-fated Donner party. She is very old, and refuses to have her picture taken. But as good luck would have it, I won her over, and she was photographed with me. Here's the secret. I was wearing the old-fashioned wide hoop-skirted dress which I wore in the picture, when I met her, and she was so delighted that she gave in when I wanted her to have her photograph taken with me."

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THE SCREEN

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS,

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY

WINNIE LIGHTNER used to be in vaudeville—then she played on Broadway—now she's in the talkies. Here's hoping she stays. She just puts *Gold Diggers of Broadway* in her pocket and walks away with it in her usual manner that is both vivacious and carefree.

There isn't much of the original stage play left in the picture, as presented by Warners. But around the title they have built a musical extravaganza which is well able to stand on its own merits.

The usual story of several chorus dames and their tactics for gaining a livelihood is made hilariously funny by Miss Lightner and her supporting cast. Nick Lucas and his banjo do their share, while Ann Pennington's twinkling toes have never been seen to better advantage. Nancy Welford handles her rôle competently, and our own Lilyan Tashman could not be improved upon, as the high-hat chorus lady.

Helen Foster and William Bakewell carry a slim love interest, but the picture's main claim to fame lies in its pictorial effects, its lively music, as written by Joe Burke and Al Dubin, two Broadway importations, and the charming technicolor effects.

Larry Ceballos, the Warner dance director, puts over another chorus that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of breath-taking feminine beauty and well-nigh perfect dance rhythm.—*Warner Brothers.*

FAST LIFE

SEVERAL of the younger generation of screen actors distinguish themselves in a fantastic conception of what the younger generation is supposed to be like in life, in this fast moving stark drama which is all that the name implies.

The story, as seems to be the way with stories in the talkies nowadays, doesn't amount to much. In a group of hard-drinking, hard-living young people, there are three boys in love with the same girl, Loretta Young. After an apparently compromising situation between Loretta and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., obviously injected to give the audience a thrill, there is a free-for-all fight between the three boys and one of them is killed. Doug is accused, but Chester Morris saves the situation by confessing that he is the murderer, and committing suicide.

The picture is saved, however, by the acting of the cast. All comparatively newcomers in pictures, they all conduct themselves like veterans. Loretta Young shows poise and dignity beyond her years. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is effective, but Chester Morris carries off the acting honors, although, as usual, he comes to a tragic end. It would be fun once to see a picture in which Chester is still alive and kicking at the end.

It is strong fare but good entertainment.—*First National-Vitaphone.*

IN REVIEW

SCREEN SECRETS REVIEWER

RIO RITA

RADIO Pictures makes its first pretentious bow to the public in bringing to the screen the musical hit of several seasons ago, *Rio Rita*. With Bebe Daniels and John Boles, both possessing beautiful voices, in the leading rôles, and with an able supporting chorus, *Rio Rita*, beautifully recorded and beautifully staged, is brought to the screen in all its original glory.

The story is as flimsy as any musical comedy story. *The Kinkajou* is a wily Mexican bandit who defies capture. While seeking him, *Captain Stewart* of the Texas Rangers comes to the rancho of *Rita*, a beautiful Mexican señorita, and falls in love with her. However, he finds a rival in an important Mexican rebel general, who also yearns for the heart and hand of the heroine. Back and forth across the Rio Grande they play tag with each other, until the action finally comes to a dramatic finish on a gorgeous houseboat in the middle of the river.

Both Boles and Bebe have beautiful voices. It is the crowning triumph of her career for Bebe, a sensational comeback after years spent in comedy rôles. There are large and effective chorus numbers beautifully staged, and the last scenes of the picture in full color are outstanding. Not the least important work in the picture is done by Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey as the comedians, with the help of Dorothy Lee in an ingenue rôle.—*RKO*.

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

IN THIS, the first original operetta to be written especially for the screen, there is a certain charm that you will not soon forget.

Like the flowers that bloom in the spring, the title has nothing to do with the case. Or practically nothing. There is a short sequence at the end, in which the lovers find each other amid the melée of movie making. But most of the action takes place in one of those vague European kingdoms, and is of the same fluffy stuff as those delightful light operas of a score or so of years ago; which, unfortunately, are seldom seen nowadays.

The story concerns the adventures of an American singer who is wooed, and almost won, by Prince Nicky, the playboy heir to the throne. However, various things intervene, including the Queen, the Prince's mother, a revolution or two, and several gross of misunderstandings. None of these things, however, can compare to the Queen, the Prince's mother, who makes effective use of the divine right of the king's wives to break up the romances between royalty and the common peepul. However, true love finally triumphs, after any number of songs about it. There is a light, comic-opera tone to the whole think that makes it highly entertaining.

Norma Terris, who plays the American singer, and John Murray, who is Prince Nicky, both have beautiful voices. And honors go to Marcel Silver, the director.—*Fox*.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID

CLARA BOW has returned to the shop-girl rôles of her early pictures in this, her latest rollicking comedy. Clara is one of those girls who is just too big-hearted for words. She lets her little sister, Jean Arthur, get away with everything she prizes, including her sweetie. Things finally come to a pretty pass when little sister makes away with some important funds.

James Hall is satisfactory as the sweetie, although the part doesn't give him much opportunity to accomplish an outstanding performance.

The best thing about the picture is the snappy dialogue written by John V. A. Weaver.—*Paramount.*

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR

THIS old-time stage thriller preserves all of its power to produce gooseflesh in the screen version, as made under the direction of Lionel Barrymore.

The weird and spooky atmosphere is well kept throughout; due, in a large degree, to the extraordinary voice of Margaret Wycherly, who plays the rôle of the seeress for many years on the stage.

The story concerns the attempt to discover a murderer through a seance. During the seance another murder is committed. The solution, however, is carefully obscured. Leila Hyams stands out in the supporting cast, and Bela Lugosi, is a convincing detective.—*M-G-M.*

UNTAMED

JOAN CRAWFORD does a striking bit of character work as an untamed daughter of the jungle, raised among the savages of the South Seas, in this new picture. Dark makeup is becoming to her, although it fades out during the course of the picture, for no good reason.

The story concerns the difficulties which the jungle girl experiences in adapting herself to the refinements of modern society. These are further complicated when she falls in love with Robert Montgomery on board ship returning to New York. Joan gets along all right for a little while at a time, but the moment always comes when she just can't help socking somebody. Montgomery establishes himself on the screen as a promising juvenile.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE VIRGINIAN

GARY COOPER breaks out in the talkies with a marvelous voice in this picture version of Owen Wister's successful novel of the old west in the days when men were men and died with their boots on more often than not.

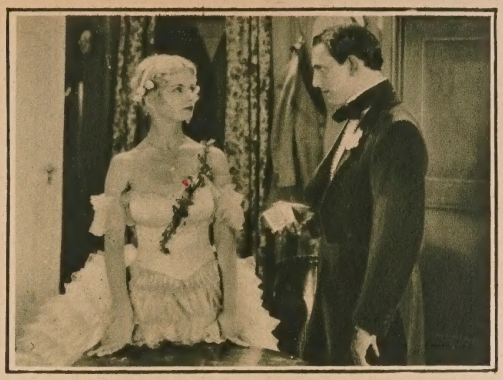
It is the most successful outdoor talkie since *In Old Arizona,* and manages to keep up the illusion of rapid motion in spite of the microphones hung all over the place. Gary Cooper is a Southerner with western ideas, whose sweetheart does not understand why he has to go about shooting people to keep his code from being infringed upon. Mary Brian is sweet as the schoolmarm and Dick Arlen and Walter Huston give effective characterizations as frontiersmen.—*Paramount.*

HARD TO GET

DOROTHY MACKAILL rarely misses when it comes to providing delightful comedy, no matter how trite the picture. However, Charles Delaney cannot equal Jack Mulhall as a foil for her foolery.

The story has nothing new about it. Dorothy is a working girl. She is tempted by Edmund Burns, his millions and his motor cars. But she spurns them all for the affections of a poor but honest auto mechanic.

The best bits are the comedy parts such as when Dorothy, to impress Burns, pretends that a swanky Fifth Avenue mansion is her own. Jack Oakie contributes his usual good comedy.—*First National.*



THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

PICTURESQUE productions about early days on the Mississippi seem to be all the rage just now. In the familiar character of the Mississippi gambler, Joseph Schildkraut finds a rôle well suited to his colorful personality. There is a great similarity to *Show Boat* in the scenes and locale. It seems that Alec Francis, a wealthy southern planter, has lost to Joseph Schildkraut, the gambler, money which he did not rightfully possess. He is about to kill himself when his daughter, Joan Bennett, stops him, declaring she will get the money back. She sits down to play poker with Schildkraut, staking herself against the money. Then things move rapidly.—*Universal.*

MELODY LANE

WHERE have we heard this before—the one about a black-face comedian whose wife didn't understand him, but who loved his little kiddie, although not quite enough to keep from singing him songs? It's a good plot. It always has been a good plot. And, unless we movie fans get a break—and there isn't any hope in sight, as yet—it probably always will be a good plot.

It's tough on a good trouper like Eddie Leonard to start him off in the talkies without giving him a chance to get in a little novelty stuff.

Eddie has a good voice, he puts over his songs well, and has something appealing about him. But who's with me to start a send-the-movie-kiddies-back-to-school movement? —*Universal.*

DYNAMITE

IN WHICH C. B. de Mille, celluloid salvation shouter, points another moral and adorns another tale with more of the latter than the former.

The tale is all about love, marriage and divorce in high society country clubs, millionaires' mansions, coal mines and where are we? It is, of course, lavishly sprinkled with passions, nice and not so nice, and, it being a de Mille picture, there is a bath tub—and a glass one at that.

Kay Johnson, the girl in the picture, is in love with another woman's husband, Conrad Nagel, which provides the necessary complications. Charles Bickford, from the stage, is excellent in the rôle of the miner. De Mille in his first talkie, presents lavish entertainment.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

CAUGHT

¶ Did these stars plunge into matrimony when the bait of new love caught them on the rebound from amorous disaster? Decide after reading this story of movie marriages.

By FRANCES COLLIER

It is said that Gary Cooper, who is rumored as being engaged to Lupe Velez, was not any too happy about Evelyn Brent's marriage to Harry Edwards, when Senorita Cyclone dashed triumphantly into his heart.

MOTHER knows best!

Now, Edna Ferber, please lay off until I explain. Elsie Janis, I wasn't talking about you at all. Can't you let a gal do a little high class philosophizing?

The first time I came a cropper in the matter of amours occurred just after my tenth birthday, I conceived a terrific yen for a boy whose family had moved next door to us. But alas, the charms of my blonde self attracted him not at all, while he fell an instant victim to the fascinations of a red-headed wench down the street. Not having as yet learned the fine feminine art of concealing emotions, I tried to retaliate by pegging stones at the pair one afternoon. My scandalized mother forced a confession, which ended in tears.

"Never mind, darling," she consoled, drawing me on her knee. "Let mother give you a bit of advice no girl can hear too soon. They will probably have a fight over marbles or ice cream cones next week, and that will be the time for you to step in. Listen to mother, and never forget what she is saying. The best time to catch any man is on the rebound."

Was mother right? I might exclaim, and how! If any skeptics linger in the vicinity, let me beg them to take a glance at our recent movie marriages.

NOW I am quite certain that Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert are in love with each other. Not only have I read Jack's printed superlatives to the effect that "Ina is the nicest girl he ever met," and that he is "the proudest man in the world," as well as Ina's fervent declaration that her wedding day was "the happiest occasion of her life," but I have just been talking to the best friend of a cousin of a girl who worked in *The Awful Truth,* the undeniably beautiful and talented Broadway star's first talking picture. This young lady declares that everyone connected with Ina's picture, from Marshall Neilan, the director, to the electricians and prop boys were thoroughly sold on

Ina Claire, stage and screen actress, married John Gilbert after a whirlwind romance that began when the latter's long and ardent courtship of Greta Garbo hit the rocks.

ON THE REBOUND

Did someone put a dent in Joan Crawford's heart just before she married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.?

Jascha Heifetz, world famed violinist, and Florence Vidor were married soon after Hollywood was informed of the end of her romance with George Fitzmaurice, who startled the unsuspecting film colony by his unlooked for marriage to Diana Kane.

the genuine quality of this romance. The two may have known each other only three weeks—but, after all, look at the good use Elinor Glyn managed to make of the same period of time.

At all events, the days that followed their marriage found John dutifully cooling his heels outside the colonial mansion where Pathé pictures are produced, whenever he completed work at the neighboring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer beehive of cinematic industry, before his bride ended her day's toil. There is no doubt that something very fine exists between the famous stage comédienne and the noted screen lover—

But—

Just a few weeks prior to the evening when John Gilbert found himself talking to a pretty and fascinating fellow guest at a party, whom he declares he fell in love with then and there before discovering her identity, one Greta Garbo arrived in New York from a four months' absence in her native Sweden. The state of affection existing between the glamorous Nordic and the handsome Gilbert had been the object of public speculation for two years. It is a well known fact that the two had, on one occasion, started out to be married, only to have Greta change her mind before the fatal words were spoken.

After a time the Garbo-Gilbert romance seemed to flower again. Whenever Greta made her infrequent social or public appearances John was always her cavalier.

While Greta holidayed in her native land, there was much talk of a romance with a member of the Swedish Royal family. Evidently, competition did not discourage

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Reeling Down

Chatter about Chatterton—Lily knocks 'em cockeyed—Clive Brook, gentleman—Re-Joyce with Dolores—Across the foam with Neil Hamilton—Evelyn Brent's honeymoon—A new Duse?—and other flashes from Broadway's Great White Way.

By TED SHANE,
SCREEN SECRETS New York Correspondent

RUTH CHATTERTON steamed into town for a much-needed vacation last week, pals, and did she get it? Not on your daguerreotype. No sooner had she arrived than the Paramount slave drivers descended on her like a ton of brick, kidnapped her to the Astoria studios and put her to work on *Sarah and Son,* a piece Zoe Akins had scribbled for the late Jeanne Eagels. Miss Eagels, always temperamental, was suffering from nervousness and was unable to continue work on the production she had just started. Her death, said to have been the direct result of an overdose of drug taken to induce sleep, followed several days later. Hence Ruth's being rushed to the rescue.

When Ruth finishes *Sarah,* she will snap into the *Laughing Lady,* with Clive Brook. And then, if Paramount finds nothing else lying around for her to clean up, she may get her vacation, that is, if Paramount in Hollywood doesn't scream for her services back on the Coast. Poor, poor Ruth. She had just made up with her husband, Ralph Forbes, too, after a long and somewhat bitter separation. Also, Ruth left her mother, Mrs. Tillie Chatterton, back in Hollywood to keep Ralph happy 'til she returned. Ruth was one of the five leading actresses in the American theater before she went mike. I would rank her with Ethel Barrymore, Katherine Cornell, Helen Hayes and Jeanne Eagels. Her success in the talkies has been phenomenal. She has increased more rapidly in popularity than any other screen star known. Her fan mail now equals Garbo's. *Madame X* and *Jealousy,* both her pictures, have gone like *La Vie Parisienne* at a boy's prep school. Well, more power to her. Especially since she saved her marriage with Ralph Forbes from being just another wrecktangle.

You'll Be Pleased Damita, Folks!

WELL, Leetel Keedeez, ze *Bremen* was not wizzout her large cargo of sex appeal on her record breaking maiden voyage to America. For, very much in evidence aboard her was that irrepressible cutie of French cuties, toast of seven continents and feefty meellion Frenchmen (who can't be wrong): Lily Damita. Lily had all the women aboard stopped and the men at her collective feet. She has two, of course, just like you and me, Elmer. But Lily gave all prospective suitors the mitten before they got started. Lily is having none. Not that she likes her pipe and dog better than men, but eet seems she's met nobody to grow crazy about yet and she weell wait onteel Meestaire Right comes along. So Lily is just going to struggle along a bachelor girl for a time.

It seems to me that a girl, like Lily, without a sweetheart is very strange.

Anyway, Lily had been to France to see her mammy, buy clothes, rest from her arduous screen duties (I still can't understand how anyone can call acting for the movies "work") and break large, juicy, male French hearts. Lily, I ought to hasten to explain, is as native to France as are frog's legs, high-waisted pants and snails. She was discovered and brought to the U. S. A., you remember, by Samuel Goldwyn, that quiet old retired country gentleman who runs United Artists.

Lily's made a tremendous sensation with her work in *The Cockeyed World,* which has been playing at the Roxy as long as the oldest inhabitant can remember, and which is setting various records about the country.

Doris, Mary and Pearl Eaton, long favorites in Broadway successes, are now marching on toward greater glory, in Cinemaland. Doris and Pearl are with RKO, while Mary has chosen to cast her lot with Paramount. It looks as though this lovable trio will be just as popular on the screen as they were back of the footlights.

Broadway

He'll Brook No Nonsense

BELIEVE it or not, Clive Brook's been here for months and I knew nothing about it 'til only the other day. Clive, it seems, is one of the quietest men in the movies today. As someone remarked, "He is an example of that rare paradox: An actor who plays gentleman on the screen and is a gentleman off." And it's certainly evident from Clive's actions in New York. He is not a night club hound and doesn't believe in the manufacture of whoopee. He bases his ideas in the matter on that old conservative principle that the night is made for sleeping, not booze-steeping.

Clive's been hard at work at the Paramount studios in Astoria, living at the Warwick, Marion Davies' establishment. He's just finished *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* and will embark immediately upon the *Laughing Lady,* with Ruth Chatterton. He expects to return to that city of Klieg and Mike, Hollywood, on its completion. Clive, you know, is an Englishman. He's had vast stage experience and his voice is one of the pleasantest, most charming and cultured that I know. He speaks real English on the screen and not Rocky Mountain-Pennsylvania Dutch-Texan drawl-East Side pidgin Eengaleesh.

His wife and two children are awaiting him eagerly in Hollywood. He is, I regret to say, oh scandal-snoopers, happily married. You cannot hold a scandal to him. Should I hear of him rolling hoops in Central Park early mornings with whoopee Loopee Velez, I'll telegraph you, oh, snoopers. But, at the present moment, there doesn't seem to be a chance. I'm sorry. You can't get babble from a babbling brook, if the Brook doesn't babble.

The Joyce of Dolores' Life

DOLORES (which means "pains" in Spanish) Del Rio would be the only one in the movies who would do it. It went like this. She was due to arrive in New York on a recent afternoon and be rushed to a Brooklyn theater to make a personal appearance at the opening of *Evangeline.* The transcontinental train, supposedly bearing her, arrived at the Pennsylvania Station, the reporters got out their notebooks and licked their pencils, the cameramen took an extra look into their cameras to make sure there was film in the magazine, the snapshotters put an extra load of dynamite on their flares, the sob sisters got out an extra hankerchief to weep into, the publicity boys got their best beams ready on their faces, and all the professional male fans and train-meeters rubbed their shoes on the backs of their trousers legs to put a little better polish on them (the shoes, not the trousers).

But, alas, alack and a flock of zowies! there was no Del Rio. Nothing even as Mexican as a bottle of Tabasco or a bull got off the train. The United Artist publicity boys ran frantically up and down the platform asking

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Alice Terry is here from Europe, pretty well washed up with Rex Ingram. She is seen in public often in the company of a young Russian, Ivan Petrovitch.

Lionel Barrymore, M-G-M ace director, gives a bit of fatherly advice to Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, who just recently were reconciled, after a long and somewhat bitter separation. Absence must have made this pair of hearts grow fonder, for they now seem content to live happily ever after.

Fashionable Constance Bennett

¶ As usual, the younger set is looking to Constance Bennett for the last word in Winter fashions. A mode for every moment of the day is presented in this brilliant review of Miss Bennett's wardrobe, photographed exclusively for SCREEN SECRETS Magazine in the Hollywood studios of Edwin Bower Hesser

Constance Bennett is always associated with exquisite fashion creations. Expert designers seem endowed with added inspiration when planning the wardrobe for this beautiful star. All that is charming and appealing in apparel increases tenfold on the person of Constance. So a glimpse into her stunning wardrobe is a joyful and worth while event. In making her selection of an outfit for general town wear, Miss Bennett chooses a slim, straight coat of flat black caracul, with high crush collar of silver fox. A small black velvet hat and slippers of the same tone complete the costume.

For dinner, dancing and the opera, Constance revels in lustrous satins and furs. Her pet evening frock is fashioned of crepe-backed satin, the bodice being made on straight simple lines, with the skirt falling in cascades from the fitted hip-line almost to the ground. Her wrap is of the same satin, with high standing collar and border of Russian Sable. Evening slippers of egg-shell and gold-brocade are worn with it and the only ornaments are a triple strand of pearls and a black pearl ring.

Constance in her favorite night gown of flesh colored satin and d'Angleterre lace.

Dictates the Winter Vogue

¶Constance Bennett, daughter of the famous stage family, has long been an arbiter of fashions, setting the vogue for smartly dressed young women from Hollywood to Palm Beach. A Paris divorce from Phil Plant, millionaire sportsman, has won her freedom to return to the the screen as a reigning favorite.

Miss Bennett breakfasts in a charming breakfast coat that matches her robe de nuit.

For an afternoon tea, the captivating Constance selects another stunning costume. It is a fetching short-coated ensemble of dark green flat crepe, with collar and cuffs of deep rose-beige fox. The alluring coat is fastened with tiny bows at both neck and waist, while the skirt has a cluster at the left side. A snug soliel hat in the same hunters' green, and moire oxfords in the same shade, complete the outfit, with which she carries a green moire handbag and beige suede pull-on gloves.

Constance believes in taking advantage of the year-round California sunshine and wear light-colored sports clothes throughout the year—even during these months when most of us are shivering. For shopping and early morning hours, she chooses a print ensemble in tones of beige, with flowered design of brick-red shaded to henna. The waist-line is slightly high, while the hip-length jacket proves it is still a contender for fashion honors. With this outfit, Miss Bennet wears a beige felt hat in the off-the-face mode and strapped slippers of beige doeskin.

An Engaging Miss

¶ A most-engaged-but-never-wed girl tells just when to say the fatal "yes" in matrimony.

SINCE Constance Talmadge got herself all married and everything, Sally Eilers looms up as Hollywood's most engaged girl. She takes engagements seriously. Her love creed is this:

Do not wed too hastily. Become engaged, then wait. A short engagement is valueless; it should last for several months. If, at the end of six months, you still love, respect and admire each other, you are safe in confronting a minister and saying "I do."

Sally Eilers is an exceptionally clever girl. She is a quick thinker and an impulsive doer. It is a perverse streak in her nature that she should be slow-acting about marriage. The trait is not difficult to understand when it is realized that, despite her short skirts and bobbed hair and yo-do-de-do-do mannerisms, Sally is old-fashioned.

JOKE with Sally about the movies, war, golf, pretty legs, books or soda pop and she will bandy quip for quip. Tease her about love and matrimony and homes and babies and she becomes 100 per cent serious. Marriage is her dream and the alarm clock has not rung. Babies are her weakness; she loves them, clean or coated with molasses candy.

Sally's first engagement was to Matty Kemp. Six months after they met, they announced their engagement. Another six months and they bombshelled Hollywood by declaring everything off.

Of course, Sally and Matty were heart-broken—for a short while. But there were other men and other girls. Matty soon found solace in the company of Ruth Elder. Sally met William Hawks, a broker, well-to-do and an excellent golfer and sportsman.

Sally Eilers, the gal whose sweet "yes" to her suitors soured to "no" after Sally pondered during engagements.

"So I gave Bill back his ring," says Sally Eilers, remarking on the end of her romance with William Hawks, Los Angeles stock broker. Just when, as the above picture suggests, the two seemed very eager to exchange vows at the altar.

SALLY and Bill met at the Fox studio when she was working in *Dry Martini*. Kenneth Hawks, Bill's brother, supervised that picture and was the means of introduction. Soon after they met, the Hawks brothers gave an aeroplane party to which they invited several couples. Bill asked Sally if she would go and she accepted.

"My romance with Bill was deeper than my first," Sally avows. "He was older than Matty and more substantial. He was strong in character. He was the brisk business man type, a type I had not known previously. I enjoyed hearing him talk about stocks and bonds, about bear markets and bull movements, about buying on margins and pyramiding.

"Bill and I planned to marry. I started a hope chest. Then we talked over the matter of my career. I learned that Bill did not like the idea of his wife working, but he was nice about it. He said I might

[*Turn to page* 81]

VITAPHONE

recreates

The GOLD DIGGERS *of* BROADWAY

in 100% NATURAL COLOR

Not content with past triumphs, Warner Bros., the pioneers in talking pictures, have provided an unbelievably prodigal array of the most sensational effects ever evolved by the theatre and by motion pictures.

Picture a profuse procession of revue spectacle scenes in amazing settings . . . superbly staged chorus dancing numbers . . . the flashing wit and sparkling songs of Winnie Lightner...the charm of Nancy Welford...the astounding dancing of Ann Pennington . . . the crooning of Nick Lucas . . . love scenes as only Conway Tearle can play them . . . a parade of twelve headline players in the leading roles of a story that had New York gasping and giggling for one solid year . . . and you have only begun to imagine the treat that is in store for you.

One hundred per cent Color, an additional feature of *Vitaphone* all-talking pictures, assures Vitaphone's supremacy. It doubles the "life-likeness" of this most vivid and enjoyable of all talking pictures.

Look for the thrill of a lifetime the day you see "Gold Diggers of Broadway"...And look for the Vitaphone sign when you're looking for talking picture entertainment —always!

Vitaphone is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE SPECIAL PICTURE

IN TECHNICOLOR

Hear the sparkling song hits in the "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Tip Toe Through The Tulips," "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," "In a Kitchenette" and "Go to Bed" will be sung in every land and every tongue.

You *see and hear* Vitaphone *only in* Warner Bros. *and* First National *Pictures*

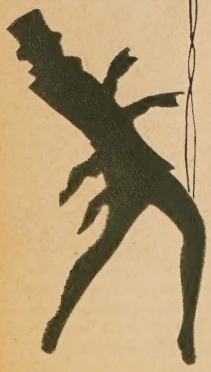
Big Ha-ha Man Finds Voice

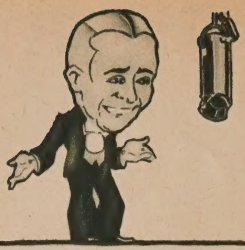
He faces crooks and murderers in hilarious combat, but when it comes to germs—Harold retires to his tub and hot water.

"He loves me, he loves me not," repeats lovable Barbara Kent as she expectantly pulls off the petals of that love oracle, the daisy, while Harold Lloyd witnesses the performance with an assuring smile. He knows for certain what the answer should be, does this diffident lover, but he is too timid to tell. Barbara is Harold's new sweetheart in his first talking feature-comedy, called "Welcome Danger".

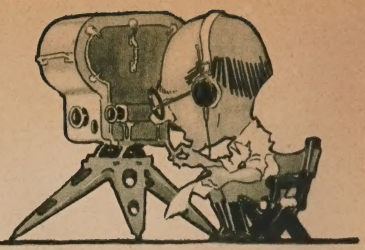
Harold Lloyd finds himself in a tight spot in his first talking picture, "Welcome Danger." Looks like the Orientals have him trapped, but the canny Lloyd always has a laugh up his sleeve, so he comes out smiling after breaking up a bold band of Chinese gangsters. His assailants do not even suspect that, for once, Harold has nothing under his hat.

¶ Yipee! Billie Dove goes cowboy. She certainly does look like an honest-to-goodness gentleman of the range, but poor Billie has no chaps. Oh, well, perhaps that very fact will attract scores of chaps. Remember, Billie will be one of the stars to greet winners of the First National Pictures-SCREEN SECRETS contest.





TALKIE TALK



¶ A monthly feature composed of the latest and most authentic news concerning talking pictures.

Professional Comment

EDMUND LOWE, who is starring in *The Cockeyed World,* recently met a friend on the street, who asked him about the filming of *In Old Arizona.*

"The thing that most impressed me," said the friend, "was the braying of the donkey. That was a wonderful donkey. I don't see how they got the donkey to bray that way. There was something almost human about it."

"Perhaps they got one of the actors to do the braying," replied Lowe, "you know there are asses in all professions."

How It's Done

VITAPHONE talkies use records for producing music, sound and talking. The records are operated from the projection room of the theatre by the operator. The mechanism that operates the records is attached to the motion picture machine by means of gears, shafts, turntable and a special motor that operates the projection machine at a speed of ninety feet of film per minute and operates the record at the same time at a speed of thirty-three and one-third r.p.m. The records are sixteen inches in diameter and run about ten minutes. The record and film must both start at the same time. The record is the same, only larger and does not run as fast, as used in an ordinary phonograph, only the reproducer with needle is started from the inside of the record and not the outside as with ordinary phonograph record.

The reproducer consists of a needle holder attached to a small armature which is balanced on knife edges in an air-gap between poles of a permanent magnet. This reproducer is enclosed in a metal housing which is attached to one end of the reproducer mounting. The other end of the mounting is supported in such a manner that it is free to swing in a horizontal plane as the reproducer travels from the inner edge of the record (the reproducer swings in exactly the same manner that your phonograph arm swings.) Electric wires which form the electrical connection to the reproducer are brought out at the rear of the reproducer mounting thence to the amplifying equipment.

The function of the amplifying equipment is to increase weak vibratory currents produced or generated by the reproducer to a point where they have sufficient strength to produce the required volume of sound when converted into sound waves by loud speaker units (horns). These horns are mounted in back of the projection screen. Certain horns are used for speaking and orchestras. The amplifying equipment operates just like the audio amplifier on a radio.

On the record is an arrow and the needle must be set at this point when starting record. On the film is a frame (size of picture) which designates starting point of reel (film). Both start at the same instant.

The microphone holds no terrors for Zita Johann, newly imported from Broadway, from whence M-G-M enticed her to Hollywood for service in the talkies.

Lyrics a la Carte

RADIO Pictures needed a new song hit for *Rio Rita* and needed it in a hurry. Harry Tierney, composer, wrote the melody, but a melody was useless without lyrics. Undaunted, Mr. Tierney called Joe McCarthy, lyric writer, in New York City.

"Say, Joe, this is Tierney. We have to have a new song right away for Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee. It's their closing number in *Rio Rita.* You know what Bert looks like, rather short and cute. Well, Dorothy is small, dark and peppy. Here's the melody. Hold the wire." And he played the melody on the piano for McCarthy.

"Got it?" Mr. Tierney asked.

"No," came the voice from New York, "Play it once more."

Mr. Tierney played it again, "Okeh, Harry," said McCarthy, "I have it!"

The next morning a night letter arrived at the RKO studio containing the lyrics for *We Need Each Other* and less than an hour later Mr. Wheeler and Miss Lee were singing it before the microphone.

Screen's First Operetta

THE talking screen's first original operetta is to be a sort of international affair. The story is by a Hungarian (Ernest Vajda), the libretto is by an American (Guy Bolton), the lyrics are by an Englishman (Clifford Grey), a Frenchman (Maurice Chevalier) is starred, a German (Ernst Lubitsch) is directing, and the cast includes an Italian (Albert Roccardi), a Welshman (Albert De Winton), a Czecho-Slovakian (Anto Vaverka), a daughter of Spain (Marcita Voya), and a Canadian (Frank Martin)! Lupino Lane (another Englishman) and Lillian Roth and Jeanette MacDonald (American) will be in the international cast.

Blind Entertained by Talkies

TALKING pictures were proved a marvelous invention for the entertainment of the blind through a test staged recently at the Paramount studio.

Earl Houk, a young man who has been sightless since infancy, sat through a showing of *The Man I Love,* an all-dialogue picture. At the conclusion of

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An Engaging Miss

[*Continued from page 76*]

continue if I *insisted*. Marriage means a supreme sacrifice for one or the other; either Bill had to give up an ideal or I had to retire. We talked it over frankly and decided not to marry. So I gave Bill back his ring."

A YOUNG insurance man, Harvey Priester, who heads his own business and probably insures more Hollywood actors and actresses than any other one company, was Sally's next rumored fiancé. They met at the First National studio. The studio officials ordered insurance on her. Priester accompanied the examining physician to the studio and was introduced to Sally.

Their's was attraction at first sight. Sally dined with Harvey that night. They visited a theater the next evening. On the following day, Sunday, Harvey and Sally motored to a distant town and lunched at a romantic Spanish inn. The next week they spent six evenings together. Sally had to work the seventh, but she had dinner with Harvey before she went to the studio.

"Harvey is a wonderful dancer and terribly romantic," Sally says. "He is daring. He drives his white, sport automobile like mad. He does everything dashingly. He swept me off my feet in a daze. We were never engaged. Although Harvey and I went places together and liked each other, we never once spoke of marriage. We were just good pals. We still are."

When one has the reputation of being engaged often, as has Sally, a new rumor begins each time she is seen with a different boy friend. For instance, it was whispered that Sally was engaged to Eddie Sutherland, a Paramount director. It was next reported that Harry D'Arrast, also a director, was the lucky man. Sally denied these rumors.

MY NEXT engagement will end with marriage," she states with determination. "I mean, my next *public* engagement. I do not intend announcing anything publicly until I have been engaged long enough privately to know that I have found the right man."

Sally and her former fiancés are still good friends. She dines or visits theaters and dances with all of them. And, strangely enough, Matty likes Bill and Harvey, and Bill likes the other two fellows, and Harvey thinks there is none like Matty and Bill.

That speaks well for Sally's good sportsmanship and for her choice of suitors.

Who knows, she may return to Matty or Bill or Harvey some day and marry him.

He, whichever of the three, would be a lucky man.

Make-Up Magic

Is This the Beauty Secret of the Screen Stars?

Can Every Woman Double Her Beauty With Make-Up?

Read the Answer by Hollywood's Make-Up King—Max Factor

"WHAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics ...every woman should know. True! Make-Up is magic...but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

Joan Crawford, M-G-M Star of "Our Dancing Daughters" discusses with Max Factor her color harmony in make-up for evening wear.

If you would double your beauty. . listen . . ! In Hollywood, leading screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and evening wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor's genius developed it, as only he could ...for no other person has had the unique and valuable experience of being beauty advisor to the stars since the days of one-reel features. From this experience has come faultless beauty in make-up. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, life-like beauty effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

(Center) Josephine Dunn, M-G-M Star of "The Singing Fool" finds glorious beauty in her own color harmony make-up suggested by Max Factor.

Lupe Velez, United Artists Star featured in "The Gaucho" enthuses about the mystery and fascination Max Factor gives to the eyes with make-up.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too—just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual self—suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

And now, good news for you and every reader. Max Factor offers to send to you your own individual complexion analysis and make-up chart; also a copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up". A priceless gift...for it will give to you the way of a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood.

Discover the Secret Yourself FREE

Learn how you yourself can create a natural, alluring beauty of almost indescribable charm by working wonders with everyday make-up. Mail the coupon now to Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, today... now!

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 5-12-11

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"* and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR OF EYES	LIPS	
Light			Moist	
Fair		COLOR OF LASHES	Dry	
Medium				
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR	Oily	
Dark			Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark	Age	
Olive				

The chubby God of Love punctures Hollywood hearts

CUPID'S BULLETIN

JAMES HALL and Merna Kennedy at present hold the record for long-term engagements in Hollywood. The whole movie colony is wondering just when they are planning to take the fatal step, as it seems like one of the most enduring of romances.

Merna Kennedy

Serious Comedy

AL ST. JOHN, well-known film comic, has been given the choice of paying his former wife $1,642 back alimony, or spending an indeterminate time on the road gang, working his fine out.

The actor has been unable to work, due to the Equity tie-up, but now is about to start on a new picture, so most likely things will be ironed out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Cupid Makes Good

FRANCES MARION, well-known scenarist, and George Hill, director, will be married soon, according to rumors rampant in Hollywood at present. While neither will make a statement, Miss Marion is wearing a solitaire—and we all know what that implies. Cupid first predicted this wedding in the October issue of SCREEN SECRETS.

Roping the Bull

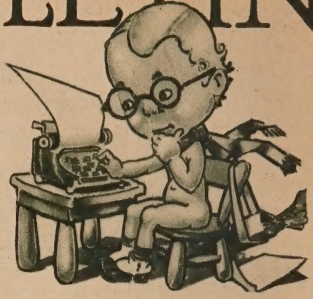
BOOL" MONTANA, that scholarly gentleman with the Oxford (Italy) accent, and the vegetable ears, has been led to the altar by Mary Poulson, twenty-three and blond, who stands nearly six feet tall, and is as pretty as "Bool" isn't. After the wedding the couple departed for a short honeymoon trip. When Mary gazed on the face that has haunted many a picture, it was a case of love at first sight.

Music Hath Charmed

AND now what do you think, folks?

Rudy Vallee, New York's famous night club orchestra leader, is courting none other than Mary Brian. They've been seen together quite frequently since Vallee's arrival in Hollywood to make a talker at the RKO Studios, but, as usual, Miss Brian denies an engagement.

Rudy Vallee



"Silver Threads . . .

GERTRUDE ASTOR and Maurice Costello, both of whom are old-timers in the film world, are being seen together quite a lot these days, and a handsome couple they do make—Gertrude with her golden hair and stately figure and Maurice with his near-white locks and perfect profile. Busy Dame Rumor has it that the affair may reach a happy conclusion.

Jones-Lentz Nuptials

DIRECTOR F. RICHARD JONES, who directed Ronald Colman in *Bulldog Drummond*, and Miss Irene Lentz, Hollywood fashion designer, are busy denying that they are to be married soon. Both have departed for business trips to New York, therefore, the rumor. They have been going together for several years.

Rift in Gilbert Romance?

ABYSMAL silence shrouds the outcome of the honeymoon spat between John Gilbert, famous screen Lothario, and his bride, Ina Claire. 'Tis said the quarrel arose over Ina's staying out too late at a party to which Jack did not care to go. All that is known is that Jack packed up and went away in one direction, while the fair Ina departed in another.

Ina Claire

Divorce for Mae Busch

MAE BUSCH, pioneer movie actress, was recently divorced by John E. Cassel, her salesman husband, in Milwaukee. Cassel filed suit against the actress charging she deserted him three months after their marriage at Riverside, California, in 1926.

Stone Files Proceedings

LEWIS STONE, screen veteran, has started divorce action against his wife, Florence Oakley, stage actress. The two were married in 1920.

The Boy She Left Behind

[*Continued from page* 39]

Janet returned to Hollywood a few days later wearing Lydell's pin. Then a big diamond appeared on her finger. Lydell had given it to her.

But she held back on a public announcement of her betrothal.

"I don't want anything said about it until we are actually married," she told her intimates, who interpreted her words to mean that she wasn't quite sure—that she still might wed Charlie Farrell.

Then opened the battle for the heart and hand of the demure Janet.

When she and Charlie were not working in the same picture, they at least were in the same studio. That, one might imagine, would give her screen mate the inside track. But that was not the case. Despite the fact that his work necessitated his living in Oakland and 'Frisco, Lydell wasn't kept away from the city of films.

He discovered that airplanes offered a means of rapid transit between the Golden Gate and Movietown. He purchased one of his own. He spent his week-ends at Fox Hills. And he was there at other times.

CHARLIE, admittedly, was worried, but he kept up the fight. His mother, who had been visiting him and was about to return to her home in the East, knew what was uppermost in Charlie's mind and prolonged her stay.

Then came the start of "shooting" on *Lucky Star*, in which Janet and Charlie once more made love in the land of make-believe. But they found time—well, perhaps they were rehearsing for the next day's scenes, but they made love, too, when the cameras weren't grinding.

Upon the heels of *Lucky Star* came *Sunnyside Up*, and again Janet and Charlie co-starred. Janet said "yes" beneath the microphones. She said "yes" again on her own front porch one evening after working hours.

Charlie was the happiest boy in twenty states. He broke the news to his mother. She, too, was elated, for she was very fond of Janet.

Charlie and Virginia Valli have been close friends since his early days in California. Virginia was a star when Charlie was supplying atmosphere.

VIRGINIA is two or three years older than Charlie, and she has had broad experience on the stage as well as on the screen. She was a big help to him as he climbed up the ladder that led to stardom.

So, during those periods when Janet wasn't "speaking" to him, he turned to Virginia for consolation.

It wasn't so long ago, but I cannot recall whether it was during one of the "off" or the "on" moments in his romance with Janet, that Charlie, discussing Virginia, said this:

"She is kindly, sympathetic, she is calm, peaceful. It is restful just to be in her company."

Meaningful words these, in view of recent events!

Then it was only natural that Charlie, after informing his mother that Janet had agreed, should hurry to Virginia's home that she might know before the announcement appeared in the newspapers.

That's just what Charlie did. At least Janet heard that he did.

A telegram was dispatched from Hollywood to Oakland. It was signed by Janet.

Next day, *Sunnyside Up*, having been completed, the little star, accompanied by her mother, boarded a train for the northern city. There she and Lydell obtained a marriage license. Five days later they were married and en route to Honolulu.

She and Charlie did not meet again.

THE night before Janet went to the altar, Charlie boarded a train for the East. He wasn't the joyous *Chico* we saw in the final fade-out of *Seventh Heaven*.

Whether these two youngsters who rose to fame and fortune hand in hand ever work together again is problematical. Janet's contract with Fox is reported to have been renewed, and Charlie will go on with his career at the same studio. Perhaps some day another girl will steal his heart. But I doubt it—

Chico was a one-woman man!

Footsteps by the Sea

I HAVE reached the place
In life's ambition
Where fear for my future
Has blurred my vision.
The reflection in my mirror
Shows a worry-worn face,
Ever-pleading to the Power
That guides us through space,
To call my job finished:
Give me release:
Take urge from my soul
That my brain may have peace.
And my footsteps can wander
Down to the sea,
With a heart that is light
And a body that is free.

—ESTELLE TAYLOR.

The Smackies

WHEN talking movies come to town,
The first show I won't miss;
For I have longed for years and years
To hear John Gilbert kiss.

Just one right way to remove cold cream

...now made easy by clever new Kleenex box that gives 2 cleansing tissues at a time.

PROPER complexion care necessitates the use of Kleenex ... the safe, hygienic tissues that blot away the dirt and germs instead of rubbing them down into the pores.

And now Kleenex is so easy to use! It comes packed in a smart new box that gives you two tissues at a time, just as you use them!

NEW!
Colored Kleenex
Flesh Pink
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Pure White

No more fussing or fumbling. Two sheets are always ready. You can't waste it. And the dust-proof box keeps your Kleenex fresh and clean.

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Backtrailing Movie History

Movie personalities and developments of a decade or so ago

MARY MILES MINTER was the first screen player to sign a contract running over one million dollars.

Ten years ago, when Mary Pickford deserted Famous Players-Lasky to produce her own pictures, Adolph Zukor decided to groom Mary Miles Minter as her successor.

Her contract called for three pictures a year at $1,000,000 per annum and was to run for three years.

Fourteen years ago, *A Fool There Was* established Theda Bara as a star. She won the part over Valeska Suratt, Madeline Traverse and Virginia Pearson. Her real name was Theodosia Goodman, but she was appearing on the stage under the name of De Coppett. Frank Powell, director, discovered her and started one of the greatest publicity stories of all time. He gave her the name of Theda Bara and advertised her as being "born of a French artist and his Arabian mistress on the sands of the Sahara."

Eugene O'Brien was leading man to Norma Talmadge ten years ago.

Even very popular stage stars have their crushes, and Madge Bellamy, playing on the "boards" in such successes as *Dear Brutus, All for Love,* and other productions, was no exception. Madge considered Geraldine Farrar the most beautiful, fascinating woman in the world, and yearned to meet—yea, even to catch one good glimpse of her. When Thomas Ince approached Madge to suggest a screen test, he cannily dropped the hint that he had Geraldine Farrar under contract, and that he would give Madge a part with her cherished idol. *The Riddle Woman* was Madge's first screen appearance.

David Wark Griffith had made the close-up the topic of conversation in Hollywood a decade ago.

Sixteen years ago Roscoe Arbuckle left the stage and signed a starring contract with Mack Sennett. Four years later he entered into a partnership with Joseph Schenck, which gave Arbuckle a Famous Players release for his comedies.

Yes, and what a whale of a difference just a few years make. Here's a scene from an ancient film heart throbber, "Under Two Flags." Claire Wentney is consoling the deep-orbed Theda Bara, who, in the role of Cigarette, has probably just failed in a blindfold test.

Twenty years ago, a little sixteen-year-old girl in San Diego scribbled the outline of a story on a sheet of paper and called the story *The New York Hat.* She mailed it to *The Manager of Biograph Studios, New York City.* A director saw the story—there was a part in it that exactly fitted a young man he had met at a luncheon the day before. There was also a good part for a certain young lady already in pictures.

The little girl who wrote the story was mailed a check for $15—her name was Anita Loos—the director was D. W. Griffith—the leading man was Lionel Barrymore and the star was Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were "keepin' company" ten years ago.

Twenty-one years ago, David Wark Griffith, living in New York City, found it necessary to take a business trip to Chicago. While in Chicago he saw movies made for the first time.

Filled with interest in the new art, he wrote down a few plots. When he returned to New York he took these plots to the Biograph Company. They were accepted and Mr. Griffith became plot writer for that company.

A short while later he became a director and in 1914, he directed Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Marguerite Fischer, Henry B. Walthall and George Siegmann in *The Birth of a Nation.*

A recent showing of this old picture in Hollywood proved it is still looked upon as one of the greatest pictures ever made.

Ten years ago, Viola Dana used to startle Hollywood by stunt flying with Lieutenant Omar Locklear at the Cecil de Mille aviation field in Culver City.

Did you know that: The National Board of Censors was established in 1908, as a result of pictures teeming with crime, vulgarity, and every kind of atrocity . . . Alma Rubens was leading woman in Douglas Fairbanks' first big hit, *The Half Breed* . . . Johnny Hines made his first stage appearance as one of the Mischievous Twins in *School Days,* Gus Edwards' first popular revue, almost 20 years ago? Shirley Mason played child leads at the Edison Studios in the Bronx, New York City, when she was 11 years old . . . Among her pictures were *Her Royal Highness, Mary Had a Little Lamb, The Little Chevalier,* and *The Awakening of Ruth* . . . Clara Bow got $50 a week for her initial motion picture rôle, and her scene was cut out of the picture . . . *Down to the Sea in Ships* was the title, and it was directed by Elmer Clifton, once a popular motion picture juvenile actor. Clara is reported to be drawing $2,500 every week.

Gary Cooper's Dream Girl

[*Continued from page* 41]

The screen hero truly believes that sooner or later his path will cross that of his ideal and that they will wed.

"I know we shall be happy," he declared, "for she will be a pal as well as a wife. That is the big secret of successful marriage as I see it.

"The first three years I was in Hollywood, I did not go about with any girl. One reason was that I was too busy trying to get somewhere with my film career. The other was that I did not come across one who really interested me.

"Then I met Evelyn Brent and we went around together a lot until she married Harry Edwards. Evelyn is a spirited girl and I enjoy being in her company. At no time, however, could it have been said that we were in love with one another.

LUPE and I were introduced at a dinner party, and we've been running around ever since. Lupe has that same fiery soul that I found in Evelyn. She is an interesting companion—never monotonous. I think a great deal of her, for we have had some wonderful times together. But we will not marry."

I suggested to Gary that it was little wonder the world thought he was serious in his attentions to Lupe when on last Christmas day he represented her with a costly dining room set.

"That meant nothing," explained the blushing Gary. "Lupe was the only girl to whom I gave a Yuletide gift last year. She does not care for jewelry and she had just purchased a new home. I thought the dining set was a practical and sensible gift."

It was at this point that Victor Fleming, the director, summoned Gary for a close-up in which he held Mary Brian in fond embrace, breathing words of love into her ear. But they were words intended for the microphone and not for little Mary.

"Wait a minute, there's one thing I want to add to that interview," Gary called to me over Mary's shoulder.

I waited.

"Tell your readers this: If you ever hear of me furnishing an entire house for a girl, it will mean that I have found this dream lady and that a wedding is near at hand," said Gary.

Talking Stars

Talking stars!
These are the stars for me!
Talking stars!
Stars we can hear and see!
Silver voices, tones of gold,
Brighter than the stars of old!
The stars we hear
Are more near, more dear,
Smiling, walking, talking stars!

Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

* * * *

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- How to propose and respond to toasts
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- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make a political speech
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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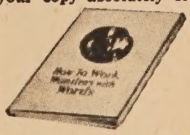

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Who's Who in Filmdom

¶ SCREEN SECRETS publishes each month biographies of several noted players. Save this page for your scrapbook.

Jack Mulhall

Jack Mulhall

THE bearded Smith Brothers of cough-drop fame and Jack Mulhall all hail from Wappingers Falls, New York State. Jack's father was Irish and his mother, Scotch. Mulhall was embarked upon his stage career in a Ned Wayburn production called *The Producer*. After this engagement he tried the movies playing bits at the old Edison Studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey. Several months later, Jack played a bit in Hal Reid's *Hard Cash* and made such a hit that he was signed by Biograph. A juvenile lead with Blanche Sweet in *The House of Discord*, sent him to Hollywood to become a regular leading man. He has recently re-signed with First National Pictures to be started in comedy-drama. Jack Mulhall is six feet tall, has blond curly hair and blue eyes and he's married.

Merna Kennedy

Merna Kennedy

MERNA KENNEDY was born in Kankakee, Illinois, in 1908. Merna sang and danced on the Pantages circuit at the age of nine, and immediately afterward took a like act over the Orpheum circuit, winding up in Los Angeles. When she was but thirteen years old, she and her friend, Lita Grey, stopped into a corner drug store for a soda and met Charles Chaplin. Years afterward, Lita became the great comedian's wife, and Merna his leading lady. After appearing opposite Mr. Chaplin in *The Circus*, she was signed by Carl Laemmle, Jr., to play the lead in *Broadway*. She is still under contract to Universal Pictures Corporation. Merna is twenty-one years old, she lives with her mother and one brother. She is five feet two and one-half inches tall.

Ann Harding

Ann Harding

ANN HARDING just became bored with being the society daughter of a United States Army officer and suddenly determined on having a career of her own. She chose business, but after a time she decided that a woman's progress in office work was rather slow and uncertain. She turned to the theater and began a series of engagements throughout the West as a stock player. She followed up her successes with *Stolen Fruit*, *The Woman Disputed* and finally her sensational triumph, *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. Two years ago, she married Harry Bannister and when he was sent West to play in *The Strange Interlude*. Ann preceded him to make a home for him during the duration of the play. She is now under contract to Pathé for talking pictures. Ann Harding is five feet two inches in height.

Richard Dix

Richard Dix

RICHARD DIX was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. While attending the University of Minnesota, Dix was so impressed with the stage that he became a member of the St. Paul Stock Company. Later, Dix went to New York City and went out on the road with a stock company. Then he became a matinee idol in the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles. In 1919, Jeanie MacPherson, scenario writer for Cecil B. de Mille, secured a screen test for Mr. Dix and although he was offered a part in pictures, he preferred the stage and went back to New York. Later he took another screen test and was given a contract by Samuel Goldwyn. His more recent pictures are *The Wheel of Life* and *Nothing But the Truth*. He recently signed a long term contract with RKO. Richard Dix is six feet tall, and weighs 180 pounds.

John Boles

John Boles

GREENVILLE, TEXAS, is the birthplace of John Boles, who has become one of the screen's most outstanding stars. While attending the University of Texas, he was chosen by his instructor as one of the best singers in school and toured the middle west in chautauqua. One day Oscar Seagle, singing master from New York City heard John's voice. He prevailed upon John to accompany him to New York. He later studied voice in Europe. When his funds ran low he returned to New York and secured the male lead in *Little Jessie James*. He next appeared in a William A. Brady production called *Kitty's Kisses*. In this rôle he attracted the attention of Gloria Swanson who chose him for her leading man in *Sunya*. Boles then came to Hollywood.

Renee Adoree

Renee Adoree

SOME years ago, a little circus traveling in wagons, paused at Lille, France, for a performance. On that day a new performer was added to the troupe—a baby girl, born to the star of the circus owner and his wife. They called her Renée Adorée. As soon as the little Renée could toddle she was added to the act. When the Germans invaded Belgium, Renée was appearing in Brussels as a headliner. There was a panic and Renée escaped to England under cover of darkness, thence to the United States. In 1920 she arrived in Los Angeles to play opposite Tom Moore, which led to a series of rôles that eventually climaxed in *Melisande* in *The Big Parade*. She recently appeared with John Gilbert in his first talking picture, *Redemption*. Miss Adorée is five feet one inch tall.

Caught on the Rebound

[*Continued from page 71*]

her former swain, for when Greta arrived at a New York hotel on her return voyage, she was met with the information that the long distance operator had a call for her from a certain Mr. Gilbert in Hollywood. The languorous Swede elected to rest three hours before talking. However, the conversation, even if delayed, must have been satisfactory, for John was on hand to greet Greta when she arrived in Los Angeles. The two went together to several social affairs in the following fortnight, notably a huge costume ball given by Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere. One Los Angeles writer, apparently gifted with prophecy as well as discernment, commented upon the fact that Greta did not dance at all and was quite aloof during the evening, while John was very attentive to Ina Claire, whom he had met a few days previously. Two weeks later the pair eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married, while Greta secluded herself on a friend's yacht near Catalina.

Now, I still think that John Gilbert and Ina Claire are in love with each other. Nevertheless, I wouldn't go so far as to say that their marriage does anything to change my conviction that the best time to get a man is on the rebound.

EVERYONE has read of the reconciliation between Roy D'Arcy and his former wife. About a year ago the lady in question divorced her erstwhile spouse, and the screen heavy was seen everywhere in company with Lita Grey Chaplin. Heavy devotion was registered on all occasions, and while neither would actually affirm that marriage would take place as soon as the D'Arcy divorce was final, they would not deny it. But Lita received a vaudeville offer and started on a tour of several months. Bereft of the companionship he had enjoyed so constantly for several months, Roy evidently turned for comfort to his former wife, with the result that the two were remarried in Agua Caliente just before Lita returned to her Hollywood home.

Although Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian are not married yet, they go about together constantly and certainly exhibit interest in each other. Just a little while ago, Buddy was quite inconsolable over the rift in his romance with Claire Windsor, after he had squired the radiant blonde for more than a year. Now, he is not at all the picture of a broken-hearted youth.

It is said that Gary Cooper was not feeling too happy about Evelyn Brent's friendship for Harry Edwards, which ended in marriage, when the Mexican siren, Lupe Velez, first hove on his horizon. Well, Lupe certainly got her man, whether it was on the rebound or not.

Nor are the screen lovers of 1929 the only examples of this trusty old theory. It is well known that Rudolph Valentino was bitterly unhappy over the debacle of his marriage with Jean Acker until he met the grave and poised Natacha Rambova, whom, despite the wreck of their marriage, many of his friends believe to have been the real adoration of his life.

NEITHER are women immune from the bait of new love catch them on the rebound from amorous or marital disaster. Pola Negri found consolation for her grief over the death of Rudolph Valentino in the tender friendship of Serge M'dvani, whom she married less than a year after she had donned widow's weeds for her departed fiancé. I have been told that when Joan Crawford met Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., there was a bad little dent on her heart placed there by certain derelictions on the part of a former suitor, whom most people believed to be James Hall.

Phyllis Haver loved William Seaman, whom she recently married, enough to give up her screen career—for a time—for him, and greater proof than this can be asked of no film actress. Yet there are many people in Hollywood who know that, only a short time before she met Mayor James Walker's pal and for reasons she never made public, Phyllis ended a five years' friendship with Stephen Gosson, a young film art director whom everyone expected her to wed. Florence Vidor and George Fitzmaurice had "gone together" long enough to become almost a legend in the village of Hollywood. But one day each was found to be going his separate way. Next thing, the well-known director was seen beauing about Diane Kane, Lois Wilson's sister, and soon they were married.

Did Florence pull down the shades and weep in her darkened boudoir? She did not. With a sophisticated haircut and a lot of new clothes, the patrician Miss Vidor visited New York, and the first thing her home town knew, its beautiful Florence was a bride herself, wedding Jascha Heifetz, the world-famous violinist.

But why go on? If you are in love, of course you know that you can never—positively, my dear—care for anyone else. If you are freshly disillusioned, you will read this and weep afresh to think that anyone could imagine *you* getting over unhappiness that easy—

Until—

Someone gets you on the rebound!

Let SCREEN SECRETS be your guide in your quest for authoritative information about your favorite film folk.

Raquel Torres, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

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POSTAL POUCH

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We're Lonely, Too

LONESOME LOU: Gee, so'm I; so let's put our heads together and make a block pavement! Actresses are born, not made? Be careful of that word "made," Lou. Write to Dorothy Janis at M-G-M, Culver City. She is seventeen years old, and is plain American with a dash of Cherokee Indian. Mary Pickford is Canadian. Doug's latest picture is *The Taming of the Shrew.* The greatest star in Hollywood? Well, somebody once said it was Tom Mix's horse; but the only thanks he got was a black eye.

Recipe

BETTY D.: Yes, Clara Bow had a light touch of the flu, but she did not die. Madge Bellamy had the flu, too, and several others. Better ring up the hospitals for the complete sick list—I haven't it. I don't know Buddy Rogers' home address—no, honest! I've sent all my mash notes to him at the Paramount Studios. Mary Brian is almost twenty-two years old now—growing up! June Collyer has never been married, but that's not from lack of opportunities a-plenty. Buddy is just six feet tall. His "masterpiece" in pictures? All of 'em, say I. But he first won recognition in *My Best Girl*, opposite Mary Pickford. What do I look like? A horned toad dressed up like a devil and drawn through a knothole—at least that's what I overheard somebody say about me when they didn't know I was tuning in. Forget your movie aspirations, Betty Dee. You sound mighty delectable, charming, and all that sort of thing; but to get into the movies these days you've got to be a magician, a contortionist, an exiled Spanish queen, speak ten languages, dance the highland fling, and own an aquaruim. Stenography is safer if you want to make a living.

Welcome

I'M BROKE: You must be my twin brother. Johnny Mack Brown was born in Dotham, Alabama, September 1, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165, and has brown hair. He was a famous football player for his university, before M-G-M signed him on the dotted line. Nils Asther is engaged to Vivian Duncan. Vilma Banky was born on January 9, 1902. Write to her at United Artists, Hollywood. Your first visit to the Postal Pouch? Why, where have you been all my life? You'll have to come often to make up for lost time. The two-cent stamp is necessary only when you want a personal reply.

Another Carol Fan

K. O. H.: Sue Carol was born in Chicago, on October 30, about twenty-two years ago. How does she look to me? Gosh, only a babel of tongues could help me at a time like this—one language isn't enough. No, I don't think she needs a boy friend. Nick Stuart seems to be doing nicely, thank you. Wedding bells for them one of these days, maybe.

You Tell 'em! I Stutter

K-K-K-KATIE: Your girl-friend is going to sound just like that when you tell her that Dolores Del Rio played *Charmaine* in *What Price Glory?* That was, in fact, the Mexican star's first big picture rôle—the one that paved the way for other interesting rôles, just as Renée Adorée's work in *The Big Parade* put her foot on the ladder of fame. Forget the coffee and pistols at dawn, but make the mistaken g. f. buy you an almond bar and a stick of gum. You deserve to get a big rake-off like that for, after all, you *did* tell her so! Great little feeling—eh, Kay?

Colorful Correspondent

GREENIE BROWNIE: Just so you're not Pink-eye. We boys simply have to draw the line somewhere! So you're a Filipino, and descended from the Mayflower? But I'm afraid neither would help you get into pictures. You would have a better chance if you went into vaudeville with your sister, as many of the newest actresses are recruited from the "boards." Alice White is twenty-two, and Eddie Quillan, twenty-one. Now that you mentioned it, I *do* think they would be a wow together; but they work for different studios, you know. Sorry, but I can't tell you which stars answer their fan mail and which don't. You'll just have to do a little experimenting of your own.

School Daze

HARRIETTE K.: Ding, dong! The little red school house is now in session! Alvarado is pronounced Al-vah-*rah*-do; Novarro is No-*vah*-ro; Roland is *Ró*-land; Renée Adorée is *Reé*-nay *A*-do-ray —the "a" as in "cat"; and the "h" in Asther is silent like the "r" in "fish." Class dismissed—and thanks for the apple, dear child!

Boles Fans

PAT AND MAYO: Don't you mean Pat and Mike, the famous guys in the joke books? The "handsome guy" in *We Americans* was probably John Boles, who played the rôle of *Hugh Bradleigh.*

Buddy's His Model

R. F.: Three cheers for Buddy Rogers! You've picked a mighty fine ideal to grow up like—Buddy is true blue, unspoiled, and everything else nice. He is just twenty-five, and has had no stage experience. So many letters pour in to the various stars that it is impossible for them to read them all personally. Their secretaries usually select the most interesting for them to look over. Photographs are generally sent out from the fan mail departments of the various studios, and requests are filled in order of their arrival.

Let Me Explain

RICHARD S.: It was Mary Carr, not Margaret Mann, who played in *Over the Hill.* Great picture, wasn't it? Arnold Kent was killed in an auto accident in October, 1928, while Fred Thomson died on Christmas Day, 1928, of appendicitis. A character actor is one who plays "made up" rôles—elderly or comic parts, for example. A star is an actor who dominates a picture and the cast—like Marion Davies, Clara Bow, or Corinne Griffith. There are only about twenty stars in Hollywood, the rest being featured players—people with big box office names, but not yet stars. An "all-star" cast is one entirely composed of featured players, and no unimportant people. Yes, indeed, boys of fourteen take stage dancing; in fact, the longer you study, the sooner you'll be an expert hoofer. Sounds like a Scotch joke—but you know what I mean.

Ukelele Ike Goes Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 57]

mumbling to himself or pass by on tiptoe so as not to spoil his before-breakfast rehearsal. Really, it's getting so now that if you can't sing or dance you are a wallflower at parties out here.

I'VE gotten so nobody invites me anywhere. They ask my ukelele out and I just go along to carry it. Speaking of ukes, just to show you how people are always stealing a guy's gags, I went over to Hawaii last summer and, by golly! when I got there the whole outfit was playing ukeleles.

Gosh, but you meet some swell people out here. Really, it's an inspiration to a fellow to be able to sit down with such brilliant minds, Charlie Chaplin, Cecil B. de Mille, Fred Niblo, Louis B. Mayer, Joseph Schenck, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Zane Grey—that night we were all sitting together watching the opening of *The Trial of Mary Dugan!* of course a couple of thousand other people were there, too, but you get the idea.

Mentioning Mr. de Mille makes me think of the bathrooms they have out here. I slept in my heliotrope bathtub a whole week before I discovered it wasn't a Louis XIV bed. They have mirrors on the floors and rugs on the walls. The hot water faucet pours lemonade and the cold shower is iced seltzer. The bathroom is so big I usually call my directors' meetings and rehearse my new chorus numbers there while trying to decide whether or not to use the green towels and Palmolive soap or try and match the burnt orange washcloths with Lifebuoy.

And boy, the orange juice stands they have out here! You can step up and buy orange juice mixed with anything except oranges. They sell a lot of artichokes, too, but I never have any use for the darned things by the time I get through peeling them.

Well, I've got to hurry back to work. I'm in a Marion Davies picture now. Got a swell part.

(Note to Editor: I put this comment last, so that you can cut it off easily after the picture comes out of the cutting room.)

A Fighting Heart

YOU wrote a lyric on the happy heart,
Not knowing how far you were apart;
Not knowing it was a fighting heart
In hands of clay.

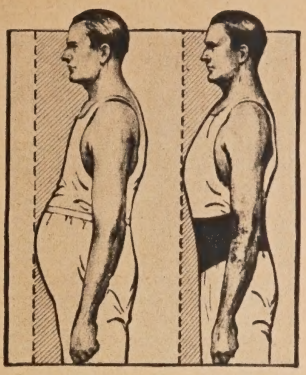
You have seen those hands hold the fighting heart
'Til anger in tears turned to tears of laughter.
And the two fools lived forever after,
Apart.

—ESTELLE TAYLOR.

NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline - Quickly

Instantly makes you look inches thinner and years younger and actually massages away fat every second while you wear it!

HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced 2 to 4 inches. At the same time your stomach disorders, constipation, backache and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and should look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!



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10012 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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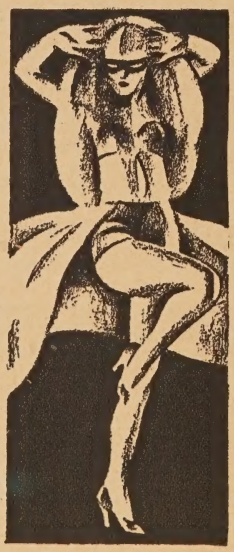

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Name .....

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THE GAB BAG

A meeting place for readers to discuss their views on motion pictures.

[*Continued from page* x]
unit of production. He is now giving the Texans a break, having all his students take screen tests for parts in de Mille's next production. By the way, D. W. Griffith was in Texas last summer to select locations, etc., for the picture he is planning on shooting down here. Wish I had the time and space to tell you all about it.

And did you know Pola Negri's prince is to marry a fellow Texan, Mary McCormick. But, before they marry, the prince must do two things. One is (naturally) to get a divorce. The other is to change his name to McDivan or something reasonable. Miss McCormick says she won't marry Prince M'dvani.

Miss McCormick is on the Riviera now and denies she stole him from Pola Negri. She says she has set her heart on a ranch and no love can pry her from that idea. She also said, "What's the use of being born in the loveliest part of America (Texas) and then end your life as a titled person."

And say—John Gilbert fans—your favorite takes the lace skillet for nervy and reckless publicity. When he and his bride, Ina Claire, started for Spain, he cabled King Alphonso to meet him in Barcelona. The King's remarks have not been made public.

Now a big "whoopee" for SCREEN SECRETS, the fans' magazine.

Sincerely,

T. G.

The "whoopee" is appreciated, but not half so much as your newsy and interesting letter. You certainly do get the news, and we hope to hear from you again.

♠♦♠

Downers Grove, Ill.

Dear Editor:

You've answered so many other questions, so won't you answer mine?

It concerns my favorite boy actor, David Rollins. To me, he is the typical American boy. Does he smoke and is he stuck up? Does he really high hat interviewers?

Won't you give me a little biography of him? Where can I get his photo?

Yours sincerely,

R. H.

Your questions will be answered in an early issue of SCREEN SECRETS which will contain a revealing personality story on David Rollins. Send 25c to Fox Films Studio, Hollywood, for his picture.

♠♦♠

New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

My favorite star is Lupe Velez and I want to thank you for the publicity you have given to her. I am sure she will prove worthy of your praise by becoming one of the screen's foremost actresses.

Give the little girl a chance. One has to admit that Dolores Del Rio, herself does not dare make any more Spanish pictures since Lupe started on her road to fame.

Please publish more about Lupe.

Anxiously waiting,

L. L.

You will be more positive than ever that Lupe is an excellent actress after you see in this issue the pictures of Lupe's surprising mimicries of other stars.

♠♦♠

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading your magazine very much.

Most of all, I enjoy the biographies of the stars. Why don't you have a biography of Richard Arlen?

I haven't seen many of his pictures (page size) in your magazine. Couldn't you have just one?

D. E. R.

To increase your enjoyment of SCREEN SECRETS, a biography of Richard Arlen will appear in an early forthcoming issue, and we promise to be on the watch for a good photograph of him.

♠♦♠

New Orleans, La.

Dear Editor:

Every time I read a life story of Gary Cooper I read the first thing about what a fine, quiet, home-loving youth he is. I also read that his "dream girl" is a refined, intelligent, sincere creature—a lady at all times.

Now tell me: is his present affair with Lupe Velez a serious one?

If it is, those authors are a bunch of darned liars!

Hoping you are the same,

F. E. C.

In this issue of SCREEN SECRETS, Gary Cooper reveals the qualifications which he thinks the ideal wife should meet. We will let you decide whether Lupe will qualify or has qualified.

♠♦♠

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Editor:

Want to make a fan happy? Let's have more pictures in SCREEN SECRETS of John Mack Brown, Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, Anita Page, Barry Norton, John Darrow, Robert Castle, Ralph Forbes, Richard Arlen, Billie Dove, Phil Holmes, Charles Farrell and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Put more of these stars in the book instead of saps like John Gilbert. Hoping you'll do this.

Best wishes,

J. T.

Making fans happy is our aim in life. Most of these stars are pictured in this issue, and you'll find the others soon.

♠♦♠

Oakville, Ontario.

Dear Editor:

I want to write my appreciation of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine. I think it's a wow, especially those stories of the dream girls of the movie idols by Bob Moak. I like them best of all. I read all the life stories, too. But I wish you would get the life story of Ronald Colman. I am sure all Mr. Colman's fans would like to read about his life, and it has never yet been written. I can hardly wait to read about his dream girl.

Hopefully yours,

F. L.

You and others who liked the "Dream Girl" series will enjoy one of the most pleasing surprises of your lives in a forthcoming issue. Try to guess what it is. It's too good to tell now. You would just die waiting if you knew what it is, so watch SCREEN SECRETS closely.

♠♦♠

New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

In the September issue of SCREEN SECRETS, I was very pleased to learn a little more about the life and apparent disposition of Mary Brian, which bit of her life story was disclosed in the chapter of her own, *Fan Letters Saved Me.* A most striking feature was the contrast between other confessions of life in reality, and her's, with the earnest ambition to achieve the highest standards of a world-famous career as an actress.

With reference to the topic on which she wrote, I would like to say that we fans and admirers should continue to give her a big hand. Not that I feel as though her success depends upon complimentary remarks of my own or the likes of me, but for the reason that she so sincerely attributes her success and popularity to the letters of screen fans, why not say that no surer proof of success need be mentioned than that of her personal attractiveness, and the charming manner in which she played the party of *Lucy* in *The River of Romance?*

As a booster, I would like to see and hear more about her, and if I'm allowed the privilege to ask a favor of you, I would be delighted to know, if it be practicable and favorable, to procure the address of Miss Brian.

Very respectfully yours,

D. W. H.

As a regular reader of SCREEN SECRETS, you will read about Mary Brian every month. Write to her at Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood.

Classified Picture Guide

[*Other reviews will be found on page 66*]

DRAMA

Pleasure Crazed—A society drama that gives the lowdown on the uppercrust against a background of society in Santa Barbara, the playground of the world. Plot introduces crooks, jewel robberies, auto chases, and love. Dorothy Burgess Marguerite Churchill and Rex Bell are the only familiar faces in the cast but the rest are good, and the picture has an air that makes you like it.—*Fox.*

Woman Trap—Hal Skelly, the famous clown and dancing fool, turns detective for this. He solves the mysterious deaths of his brother and his sweetheart's brother and captures the murderer. It is not a cherry picture, yet it has a certain power. Skelly does well in his rôle, Chester Morris is touching as the younger brother, and Evelyn Brent is sullenly beautiful.—*Paramount.*

Masquerade—In which a gentleman crook takes advantage of his resemblance to a wealthy clubman to do some dirty work. Of course, the heroine, Leila Hyams, wrongfully accused of being a burgler, exposes the pseudo clubman at the psychological moment. J. Farrell MacDonald is included in the cast which has many strange names.—*Fox.*

Protection—Robert Elliott distinguishes himself in a rip-snorting story of newspaper life. Racketeers, politicians and newspaper men give each other the run around until the hero, the boy reporter, exposes the crooks and wins the girl. Paul Page and Dorothy Burgess do very well by their rôles.—*Fox.*

College Days—Another wild college picture wherein everyone raises whoopee throughout a college course, although it is really not so far-fetched as most of this type. Cliff Edwards, while he does seem a bit old for a college youth, does much to help the picture along with his singing and uke playing. Sally Starr and Robert Montgomery are a dashing pair of college youngsters.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

The Great Divide—Dorothy Mackaill is the proud and pampered daughter of wealth, humbled by a he-man of the wide-open spaces. Ian Keith is the hard-boiled lover who kidnaps the heroine and carries her off to his cabin to teach her a few lessons for her own good—and the way he does it has a charm of its own. Yes, they marry, but only after Ian has straightened out several complicated matters caused by Myrna Loy, an exotic Mexican girl.—*First National.*

The Drake Case—A murder mystery with the late Gladys Brockwell as Lulu Marks, a servant girl, the principal suspect. Mrs. Drake is murdered on the eve of her departure for Europe with her stepdaughter. Although she refuses to talk, Lulu Marks is proven innocent and found to be the mother of the heroine.—*Universal.*

Twin Beds—A fair comedy concerning people in pajamas who get into the wrong apartments. Patsy Ruth Miller and Jack Mulhall do their best to keep things interesting, but the theme is a bit worn.—*First National.*

COMEDY-DRAMA

Speedway—William Haines is the hero in a racing classic of the old Wallace Reid type. Light comedy-drama in which William takes the place of an aged friend in a crucial race and, after leaving the rest of the field comfortably behind, lets the friend finish the winning lap. Anita Page is his leadng lady, and a swell team they make for these light-romance pictures.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

One Hysterical Night—Here is Reginald Denny as he used to be in the good old days when his farces had you rolling off chairs. He's a rich young man lured into an insane asylum by relatives who are after his money and who mean to keep him there. Comely Nora Lane is the nurse who wins his name from him and his freedom for him.—*Universal.*

Why Leave Home—Imagine—three neglected middle-aged mammas who hire three lads to entertain them while their sweet papas are stepping out with three young gals. Then, they all end up at the same road house. Oh, what fun! It's *The Cradle Snatchers* taken from the stage and put on the screen with dialogue and song. The cast includes Sue Carol, Walter Catlett, Nick Stuart, David Rollins, Richard Keene, Ilka Chase, Laura Hamilton, Dot Farley, Dixie Lee and Jean Bary.

The Very Idea—One of the funniest talkies produced yet. It is taken from the stage success, *The First Year*, with Frank Craven, the author and star of the stage play, in the leading rôle. He is a nut on eugenics who convinces a couple about to adopt a baby, that they should arrange for a perfect child by picking the parents in advance. Allen Kearns, Doris Eaton, Sally Blane and Hugh Trevor are very entertaining.

Would Rather Work than Loaf

CONSTANCE BENNETT, it is said, has a mere million dollars which her late hubby, Phil Plant, settled upon her when they were divorced. And because Constance, who was formerly a star in the films, says she can't stand a life of ease any longer, she has joined her sister, Joan Bennett in Hollywood to make pictures again.

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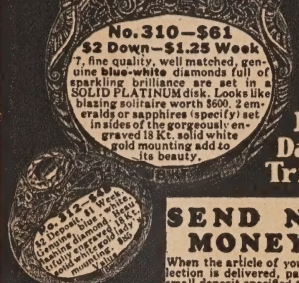
DIAMONDS
WATCHES—JEWELRY
One Year To Pay



No. 310—$61
$2 Down—$1.25 Week
7, fine quality, well matched, genuine blue-white diamonds full of sparkling brilliance are set in a SOLID PLATINUM disk. Looks like blazing solitaire worth $600. 2 emeralds or sapphires (specify) set in sides of the gorgeously engraved 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting add to its beauty.

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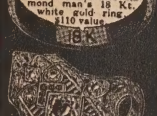

No. 20—$45
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Getting Personal

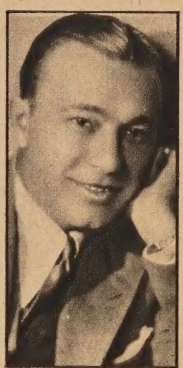
Intimate items of this and that about the stars.

Cecil B. de Mille has approximately 15,000 stills, valued at about $180,000, from 55 productions which he has directed since 1913. They start with *The Squaw Man* and the last is *Dynamite*.

Edmund Lowe had the distinction of being the youngest pedagogue in the history of Santa Clara University. He was a member of the faculty at the age of nineteen.

Edna Murphy has dyed her lovely golden hair dark brown, and has cut most of it off, wearing it nowadays in a boyish bob.

Mary Doran, the former Broadway chorus girl, who is making good in pictures, owns one of the largest libraries to be found in any screen player's home.



Robert Armstrong

Robert Armstrong, having bought his mother a home of her own, has now purchased one for three of his aunts, and they have just finished moving in.

Nils Asther's fondest hope is to spend Christmas with his parents in Sweden. It will be his first trip home since coming to America.

Marilyn Miller's favorite color is pink, and at least two-thirds of her clothes are in that shade.

Bill Haines' sisters, Ann and Lillian, wanted to work in pictures just for a day, to see what it was actually like. They suggested it to Bill, but he poohpoohed the idea. Imagine his embarrassment when he came to work one morning to find Ann and Lillian already at work in his very own picture.

Carol Lombard takes her sun bath on the golf course. A small plot of ground near her beach home has been leveled off and here Carol and her friends receive their sun baths while taking exercises on the golf course, followed by a dip in the old Pacific.

While studio officials were debating who should have the leading feminine rôle in Rudy Vallee's picture, *The Vagabond Lover*, Rudy settled the question by asking for Sally Blane, whom he had met at the studio.

Sally Blane

Nick Stuart is disconsolate! Floods have tied up railroads between here and Arizona, where Sue Carol is on location. And Nick was planning on spending all his spare time commuting between the two points.

Buddy Rogers has invested some of his savings in a blue DuPont town car, with a chauffeur 'neverything.

Harry Gribbon, the comedian, owns a beauty shop on Wilshire Boulevard. He can tell you all there is to know about permanent waves and facials.

Karl Dane owns one, too, but none of his friends will ever be convinced that he patronizes it.

Joan Crawford is not going to let winter force her to wear hose. She is gadding about in a gray lapin coat, barelegged. Lapin is one of the season's newest furs.

Joe Cobb has outgrown his part in Our Gang comedies, so his place has been taken by Norman Chaney.

Mary Brian

Mary Brian has at last had to bob her hair. Her rôle in *The Children* demanded a bob-haired modern miss, so Mary's locks had to go the way of all flesh.

Monte Blue recently broke four ribs in a fall during the filming of his current picture.

Final Movie Title Story

Below is the final winning movie title in the SCREEN SECRETS movie title contest which ends with this issue. This month's winner, awarded $10.00 for her story, is Miss Eleanor Whitman, Box 417, Patchogue, N. Y.

Man, Woman and Sin

SALLY and *Don Juan* were *Lovers*. He knew the only thing for this *Coquette* was *Orchids and Ermine*, so he joined *The Big Parade* to *Broadway*.

On the Road to Broadway he led *A Dog's Life* until he met in *The Big City*, *Rough House Rosie* whose motto was *Get Your Man*. *Red Hair*, *Dangerous Curves* and *Wine* made him forget his *Voice of Conscience* and *My Best Girl*. Borrowing *Skinner's Dress Suit* he soon was *A Good Fellow* to *Our Dancing Daughters* and the *Gold Diggers*. Completely *Hard Boiled Broadway Nights* bored him so he became a member of *The Underworld* and lived *Outside the Law*.

He got into *Hot Water One Exciting Night* when the man in *The Brown Derby* and *Old Clothes* trailed him for the murder of *The Angel of Broadway*. They gave him *The Third Degree* but he stuck to his *Alibi*. In a *Fury*, *Detectives* put out *The Drag Net* and got evidence from *Ladies of the Mob*. For *Three Weeks* he faced *Four Walls* before he was placed *On Trial*. He went *Speeding Through* the trial in *Six Days* and was saved from *The Noose* by *The Woman on the Jury*.

The Power of the Press made him an *Outcast*, so he went back to his *Fast Life*; met a *Street Angel* and became *Slave of Desire*. *Desire* made him *The Fool* and he headed *Hell Bent* to where *Flesh and the Devil* awaited him. With unseeing eyes he plunged into *The Dance of Life*, *Content* with *The Bright Shawl* and *Rouged Lips*. *New Toys* are soon broken and he crept *Out of the Ruins* a different man. *Voices of the City* called to him, so he went back to *The Great White Way in Search of a Thrill*. *Why Worry* if I'm *Broadway Broke*, he thought, I'll break down *The Barrier* and get *The Crowd* to take me back in *The Racket*. *The Unfair Sex* will never tempt me again. From now on I'm *Womanproof*.

The Exiles are always welcomed back, so he became one of *Strangers of the Night* and acquired *The Silent Partner*. They called her *The Reckless Lady* for she was responsible for many a *Phantom Bullet* and had never yet been *Tracked by the Police*. *Men of Steel* had crashed under this female *Jesse James*, but our hero, tired of *Bachelor Brides* and *Forbidden Hours*, went *Homeward Bound* to try and find *Happiness* and *The Eternal Love*.

The Passionate Quest ended when *Irresistible Lover* found *A Lady of Quality* who had an *Understanding Heart* and was waiting *To Honor and Obey*. After *One Hour of Love* and *Smiles*, they planned *The Enchanted Cottage* in *The Beautiful City* and maybe—a *Sonny Boy*.

Later *Just Married Twenty-one* days he told *The Cock-Eyed World—This is Heaven!*

Society in Cinemaland

[*Continued from page* 50]

"Wasn't it a lovely wedding?" Ruth was saying.

"Yes, and didn't you feel sorry for **Helen Ferguson?"** offered **Gertrude Olmstead.** "She and **William Russell** were so devoted to each other, and you know this wedding must have touched many tender memories for her, he has been dead so short a while."

The wedding supper was being served, and finally, as all good things must end, the crowd began to leave, Patsy Ruth and Tay slipped away for a two-day honeymoon (both were in the midst of pictures), and Betty and I turned our weary footsteps homeward.

DON'T you just *know* this is going to be a huge opening? **Marion Davies'** always are," Betty said to me as we started out to see *Marianne*.

As we neared the theater, we could see the giant sun-arcs streaming through the skies, and crowds were milling 'round the entire block to catch glimpses of the stars as they entered the building.

"Oh, there's **Pauline Starke.** just being announced," Betty spoke excitedly.

Just then **Ruth Roland,** looking almost infantile in a pale blue bouffant frock, came up to us for a few words.

As we started down the aisle, Betty almost stopped in her tracks to exclaim over **Irene Bordoni,** who looked too lovely, in a white satin dress with ermine wrap. She was, as usual, surrounded by men.

Bebe Daniels was there with **Ben Lyon,** and she, too, wore white.

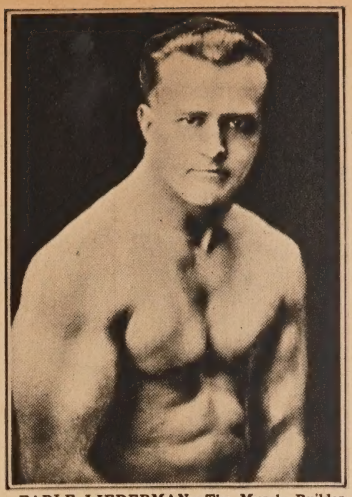
The picture was marvelous—but Betty kept turning around to stare at **Nils Asther** and **Vivian Duncan.**

"Look, there's **Cliff Edwards**—that's his wife with him."

"And doesn't **Anita Page** look too cute for words," Betty continued. "That black and gold dress, and tiny sequin helmet is the most becoming thing I ever saw on her."

At the conclusion of the picture, **Marion Davies** made a personal appearance. Her dress was a perfect dream, so smart and chic. All gold brocade and black velvet.

I WONDER why they're so late—they must have melted from the heat," said Betty, in a stage whisper, as we sat in All Soul's church. waiting for the strains of *Lohengrin* to warn us



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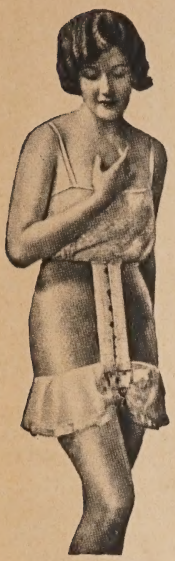

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that **Mary Eaton** and **Millard Webb** were coming down the aisle.

Betty craned her neck, whispering: "There's **Kathlyn Williams**—and doesn't she look too sweet in that cream-lace dress, with the green coat and huge picture hat to match."

Ann Pennington, Micky Neilan and **Pauline Garon** sat down in front of us. Ann looked adorable, just like a tiny girl, in her orchid coat and hat.

There were lovely pink carnations at the end of each pew; the altar was banked in palms and pink roses, the roses being attached to gigantic shepherds' crooks, which gave a most picturesque effect.

Even the dignity of the wedding procession could not quell the loquacious Betty. "Mary surely is a brave girl," she murmured, "to have beautiful **Marilyn Miller** for her maid of honor." And Marilyn really did look charming in her flesh-colored chiffon, with draperies floating as she walked.

From the church we dashed out to the Beverly-Wilshire hotel, where the reception was to be held.

The first person we met as we entered the room was **Pauline Starke**, and we went over to talk to her.

"Who is that pretty little girl in pink?" Betty nudged me. "**Charles Eaton** has been very devoted to her all day."

No one seemed to know just then, but later we found out that her name is **Florence Allen**, and that she has recently come out from the New York stage.

"Oh, and there's **Laura La Plante** with brown hair! It's very becoming, though it's hard to get used to our blonde-headed Laura as a brunette."

While **Russell Ball** was getting his lights ready for the pictures, we went into the ladies' dressing room, and who should come in but Mary herself. Not to be restrained, Betty dashed breathlessly up to Mary.

"What have you got on that's borrowed?" she asked.

"Well, I'll show you," Mary replied. "According to the best wedding tradition, here's the something old—lace hose that are over fifteen years old. They aren't very pretty, but I'm wearing them because they have been in the family so long." With that she showed us several runs down the back of them. "Something new is my dress. Something borrowed—well, maybe I hadn't better show you just what I have on that fits that condition—but I have them on. Something blue—" Here, Mary lifted her skirts and showed us at least seven pairs of garters, one of which was blue. All her friends had asked her to wear their garters for luck, so Mary would be obliging.

After the pictures were made, everyone ate some of the delicious buffet supper provided. Then we headed for the beach, to have dinner with **Mr. and Mrs. J. Ward Cohen.**

WE WERE on our way to Beverly Hills, to the post-wedding shower **Virginia Zanuck, Helen Ferguson** and **Lila Lee** were having for **Patsy Ruth Miller Garnett.**

Helen met us at the door and took our wraps. "Isn't it too bad we couldn't have this before the wedding," were her first words to us. "But, you know Pat had to move up the date of the wedding because her brother was summoned back to college earlier than he had expected, and, of course, she wanted him to be in the party."

A bunch of girls were scattered about the room, on chairs, and some kid fashion, on the floor. **Lilyan Tashman** was the center of a group, and Betty made straight for that corner, knowing she would hear lots of interesting news there.

Lilyan looked stunning, as usual, in a gold brocade and brown satin afternoon dress, with a brown velvet hat that was a cross between a turban and a tam-o shanter.

Patsy was sitting on the floor, new trousseau dress and all—and the skirt of it was tiny accordion pleats. "Doesn't Pat look marvelous in that dark green?" **Ethel Shannon Jackson** asked the world-at-large.

Betty pulled me over to where **Lila Lee** was telling about Pat's departure on her wedding journey.

"As they drove off," she was saying, "we looked 'round us for some rice and old shoes, but nobody had brought any. So, on the spur of the moment, we took off our own shoes and threw them at Pat and Tay. Luckily, practical Patsy threw them back at us, or we'd have had to go home barefoot."

Who is that stunning brunette just coming in?" Betty was all a-gog. "No, it can't be—yes, it is **Edna Murphy!** Why, she's cut off most of her lovely hair and dyed what's left of it. She doesn't look like the same person."

Virginia and Helen began leading us out to the garden, where bridge tables were clustered around the most enormous hamper you have ever seen. On it were huge bows of green satin, and it was stacked to overflowing with packages.

There were presents of every description: Gowns, step-ins, hose, towels, books, cocktail napkins, and one of the most unusual offerings was a set of silk-covered hangers with shoe trees to match in little heart-shapes. They were the original thought of **Mrs. Lloyd Hughes (Gloria Hope),** and caused quite a furore.

Just as the last present was opened, and Pat melodramatically said, "Is that all?" **Laura La Plante** arrived on the scene and contributed her bit.

The Silent Voice

[*Continued from page* 56]

"No-o-o. No, of course, you always look perfect— but that amber gown!"

"Ouch!" cried Betsy. "And *that* from a cynical bachelor! You'll do," she assured him. "You're not so bachelorish any more."

"How can I be?" he inquired, bringing Betsy a chair. "Our adopted daughter was just in."

"Did you tell her about the write-up?"

"Oh, no—nothing except that she might get a break. Have you heard from the editor of *Film Foibles*?"

BETSY nodded as she lazily rearranged a lock of her exquisite red hair. "'Hell', he writes, 'will pop; but hell-popping is nothing to what I would go through for you, my green-eyed tanager!' How do you like *that*, Meester Denton?"

"If he comes out here," Denton explained, meaningly, "he'll get all the hell-popping he wants—what was he doing, proposing or accepting an article?"

"Bark for me, darling—no, it was just an acceptance." And assuming a business-like demeanor, she inquired whether or not, at the première, he was to act in the capacity of end man.

"Oh, yes," Denton assented wearily. "I've been chosen as master of ceremonies.

Suddenly he leaned over and kissed her full on the lips; and even if Betsy had cared to ask him his plans, she would have found it quite impossible.

THE première of *The Flying Blonde*, at Grauman's Chinese Theater, was all that any producer could have wished.

The outside of the theater was brilliantly illuminated by huge arc lights which pierced the astounded Heavens with shafts of milky-whiteness, while high up on the parapets, overlooking the patio-like court yard, two fierce Mongol warriors paraded in theatrical loneliness. Even the slight rain failed to quell the enthusiasm of the eager-eyed crowd that jammed the sidewalks for blocks around.

Cheers and clapping followed Wanda as Barry laughingly helped her through the crowd—now surging over the ropes —to the microphone. After a cheery word to the expectant radio world, they entered the theater which was littered with gorgeous stars, exquisitely scented and gowned — actors, oozing with personality plus, and directors, so tired and wan—a whole bevy of Wampas Babies were ogling avidly about, ascertaining, perhaps, if anyone had missed them—newspaper writers, débutantes and society dowagers. And there was even a sprinkling of extras who had starved for three months in order to be seen at an opening.

MERNA, who was quietly sitting beside Abe Zarto, attempting to appear contented, joined in the ripple of applause that broke over the house as Wanda Wiley undulated down the aisle.

The lights were finally dimmed. The prologue was on. And after what seemed an eternity, but in reality was a little over two hours, *The Flying Blonde* was announced, starring Wanda Wiley, "The Blonde Menace".

"Wanda's" cabaret scene was greeted with gasps of delight; but this was nothing to the pregnant silence that followed "Wanda's" rendition of *The Golden Girl* as she sang a sad farewell to her lover, her lover who was flying away toward the east, in the Waco.

At the end of the picture, Wanda—resplendently gowned in virtuous white satin—was led out onto the stage by Denton. Her blond hair scintillated like powdered silver, and her gown sparkled with diamonds. Denton praised her, unstintedly, declaring that if it hadn't been for her golden voice, the picture undoubtedly would have been relegated to the shelf of mediocrity. "Indeed," he exclaimed, "I think it quite proper that Miss Wiley no longer be known as The Blonde Menace, but rather as The Golden Menace...the girl with the voice supreme—"

Merna was stupified by Denton's apparent treachery; and as she gazed incredulously at the stage, Wanda and Denton seemed to converge into one ball of hot, dancing light, and ribald voices were laughing and murmuring inside of her bewildered mind: "All due to Wanda's golden voice...Wanda's effort . . . The girl with the voice supreme...Wanda...*Wanda*..."

"What're you laughing at?" Zarto demanded in a hoarse whisper.

I'M NOT laughing," said Merna, only mildly astonished to discover that she was, indeed, shaking from the tip of her toes to her head. "I'm not laughing at anything...They're applauding ...they're applauding. Abe, don't you hear them?"

"Sure I do," he admitted with a peculiar smile. Then Zarto riveted his eyes on Wanda's satin-sheathed body as though he were allowing his memory to drop back to the days of yore—of about six months ago, to be exact.

Wanda was so pleasantly surprised, not to say dumbfounded, by Denton's flattery that she found it difficult to deliver even the usual stereotyped speech of gratitude...while Merna shakily pushed a tear from her eye and felt cold and miserable and all alone.

It was just as Zarto was assisting Merna into his limousine that Barry and Wanda hurried past. Wanda was smiling triumphantly, but when she caught the steady, unwavering accusation in Merna's hurt, brown eyes, she

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flushed, became confused and impatiently urged Barry to hurry.

"MY DEAR Wanda," Barry was saying, "it's certainly funny that I never realized it before, but your voice is absolutely divine! I...I can't quite tell you how it affected..." But they were out of hearing now, and Merna had stepped into the car, uttering a cold laugh that entrapped a heart-breaking cry.

Zarto was the first to break the silence as his limousine purred softly through the rain.

"Listen, Babe, it's you that should be The Golden Menace. You know that, Babe? It's a damned shame, but what happens, happens, and nobody can change it."

Merna felt so utterly forgotten, and small, and chilly that she really was too weak to remonstrate when Zarto placed a consoling arm about her shoulder. It was sort of nice to be comforted in such a blue hour, even though she felt that his words were quite unaccompanied by honest affection.

"You gotta sing *The Golden Girl* song," he rambled along, "sing it tonight at The Sow's Ear. It drove 'em nuts at the show. First you'll sing it with your revue, real peppy and full of sex appeal, and then for the encore, you'll come back by yourself in the spot and sing it as if your lover had given you the gate, understand? Just like you did in the picture."

"BUT I can't," Merna protested weakly, from the darkness of the car. "Sol would fire me, sure, or worse than that, lay me off at thirty-five a week. I need the money. I'm awful sorry, Abe, but I can't risk it."

"Listen to me. Babe. Ain't I Sol's friend? He don't care what I do. You can sing that song. I'm telling you and that's all that's necessary.

Deciding that she didn't care much what happened any more, Merna agreed to sing the song for him.

As she came out for her encore of *The Golden Girl*, she slowly approached the tables crowded with dim shadows. She was partially blinded by the spotlight as she finished her song with a low, clear, poignant note. The lights flashed on, only to find her staring with yearning eyes at Barry Rowe. Barry was amazed, and as Merna hastily left the room, he was still blinking as one in a daze. Could it be possible that it had been Merna's voice, instead of Wanda's, that had so entranced him? Surely this song as sung by Merna was identical with the one in *The Flying Blonde!*

Suddenly he turned back to Wanda, who was savagely jabbing out her cigarette on a saucer.

"That little quicky-bait'll pay for this," she was muttering.

"Pay for it," Barry repeated. "What do you mean?"

WANDA was coldly furious. Fornately, the orchestra drowned out the titters of the few people who knew of the deception.

"For tryin' to copy my stuff. D'you suggest that I trot over and kiss her?"

"Oh...Oh, she copied your song, eh?"

"Well, what d'you think she did—composed it on the spot?"

"No. No." And Barry seemed extremely grave. "I didn't think much of anything, I guess. Might not have done any harm to . . . say, excuse me just a moment, will you, Wanda?" Barry rose from his chair and gazed down at his enraged companion. "Be right back. Order frog legs for me." And with that, he was gone.

Merna was sitting on her dressing-room couch in a dejected bundle as Zarto quietly entered, closing the door behind him.

"You looped 'em, Babe!"

And although Zarto was a man famous for his ability to carry liquor, Merna noticed a slight weave in his walk. She hurriedly jumped to her feet and backed up a step. Zarto advanced and without formality drew her into his arms.

"Oh, please, Abe. Not now. I'm so tired...so very tired."

LISTEN, Babe, now don't keep stringin' your Uncle Abe! I love you an' want you. Who else can do for you what I have? Huh? Answer that..."

But before Merna could have possibly answered, Zarto had crushed her lips with his.

"Let go of me, Abe! *Let go!*" Struggling fiercely, she scraped three red lines across his cheek and uttered a terrified scream.

"You damned devil!" Zarto cried. "If you think you can play me for a fool, you're crazier than—"

He lunged at her. The door swung open, accompanied by a burst of loud music. The door slammed shut, and Barry had his back against it.

"Get out of here, you yellow aviator!" Zarto commanded, in a low, shaking voice; his eyes narrowed to subtle pools of insidious danger.

"Will you come with me, Merna?" Barry inquired.

Merna stared wildly from one to the other, and before she could answer, Zarto again commanded Barry to get out.

Barry suddenly whirled on him.

"Just what are you doing in here, yourself, Zarto?"

Zarto emitted a harsh laugh. "What d'you think?"

"You're a liar!" Barry shouted.

MERNA gave a frightened little cry as Zarto's hand flew to his hip pocket and whipped out an automatic. Barry leaped and caught Zarto's wrist as the gun exploded, crashing a solid fist into his chin. Zarto fell into the corner. Blood trickled from his mouth.

Barry's fine, tanned features were distorted with rage, insane jealousy and love. "Come along, Merna," he ordered. "You're going with me!"

Merna was unable to speak as she glanced, horrified, from Zarto's bleeding mouth and half-opened eyes to Barry's twisted face, and the white skin of her throat throbbed jerkily. This had all happened so suddenly that she couldn't quite catch up. On one side, was her love for Barry and also her uncertainty in his love—and on the other, her reliance on Zarto's weekly pay check.

"Oh, dear God!" she cried, as she sank to the couch, hiding her tortured eyes in her hands.

"You better get out," Zarto was mumbling from the corner. "Can't you see she don't want you?"

LOSING what little self-control had been left him, Barry demanded: "What's the matter? Is it true that you're Abe Zarto's girl? Is that the reason you're hiding your face?" And no sooner were the words out of his mouth than Barry would have given all he owned to recall them.

A grin stretched the corners of Zarto's bloody mouth as Merna jumped to her feet in a rage. She confronted Barry with all the primitive, intense hatred of a young savage. The room seemed to quiver with silence—except for the dull throb of the orchestra—as Merna's brown eyes shot sparks of wrath at the man she loved—who had returned her love by outraging her womanhood. Her little heart beat to her temples with the rhythmatic roar of the Waco's motor, as she cried in a choked, tortured voice: "Get out! . . . *You . . . get . . . out!*"

Barry's pleading eyes fell before the unwavering hate in Merna's. He tried to explain away this boorish, inexcusable insult, but his lips faltered. He bowed; and with a broken gasp, turned on his heel. The music crashed into the room. In barely a second it fell off to a dim, pulsating rumble, and Merna sank to her couch, alone with Zarto.

[To be concluded]

Will Abe Zarto finally achieve his nefarious ends or will Barry Rowe win the girl of his heart? What part will Rogers Denton and Betsy Manners play in the smashing denouement to this thrilling story of adventure in the skies, and love and intrigue and treachery in a talkie-mad Hollywood? Don't miss the cyclonic conclusion to this gripping narrative, in the January issue of

SCREEN SECRETS
Out December 5

"Must have had a Big Raise, eh, Bill?"

NO WONDER ED, the Receiving Teller down at the National Bank, was curious. This was the fifth Monday in succession I had made a big EXTRA deposit. By "big" I mean $20 to $25 more than I usually banked each week.

He wondered where I was getting all the *Extra Money*

"You bet I had a big raise," I answered. "In fact *I gave myself one!* I'm a professional TENOR BANJOIST three nights a week—playing in Harry Smith's Dance Orchestra, at $10 a night!" "You, a paid musician!" exclaimed Ed. "Why, I didn't know you ever touched a string!"

Six Months ago I was *Lonely*—Six Months ago I was *Poor!*

"Well," I said, "one night I was sitting at home feeling lonely and blue—wishing for more good times and more money to spend. Picking up a magazine I just happened upon an ad about a new way of learning the TENOR BANJO at home. It said anyone could learn to play. I had no idea I could—always thought those things were just for a few 'talented' folks. But I said to myself, 'I'll send for their Free Book, anyway.' Guess you can tell from my face and my tank book that I'm mighty glad I did, Ed! That Course sure taught me quick. Then Harry Smith heard me play one night and offered me a spare-time job with his Orchestra. And he'll soon be able to use me steady, six nights a week—at $70 a week. I can't really call playing the TENOR BANJO 'work.' It's FUN!—every minute of it. And it's better than having a rich uncle."

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"I Want a Lover!"

[*Continued from page 62*]

WHY, you lose all spontaneity. You recite by rote. In silent pictures, an actress had some leeway. It was herself she was expressing, her own interpretation of the character she was portraying. And that is the most that an actress can hope for—to express herself.

"I am me—I love me. Other people may hate me, may not like the way I act, the way I do things, but I do. And so does everybody else love the *me* that he is. Don't ever let anyone tell you differently. It's just human nature to love the *me* down beneath all the outside covering."

This, coming from the average person, would have sounded like the utmost in conceit, but Mary is no average sort. She has an amazing clarity of vision and intrinsic honesty. She has learned many lessons from life—one of which is never to delude herself.

Remembering that I was talking to the girl whose name had been blazoned across the front pages of papers over two continents as "the hard-knock girl of the theatrical industry because she was too beautiful," I asked: "Tell me, Miss Nolan, has your beauty been a hindrance to your career and a curse on your life?"

"I'm not beautiful, in the first place," she started off. "I have just a "photographic face.' But, even if I did have this quality of beauty that we hear so much about, it could never be blamed for any tough breaks I have ever had. Whatever looks I may possess, have been the biggest help in the world to me, and let me tell you now, it's the same with every woman. Looks never held anybody back—they are always an asset—and any girl that tells you differently is mistaken.

MARY really is beautiful, though. She is tall, and orders pie loaded with whipped cream for dessert, while all the rest of Hollywood is dieting, which describes her figure—oh, so slim and willowy. Her hair is Hollywood-blonde, which means that its natural golden sheen has been supplanted by the white henna demanded for perfect photography. Her eyes are deep blue, with lashes—so long!

It didn't seem possible that such a delectable person should have shut love out of her life except during business hours.

"Do you think all your pleasure must come from your work? What about love, not a lover; has it no place in your life?" I asked her.

"I know very little about love," she replied. "I have been in love only once."

"You are very fortunate to have had even one great love affair in your life, Miss Nolan. Many people go through life without even one true love. You, in feeling the emotion of real love, have something that no one can take away from you."

"Except the person you feel that love for," she answered quietly.

"Tell me, do you like the men in Hollywood?" I thought maybe I could discover the possibility of any imminent new romance in her life.

She pondered the question a moment. Then, with a humorous expression:

"Men? I never think of persons as men and women. They are just people. There is no difference.

I LIKE to have men around me, yes. But I also like women friends—though I haven't had so many. But the only time I will admit a difference in feeling toward men and women is in my work, and in that way, men in Hollywood are the same as elsewhere.

"I made a picture with Jack Gilbert. He is wonderful to work with. He gives you everything he has, he spends himself in helping you give to your characterization the very best that you have.

"I am sentimental—when Jack and I were on the same picture he used to sing to me. After work, when the still desert night was calm around us, Jack used to put his arms about me and sing to me. *Memory Lane* was our favorite song, but we had another name for it.

"But sometimes I get tired of all people—of luxury and formality. I say to my maid and chauffeur: 'I think I'll run away and be a Gypsy.' But I realize that I can never leave it all, I can never go back out of the glitter and glamour of my present life.

"I used to be adaptable—but not any more. I have become too used to having things done for me, to having ease and comfort, ever to be able to do without. But, understand, I am never for one moment unaware of the shallowness and futility of these same material things."

"I know that this unsatiated hunger of soul will continue, maybe all my life, until I accomplish a piece of work that satisfies me; and to do that, as I told you before, I must have a lover!"

To Please Everybody

REGINALD DENNY made his final Universal comedy, *No, No, Napoleon*, in two languages—American and English.

The story is laid in an insane asylum, and a slang expression such as "a nut factory" must be changed to "a mad house" to get over in England.

Throughout, the dialogue of the original version is in typical American slang which has an entirely different meaning in Great Britain. So two recordings were made of the majority of the scenes.

Oracle of the Mike

[*Continued from page* 51]

almost double that which she had received in silent pictures, and immediately began work on her first talking-singing-dancing production, *A Most Immoral Lady*.

Conrad Nagel had been a leading man for years, but demands for his services were growing fewer—faces "wore out" in those days of silent pictures. However, Warner Brothers were sure of Conrad's voice, for they had heard him as Hollywood's best known master of ceremonies. So he found plenty of starring rôles with Warner Brothers, and it was only because he could not work in more than two pictures at a time, that his name was eliminated from more of their early talkies. Then Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sought him, developing a three-cornered battle for his services.

THE story of John Boles is not unlike that of Nagel. Great ballyhoo heralded his coming from the New York stage to be Gloria Swanson's leading man in *Loves of Sunya*. He worked in that one picture, and then it was only occasionally that one heard his name. But when it came time to make *The Desert Song*, someone remembered that he had a singing voice back in his footlight days. He was selected for the leading male rôle, and it made him one of the most popular leading men in cinemaland.

Like Leatrice Joy, Bessie Love went in for personal appearance when it seemed that no studio wanted her services any more. She headed a revue, played her uke, sang and danced. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to enter the musical picture field with *The Broadway Melody*, there was much consternation over the matter of a leading lady when one executive, who had seen Bessie on the stage, had an idea.

"Why not give the public an old favorite—one that we are sure of as to camera ability, voice and dancing feet?" he asked his confreres.

Then he suggested Bessie, and she was signed for this picture. But she hadn't worked a week before they tendered her a five-year contract at a salary larger than she had ever thought possible for herself.

Betty Compson came from Poverty Row, where she had been making quickies, to take part in *Weary River*, which was to be a silent picture. However, First National added dialogue, and, lo and behold! the mike discovered that Betty had a perfect voice, both for speaking and singing. Then Betty staged the most sensational comeback in the history of the cinema. Today, she is turning down more offers of featured rôles than she is able to accept.

NO ONE ever looked upon Norma Shearer in the silent days as a great actress. That is, not until the coming of the talkies and the mike uncovered the fact that she had a voice, plus great dramatic ability.

Hollywood even smiled when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cast her in the title rôle of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. But the result was a new Norma Shearer. Talents, long held in check by the limitations of the silent drama, were given an opportunity to parade themselves. The Norma Shearer of today is no more like the Norma Shearer who was, than gold is like brass.

The same might be said of Marion Davies, whose first talkie, *Marianne*, has just been released. The world has forgotten that Marion had been in musical comedy before she came to the movies, but the mike rediscovered the fact that she could sing and dance and had inimitable powers of mimicry.

There are scores and scores of others whose climbing days were over, but who had hidden talents that the microphone has brought forward and caused them once more to shoot to the top of the ladder of fame.

Consider Ramon Novarro, who, since his early youth, has been training his voice for opera. Then Polly Moran, long popular as a screen comédienne, but whose voice was proved by the microphone to be even funnier than her face. Alice White is another whose popularity was on the wane when talkies arrived. Now she is so strong at the box-office that First National has signed her to a new contract at an increased salary, with an expensive roadster as a bonus for having affixed her signature. Then there's . . . well, why go on? It would take hundreds of pages to relate all the astonishing discoveries of golden voices after the Oracle, Dolores, gave out the hot tip through the medium of a phonographic disc.

BUT to go back to this lass from the land south of the Rio Grande—the first of the screen's talking-singing stars.

They didn't take a chance on her accent in the filming of *Evangeline*, her most recent picture, so they eliminated the dialogue and let her sing, instead. Now they intend to give Dolores a story for her next picture that will be the type in which she can score with her accent.

Meanwhile, the record she made on *Ramona* continues to contribute to her upkeep. The royalties on its sale bring her a monthly check of considerable size.

So, Dolores may go down in cinema history as the Oracle of the mike—the first screen star with confidence enough in her voice to imperil her screen future by talking or singing for her public.

Let SCREEN SECRETS be your guide in your quest for authoritative information about your favorite film folk.

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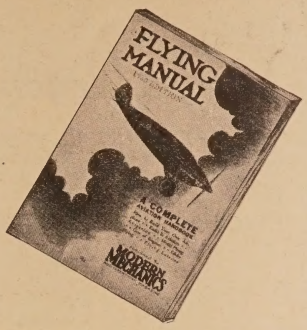

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If You Look Like Marian

[*Continued from page* 31]

tall ones. Miss Nixon's picture wardrobe for the present year will cost the studio about $14,000 and this amount does not include the salaries of the expert designers whose originalities make them worth that much more annually to the studio.

Softness is the keynote of Miss Nixon's clothes. Her evening gowns are alluring masses of frills and fluffs. She wore for me the particular gown she likes best. It is a peach-colored affair with baby pink ribbons. The bodice is tight and is made of satin. The skirt of georgette and ribbon is full and features a cascade of flounces. A fluffy roll covers the shoulders and a large bow over the heart adds to its attractiveness. Evening gowns with tight bodice and full skirts look well on small girls, Miss Nixon says.

Another type of garment she wears is the coat suit. One that she particularly likes is of dark blue serge. The coat is loose; the skirt is tight and ends just below the knees. A lace collar and cuffs add just the correct soft touch.

SHE wears small hats only. She warns a girl of five feet and one inch or less to refrain from wearing large or bulky hats. "They make her look top-heavy," Marian points out.

Miss Nixon's favorite colors are dark blue, brown, gray, tan and dark green for day wear; peach, orchid, silver white and faint shades of other colors for evening.

She delights in vari-colored outfits such as the sport costume she wore the afternoon I last talked with her. The pleated skirt was tan. The shirt waist was white. She wore a vivid red tie and a scarf of red, white and blue. A blue turban completed the ensemble. Later, she donned a tan sweater with narrow, horizontal stripes of deeper tan. It was made of silk.

Miss Nixon does not care for heavy jewelry and thinks it unbecoming to small girls. A wrist watch, a light necklace and a ring on each hand is the usual extent of her jewels. Of course, since a few months ago a wedding ring has been added. Occasionally she wears earrings.

Girls who look like Miss Nixon, may also wish to act like her. Marian is very quiet. Her voice is soft and musical. When she laughs, you hear a silvery tinkle that you mentally hope will continue for a long time. She is witty and loves to joke. If she has a temper, I have never seen nor heard of it.

SHE uses her hands effectively when she talks, slight movements illustrating her words. This is a habit, I have noted, that most motion picture stars have acquired.

She looks directly at people with whom she is conversing. She has a lingering smile; I mean, one that does not leave her face as if in a hurry to make way for a frown. She has lovely teeth that break into view often, thanks to her ability to laugh.

There you are—that is how Marian Nixon looks, acts and dresses. If you are fortunate enough to be one of those who resemble her, then I advise that you also pattern your actions after her.

Then you will be, oh, so popular!

Joe Brown acts the part of the familiar night club clown who likes to be the life of the party. In this scene from the First National-Vitaphone picture, "Sally", he is attempting to lead a chorus of lovely ladies, much to the official indignation of Ford Sterling.

Movieland Directory

[*Continued from page* 12]

Belle Bennett, 309 Bank of Hollywood Bldg.
Eleanor Boardman, 210 Security Bldg.
Hobart Bosworth, 613 Taft Bldg.
Lew Cody, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Sammy Cohen, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Hallam Cooley, 309 Bank of Hollywood Bldg.
Philippe de Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Josephine Dunn, 6912 Hollywood Blvd.
George Duryea, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Robert Edeson, 303 Warner Bros. Theater Bldg.
Ralph Forbes, 210 Security Bldg.
Huntly Gordon, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Charlotte Greenwood, 1509 N. Vine St.
Sam Hardy, 6912 Hollywood Blvd.
Gardiner James, 6912 Hollywood Blvd.
Buck Jones, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Ralph Lewis, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Vera Lewis, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Montague Love, 616 Taft Bldg.
June Marlowe, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
The Four Marx Brothers, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Tom Mix, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Lee Moran, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Tim McCoy, 616 Taft Bldg.
Malcolm McGregor, 6425 Hollywood Blvd.
Anna Q. Nilsson, 616 Taft Bldg.
House Peters, 6636 Hollywood Blvd.
Kate Price, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Aileen Pringle, 210 Security Bldg.
Jobyna Ralston, 303 Warner Bros. Theater Bldg.
Vera Reynolds, 309 Bank of Hollywood Bldg.
Irene Rich, 1509 N. Vine Street.
Rudolph Schildkraut, 6636 Hollywood Blvd.
Lincoln Stedman, 6912 Hollywood Blvd.
Myrtle Stedman, 6912 Hollywood Blvd.
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* * *

Then paraphrase loudly: "I'm the cough in your screamie."

* * *

Ask the head electrician if a "juicer" and "grip" is a studio bootlegger and his valise.

Or ask the second assistant director where the first yes-man is.

* * *

Say "No!" to the director.

* * *

Or refrain from laughing at one of his comedy gags.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF SCREEN SECRETS, published monthly at Louisville, Ky., and Robbinsdale, Minn., for October 1st, 1929.

State of Minnesota }
County of Hennepin } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. H. Taylor, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN SECRETS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names, addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.
Business Manager, W. H. Taylor, Robbinsdale, Minn.

2 That the owner is:
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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W. H. TAYLOR,
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Hobnobbing With the Film Folk

[*Continued from page 65*]

Buster Keaton's Back-Fire

IT'S a ticklish business for a star to sit in the audience and listen to comments of people around him. Buster Keaton got an awful ear-full the other night.

It was at the opening of a picture in which he was starred, with other actors, including Johnny Mack Brown, supporting.

Two women beside him, unaware of his identity, kept panning everybody of the cast who was introduced on the stage. Finally it came Buster's turn to go on the stage.

With that dead pan of his still unsmiling and unexpressive, Buster exclaimed, as he rose to go up to the platform: "If you think the other actors were dumb, wait until you hear me!"

Wally MacDonald's Wisecracks

CHATTING about talking pictures the other day, Wally MacDonald said that his idea of the height of disappointment was for an actor to be cast in a talking picture and then find out that he played a deaf mute!

Lon Chaney Wanted Money

NO WONDER Universal isn't putting sound sequences into certain scenes of its new version of *The Phantom of the Opera.* Lon Chaney wanted no less than $75,000 to appear in a few scenes! Other of the original players appear in scenes in which there is dialogue, but Lon is always silent.

Not only that, but if any other player appeared in his rôle, Lon also wanted $75,000, he having, under his contract, some mysterious right to demand this, it seems.

It is not really greed on Chaney's part, however—this demand for big money. He doesn't wish to speak on the screen, since he feels that his personal identity is best maintained through silent acting. Like Charles Chaplin, he doesn't deem dialogue necessary to expression.

Dix's Latest Romance

THAT dashing young actor, Richard Dix, naturally breathes the air of romance at every turn. Fascinating, genuine, impulsive and generous, almost every girl he meets falls in love with him. No doubt some day Richard will settle down and get married, but in the meantime he courts romance.

Just like a swash-buckling love affair of long ago was Dicky's recent clever ruse to meet a girl he admired but did not know.

He had seen the young lady at a distance. He thought she would be a good screen type. And he wanted to know her. So he arranged an innocent little scheme whereby the young lady would be called up by a photographer friend of his who knew the girl, to invite her to have her picture taken. Then Dickie was to drop in just as she was being photographed.

It all worked out nicely, and so Richard met the charming girl he admired, who turned out to be a young lady of fine family. And the pair are now great friends, with the girl's family thinking Richard is great.

I don't know whether the girl knows about the ruse or not, but nearly any girl would be flattered to have Richard Dix take all that trouble for her.

Corinne Griffith in Tights

FOR the very first time in her life, Corinne Griffith is wearing tights. And does she look well in them? Don't ask silly questions!

It is in *Lilies of the Field* that Miss Griffith dons the fleshlings, as ladies of the ensemble used to call them.

She also dances in the picture—for the first time professionally, although she has won many dancing cups at the Ambassador and Montmartre in Hollywood.

Mary Pickford's Protege

MARY Pickford does genuinely adore babies, even if she has none of her own. Johnny Mack Brown's first-born is just at present the subject of her particular interest. Johnny played opposite Mary, you remember, in *Coquette.*

On the day of the christening, Mary called on the Brown family and bestowed a beautiful pearl on the child as a christening gift. The card on the gift read, "From Mary Pickford to Little Coquette Mack Brown."

Every year Mary plans to place a new pearl on the necklace.

The little one is christened Jane Harriet.

Neil Hamilton's Rescue

NEIL Hamilton is an inveterate yachtsman, also a member of the American Magicians' Society. The other night the two fads blended strangely.

Mrs. Hamilton told me, as we were chatting over at Wesley Ruggles' beach house, how one morning Neil and a friend went out in Neil's motor boat. She expected him home, but he didn't return. It grew late. Finally wifey could bear it no longer and she telephoned a woman friend saying she just had to go down to San Pedro harbor and try to find her husband.

The two women went forth in a water taxi. They taxied hither and yon. Finally they came across Neil's motor boat. It was becalmed. But did Neil care? He did not—wasn't worrying a bit. He was in the midst of figuring out a new magician's trick.

"And he almost couldn't be annoyed with being rescued," said his wife.

Bernice Claire listens to her own voice in the rushes of "No, No, Nanette," in which she sings the title role. You may see and talk with Bernice and other famous movie people, if you are the lucky winner in SCREEN SECRETS' great contest.

Talkie Talk

[*Continued from page* 80]

the film, he stated that he had been able, through the medium of dialogue and attendant sounds alone, to follow perfectly the trend of the picture. He further stated that he believes the talking pictures should be rated with the Braille system of reading and radio as inventions which have done most for the amusement of the blind.

The slam of a closing door, the crackling of a newspaper in the hands of a player, the tinkle of a glass thrown to the floor—these were the sounds, as well as the dialogue between players, that brought the action across to the blind man.

New Talkie Idea

WE HAVE grown sort of used to the talking screen, but now they confront us with the talking signboard!

RKO has rigged up such a device to spread the fame of *Street Girl,* which was recently released.

The talking sign, located in Hollywood, at Sunset and Vine, attracted wide attention from motorists and pedestrians.

Shooting Without Cameras!

A VITAPHONE sequence entirely in the dark—hence making cameras unnecessary—that is the innovation of George Fitzmaurice in filming *Tiger Rose* at the Warner Brothers Studio!

The scene was shot with no cameras and three microphones and only ordinary work lights were used so Fitzmaurice could see the actors. The "action" took place in the bedroom of Lupe Velez, just after she had blown out the lamp. The scene was "filmed" entirely in the dark! Only the mikes told the story.

A German Oddity

CAN you imagine Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy and Winifred Westover (formerly Mrs. William S. Hart) speaking German? As a matter of fact, they can't speak it, but for all that, they will!

If you went to Germany to see the première of *Lummox,* Fannie Hurst's famous story, you would hear them all talking the language like residents of Heidelberg.

Fred Zelnik, German stage and screen director, is the man responsible for the odd stunt. He gathered together some German players and rehearsed them to speak the lines in the talkie. He then ran a silent version of the film and as the lips of the American players moved, the German players would speak lines in German. The result is said to be perfect, with the German words fitting correctly on the lips of each American player.

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32x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.95	2.90	1.35
33x4	2.95	1.15	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
34x4	3.50	1.15	31x5.25	3.20	1.35
32x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
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"Now, listen here, Loretta, no speeding!" says Loretta Young, the cop, to Loretta Young, the actress. And the last mentioned Loretta promises not to let her foot get too heavy on the gas pedal. Nevertheless, the only speeding Loretta is doing these days is speeding to fame in filmdom. One of her latest achievements is her performance in "Fast Life"—a very appropriate title, isn't it?

So This Is Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 36]

Another Director Takes the Air

CLARENCE BROWN, the director, travels 100 miles daily for his luncheon, yet he is absent from the studio only one and one-half hours.

His plane is housed within half a mile of the M-G-M lot. He motors over at twelve o'clock, then flies to the Nordican Country Club, fifty miles away. He is back on the job at one-thirty.

Brown was one of Uncle Sam's army flying instructors during the war.

Lost By a Whisker

RICHARD ARLEN and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, recently gave a dinner party for which Charlie Farrell, although not included among the guests, supplied both food and amusement.

A few days before, Charlie, who lives but a block away, had acquired a new Jap houseman and a valuable police pup at the same time.

The dog ran away—ran over to call on Dick and Jobyna. Dick, not knowing to whom it belonged, locked it in his kennel.

Next morning the newspapers revealed that Charlie had lost a canine answering the description of the one caged at the Arlen residence. He offered fifty dollars for its return

Dick waited until he saw Charlie drive off for the studio. Clad in overalls and wearing false whiskers, he led the pup back to the Farrell manor and accepted the reward from the Jap.

Twenty-four hours later Charlie's dog was back at the Arlens. Once more Dick led it back to Farrell's. Charlie and the Jap were on the lawn.

Farrell thanked Arlen profusely for its return. In fact everything was wonderful until the Jap spoke up.

"Say, Mister, where's your whiskers?" demanded the Oriental of Dick. Then he told Charlie that there stood the man who had collected the reward.

The fifty dollars paid for the dinner party.

What Next?

IS HOLLYWOOD going domestic with the arrival of Broadwayites for these talkies?

Elliott Nugent, married four years with a wife and two children; Chester Morris, of *Alibi* fame, married two years, with a son; Raymond Hackett, of *Madame X* and *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, married four years, with a baby daughter; Ann Harding and Harry Bannister with their baby boy.

All have taken houses—large ones—*not* for entertaining but home life purposes.

We wonder what these examples will do for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper, Nancy Drexel and David Rollins and other Hollywood couples who have been advised not to marry for professional reasons.

Singing Through Life With Maurice

[*Continued from page 27*]

tour the provinces. Much as he hated to leave Paris, his responsibilities would not allow him to pass up an opportunity for an assured income, so he accepted.

THE low comedy character of the peasant in the red cap, which he worked up on the shabby theater of the Menilmontant, proved an overwhelming hit in the provinces. His fame travelled before him. Everywhere he went, he found packed houses awaiting him. It was his first taste of real success and he revelled in it. Furthermore, he was saving money and sending it home to his mother. His brothers and sisters were well clothed and in school. Life did not look as dark as it had a few years ago to the unhappy boy with the singing heart who seemed doomed to work his life away at an uncongenial trade.

All the time that he was travelling through the country, he was carefully studying the effect of his act upon his audiences. He changed his lines and his songs and developed little tricks. But the essentials of his character, the big pantaloons, the cap tilted low on his forehead, the grotesque red nose, the whitened eyelids, he kept the same. He was sure these were what people wanted, what they expected of him.

It was not the sort of character he wanted to make permanently his, but people liked it, and it would serve until he worked out a better one.

After many months of travel throughout all of France, he returned to his native Paris. Once more, there was a happy reunion of the family in the bright little flat that the hard-earned francs, sent in by Maurice while on tour of the provinces, had provided.

AND now he made a strange discovery. Although he had been playing in obscure provincial towns, Paris was already filled with his imitators. In cafés and music halls there were many who had affected his manner of wearing a cap, who had copied his grotesque make-up with the red nose and whitened eyelids.

In a way, they had served as advance agents for his arrival, for he found Paris ready and waiting for him. Again he started his steady march toward fame.

That has been one peculiar phase of his career. Never, at any time, has there been any sudden leap to fame, any startling stroke of fortune or overnight advance in salary. He has simply, at all times, followed the dictates of his heart, singing the gladness that was in him and winning steadily for himself more followers, more money, more fame. There was, however, one change in his act that made a great difference in his life. It occurred not long after his return from the country.

He had started in again in the little cabarets and night clubs where he had been singing before he made his trip. Bit by bit he worked his way into the larger and more popular cafés. Franc by franc his salary increased, and the name of Chevalier appeared in larger and brighter lights. The slowness of his progress had one advantage which he was to reap later. When he had finally attained the height of his popularity, he was perhaps the most widely known figure in the Parisian entertainment world.

There was no nook or cranny of Paris, however remote, where he had not been known and loved for his café singing in former days.

THEN at last he attained one of the pinnacles of the Parisian entertainer. He was signed to appear at the Follies Bergere, the gay and daring revue, as famous an institution as our own Ziegfeld Follies which attracts visitors the world over. At last he had definitely arrived. He was one of the drawing cards at this great show spot of Paris.

His name was everywhere, on everybody's lips. The happy effervescent singing voice that had once made toil-stained workers forget their cares of a Saturday night as it rang to the rafters of a little suburban theater, matured, ripened and mellowed, drawing Parisian pleasure seekers like a magnet.

But, strangely enough, Chevalier was only a name to them—a name and a grotesque make-up, centering around a red nose.

Parisians, perhaps, more than any other people in the world, idolize the favorites of their stage. They are fêted, wined and dined, taken up by society people, made the consorts of nobility, the best society of the land, even royalty.

Such was not the case with Chevalier. People who applauded his act beyond the footlights, took no interest in him off the stage. They flocked back stage to congratulate other actors, to invite them to their parties. But no knock on his dressing room door ever disturbed the lonely Chevalier as he removed the putty from his huge grotesque nose, and wiped the white grease paint from his eyelids.

THE peasant character which he had created seemed such a part of him that he hardly dared change it now. It seemed popular enough. If it satisfied others, it was satisfactory to him. His entire philosophy as an entertainer has always been to please.

Then one night it happened, this strange thing. His act had been unusually successful. They wanted him back for an encore. It suddenly occurred to him to give them a novelty. He would appear straight, without his costume, without his makeup, and try a different type of song.

He hurried to his dressing room, quickly removed the nose putty and make-up, the little peasant cap and the big pantaloons, and donned faultless

[*Turn to page* 106]

Clara Bow

Chas. Rogers

Dolores Del Rio

Ramon Novarro

Greta Garbo

John Gilbert

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Your choice of popular movie stars, post card size, on stiff cardboard, autographed. 6 for 25c. 32 all different —for $1.00. Complete set of 32 men and 32 women stars for only $1.75. Also *8x10 portraits* of any star 50c each—or 3 for $1. Send today—cash, or 2c stamps, or money order. KING STUDIOS, 17 Park Row, New York. Dept. SS.

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What They Are Doing

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and **Loretta Young** are doing another flaming youth picture, *Loose Ankles,* for First National.

Alice White is beginning work in *Show Girl in Hollywood,* the sequel to *Show Girl,* written by J. P. McEvoy.

Lois Wilson and **H. B. Warner** are being co-starred in *The Furies,* for First National.

Dorothy Mackaill is hard at work on *The Queen of Jazz.*

Lois Moran is being starred in *A Song of Kentucky* at the Fox studio.

Warner Baxter and **Mary Duncan** are co-starring in *Romance of the Rio Grande,* formerly called *Conquistador.*

Louise Dresser is appearing in *Three Sisters.*

Paul Muni's next picture will be *Seven Faces.*

George Jessell has just completed *Hurdy Gurdy Man.*

George O'Brien is back in Westerns in *Lone Star Ranger.*

Victor McLaglen's new picture is in production without a title.

Lawrence Tibbet, grand opera star, is appearing in *Rogues' Song* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Norma Shearer's latest starring production is *Their Own Desire.*

Ramon Novarro's latest picture has been titled called *Devil May Care.*

The Duncan Sisters, Vivian and **Rosetta,** have completed *Cotton and Silk.*

Greta Garbo's next offering will be *Anna Christie.*

Wallace Beery has completed his first M-G-M starring picture, *Bugle Sounds,* which had been originally intended for Lon Chaney.

Marion Davies is hard at work on *Rosalie,* from the Zeigfeld musical comedy.

Howard Hughes is in the midst of dialogue production on *Hell's Angels,* his $3,000,000 Caddo aviation special.

Dennis King, of New York stage fame, has completed *The Vagabond King* for Paramount.

Gary Cooper has finished work on *Medals.*

Charles Buddy Rogers is putting the finishing touches on *Here Comes the Bandwagon.*

Constance Bennett has completed her second Pathé starring picture, *This Thing Called Love.*

Bebe Daniels is starting *Wild Heart* for RKO.

Rudy Vallee is nearing completion of his first picture, *The Vagabond Lover.*

Lupe Velez and **Jean Hersholt** are on location in Florida, for *Hell Harbor.*

Joe E. Brown, grin and all, is in *Painted Faces* for Tiffany-Stahl.

Fannie Brice is starting work on *The Champ* at United Artists.

Dolores Del Rio will next be seen in *The Bad One.*

Monte Blue and **Myrna Loy** are being co-starred in *Isle of Escape.*

The Man is the title of the next John Barrymore picture, which picture has gone into production at Warner Brothers.

Singing Through Life With Maurice

[*Continued from page* 105]

evening clothes and a straw hat. Somehow, quite naturally, he set his straw hat at that rakish angle over one eye at which he wears it today. That, he says, has always been instinctive to him. Even when he walks down the street, he declares, he can hardly refrain from giving his hat an extra push from behind to bring it down over his eye.

HE STEPPED out onto the stage. A hush fell over the house. A hush of breathless surprise. Could this be—was it possible that this was Chevalier, the clown, the man with the red nose? His new songs were in keeping with clothes, more polished, more sophisticated, more debonair, with less of the rollicking tang of the peasant songs.

When he ceased the house broke into wild applause. They called him back again and again. He caused a sensation such as he had never aroused in his comic costume of a peasant.

But the biggest change came in his life backstage. He was deluged with invitations. People sought every means to gain an introduction to him. He was suddenly taken up by the gay set of Paris, and, within a few weeks, he was forming friendships with some of the leading and most influential people of France and all Europe, friendships that have lasted solidly since that time.

It took some time for the reason for this change to come over him. At first, it was all a bewildering mystery to him. Then, bit by bit, it dawned on him. No one knew him as he really was. Pictures of actors off stage are not broadcast by the press as they are in this country. People had no idea what Chevalier really looked like. They pictured him off stage just as he was before the footlights, a funny man with a red nose and a peasant dialect. They never associated the name Chevalier with the real man to whom it belonged. Hence, they were startled and amazed to find before them this handsome man, dressed in the height of fashion, and to learn that this man, too, was Chevalier.

TRIUMPHS followed thick and fast. Mistinguette, famous danseuse, widely known as "the girl with the million dollar legs," was at the peak of her popularity. She had met Chevalier some years before when he was still only the bashful favorite of neighborhood music halls. Even then, she had prophesied without hesitation that a great future lay in store for him. Now she was demanding him as her dancing partner. This was a triumph indeed, for to be the dancing partner of Mistinguette was assurance in itself of standing in the theatrical world.

At this point, life seemed about to open before Chevalier. He was beginning to reap the rewards of all the years of patient struggle and self-denial. Poverty with its insistent demands, was behind him. He could live in comfort. His brothers and sisters were being educated; they were well cared for. Society had opened its arms to him. He was a favorite in the gay, night life of Paris, as well as on the stage. Yet this youth, who had attained so much and who had so much still before him, was yet only eighteen.

Then suddenly he was drafted for his period of military service. He looked on it simply as an ordinary interruption to his career. A man had to serve his term. But his would soon be over, and he could return to the stage where he was happiest. But, just as his term of service was about to end, the ominous thunder of war loomed just over the horizon. Instead of being mustered out, his regiment was hurried to the front, and was among the first to stem the advance of the German tide.

ALL through those long, grueling first days of the war, when wave after wave of the almost indomitable German machine forced the French back upon Paris, step by step, Chevalier fought in the front lines and watched his comrades mowed down around him. Things looked black indeed for France.

It was just before the tide turned that he was taken out of it. He had gone out in No-man's land on a raiding party. The raiders were almost in the shadow of the German lines when a shell burst nearby. He knew no more.

When he came to his senses, he was jolting along over a rough and shell-scarred road in a rickety ambulance. He was torn with pain. His head seemed about to burst. But at least he was going back to the rear, back for a rest among his own people before resuming the fierce business of war.

Suddenly he heard the sound of strange, gutteral voices. It came over him with a sudden chill that he was in a German ambulance, being sent behind the German lines.

There followed a long, hard fight for health in a German base hospital. Then he found himself in a German prison camp at Alten Grabow. He had but one thought now. To get back to his native France, to get back into the conflict. To that end, he shaped all his plans. But, alas, there were strong fences of barbed wire and alert guards to keep him in. Nevertheless, he felt sure that he would find a way.

He learned that Red Cross men were exchanged between nations. Suddenly, it came to him. He would apply for exchange as a Red Cross man.

BY CAREFUL maneuvering he obtained a job doing hard manual labor in the hospital division. There he became acquainted with Red Cross men, picked up their language, and learned what he could about their work. Secretly he took notes, and copied their mannerisms with an art learned in the theater.

Then at last came the time when Red Cross men in the camp were to make applications for exchange. In the few days before the examinations, he had discovered a friend and fellow countryman among the Red Cross men at the hospital. This friend agreed to coach him in the examination.

All through the night for three nights before the examination, in stolen moments in the dormitory or in the hospital, Chevalier crammed his head full of the information necessary to pass the examination and prove to the satisfaction of the commanding officers that he was a Red Cross man. It was a ticklish business, this, for if it were discovered that he were falsely trying to pass as a Red Cross man to escape by means of transfer, he would be shot without further ado.

AT LAST the fateful morning came. Chevalier stood before the examining officer, a hard, shrewd Prussian, with grey, gimlet eyes.

"Well," said he, "let's see what this one knows about the Red Cross business."

He asked Chevalier the first question on the list. But the weariness of cramming in his weakened condition had proven too much for him. Not a thought would come to him. His tongue clove to his mouth. He could not speak a word. He felt himself turning pale. The sweat was starting on his forehead. Hesitation would be fatal.

"It's all over now," he was saying to himself.

But the officer, too, was tired. He had had a hard night. He looked wearily at the line of men ahead of him for questioning. Then he turned to his aide.

"What about this one?" he said. "Is he all right, do you think?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the aide, "I have seen him working in the hospital division. He knows all about it. He's a Red Cross man, all right."

"Very well," replied the examining officer, "pass him."

In a daze, scarcely realizing how he had been snatched from death to safety, Chevalier turned away. That night he was on the way to the line with his safe conduct papers in his pocket. He scarcely dared breathe till he was once more on French soil, but before long he was safe at home again among his friends and family, after having been given up for dead.

He now holds a cross for distinguished service, as a result of his escape.

He did not, however, realize his desire to go back into action. He was a much sicker man than he realized. There followed another long period of recuperation. And by the time his strength had returned, the war was over.

Back to the stage, to his chosen livelihood, he went again. But the amusement world of Paris was demoralized. He could not pick up where he had left off. Instead, he went back to where he had been in the days of his early struggles, singing to the diners in a little café up on Montparnasse. And began again his long fight to the heights.

[To be continued]

Read next month how Chevalier fought his way back to become the idol of Paris once more, how he took London by storm, how glorious romance entered his life, and finally, how he came to America.

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Reeling Down Broadway

[*Continued from page* 73]

everybody if they had seen Dolores Del Rio. Result: no soap. There warn't no Del Rio.

In the end, the U. A. publicity boys tore out their hair in desperation and offered it to the assembled and disappointed gents and lassies of the press, who refused to take it instead of Del Rio. Finally, the station officials, seeing that the party looked as though it were developing into a riot, asked everybody to move or pay rent. They all obliged by moving.

But where was the lovely Del Rio? Well, sir, it seems that she had stopped off at the sooty of Pittsburgh, a coal hole in the Middle West, to refuel her heart. For, in this sooty of Pittsburgh there dwells a young man of whom she is exceedingly enamored, one Teddy Joyce. And, publicity men or no publicity men, Rotary banquets in Brooklyn or no Rotary banquets in Brooklyn, no one was going to take the Joyce out of Dolores' young life. And there you were. Left standing in the Pennsy station. Stood up, by garsh.

Dolores finally did come on, full of love for everybody, flavored with apologies.

When not making personal bows, Dolores is having a good time, mostly at the *couturiere's*, at opening nights and at the whoopee mills—the night clubs. She gets herself up in swell style, believe you me, Oliphant. When she enters, the orchestra plays the Mexican national anthem, *King for a Day*.

By the way, it's all off between Del Rio and Edwin Carewe, the director. In fact, Dolores claims it never was on. She feels the press and the wagging tongues gave her a nasty break in the matter of the death of her husband, Jaime Del Rio. She claims that Jaime did *not* die of a six years' broken heart over her friendship for Carewe but as a result of a six years' ailment from which he suffered. She insists she never stopped loving him. Carewe and Jaime were the best of friends. Carewe loaned Jaime money and was his adviser in many things. I'm inclined to be on Dolores' side in this matter mainly because I believe the tabloid dishrags and the gossips are always ready to look on the worst side of things, even in cases where no worst side exists. It may be all over, but Dolores still feels keenly about it all.

She is going to stay in New York for a spell and then make her way to Europe (Yurrup). Then she will return to Hollywood. And dot's dot as the fellow said when he ended the sentence.

A Nice Young Man if You Please

NEIL HAMILTON traipsed into town without due warning a few weeks ago and left pretty nearly immediately for that destination of all good vanishing Americans: Yurrup. He

[*Turn to page* 108]

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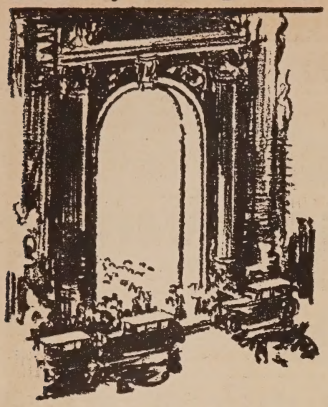

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Rosetta Duncan directs her sister, Vivian, in a song for their first talkie, "Cotton and Silk." The two darlings of Broadway are exceedingly popular in filmland, even to the members of the chorus, as this picture clearly shows.

Reeling Down Broadway

[*Continued from page* 107]

brought with him his wife and secretary and the ambition to have a rattling good trip.

You see, Neil's not had a vacation in many a moon and is just about the hardest worked young juvenile in the yelling celluloid racket. (Well, wouldn't you say the squawkies made enough noise to be termed a "racket?"). He's had innumerable parts in Paramount pictures and when Paramount's had nothing for him to do, he's been "loaned" to other companies. Somehow or other, however, he's not gone gray under the pressure and remains a pretty good looking young man.

He's going to take his wife for a quick twirl around Yurrup. Then he expects to settle for a few weeks in a small town in Germany (he wouldn't divulge its name to me). It seems that when he worked in *Isn't Life Wonderful?*, that good old smug Baptist, D. W. Griffith, took the whole company to this particular town on location and Neil fell in love with it on the spot. Well, that's sentiment for you.

Evelyn, you know, has not attained stardom over night. She has risen by that gradual and difficult process known as hard work, struggling and tough times. She was formerly married to a young producer in Hollywood, known as Bernie Fineman, who gave her her first real rise in the world. But Bernie became a thing of the past when the

My snoopers tell me the beer's darned good in Deutschland. Hoppy days, Neil. And if Paramount insists you come right back before you get a few under your belt, just telegraph them: "Noah Beery, no workee!" They'll understand.

Speaking of Evelyn Brent

SPEAKING of Evelyn Brent, or to put it differently, speaking of Evelyn Brent, it seems that Evelyn Brent, speaking of her, came to town, was seen by no one and sailed for Yurrup, accompanied by her husband, Harry Edwards. She went for a short vacation and the culture, or as it is sometimes known, the culture. It is served in nice thin glasses with long, delicate stems and makes you feel good.

My pinkertons searched high and low for Evelyn, but couldn't locate hair nor hide of her. Several men claimed they saw a lovely damozel floating over the city on a milk-white charger around early dawn but they, when they were interviewed in the alcoholic ward of the Bellevue, admitted it might have been only the wisps of white smoke and the clouds of early morning they saw.

Evelyn, you know, has not attained stardom over night. She has risen by that gradual and difficult process known as hard work, struggling and tough times. She was formerly married to a young producer in Hollywood, known as Bernie Fineman, who gave her her first real rise in the world. But Bernie became a thing of the past when the breaks began to come for L'il Evelyn. Well, after all, a husband is only a husband and a career is a good cigar—or something to that effect.

Evelyn Brent, who they tell me, was once Betty Riggs of Tampa, has a terrific future ahead of her in the talkies. Neither of her parents were stage folk.

It is a marvel where she got her talent from. It would seem there can't be much truth in the old saying: "As the twig is Brent—"

Introducing Elsa Ersie

RKO, which stands for Radio Keith Orpheum, have made a discovery which they claim will unsettle the world. Without recourse to sending one of their executives abroad, they have unearthed a foreign star. Her name, hotsy patsies, is Elsa Ersie, her homeland, Hungary; her blood, really and truly royal. She comes of a family of bluebloods who lived near Budapest before the war and which was completely impoverished after the war. Elsa found recourse in a career in the Hunyak theater. She soon rose to the post of leading woman in some of Molnar's plays. She was imported to America by Ben Blumenthal, a Budapest theater owner and producer, who also discovered Pola Negri.

Elsa played in *Louis the XIV* and *Rio Rita,* for Ziegfeld. She sang beautifully, having been a bit of an opera singer back in dear old Hungary. And now RKO has her and is going to do big things with her.

I saw her work in some short subjects at the RKO studios here. She is playing the lead in a screamingly funny series known as the *Ginsberg* series, which Louis Brock is turning out with Nat Carr as the somewhat Semitic *General Ginsberg.*

She is what we vulgarians term *hot stuff,* being a striking blonde that socks you directly between the eyes with her barrage of s. a. She looks somewhat like Betty Compson and talks and sings in several languages, having had an education when she was young. She's a braw wench and bound to make her mark. I wish my name were Mark.

Short Shrift

TOD BROWNING sped through town with wife and family for an extended tour of Europe (Yurrup). He's just finished the *Thirteenth Chair* for Metro. Surely you've read some of Bugs' phoolery in the Hearst poipers in the past. "Grin and Baer it" is Bugs' motter . . . Lillian Gish and that old Charles Duell suit is still hanging fire. I hear that Lillian has played Charles considerable dirt and there is much to be said for him. Two millions are involved, you know, which is just about the sum Mr. Duell needs to assuage his hoit feelin's over what he calls Lil's doity doin's. Lil, we didn't think you had a mean thing in you. For shame! Nowadays the popular theme song around here with all this combining going on in movie circles is *There's Merger in Your Dreamy Eyes.* And that ought to hold you 'til next month.

His Chance Comes

AFTER having dangled around Hollywood for five or six years with his hat in his hands—and no takers—Ivan Lebedeff has suddenly become a sensation. At first they could only see this young Russian nobleman as a villain; now they are fighting over him for romantic leads.

The newspapers write of him as a "mystery." I don't know why. There is no mystery about him. He came from a family of the Russian nobility, was educated at a university where every pupil had to be of a family which had held patents of nobility for at least 150 years; he then finished his education in a university where young Russians of his class were educated for the diplomatic service. When the war came, he went into the cavalry and afterward fought against the Soviets in one or two of the "white" armies.

Wanted—A Genius

WHAT I am waiting for, this year, is to see some new and really vivid personality bob up on the screen. There are several attractive new girls and a few boys, but there are no Mary Pickfords or John Barrymores. I think the talkies will produce one.

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LOOK for the one $ mark that is different. Can you see it? Be careful! Compare them one by one. Your lucky dollar mark may be longer or shorter, have different lines or curves, it may have wider or narrower lines than the others, it may be different at the top or center or sides. FIND IT! It may take some time, but it's worth doing. When you do find it send the NUMBER OF YOUR DOLLAR with your name and address to me and learn all about this marvelous offer and how you can

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Rushing into Matrimony

[*Continued from page* 59]

Ramona; and also, I have a real affection for both Richard Dix and Warner. I don't go blind every time I make a friend.

El Haciendado

RAMON is still tinkering with the house he bought on Twenty-fourth street—far away from the film colony. It began as a meek-looking old-fashioned house on a city lot; but he has poured money into it until it looks like a Spanish estate. The little theater in the house has cost a fortune, and has the finest lighting equipment of any theater—professional or amateur—in California.

We Are Pure

HARRY CARROLL has rented the jinx-ridden Music Box Theater in Hollywood. Which is important only for the reason he gives why he fears not the hoodoo. He says he is going to be popular and profitable when he puts on a girl show "without one risqué line." He thinks that Hollywood girl shows have failed because they are not sufficiently pure. The innocent fun of the New York shows just leaves us blushing all over.

It is a fact, at that, that the most successful chain of stock companies in the history of Hollywood makes it a rule never to put on a play with the least trace of smut. Its patrons number most of the film colony.

But Not Too Pure

GEORGE SCARBOROUGH, the talkie author and playwright, seems not to be so optimistic about our moral status. His play *Bad Babies,* which has been running at a theater in Los Angeles is so far from chemical purity that the police have arrested all the actors, among them several movie celebrities, including Jobyna Ralston and Arthur Rankin.

Mr. Scarborough, who used to be a detective, says that he gathered the material for the opus in some of the high schools located in the heart of the film capital.

Changed Her Luck

JOBYNA has had nothing but tough luck since she quit Harold Lloyd's company to become a dramatic star. The same thing happened to Marie Mosquini. It must be admitted, however, that being a leading lady of a Harold Lloyd comedy is a task about as heavy as standing guard over the corner of Forty-second and Broadway to prevent stray cows from hooking the taxi cabs.

Hoarse Whispers

YOU never can tell. The talkies seem to have brought Raymond Griffith and his screen career back to life. He was about the last one ever to have been suspected of finding new fame in this direction. Ray cracked up his larynx in a stage play in which he had to scream and he has never been able to speak above a whisper since.

A Friendly Heart

WHEN Dorothy McKaye—friendless, crushed and forlorn—came out of State's prison, none of the newspapers knew where she had taken refuge. But I know. Raymond Griffith and his wife opened their home to the unfortunate actress. If anybody can figure out why she was sent to prison—except that she upstaged the jury—well, I can't. In a fit of over-heated chivalry, Paul Kelly killed Dorothy's estranged husband with his fists, and Dorothy was locked up on general principles. Kelly has also been released and is trying to fight his way back to the promising screen career which was snapped off.

A Regular Fellow

THE experiences of Hollywood with grand opera stars on the screen has not always been happy, but the film colony has found a new little playmate in the person of one of the greatest living singers—Lawrence Tibbett.

To begin with, they like him because he didn't change his name to Signor Luigi de Romeo, but clung to a moniker which sounds appropriate for a gas man. And he is just a peach of a good sport.

He says he belongs to the movies anyhow, because, when he was training his voice to bust into the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company—he made pork and beans money acting as an usher in one of Sid Grauman's theaters.

Frances Marion is now writing a picture story for him to be called *The Rogue's Song.*

Grand Opera Stars

JOHN McCORMICK, Jose Mojico, Alice Gentle and Tito Schipa are making movies or flirting with the same.

Michael Bohnen, the great German singer, came to Hollywood to make a singie version of *Johnny Spielt Auf,* but something went wrong, and he has retired to the Fatherland in high indignation. His wife, Mary Lewis, came here in the hope of breaking into one of the studios, but also retired in disgust.

Joe Strikes

TWO actors of the colony have struck. Joseph Schildkraut announces his retirement as a screen gambler. And Lois Moran will be darned if she will be wistful any more. Wherefor, Josef is to be a wise-cracking star reporter in a newspaper play at Universal; and Lois is sprightly in *Words and Music.*

Lupe Spends More

LUPE worries me. She is still tinkering with that Beverly Hills house for which she paid $47,000 cash. Hav-

[*Turn to page* 112]

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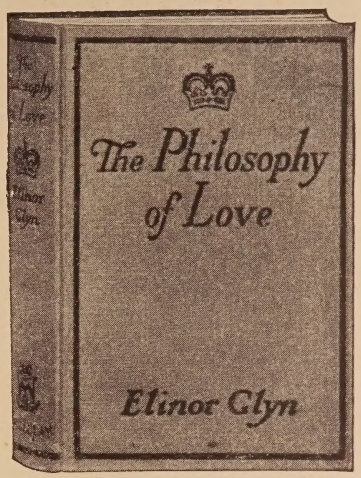
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.



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Do you know how to make people like you?

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"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

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In "The Philosophy of Love,"—Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
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- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
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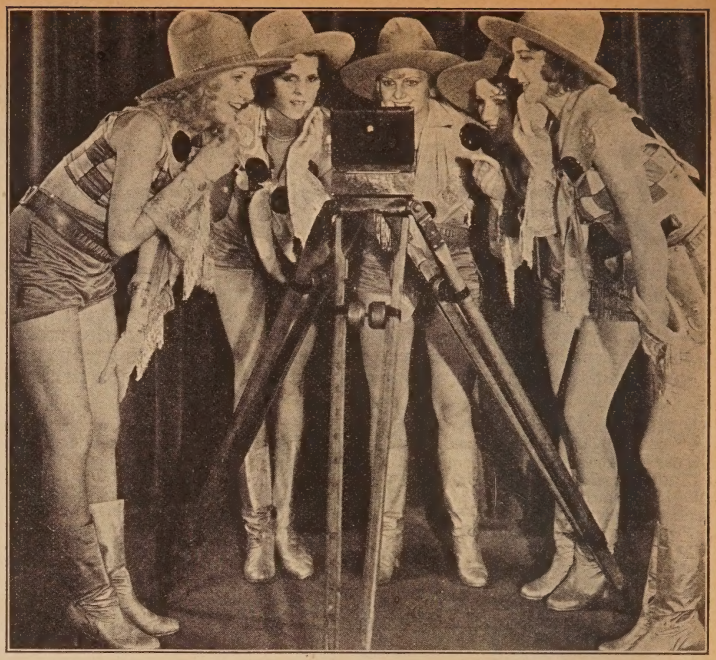

No, dear readers, this is not a new wrinkle in cameras, nor are these pretty little girlies trying to hog the film. It is just a camera tripod that has fallen from grace, being put to the undignified use of supporting a makeup kit before which five beauteous maidens are making minor repairs to their complexions between scenes of Billie Dove's latest picture, "The Painted Angel."

Rushing Into Matrimony

[*Continued from page* 110]

ing torn it all up and built it over again, she is now having a swimming pool built.

White Sisters

I DON'T know how much religious fervor it implies, but all Hollywood is turning into "white sisters." Having tanned to the color of wild Africans all summer at the beaches, the girls are bleaching out to try to tune in to the color of the popular brand of hair—which is so blond that it is almost white. Constance Talmadge dug up the fad somewhere; Lilyan Tashman was next; and now they are all that way.

Writer Turns Actor

IT'S A FUNNY IDEA, but the greatest dialogue writer extant comes to Hollywood at a time when they are trying desperately to find dialogue writers—as an actor, Donald Ogden Stewart, like Robert Benchley, finds acting in the movies more entertaining than writing for them or about them. He has come to the M-G-M studio as a play actor—to take part in King Vidor's picture *Dulcy*.

Take That, Talkies!

WELL, after all, I don't know about the talkies. Two of the greatest hits of the season have been made by silent pictures—*The Single Standard*, with Greta Garbo, and *Our Modern Maidens*, with Joan Crawford and Anita Page. The prospects are that, in the future, both kinds will be made. There are pictures in which talk is a handicap. I think that—in spite of its popularity—*The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu* would have been better silent. The talk spoiled the mystery.

What! Still at It?

THE other day a squadron of airplanes came whirling over the little ranch where I live, just outside of Los Angeles. I guessed that the youthful Mr. Hughes must be at it again.

Right. It was a re-take from his self-directed and home-made picture, *Hell's Angels*.

This is the only apparently permanent picture I have ever encountered. It has already been in the making for over two years and has cost something over $3,000,000.

It was so long in the doing that Mr. Hughes let the talkies steal up on him, so now he has to do it again, in sound. Happily for him, his fond papa has struck oil in Texas and the money is coming in faster than he can make airplane pictures. Ben Lyon will grow old acting the lead.

Marilyn's Sally Grows Up

[*Continued from page* 49]

record-breaking run of *Sally*. Do not make the mistake of thinking Marilyn has only beauty and that all her talent lies in dancing. She is one of those fortunate beings in whom the ability to add to her accomplishments is a natural trait. She only *began* her career as a dancer, a toe dancer who sped across the stage in bewildering steps to the tune of thundering applause. She had never sang when Ziegfeld decided to star her, so she learned how, taking lessons daily until the opening of the show.

Critics had scoffed. They said that it wasn't probable that a dancer could learn to sing well enough to satisfy a critical Broadway. The first night was a momentous occasion. Marilyn sang with nervousness but clearly and charmingly.

MARILYN was reaching the height of her career when she fell in love with Jack Pickford. Mary's kid brother was a laughing, happy-go-lucky lad whose infectious smile went straight to Miss Miller's heart.

They were married in September, 1922. Marilyn continued to win plaudits as the star of *Sally*, but when summer came she went to Hollywood to be with her husband.

Broadway never let go its hold on its blonde favorite. The bright lights called insistently, and in August, 1924, Marilyn went back to New York to start rehearsals for the Dillingham production of *Peter Pan*.

Hollywood and Broadway has always been an oil and water combination. They don't mix worth a darn. Jack knew it, and so did Marilyn. The romance that had begun so auspiciously for both began to languish.

It was not until 1926 that Marilyn obtained a Paris divorce, and was once more heart whole and fancy free. Other men appeared on her immediate horizon—among them the attractive Ben Lyon who is now engaged to Bebe Daniels.

Marilyn Miller found another test of her ability awaiting her in *Peter Pan*, and she met the challenge, as usual, with triumph. This time she was called upon to "read lines," and become a dramatic actress.

Marilyn's career has always gone forward—on and on, always from success to a greater success in the realm of Broadway musical comedy. And now, seeking greater fame, she comes to the screen in her greatest stage triumph—her own *Sally*.

I SUPPOSE that in this day of all-color, all-song, all-dance extravaganzas, surprises are entirely out of place, yet I must be honest and admit that I gasped when I beheld the garden set for *Sally*. I felt like a child being given his first glimpse of Fairyland.

It is the most elaborate I have ever seen. More than a million square feet of lumber went into its construction. Whole nurseries were purchased to supply the shrubbery and rare plants and flowers. It represents a part of the estate of a Long Island millionaire. The home at one end is two stories high, finished in stucco, and has seventy windows in the front elevation.

There is an elevated platform for dancing that is two hundred feet wide and forty deep. Two grand stairways wind up a balcony from this dance floor which is of special tiling laid in fantastic design.

Ninety pieces of period furniture, chosen especially for color effects, are used to dress the set.

The garden itself is a riot of hues. Forty varieties of blossoms are laid out in unique designs, surrounded by hedges. There are two electrically lighted fountain-statues, towering high in the air, placed in the center of two large lily ponds, each containing two hundred huge water lilies.

There are four other immense statues ranged along the garden walls, five smaller statues, thirty ornamental urns, twenty fantastic marble benches, thirty pillars supporting peroglas and more than fifty boxed trees in full bloom.

PICTURE, if you can, this spectacular garden filled with thirty-five principals, sixty dancing girls, forty show girls, sixty dancing boys and two hundred and fifty extras, all gaily gowned in bright colors, singing and dancing amid the flower beds! It will give you the same idea of the sight that greeted me the day I visited Marilyn. Upon the raised floor were fifty dancing boys. In their midst was the golden head of Marilyn as *Sally*. She was dressed in pink chiffon, and as she tripped in and out among the boys, barely escaping their outstretched arms, she sang *I'm a Wild, Wild Rose*, with the men joining in the chorus.

There are other sets, including the Green Tree Inn with its checkered table clothes, its big green tree in the center and its dance floor. Then there is the stage set, where *Sally* does the butterfly number—written especially for *Sally* by Victor Herbert—supported by Albertina Rasch dancers. There also is another garden scene, with rocky hills rising in the background, down which trickles a water-fall.

Other scenes required smaller sets, such as the hotel room in which *Sally* lived, her dressing room in the theater, and the country lane where Blair Fraquar, played by Alexander Gray, sings to her. And he can sing, too, for he made a name for himself in the Broadway production of *The Desert Song*. Oh, yes, before we leave this "growed-up" *Sally*, I must not forget to tell you that funny Joe E. Brown is in *Sally*, and also T. Roy Barnes and Pert Kelton, another big Broadway boy.

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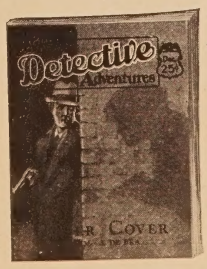

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Don't Get Married!

[*Continued from page* 47]

I work just about every evening on the stage.

I work many long, long days at the motion picture studios.

I say whatever I want to—to people who can't or won't contradict or interrupt me.

My cook, and the cooks of my mother and sisters, are excellent. Incidentally, I am a pretty good cook myself, and—if I do say it—have made about everything from corn-meal muffins to fancy chicken dinners. So you see, dear ladies and gentlemen, that old and honored adage about finding the way to a man's heart through his tummy wouldn't be so good in my case!

A pleasant Filipino boy, like a guardian angel, looks after me and my cats and dogs. Buttons are always carefully sewed on. Meals are planned for my convenience. The automobile is invariably ready to whirl me anywhere whenever I need it.

My mother and brothers and sister criticize me sometimes, but my little nieces and nephews and dogs and cats never do. They amuse me wonderfully and I amuse them, too, no doubt.

Why marry? Why have a wife? There is nothing left for her to do, except maybe bring my slippers. And from a careful survey of the subject, I have come to the conclusion that a Hollywood wife just isn't trained that way!

ANOTHER thing—occasionally, I come home from a hard day's work feeling about as tired and cross and irritable as it is possible to feel. Sometimes, in that mood, I even feel like "cussing," but generally don't. However, if I had a wife, who knows but what I'd feel like it and *would* do it. And that would be just too bad, wouldn't it?

Again, while I am not exactly a solitary individual, still, I do occasionally like to be alone with just my thoughts for company, and what chance has a man to be alone when he has a wife?

I like to do a bit of talking once in a while, too. If there happened to be a Mrs. Horton, well, maybe she'd "shut me up" and do all the talking herself!

I have a chance to do a lot of talking, though, in the series of comedies I am now making for Educational Pictures. I enjoy talking in these—it's a fact. And I also enjoy playing in them. They are so interesting to make. No dull moments to them. Take this one I'm playing in now. I chose Rita Carewe, an unusually beautiful and talented feminine player of the type that gentlemen are supposed to prefer, as my leading lady. Now, they all say my preference runs in the direction of blondes. Maybe it does, but I'm not saying so.

I am somewhat of a rover, too—not that I like to tramp all around the country or anything like that—but I do like to sometimes go places, suddenly, hardly knowing just where I will go. That's all right, seeing that I am unmarried, but what do most wives think about "trip-taking" husbands? Plenty, ladies and gentlemen, plenty!

I'VE been pretty lucky about having fans—I mean by that, quite a few people come to see my stage productions and my Educational comedies. Maybe it's merely because I have a habit of picking such good-looking leading ladies as May McAvoy, Sylvia Field, Lois Wilson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Florence Eldridge or Rita Carewe. Now, if I married, perhaps no one would come to see me anymore! The girls in particular, quite likely would exclaim: "Oh, Eddie's married now, so let's not go to see him any more."

I think perhaps my rather strict New England bringing up has somehing to do with the fact that I've never married. I lived in New England for quite a time and had that kind of a bringing up. That was the age when dear old mothers warned their sons against those wild, wild women!

"Watch out, son, watch out," they would start the day with, "if you don't, some girl will get hold of you!"

And when the young fellows of that "exciting" age were a little older, their mothers would exclaim:

"Well, now, son, perhaps you had better be thinking about marrying and settle down. It's time you gave up those gay friends of yours and all your fun and settle down with a wife."

That was it always—settle down, settle down, settle down! Spurn all the fun and recreation and marry and work for the rest of one's life! That was the recipe then. Nowadays, it is something else again.

The modern generation—at least many of them—regard marriage in an entirely different way. They marry for fun. They go into it gaily and if they tire of it, come out of it just as lightly.

I never could treat marriage in a ligh. manner. If I ever did think of marrying, I would want it to last, not for a day, but forever. And that's just the length of time most modern marriages *don't* last!

As I'm living now, I'm my own boss. No one has any cause to worry over me. No one has a right to tell me what I shall do and shall not do. No one can hit me over the head with a rolling pin if I happen to come home a little late! You see, it's not so bad.

I've thought it all out carefully, and so, I will conclude my little lecture to you with these words—

Don't Get Married!

———o———

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27—Two blue white diamonds and four blue sapphires are set in this 14K solid white gold wrist watch. It comes complete with high grade gold filled flexible expansion bracelet set with two triangular cut french blue sapphires. $39.50. $1.00 with order, $3.85 a month.

To Any Adult interested in the purchase of a Diamond, Watch or article of Jewelry, we will send you this complete booklet free of charge. 10 months to pay on everything.

The NEW ELGIN PARISENNE WATCH

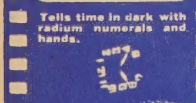
Paris, creators of fashion have designed the new Elgin Parisienne series. The famous American manufacturer placed it within your reach at this low price. They are fashioned in Jade, Black or Ruby Enamel. **$35**

$35

29—Madam Agnes design. An achievement of modern art in jade, black or ruby enamel Mention color desired. $35.00. $1.00 down. $3.40 a month.

30 The Premet. A design of the famous Madam Charlotte in artistic color of jade. Black or ruby enamel. Mention color desired. $35.00. $1.00 with order $3.40 a month.

Showing the dust-proof shield that keeps out dust and dirt.



Tells time in dark with radium numerals and hands.

Three piece case makes it dust and damp proof.

Special constructed jolt proof 15 Jewel movement in solid casement.

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It's Insured Dust-proof Jolt-proof

Introductory price

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$2.87 a month

28—The new Kent has all the modern improvements of watch making. Consider its many features illustrated to the left, then consider its low price. With each watch we give an insurance policy which protects you. We give you 15 days to wear it and convince yourself of its dependability. Its jolt proof feature alone should be sufficient for you to make it your watch. Send $1.00 today and let us send you this watch for approval and 15 days trial.

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Music that only a good phonograph brings. No static. No fading. No buzzing. No long-winded announcing. The kind of music you want—when you want it. Dance—sing—hear—enjoy the marvelous "ClaroPhonic" in your home.

Gorgeous, elegant and highly distinctive is this charming Jacobean Period Console. Carved fan motifs—decorative moldings—beaded edges—heavy, turned stretchers—stunning Antique English door pulls. A masterpiece of design.

Cabinet is 32 in. wide, 33¼ in. high, 20 in. deep. Tops and fronts are of 5-ply genuine Mahogany or Walnut Veneers. Balance of case is Selected Hardwood, finished Walnut or Mahogany. The grill front Tone Chamber occupies half the cabinet; the other half is a roomy compartment for radio batteries or for records, if you prefer. Double Spring Motor, Noiseless, Smooth-running, plays six 10-in. records (any make) on one winding. Needles and trays included.

The Full Size Floor Lamp, which is GIVEN, has turned metal shaft in polychrome finish, with handsome metal ornament and ornate metal polychrome base. Novelty shade is of Rose or Blue Rayon Seco, plaited over Rose Sateen, with metal braid trim and a spray of Rayon Taffeta Flowers. Stands 61 in. high. Shade 17 x 13 in. For electricity only. No bulbs included. Has one socket, long connecting cord, two-piece plug. This "ClaroPhonic" Console Phonograph—regular $100 Value **for only $49.95.** Floor Lamp and 5 double face records GIVEN AWAY!

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$1 DOWN

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